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THE QUARREL OF THE GUIDES

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COMMENT

THE new year opens with the temporary obscuration of national by State politics. President ROOSEVELT's virtual assumption of the leadership of the Republican party in the Empire commonwealth being no longer susceptible of disguise. Events have forced him, against his will, to consent to play for the moment the part of dictator in his native State, and Governor HAGGINS is acting as his master of horse. It is well known that a similar arrogation of authority by President ARTHUR in 1882 split the Republican party in the State of New York, and caused the election of GROVER CLEVELAND to the Governorship by a plurality of nearly 200,000. There is only a superficial analogy, however, between the two situations. In 1882 no gross and scandalous misconduct had exposed the State leaders of the Republican party to public odium. Mr. ARTHUR's personal intervention in the State politics of New York in order to obtain for his Secretary of the Treasury, Judge FOLGER, the Republican nomination for the Governorship, was prompted, not by a desire to promote party regeneration and the common weal, but by the selfish wish to further his own candidacy for the nomination to the Presidency in 1884. No such egoistic motive for the attempt to rescue the Republican party in the Empire commonwealth from the disintegration and obliquity to which it has been brought by ex-Governor ORRILL and his accomplices can be imputed to Mr. ROOSEVELT. He has repeatedly and emphatically said that under no circumstances will he accept a renomination for the Presidency in 1908. Having, therefore, no selfish end to gain, and being safeguarded from suspicion on the part of fair-minded men, he was at liberty to remember that he is a native of New York, deeply interested in its welfare and in the purity, integrity, and efficiency of the political party to which his public life has been devoted. He would not have played the part of a man had he folded his arms and remained an impassive spectator of the humiliation and ruin of the once mighty organization to which he owed investiture with the powers of his great office. The interference which on ARTHUR's part was discreditable and hurtful is, in the case of President ROOSEVELT, laudable and indispensable. The former intermeddled to expatriate and disrupt; the latter has interposed to consolidate and save.

If Mr. ROOSEVELT's present attitude toward New York State politics differs by the whole diameter of morals from that assumed by Mr. ARTHUR in 1882, it is as sharply differentiated in respect of method. Mr. ROOSEVELT has never worn a dress-coat in burlesque to impress district leaders, nor been hand in glove with the small fry of machine politicians. He has never abused the Presidency by roving up and down his native State to make factional harangues and confabulate with local

wire-pullers. Such influence as he has deemed it opportune and needful to exert has been exercised with dignity, circumspection, and moderation. Those New York Republican leaders who desire the purgation and redemption of their party in their State have gone voluntarily to the President at Washington. He has not sought them in their homes, nor has he summoned them to the White House. They have asked for help as a right, and it has been accorded as a duty. From the midst of defeat, dissension, and distress they have sent forth a Macedonian cry, and the appeal has been answered in a discreet, a disinterested, an instructive, and an inspiring way. Mr. ROOSEVELT has named no names; he has confined himself to defining principles. He has dictated no particular candidates for the important offices of chairman of the Republican County Committee in the county of New York, of chairman of the State Committee, of Speaker of the Assembly, and the leader of the majority on the floor of that House; he has simply described the qualifications which fitting nominees for such posts ought to possess. No one knows better than the President that it is for the rank and file of the Republican party to pick out the men they would have requested them on committees and in the Legislature; but if their selection is a happy one, Mr. ROOSEVELT, as a fellow citizen and fellow Republican, has the right to offer the men selected all the support and encouragement at his disposal. So long as it is free from factional bias or favoritism, the President's lively interest in the purification of the New York Republican organization and in the political future of his native State is not only reasonable, but if it were not forthcoming he would be recalcitrant to the examples set by two illustrious predecessors, to wit, WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, who, amid the strain and the whirl of national and international business, never failed to keep a vigilant watch on the local politics of the Old Dominion.

The reasons why the control of the Republican organization in the State of New York should be wrested from ex-Governor ORRILL are patent. In 1890, before ORRILL had been accused of any scandalous job or was in a position to plan and execute any great act of treachery, he was swept into the Governorship, mainly through McKINLEY's momentum, by a plurality of 111,000. His conduct as the State Executive was so unsatisfactory that when he was re-nominated for a second term in 1902 he proved so weak a candidate that he barely escaped defeat by a plurality of less than 3000 votes. Two years later, President ROOSEVELT carried the State by more than 175,000 plurality, whereas Mr. HAGGINS, who then labored under the disability of being tagged as "ORRILL's man," got less than 81,000. It follows that in 1898 the Republican candidate for Governor could not afford to be identified in the public mind with ORRILL, even though the latter should be amiable passive, instead of malignantly active. From the course which ORRILL pursued in the recent fight for the Mayorality, there is reason to believe that he would deliberately betray the Republican party. No well-informed observer doubts that last November, in the contest for Mayor of the city of New York, no fewer than a hundred thousand Republican votes were thrown to Mr. HENRY in response of a plot conceived by ORRILL and carried out by his tools. If the Republicans had given zealous and unanimous support to their ostensible nominee for the Mayorality, and had nominated from the start Mr. JENNER for District Attorney, instead of waiting until it was too late to place the latter's name on their official ticket, there is now a prevailing impression that Mr. IVINS would have been chosen Mayor. What ORRILL did once he might do again, if he were permitted to retain a grip on the Republican machine. Mr. HENRY, who is expected to be an independent candidate for Governor next year, is a rich man, and with a certain class of politicians money talks. Mr. E. H. HARRISMAN, in his testimony before the ARMSTRONG investigating committee, made it pretty evident that, in his opinion, he owned ORRILL, and we infer that the ear of the ex-Governor is peculiarly sensitive to the clink of coin. If, through a surreptitious combination with ORRILL, Mr. HENRY could secure in the State of New York anything like the amount of Republican support which he got last November in the city of that name, he would probably be elected Governor, and, with the State Executive, the Republicans would probably lose a majority of the seats in the House

of Representatives. Such a political revolution in his own State would scarcely tend to enhance President ROOSEVELT's prestige.

The expectation that the Federal Senate, restless under the prospect of effacement by the Executive, would try to evince independence in diverse ways was fulfilled before the holidays, and it remains to be seen whether the various groups of insurgents will be able to combine so as to thwart the President in any matter of importance. These groups include, first, the Senators who are opposed to government rate-making for railways, but these have been somewhat discouraged by the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad and other conspicuous railway systems have rallied to Mr. ROOSEVELT's support; secondly, the representatives of the beet-sugar and the Louisiana cane-sugar interests, who object to the proposed immediate reduction and ultimate abolition of the existing duty on sugar imported from the Philippines; thirdly, the spokesmen of the domestic tobacco interests, who desire to defeat the proposal to reduce the existing duty on Filipino tobacco to twenty-five per cent. of the DUTY-free rate, and to extinguish it altogether in the course of a few years; fourthly, those Senators who regard as unjustifiable and dangerous the President's corollary from the MONROE doctrine, which has been practically exemplified in his assumption of control over the Dominican finances; and fifthly, those Senators who hold that the expenditure on the isthmus has been grossly wasteful, and that the President ought no longer to have a free hand in the disbursement of appropriations made for canal construction. If all these insurgents could be welded together by a log-rolling process, they would constitute a formidable aggregate, and might even dominate the Republican party caucus. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that such a fusion could be effected. The champions of the railways, as we have said, have to a certain extent lost heart since they were abandoned by some of their most influential clients, and few of them care anything about Philippine sugar and tobacco. The opponents of any considerable change in the duties now levied on Philippine products entering the United States would naturally act together, but, collectively, they can scarcely have any wish to reject the Dominican treaty, or to prevent the President from directing through his appointees the work to be done on the interoceanic waterway. We incline, therefore, to take for granted that the insurgents will be beaten piecemeal, except, possibly, that Mr. ROOSEVELT, owing to a noticeable change in public opinion, may fail to secure a rate bill conformed *entirely* to his personal views.

There is also in the Senate a group of Republican insurgents against the Statehood bill, which is in charge of Senator BREXING, and which has been stamped with the approval of the administration. To this bill, which, it will be remembered, provides for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State, and of Arizona and New Mexico as another State, it has been objected that the white inhabitants of Arizona ought not to be put under the heel of the growers, or Mexican half-breeds, who constitute so large a part of New Mexico's population. For us this argument has but little force. When California became a State, the white emigrants from the United States and Europe were outnumbered by the growers, yet from the start the former had no difficulty in asserting their ascendancy. We apprehend that if, after the consolidation of Arizona and New Mexico, there were any "swamping" done, it would not be by the Mexican half-breeds. Besides, the argument advanced by the advocates of separate Statehood, if it proves anything, proves too much. It would condemn New Mexico, which at present is considerably the more populous of the two Territories, to exclusion from Statehood for an indefinite period. For if the whites of Arizona, plus the whites of New Mexico, could not keep down the growers, how could the whites of New Mexico hope to do it alone? The friends of Arizona ought to realize that that Territory has no chance of securing Statehood except through fusion with New Mexico, for the conclusive reason that the census of 1900 gave it less than 123,000 inhabitants, and the growth since has not brought it within eyeshot of the requisite population. We want no more States like Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada, which, with an aggregate population of less than 550,000, offset in the Federal Senate the huge commonwealths of New York, Pennsylvania,

Illinois, and Ohio, which in 1900 had between them over 22,500,000 people. Arizona and New Mexico, put together, had in 1900 only about 320,000 inhabitants, or a good deal less than either Oklahoma or Indian Territory separately. We repeat what we have formerly said, that the admission into the Union of Arizona and New Mexico as a single State is of very doubtful expediency, and that the admission of either singly would be preposterous.

It will be recalled that in his last annual message the President reiterated with emphasis the recommendation made in December, 1904, that Congress should carefully consider whether the power of the Bureau of Corporations cannot constitutionally be extended to cover interstate transactions in insurance. The practical method of settling the constitutional question would be for Congress to pass a law investing the Bureau of Corporations with such extension of power, so that its constitutionality might be tested in the United States Supreme Court. In this and other ways both Houses of Congress have shown a disposition to heed promptly the President's advice. Senator MALLON, of Nebraska, has introduced a bill creating a Bureau of Insurance under the Department of Commerce and Labor, said bureau to be administered by an insurance commissioner. We understand that this bill does not, as regards some of its provisions, meet with the approval of Senator DAYTON, a spokesman of the large insurance companies, although he believes that, under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, the Federal government has power to regulate insurance companies doing an interstate business, and that, ultimately, this power will be upheld by the United States courts. We can hardly expect him to acquiesce in the bill introduced by Representative MORRELL, of Pennsylvania, which, under serious penalties, requires life-insurance companies to return fifty per cent. of the premium money paid on any policy that may lapse.

The New Jersey Senator sees grave defects also in the bill submitted by Representative DAYTON, of Minnesota, providing that insurance companies not living up to certain regulations prescribed by Congress should be deprived of the use of the United States mails. Mr. DAYTON pronounces it irreconcilable with the policy of a republican government to place such enormous power in the hands of the Postmaster-General, and to permit any one man to say whether the insurance companies of the country should be cut off from mailing privileges. Less convincing is his argument against the bill introduced by Representative BUTLER AWES, of Massachusetts, which is understood to be regarded favorably by the administration, and which provides that no insurance company shall get a license to do business hereafter in the District of Columbia, the Territories, or our insular possessions, unless in the States also it should live up to a certain Federal code of regulations. Mr. DAYTON, of course, did not deny the constitutional power of Congress to legislate for the several areas in question. But he maintained that even if the larger companies should seek to secure licenses to do business in the Territories and the District of Columbia, with the idea that the procurement of such licenses would enhance their standing in the States, such a law would not reach fraudulent companies which are continually springing up and defying State laws. That may be, but the total business of such fraudulent companies is insignificant compared with that transacted by a dozen of the larger companies. Mr. DAYTON intimates that the larger companies might not care to obtain a Federal license, because the aggregate business done by them in the District of Columbia, the Territories, and the islands is but a drop in the bucket compared with the whole volume of their transactions. That, we submit, is a question to be tested by experiment. If a single one of the larger companies applied for a Federal license, and undertook in good faith to comply with the Federal code of regulations, and agreed to give Federal officials every desired facility for ascertaining the exactitude of its compliance, we imagine that its competitors would quickly follow suit.

The President's last annual message made a relatively brief reference to the methods of raising the Federal revenue. He said, however, that Federal legislators ought to consider whether it is not desirable that the tariff laws should provide for applying, as against or in favor of any other nation, maximum and minimum tariff rates, established by Congress,

so as to secure a certain reciprocity of treatment between other nations and ourselves. This, manifestly, was a suggestion of an expedient by which might be averted the tariff war now threatened by Germany's denunciation of the *modus vivendi* which, for the moment, regulates commerce between that country and the United States. Scarcely had the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress opened when replies were made to the suggestion in both Houses. They were of widely divergent tenor, however. One of these expressed the views of those who desire a reduction of the DINGLEY tariff, while two others emanated from the "stand-patters." Mr. JOHN SMITH WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, the leader of the Democratic minority, introduced on the first day of the session in the House of Representatives a bill proposing to levy only four-fifths of the DINGLEY rates on articles imported from countries that give our products sent thither for sale or consumption within their borders the minimum rate. This bill has not the slightest chance of becoming a law, having been voted down in the Ways and Means Committee when offered as a rider to the Philippines tariff bill. Mr. McCLEARY of Minnesota has introduced in the House, and Mr. LOUSE of Massachusetts has offered in the Senate, a bill providing for an increase of twenty-five per cent. over the present DINGLEY rates on articles coming into the United States which are the growth or product of the soil or industry of any country discriminating against the commodities exported thither from the United States. As this measure is said to be regarded with favor by most of the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House and by Senator ALDRICH, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, we may assume that if any serious attempt is made during the present session to give the President such wide discretion as may enable him to make an agreement with Germany, it will follow substantially the lines of the McCLEARY bill. There is no time to be lost if the application of the maximum rates by Germany to imports from the United States is to be averted. The WILLIAMS bill is much better calculated to answer the purpose, but the bill concocted by the stand-patters is doubtless better than nothing. The notion that, even should the Federal legislature take no action in the premises, the Executive might manage to conciliate Germany by granting to German goods certain special favors and exemptions at ports of entry, will not bear examination. France and other "most favored nations" would, of course, protest forthwith against such discrimination.

We are missing most of the details of a great spectacular European drama. We hear comparatively little of what goes on in Russia. There is more news there, by far, than a group of the liveliest American newspapers could gather if they were on the ground and had their usual facilities to work with. The Russian newspapers at their best could not cope with the details of it, and the general demoralization of the means and appliances of civilization includes newspapers too. There must be tremendous stories to tell, and in time we shall hear some of them, but now we hardly more than see the smoke that tells that Russia is afire. The hard fighting and great destruction of life and property at Moscow, which is still in progress at this writing, at least craves that there are troops that are still loyal to the existing government, and that rebels who aim at the destruction of all order and authority will not have a walkover, as yet. But beyond that the news is too meagre to comment on, and though the government troops still hold out in Moscow, the fighting at this writing still goes on, and the final issue is still uncertain.

Mr. CARLETON MOWATT set forth the other day in the Sunday edition of the *New York Herald* some remarkable figures and facts on the extraordinary accumulation of wealth in the United States, which has taken place in the last quarter of a century, and which has been particularly noticeable during the short period which has elapsed since the late M. G. MICHAM, the well-known British statistician, pointed out that the American republic was even then richer than any country on the globe, not excepting the British Empire. Mr. MOWATT points out that the last annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that the stock of gold in the United States (\$1,129,400,000) is greater than that held in any other country, while our banking power aggregates nearly

fourteen billions, as against less than twenty billions for all foreign countries put together. We produce one-third of the world's coal, one-third of its grain, one-fifth of its wheat, and three-fourths of its cotton. We produce more steel and iron than England and Germany combined, and our manufactures are nearly double those of the United Kingdom. Our railroads carry twice as much merchandise every year as is carried by all the other railways of all the other nations on the earth collectively. Some twenty years ago, Mr. JAMES BAYNE directed attention in *The American Commonwealth* to the fact that even then there were in the United States a greater number of gigantic private fortunes than in any other country in the world. To-day it is computed that there are in the United States no fewer than seventy estates that average in value thirty-five million dollars each. There are ten private fortunes aggregating two billion dollars—those, namely, of JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, ANDREW CARNEGIE, MANSFIELD FIELD, W. K. VANDERBILT, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, J. P. MORGAN, RUSSELL SAGE, J. J. HILL, Senator W. A. CLARK, and WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER. There are four hundred fortunes aggregating three billions of dollars, and four thousand five hundred aggregating ten billions of dollars. Five thousand men in this country, whose aggregate wealth is estimated at fifteen billions of dollars, actually own, to say nothing of how much they control, nearly one-sixth of our entire national wealth, in money, land, mines, buildings, industries, franchises, and everything else of value; which sixth, if put into gold, would give them all of the yellow metal above ground in the world, and leave more than nine thousand million dollars still owing them.

How is the remaining five-sixths of the national wealth distributed? WALTON calculates in his *Handbook of Currency and Wealth* that in the United States more than four million families, comprising nearly a third of the nation, must get along on annual incomes of less than four hundred dollars per family; more than one-half of all the families in the United States get less than six hundred dollars; two-thirds of the families get less than nine hundred dollars, while only one in twenty of the nation's families is able to obtain an income of over three thousand dollars a year. Mr. MOWATT cites the conclusions of experts in financial statistics to the effect that whatever may befall individual multimillionaires, or individual sons or grandsons of multimillionaires, the rich are destined to grow so much richer that in thirty or forty years under existing conditions the five thousand richest Americans, instead of having fifteen billions between them, as they have to-day, may have fifty or a hundred billions. Some well-informed persons go so far as to assert that JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER alone should be live to 1926, when he would still be a younger man than RUSSELL SAGE is to-day, would himself be able to dispose of eight billions of dollars. The mind reels when it comes to reckon what might be accomplished with so vast a capital were it left to a son or grandson of great strength of intellect and character.

There have been rumors from time to time during the last half-year of what might have been vulgarly but not inaccurately called a ruction in the Boston Art Museum. Lately the Boston newspapers have discussed it at more or less length, but beyond disclosing that there was a conflict between two purposes, represented respectively by Mr. WARREN, the president of the museum, and Dr. EDWARD ROBINSON, until lately the director, they have not made it apparent what the trouble was. Not even Mr. ARTHUR BATES, who has published several letters in the *Transcript* on the subject, has done more than to divulge that President WARREN's desire and Director ROBINSON's were irreconcilable, and that one or the other of them would have to go. The one to go has been Mr. ROBINSON, who resigned some months ago, and has since been invited to come to New York and be assistant to Sir PHILIP CLARKE in the Metropolitan Museum. Both Mr. WARREN and Dr. ROBINSON are very much respected men, and no doubt the reason why the Boston papers have treated the difference between them so gingerly has been because both of them have obviously been acting from the highest motives and by decent methods, and because both were entitled on their merits as public servants to the carefulst consideration. But the Boston papers have been so circumspect that we have been

unable to discover what the true basis of the trouble has been, until last week some light was let in upon the subject by the *Evening Post*.

The *Post* explains that two theories of museum policy are in conflict, the scholastic and the æsthetic. The aim of the scholastic conception is to make museum collections as complete and representative as possible, and to arrange them chronologically, to serve primarily the purpose of the special student, and incidentally to spread a knowledge of art history among the people. Necessarily, says the *Post*, where this conception prevails more beauty of arrangement is subordinated to logical sequence, and many objects are shown in spite of intrinsic mediocrity or unattractiveness because of their instructiveness *enest* the development of art. This is the orthodox conception of museum management, and the British Museum is an excellent example of it. The other and newer conception takes greater heed of museums of art as public institutions to which vastly more people go for entertainment and pleasurable edification than for systematic study. The newer (æsthetic) ideal includes an arrangement of collections which shall separate to some extent the treasures which interest only the student of art from those which attract by far the larger number of visitors. Such an arrangement, the innovators maintain, would best serve the interests both of the student and of the art-loving public. The public would find the things it wants to enjoy so arranged that it may best enjoy them, in galleries not overladen with objects for which it does not care. The student would find the special collections which he wants to study so bonded that he can best get at and study them. Boston is about to build a new museum building, and in planning the arrangement of it it makes very important differences which conception of museum management shall prevail. So then, as interpreted by the *Post*, the throes of disagreement which have distressed the officers and trustees of the Boston museum are pains incident to the settlement of the question whether public art museums should be a form of university extension in art history, or should also "contribute more directly to the pleasures of life by presenting the most beautiful productions of man's mind and hand in the most harmonious order and surroundings." The importance of the question seems amply to warrant the earnestness with which it has been discussed.

Two seats on the New York Stock Exchange were sold last week for \$95,000 and another one the same day for \$97,500. The value of these seats has trebled, or more, within ten years. They are desirable because they afford to a competent holder a comparatively easy way to make money. There are only eleven hundred of them altogether, and the number cannot be increased, and as by far the greater part of the securities dealt in in this country change hands by means of the New York Stock Exchange, the eleven hundred brokers have a virtual monopoly of an enormous and increasing business. We take it for granted that any judicious man who had his choice of what he should do for a living would choose not to be a stock-broker. We find therefore that the attractiveness of easy money-making outweighs by nearly \$100,000 the natural disinclination to engage in an objectionable calling. All observers may not agree that the calling is objectionable. It is a necessary calling. All will agree as to that. There must be some apparatus for bringing together the buyers and sellers of securities and making prices at which they can trade. Investors who want to buy stocks or bonds absolutely need, as a rule, brokers to act for them and somebody to constitute a market. But a small number of brokers could take care of all the real investors. About ninety-nine-hundredths of the stock-brokers' business is done for speculators, who buy stocks that they believe will go up and sell stocks which they think will go down.

So pretty much all the brokers' offices are gambling-shops, run wide open, in conformity with the law and under supervision of various prophets. We are all gamblers when we buy or sell stocks on a margin, anticipating a rise or a fall, and the brokers are the gentlemen *croupiers* who assist us in getting up our money, and in getting hands on our gains when we are winners. It must be counted as one of the drawbacks of the stock-brokers' calling that they see so much of us in our greediest, most selfish, and least pleasing aspects.

Whenever we stand at the ticker-tape we are trying to get some other chap's money without giving him anything in return. To be sure, the other chap, unknown, as a rule to us, is trying to do the same by us. It is dog eat dog. But that, though it may relieve our consciences somewhat, can hardly console our broker, who can merely reflect that while he is subjected to the spectacle of our avarice, some brother broker is constrained to be spectator to the counter earnings of whoever is selling what we buy or buying what we sell. Moreover, the minds of the poor brokers must be forever on the fluctuations of securities. They must have opinions as to what is going up and what is going down; must be judges whether at any given moment the two of spades or the knave of diamonds is the *Ekkeid* card. That must be very wearying to a good mind. Evidently they pay a good deal more for the privilege of making money easily than the hundred thousand dollars (nearly) the new ones now pay for a seat. No philosopher can hesitate to consider that stock-broking is an awful trade, nor can he help wondering if the brokers dare tell their children what they do—for some of them do have children, and raise them, like other people, as well as they can. One would naturally suppose that stock-brokers would become such by action of the criminal courts, in consideration of grave offences against society, and as an alternative to a period of restricted liberty and hard labor. On the contrary, they are all brokers by free choice, and most of the brokers are worthy and respected men, and practically all of them live up to a standard of integrity that in certain particulars is exceedingly high, and with which every prospective new broker must give satisfactory evidence of his ability to conform before he is admitted to the painful privileges of his purchased seat.

It is matter of common observation that tall girls are numerous in this generation of Americans. We are told (in the *World*) that the American woman had added an inch to her stature within a comparatively short period, and now averages five feet six, instead of five feet five, as she lately did. She has attained to this elevation, it seems, by wanting to be tall and by taking exercise to that end, besides studying Mr. Guesey's pictures. In the department stores (the *World* says) all sizes in garments have increased, and whereas shirt lengths used to average from thirty-seven to forty-one inches, now the ordinary lengths are from forty-two to fifty-one inches. But it seems our men are dwindling. Whereas our girls and women have less drudgery than women ever had before, and more time and opportunity for physical development, our boys for the most part go early into business, and spend long hours each day in factory, store, or office, so that their natural development is checked. The girls gain on the boys after the age of fifteen. It is suggested that nature is busy working out the type of man who is best adapted to endure the nervous strain of American business life, and is now experimenting with an undersized, carefully fashioned sample, capable of getting along with little food—to the relief of his digestion,—and adapted for the concentration of vital energy on nerves and brain instead of on bone and muscle. It may come in time that most of the eating for the race will be done by the women, who are coming, it seems, to have more leisure for that duty and a physical apparatus better adapted to it. What is trusted to keep the development of women from too far outrunning the development of the men is the propensity of tall handsome girls to marry short, wiry, successful men. Half the brides nowadays, they tell us, are a trifle taller than their mates.

The *Boston Herald* inquires to Mr. Firmata, Boston's new Mayor, a purpose to build a new City Hall, and plant it in the Public Garden. The proposal is harmless, of course, because impossible of fulfillment, but it is interesting for the light it sheds on Mayor Firmata's understanding. New York, it is true, once built a post-office in its City Hall Park, and located up Central Park with an enormous Art Museum, but that was before the relative value of park space and buildings was as clearly appreciated as it is now. Boston's new and active district-attorney is still conducting a battle of the windmills against the bars of the principal hotels of the city, which at this writing still manage to keep open. It is not yet apparent that the voters of the New England metropolis voted to their advantage at the last election.

The New Year at Home

No far as we can foresee—we cannot, of course, foretell the crops of 1906—the era of high prosperity upon which we have lately entered seems likely to continue for at least another twelve-month. The period of industrial, commercial, and financial depression which, according to the political economists, we are doomed to experience once in ten years, arrived on time in 1903-4, though some of us knew it not, forgetting that, while unfavorable conditions rear with a close approach to decennial regularity, they are not always equally severe. Yet, though it is patent that we suffered very much less in 1903-4 than we had in the first year of CLEVELAND's administration, it will be recognized that the depression was severe enough when we bear in mind that Steel common dropped to 8%, that other industrial stocks declined proportionately, and that even the securities of the southern railroads underwent a surprising fall. If we accept the calculations of the late Professor JEVONS and other students of the subject, we should expect to touch bottom again in 1913-14, and, consequently, we should not look for the high-water mark of the present flood-tide of prosperity before 1906-7. This is, at all events, a pleasing prospect, and perhaps as well founded as any.

From a political viewpoint, 1906 is likely to be watched in the United States with almost as lively interest as if it were a Presidential year. In November a new House of Representatives will be chosen, and in the course of the twelfth month the State Legislatures will be elected by which a third of the Federal Senate is to be renewed. It follows that politicians will have their hands full with fence-mending during the coming summer. Will President ROOSEVELT be stronger or weaker in the two Houses of the Federal legislature in 1907 than he is to-day? That is a question of some moment which will be settled this year. There are those who prophesy that trouble is brewing for the Chief Magistrate in the Senate-House, and that some of the most forceful leaders of the Republican majority in that Chamber are planning to discredit and unseat him. They are said in confidential chat to recall with some satisfaction the fact that ANDREW JACKSON, at a time when he had almost as firm a grasp upon the House of Representatives as has Mr. ROOSEVELT to-day, was subjected to the humiliation of seeing his conduct branded in the Senate with a resolution of censure—a resolution which afterwards was expunged from the records. There is a material difference in the two cases, however. ANDREW JACKSON had some rancorous enemies amid the Senators of his own party, and no friends among his Whig opponents by whom the resolution was carried. Mr. ROOSEVELT has, it is true, some bitter, though, as yet, unavowed, antagonists among the Republican Senators, as well as some devoted friends, but almost all of the Democratic Senators, his ostensible opponents, seem disposed to support his policy in most important particulars. In the House, as we have said, he commands an influence such as JACKSON himself never quite possessed. Should, nevertheless, his friends fail to control the Republican political machinery of his native State, or should New York elect a Democratic Governor, the President's prestige throughout the Union might undergo a considerable shrinkage. At present neither event seems probable. It is scarcely credible that such a man as ex-Governor THOMAS T. CORTLANDT, who has retained a grip upon the Republican State machine, or that, if deprived of a power he has abused, he can manage to effect a serious breach in the ranks of the Republican voters. On the other hand, the Democratic party in the same commonwealth is sharply and, to all appearances, irreparably split between the partisans of Mayor McVEIGHAN and those of Mr. HENRICK. If things shall go in New York as he would like them to, we opine that Mr. ROOSEVELT's influence will remain substantially unimpaired throughout the year, in which case most Republican members of the House of Representatives, together with the outgoing Republican Senators, who will have to face their constituents, may deem it expedient to profess themselves staunch supporters of the President. That his intentions are upright and patriotic, and that most of his attempts to carry them out are wise, is the deep-rooted conviction of a large majority of the American people. That the people are behind the President in his demand that in certain cases railway rates shall be revised by a body of appointees of the Federal administration, like the Interstate Commerce Committee, seems evident from the fact that so gigantic a corporation as the Pennsylvania Railroad has made up its mind no longer to oppose the President's wishes in the matter. With the great railway systems divided on the subject, and with the House of Representatives resolutely and almost unanimously upholding the President's project, it seems improbable that obstruction in the Senate will much longer avail.

We shall know within the year whether Mr. ROOSEVELT's attempt to develop the MONROE doctrine as to avert the indefinite occupation of the custom-houses of a Latin-American commonwealth for the purpose of enforcing the payment of more or less honest debts arising out of contract is to be frustrated by the Senate, or sanctioned by it, and thereby established as henceforth a settled principle of our Federal government. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of many a weak republic on this side

of the Atlantic hangs on the success of Mr. ROOSEVELT's experiment in Santo Domingo. We must choose between alternatives; no third course is possible. That was discerned and clearly pointed out by the President and his able confidant, Secretary Root, a year or more ago. Either we must ourselves assume the function of collecting and apportioning the customs revenue of indebted American commonwealths, or we must revert to the passive attitude assumed by us in 1902 at the time of the blockade of Venezuelan exports by allied war-ships, and permit that function to be discharged by European creditor powers. There are some obvious reasons why, in such cases, it behooves us to accept the office of receiver. In the first place, the receiver would be appointed at the request and in the interest, not of the creditors, but of the debtor. Such a receiver could be trusted to see to it that the indebted commonwealth got such a share of the customs revenue as was needed for its running expenses. He could also be trusted to scrutinize narrowly the claims of foreign creditors, and to pay none until it had been adjudged valid by an impartial tribunal. It is evident, lastly, that it would be for such a receiver's interest to complete the performance of his duty as quickly as possible, instead of prolonging, on one pretext or another, his control of a sister republic's income. Let us suppose, on the other hand, that, through the Senate's refusal to ratify the Santo Domingo treaty, our Federal Executive should be obliged to refrain from interposing between a weak, indebted American republic and a European creditor power. It is manifest that, as a matter of principle, if a third of the customs revenue of two Venezuelan republics may be confiscated for the benefit of European creditors, the process of sequestration may be extended to the whole revenue of all that country's ports of entry. If, then, at any time, a European power—Germany, for instance—furthering the tremendous expansion of its Caribbean commerce that will follow the construction of a canal at Panama, should desire to secure practical, though not ostensible, control of harbors adjacent to the interoceanic waterway, all it would need to do would be to buy up the claims of European creditors against Colombia, or Venezuela, or some Central American state, and occupy its seaports for a period which, on one pretext or another, could easily be prolonged. The debtor republic, mired in the revenue on which it has mainly depended hitherto for the support of its internal administration, would find itself in a position where it would be strongly, if not irresistibly, tempted to co-opt at Germany's use of its harbors for stations of cooling and repair.

The inhabitants of our insular possessions have cause to mark with deep concern during the new year the indications of a disposition on the part of our Federal legislature to cooperate with our Executive in the furtherance of their welfare. Undoubtedly no time is to be lost in putting an end to the monstrous anomaly by which citizenship is withheld from the natives of Porto Rico, who, nevertheless, is subject to the jurisdiction of the United States. No less imperative is it that Congress should amend or modify the law by which the fertilizing infusus of American capital into the island has been obstructed. Under the pretext of safeguarding the Porto-Ricans from exploitation, we have condemned their sugar and tobacco industries to perish of inanition. Although there is absolutely no agricultural product in the United States which is unprotected against foreign competition, we have, thus far, refused to impose even a slight duty upon coffee in the interest of the insular product. To say that we have treated the island as a stepchild is grossly to understate the facts. We have starved her almost to death, and instead of teaching her to love the national flag we have driven her almost to abominate it. The Porto-Ricans did not ask to be separated from Spain, which had always afforded a lucrative market for their chief staple, coffee. They would have fought to the death had they supposed that, while they were to be robbed of one market, they were not to receive an equivalent in another; and that, while Spanish capital would be barred out, they would also be cut off from the stimulus of American investments. There has never been in modern times a more ghastly exhibition of cynical and reckless selfishness than has been presented in Congress by its treatment of Porto Rico. It is equally patent that unless we wish the Filipinos, whom we profess to regard as our wards, to die of strangulation, it is our duty to admit their products, and especially their sugar and tobacco, free of duty to the American market. Let us hope that Congress at last will listen to the voice of justice and of common sense, and that all our insular possessions will have cause to bless the era of prosperity that begins for them in 1906.

The New Year Abroad

EXCEPT outside of Russia, where the problem of a nation's destiny seems on the verge of solution for good or ill, the coming year seems likely to be fraught with unusual interest in Europe. In parts of Africa, and in the Far East, before January is over England is expected to witness a new general election, which will determine whether the assumption of office by the Liberals, who

have held it only for one brief period of three years since July, 1896, will again be transient or will be prolonged. The also of the majority which the new Premier, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNESEMAN, will have at his back in the next House of Commons depends upon the question whether the Liberal members will be supported at the ballot-box, not only by the thick-and-thin Liberals, but also by the Unionist free-traders, by the Union-Labor vote, and by the Irish vote in English constituencies, which, it may be recalled, was thrown by TAYLOR to the Conservatives in 1895. Mr. GLADSTONE being thus compelled to seek the aid of the Irish Nationalists. It will prove scarcely practicable to combine at the polls such incongruous elements, and we shall therefore not be surprised if Mr. JOHN K. BARNESMAN's band of some eighty home-rulers should hold once more the balance of power. If the Irish Nationalists shall seek a prelate use of this advantage, and content themselves with such successive instalments of home rule as the House of Lords might be prevailed upon to sanction, the Liberal government may be relatively durable. In an event, however, is its task a light one, for, to say nothing of the difficulty of satisfying the demands of union labor, the radicals and Workmen, headed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, now a member of the cabinet, are almost certain to bring to the front the question of disestablishing the Church of England in Wales, which most of the Premier's Anglican supporters in both Houses will earnestly oppose. Then, again, the Neo-conservatives will insist upon the abolition or drastic emendation of the education act passed by the late government, which taxes them for the support not only of national, or non-sectarian schools, but also of schools managed in the interest of the Anglican establishment. That is another point on which the Liberal administration may be wrecked. So it is manifest that English newspapers will be worth reading during the coming twelvemonth.

In France during the month of January the Senate and the present Chamber of Deputies are to meet in joint session at Versailles for the purpose of choosing a successor to M. LOUBET in the Presidency of the Republic. There is no lack of candidates for the office, including M. FALLIERES, President of the Senate; M. DOUMERGUE, formerly Governor-General of Indo-China, and since a conspicuous member of the Chamber of Deputies; and M. HANAUER and M. MORAGUES, both ex-Premiers. It looks to-day as if the choice would lie between the two first named, though there is a chance that Premier DOUMERGUE may be brought forward as a dark horse. In the spring the term of the present Chamber of Deputies, which was elected in 1902, expires, and the outcome of the general appeal to the constituencies may throw some light on the willingness of the peasantry to see the burden of supporting the Catholic episcopate and clergy transferred from the state to their own shoulders, though it should be kept in view that the whole weight of the load will not be felt until the present bishops and priests are dead. So long as M. DOUMERGUE remains Premier the relations of Germany and France seem unlikely to be subjected to severe tension, although it is difficult to foresee the result of the Moroccan conference, which, we presume, will be held at Algiers, the Sultan having rejected Spain's proposal to substitute Madrid. It is taken for granted that in the conference the views of France will be upheld by Great Britain, Russia, and, probably, Spain, and that Germany will be supported by Austria cordially, and by Italy reluctantly, so that the United States, though comparatively disinterested, may be forced to play an important part.

Continuance of internal tranquillity in the German Empire depends to some extent upon the question whether revolution or reaction shall triumph in Russia. If one outcome of the agitation in the Czar's dominions should be the permanent concession of such large powers of self-government to his Polish subjects as have already been granted to the Poles, the Poles of Posen may revolt against the Emperor WILLIAM'S Germanizing policy. The Hungarian sovereign has no occasion to fear a similar outbreak among the Poles of Galicia, for they already possess autonomy. But he has troubles of his own elsewhere. In order to put an end to the predominance of the Magyars in the Hungarian Parliament he has decided to adopt the expedient of granting manhood suffrage to the whole population of Hungary, the Slavic and Rumanian components of which outweigh numerically the Magyar element. For the sake of consistency he has felt constrained to make the same concession to the Cisleithan kingdom, where, although the Germans are outnumbered in the proportion almost of two to one by other nationalities, they have hitherto possessed a political power out of all proportion to their voice, through an antiquated and inequitable distribution of seats according to classes. These are both leaps in the dark, and as one can foresee their effect on the stability and internal relations of the Dual Monarchy.

In European Turkey, although the fiscal administration of the three vilayets of Macedonia is to be confided to apportioners of the allied powers, which lately applied coercion to the Sultan by a naval demonstration, nobody expects that the fierce rival and religious antagonisms will be thus allayed, for Greeks and Bulgarians hate each other more intensely than the Christians collectively hate the Moslems; nevertheless, it is probable that by

this expedient the expansion of the Turks from Europe has been for a while postponed. In British India it remains to be seen whether Lord KITCHENER will resign the post of Commander-in-Chief, now that Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNESEMAN has announced his intention of maintaining the principle, fidelity to which Lord CURZON his viceroyalty, the principle that military must be kept subordinate to civil authority. Because England is authorized by treaty to call upon Japan for aid in the event of a Russian invasion of India, it is possible that the Liberal government, which has already declared itself in favor of a reduction of armaments, may think that it can with impunity put aside Lord KITCHENER'S defensive plans. To colorists this seems a short-sighted, not to say pusillanimous, course, for when the Russian action is reorganized and rehabilitated in its own esteem it will doubtless seek to regain in India the prestige it lost in the Far East, and Englishmen could not, without forfeiting their self-respect, acknowledge themselves incapable of retaining India without help from Japan.

We observe, lastly, that in South Africa the British Liberal government will resume the policy of magnanimity associated with Mr. GLADSTONE'S name, and concede forthwith to the Boers of the former Transvaal and Orange Free State an elective legislature, to which will be left the settlement of the grave economic question whether Chinese laborers shall be imported to work the mines of the Rand.

Personal and Pertinent

"SLIPPERS," the six-toed gray cat of the ROOSEVELT children, is reported in the daily press as having returned to the White House after a long absence.

JACK KUBELER played his violin at the White House the other evening, and he must have done all sorts of things to WIEKOWSKI, PARANIEL, LALO, &c., because next day Mr. ROOSEVELT sent him a copy of *The Rough Riders*.

Shooting for five hours at Seltosa Marshes recently, the Kaiser's bag amounted to 1136 pheasants and hares, representing one kill every seventeen seconds. Oh, never mind; this doesn't affect the record for lobsters, beaver, and mountain-lions.

A card bearing the autograph of Miss ADA REHAN and a five-cent coin have been received at the office of the State Comptroller of New York. The five-cent piece represented the amount of the collateral inheritance tax on the bequest of Mrs. JOHN GLENNER to Miss REHAN.

The first practical outcome of Lord ROBERTS'S appeal for national efficiency in the use of the rifle is the formation of the Northern Counties Industrial Rifle League. In opening the first competition of the league in St. George's Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Hon. ALICE ROBERTS, "Bob's" daughter, showed how much she had taken her father's doctrine to heart by scoring no "laner," narrowly missing the bull's-eye.

What remarkable people our simple country includes! Or perhaps it is only that our simple newspapers print remarkable news items. At this writing they impute intention to sundry citizens of eastern Oregon to start a wedding-present fund for Miss ALICE ROOSEVELT, with lists in every State, and a hoped-for total of about a million dollars. Incredible! Impossible! Unnecessary! But how pleasantly fantastic!

A company has been formed in New York to supply pedigree chickens at \$1 a pound and silver eggs at \$1 a dozen to those who can afford to pay for such refined edibles. Each fowl is to be accompanied by a pedigree affidavit and silver disk, giving the age of the bird, how it was raised, and other interesting data. The published accounts of the organization make an mention of the requirement of a pedigree on the part of the purchaser, but it is obvious that he must have a silver disk—stamped with "United States of America," a spread eagle, etc.

We offer the expression of a sincere sympathy to Lucky LON FITZGERALD in the loss of a wife only recently acquired, and maintained by him in luxury and pride at considerable cost in hard earned money. That he should have been lonely at last in a fight was only the common lot—a lot as inevitable as death itself. But that his new wife should turn ship-rat on him was a hard blow. FITZGERALD is an engaging character, a well-conducted person for a man of his calling, and a man of feeling and many pleasant human qualities. He is entitled to find consolation in the knowledge that a wife that would abandon a beaten man at his first defeat could never have become a valuable domestic asset. He is not alone in his grief. The papers announce that the most eminent of current college football-players has sustained an analogous bereavement of the heart. He was not married to her, not yet—but had reason to hope to be. In the high tide of his glory he was moved back. Such are the tribulations of war, and even heroes, backed or triumphant, cannot always dodge them.

A Powerful New Weapon for the Navy

By Walter L. Beasley

THE United States navy has just adopted a new high-speed turbine torpedo, possessing superior advantages over the Whitehead now in use. This self-propelling missile has the extreme range of 4000 yards, the contract guaranteed range being 1500 yards, and travels at the rate of 35 to 37 knots. Its pace at first is nearly a mile a minute. These record-breaking performances outclass the old Whiteheads by eight to ten knots in speed and almost double the distance in range. Though available to European nations, the possession of this exceptionally speedy and more destructive fighting machine gives to this country, for the immediate future at least, the supremacy in torpedo weapons which greatly adds to the efficiency of American naval power. The new model, the Bliss-Leavitt, is a cigar-shaped shell of steel, with tapering lines, 15 feet 9 inches long, 17½ inches in largest diameter, weighing 3000 pounds. It is divided into three main parts, the war head, the front section, holding the explosive charge, 132 pounds of wet gun cotton, the air tank or chamber, and the after-body or tail containing the engine, steering gear, controlling mechanism, rubbers, and propellers. Its superiority over the old Whitehead type lies in a superheating process employed in the air-chamber and the use of a turbine or rotary engine. Besides these, additional innovations are incorporated, such as a larger and more powerful air chamber, tested to stand a pressure of 3000 pounds to the square inch, though only 2250 pounds is the amount used in action. Two four-blade propellers supplant the old two-blade ones. The present torpedo can be discharged equally as well from



The Gyroscope Mechanism which is the "Man at the Wheel" inside the Navy's new Torpedo

submerged tubes in ships—a special advantage for submarines; this feat was not possible with the Whitehead. The vital and revolutionary feature of the new torpedo is a superheating scheme device. An elevated lamp in the air chamber, automatically ignited at the moment of discharge from the tube, generates vast heat expansion and energy. This increased motive power is applied to a 150 horse power turbine engine, driving the propeller shafts farther and with greater speed than it was hitherto possible. The new missile, a marvel of mechanical skill, contains inside, it is said, in the neighborhood of 800 to 1000 different pieces of steel, brass, and bronze, forming a network of delicate automatic adjustments. It is the costliest single piece of ordnance in the navy, \$5000 being paid for each one. The enormous destructive possibilities, however, in time of warfare, of a well aimed shot, capable of blowing up or disabling an enemy's \$5,000,000 battleship and permitting the capture of sea to land men, is considered well worth this heavy expenditure. A \$2,000,000 appropriation has been authorized to obtain the first installment of these torpedoes. A number have already been tested and delivered to be distributed to the various vessels in the service. The Navy Department has decided to give renewed attention to the question of accuracy and precision in shooting torpedoes. To become expert in firing, and to get thoroughly acquainted with the various parts and delicate adjustments of the new weapon, daily practice and drills are now going on at the torpedo station Newport by the members of the



Charging the Air Flask of the Torpedo to a Pressure of 2250 Pounds in the Squibs Tank, to provide the Muzzle Power



Stuffing the Torpedo in the Tube with the Care and Precision which 132 Pounds of wet Gun cotton demand

seamen gunners' class, specially detailed officers, and others. The *Trawlers* and several destroyers are used to give the men practice under probable service conditions. The most exhaustive and successful exhibition of the work of the new torpedo has been carried on aboard the converted steamer *Sarah Thorpe* in Noyach Bay, near Sag Harbor, Long Island. Here the Navy Department has stationed torpedo experts and several gunners to witness and record the run of each one, which is required to come up to the necessary contract speed, range, and accuracy. After making three

hull's-eye out of five shots, the torpedo is shipped to Newport and turned over to the government. The torpedo is fired out of a tube about twenty feet in length, the interior being well greased; the lower forward half being cut away, leaving a top-like spoon, which aids the torpedo to slip out, and to make the initial dive into the water in a nearly horizontal position. In preparing to launch or fire the torpedo the first operation is, filling the air chamber or flask with compressed air, the motive power; 2250 pounds to the square inch is forced into the hollow forged-steel cylinder, located



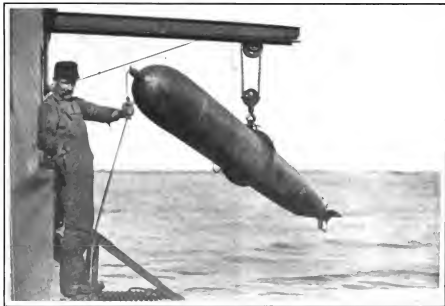
The Torpedo on its Flight. At the extreme Left side of the Photograph the Tail of the Torpedo may be seen about to enter the Water



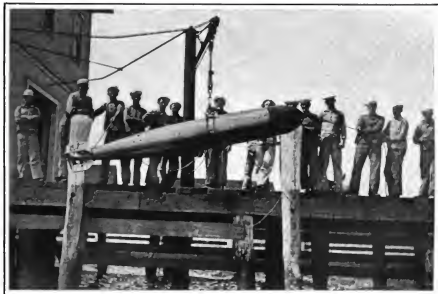
The Torpedo at the Moment of leaving the Tube, with its 130-horse power Motor revvering the Propellers at Full Speed

just behind the war or explosive head. This takes twenty minutes to charge. The various automatic mechanisms are adjusted, one of the most important being the ingenious gyroscope, which acts as the pilot or man at the wheel, steering the flying torpedo in a direct course, and keeping it at the proper depth during its swift flight through the water. If the torpedo from any cause runs out of the straight direction, the gyroscope, by means of the vertical rudders, steers the torpedo back again into its original and proper

course. An impulse charge of about ninety pounds of compressed air sends the torpedo, with propellers turning, out from the tube. After making a dive of five feet the torpedo rights itself, and darts off for the target on a bee-line, plunging through the water at a pace of a mile a minute. A submerged net, 100 feet long, 1200 yards away, is used as a target. The torpedo goes through the meshes, and after each shot the net is pulled up, the torn opening indicating the success of the shot. The required deviation is



Reverring one of the new 27000 Torpedoes for Recharging and Repairing after a practice shot



Men of the Benue Gunners' Class at the Newport Station receiving instruction in handling the Torpedo

range is fifteen yards to the right and left of the bull's-eye, or centre, and thirty inches above and below five feet in depth. Each must come within these measurements, three out of five shots, before acceptance. The average speed is thirty-five knots, though thirty-seven has been obtained in several instances. The time is about sixty seconds for 1200 yards. A distance gear automatically shuts off the air from the engine and stops the torpedo on the end of a predetermined run, causing it to float to the surface; it

is then towed back to the steamer by a launch, carefully hoisted out of the water by a ring fastened around the centre, recharged, and fired over again. Well-informed ordnance experts claim that, notwithstanding the surpassing speed and range of the new type, the torpedo can only be considered in a pioneer and infant stage at present, and, from the limitless possibilities of still greater improvements, it is likely to be relied upon as the coming war weapon of the future.



A Naval Expert making a thorough examination of the new Torpedo after its flight and recovery



One of the monstrous Steel Roof Girders which fell across the Tracks, jammed up on a pile of sleepers. A crowded Express Train had been standing on this Road just before the Collapse of the Roof



Emergency Situations at Work clearing away the Wreckage of Station and Cars

THE RECENT DISASTER AT CHARING CROSS STATION, LONDON

The photographs above were connected with the recent disaster at Charing Cross Station, London, in which four persons are reported to have been killed and several injured by the collapse of the station roof. The station is the terminus of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, and thousands of persons pass through it daily. The roof, which had been undergoing repairs, fell early in the afternoon of December 6, and in collapsing thrust out a portion of one of the side walls against the adjoining Apollo Theatre, damaging it badly. Most of the men who were killed or injured were workmen engaged in repairing the station roof. An express train crowded with passengers pulled out of the station just before the fall of the roof, averting what might have been a disaster of far greater proportions.

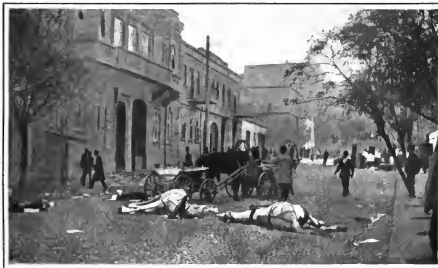
Photographs copyright, 1917, by the Illustrations Bureau



Photograph of Admiral Rozhdestvensky, who is now recovering from Wounds received in the Curacao Straits Fight



Russian Sharpshooters on the Roof of the Residence of the Governor of the Caucasus, ready to Fire into the Crowd below



An Armenian Priest's Carriage Horses killed in the Street in Baku. The Priest and his Coachmen were beaten to Death



Guns defending the British Consulate at Baku



Remains of a looted and burned Residence in Baku

EVENTS IN THE RUSSIAN CRISIS

The revolution in Russia has brought the empire into an unparalleled civil strife, and now the most serious situation has arisen in Moscow, where, the despatches relate, fully 5000 of the revolutionists have been killed and 15,000 wounded in two days

The New British Cabinet

By Sydney Brooks

London, December 21, 1921.

IT is the opinion of England that "C.B." has done well. (Need I say that by "C.B." is meant Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman?) Even lazily England has no time for such a mouthful, and friend and foe have agreed upon "C.B." as a legitimate and tractable abbreviation. The country, then, is of opinion that "C.B." has made the best of good material. The cabinet he has formed is judged in strong cabinet. It is a cabinet on which the new Prime Minister need not fear to take the popular verdict. The ease and smoothness with which it has been formed are in themselves a sufficient answer to the taunts of Liberal disunity. It impresses people with a sense of comprehensiveness and balance. It is likely to be harmonious, there is no reason why it should not be stable; if only the electorate will return it to power by an adequate working majority. Its efficiency can only be tested by results, but so far as names and past performances go, it ought to prove a cabinet with a genuine capacity for achievement. Individually and collectively it inspires more confidence and respect than the Unionist cabinet of 1920, but certainly than the cabinet which has ruled England for the last two years. There are members in it of the widest experience and authority in public affairs. There are other members who are new to office, but whose Parliamentary record has raised hopes of great things. No one can say of "C.B." government that it represents a single group, or a single school of political thought, or the interests of a single governing family. In this respect it is singularly diversified, but its diversity no more implies the possibility of friction than its untroubled past implies the possibility of stagnation. The maximum of Liberal strength and availability cannot be said of what cabinet, in England or out of it, can it be said that it furnishes the best intelligence and practicality of the party? The new government would be stronger if it included Lord Rosebery, but Lord Rosebery is off at a phrase, and in the wilderness of the country, remains outside a government that his immediate lieutenants, whose views on Irish policy are identical with his own, have felt an difficulty about entering. It would be stronger, too, if it included Sir Charles Dillke, in whom the party possesses an army reservoir of extraordinary knowledge, courage, and proved administrative efficiency. But an old and necessary scandal, the fear of the Non-conformist conscience, and perhaps a goodly share of British phylisianism, prevented "C.B." from offering Sir Charles Dillke a portfolio. It was possibly felt that to include him in the cabinet before the general election might raise awkward questions, and in some way weaken the appeal of the Liberals to public opinion. Personally, I do not believe that any such results would have followed, people generally agreeing that whatever may have been Sir Charles Dillke's shortcomings, he was a man of high character, high energy, down, and that if he is elected to Parliament, and if the party uses his services—as it has used them—in opposition, it is debared from excluding him from the cabinet on merely "moral" grounds. I do not, however, despite of yet seeing him a member of the government. It is understood that after the election, in which everybody assumes a Liberal and free-trade victory, "C.B." will retire to the House of Lords, and that other rear, rearrangements will be made. Their upshot may and it is hoped will be that Sir Charles Dillke will at last be given an office worthy of his remarkable abilities.

Among the personalities of the new cabinet mention should first be made of "C.B." not that he is its strongest member, but because fortune has placed him at the head of it. His wariness friends do not pretend that "C.B." rises in any way above the average of British Prime Ministers. A case might, indeed, be made out to show that he falls considerably below it. Nobody expects from him the brilliant dialectics, the profound policies, or the masterful influence of a Disraeli, a Salisbury, or a Gladstone. The country has quietly written him down as an efficient, imperturbable, but eminently uninspiring administrator. It does not respect him of state-ship; it has no reason to think him in any sense one of England's great men. Nevertheless, both the country and the party are well content to see "C.B." in his present position. There is a feeling that he has deserved it, and that it means to him the reward of solid, persistent services. Ten years ago nothing could have seemed less likely than that "C.B." would rise to the Premiership. Ten years ago the Rosebery cabinet left because "C.B." as Minister for War, had neglected, or, rather, was made out to have neglected, to keep in hand a sufficient supply of ordnance. It was a snip vote, but that pronounced against him was a purely partisan snip vote, but it was enough to turn the government out and to throw a certain shadow over "C.B.'s" career. As a matter of fact, "C.B." had proved a capable and extremely popular minister—popular, I mean, in Pall Mall. He rendered the country a great service in getting rid of the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief, and in his management of the War Office, so far as the outside public could learn, he showed not, indeed, genius or anything like it, but good sense, tact, and more decision than had been expected from a man of his intense good nature.

In 1909 "C.B." was elected to the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons—elected by a process of elimination. Sir William Harcourt had thrown up the task in disgust and despair; there was nobody marked out as its successor; and the party turned to "C.B." as the second or third best. He was never really the leader of the whole party; the Rosebery section

gave him no more than a casual and half-hearted allegiance; and the Rosebery section counted and negotiated all internal divisions of the party approached a cabinet, "C.B." stuck his post with unswerving stability. He was in a hopeless Parliamentary minority; in flank, rear, and front he was pelted by every missile of Parliamentary warfare; the Irish Nationalists formally broke off their relations with the Liberal party; the country, then in the very delirium of Jingoism, would scarcely listen to Liberal proposals; "C.B." was in a position to open his mouth at any public meeting; and "C.B." raised the national resentment to white heat by declaring that the British army was waging war in South Africa by "methods of barbarism." All public men commit at least one "blaring" error. That was "C.B.'s"; but no blarney, for as a leader, it was his only one. His leadership, if leadership it could be called, was otherwise free from the more glaring errors. It had, indeed, some negative merits of a not inconsiderable value.

"C.B." has always been noted for a temperament that verges on the psychomotoric. Things do not affect him as they affect other men; and this happy odd of insensibility stood him in good stead during the hopeless years that immediately preceded and immediately followed the election of 1906. It enabled him never to be crushed in spirit by the most overwhelming defeats, to keep on fighting and to pick himself up again as though nothing particular had happened. He developed, too, a pronounced strain of circumspection. He took to writing out his speeches. Formerly a finished debater, with a real command of humor and epigram, he lost his spontaneity, began to weigh every word, and would no longer trust himself to the inspiration of the moment. But his mastery of his mind, his unshakable courage, and his persevering plodding he displayed something like enthusiasm. Gradually a reaction set in. No man could be kicked so often and in so many places and could take it so soundly without winning at the least the half-pitying, half-amused, half-resentment of his English countrymen; and no man could be so continually in his place in the House of Commons, ready for whatever might come along, without establishing some sort of claim upon the gratitude of his party. When Liberal misadventure once more hit him, it was felt that "C.B." if he had not actually produced it himself, was, at any rate, the first to be entitled to credit by it. In the dark days of seclusion and internal dissension a man with more definite opinions and more force of character might have brought the party to total wreckage, "C.B." at least did nothing to widen the breach; and that negative achievement is justly written down on his credit side of his account. But he has been a poor man and forced to carve his own way in life and in politics. "C.B." might have developed his faculties to a fuller and higher stretch. As it is, he remains a placid, humorous, cultivated man of nearly seventy, whose elevation has been largely accidental, whose temper is moderate, whose mental equipment is not that of a statesman of the first rank.

It is rather, however, with his lieutenants than with "C.B." himself that the country is most concerned. It was with a relief that completely overrode the laws of party that the news came that Sir Edward Grey's resignation of the Foreign Secretaryship was received. His presence in Downing Street is a guarantee that the continuity of British foreign policy will be preserved. Sir Edward Grey is almost one of the curiosities of latter-day English politics. No man has risen so high with apparently so little qualification. He never adverted of tries to push himself forward; he wears in general an air of distraction and even boredom; he rarely speaks except on matters of foreign policy; and a body acquaintance might easily assume that the young Northernland baronet's real interests were wrapped up in tennis and fly-fishing. Yet he made a reputation as an Ambassador in Foreign Affairs in the last Liberal government that he has since more than maintained. A grave and balanced detachment, a measured transparency, characterize all his utterances and stamp his mental processes. There is no man of whom the public knows less, and yet it is his grave and balanced detachment, his sober, sober, the impression he conveys of a lofty character, his pale, pale disinterestedness, his calm of strength of personality and conviction with temperance in judgment and expression, and the proved breadth and firmness of his grasp on the principles and details of foreign policy, make him one of the best Foreign Secretaries in whom England and England's allies may place every trust.

Another very able and distinguished man is Mr. Asquith, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Asquith had a brilliant career at Oxford, which he followed up by an even more brilliant one at the bar. He came into office at the election of 1906, and, as a result of his work, so quickly, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone appointed him Home Secretary in 1907. In that position he showed not only extraordinary capacity, but very real courage in some of the courses he took for the maintenance of internal law and order. There has been no better Home Secretary furnished by either party for half a century. In foreign affairs Mr. Asquith follows Lord Rosebery's lead, and took, therefore, during the Rosebery war a line that, though it made him unpopular with some sections of his party, commanded the instant assent of the average Englishman. But it was not until the fiscal question arose that Mr. Asquith showed his true character. He was a man of really exceptional powers. Such a character, previously called his tremendous, loud style. He at once took it up with order, dignity, Mr. Chamberlain's footstep from town to town, and answered him speech for speech until at times it almost

(Continued on page 29 of *Interesting Stories*)



Andrew Carnegie

Mark Twain

Don Bond

Dr. Edgar Fulton Thayer

Edna Lynde

Photograph by Peter A. Kelly

MARK TWAIN RECEIVING A LAUREL WREATH FROM JOAN OF ARC AT THE DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS

Mark Twain was the guest of honor at a recent dinner of the Alliance Association given by the Society of American Illustrators. When he arose to speak a young woman, clad in armor to represent Joan of Arc, appeared and presented him with a laurel wreath in recognition of his admirable character of the life of the Model of artists, which was published anonymously.



"Portrait," by Frank W. Benson (Winner of the Thomas M. Proctor Prize)



Portrait of Miss Gertrude



"Portrait of Mrs. H.," by Henry Oliver Walker

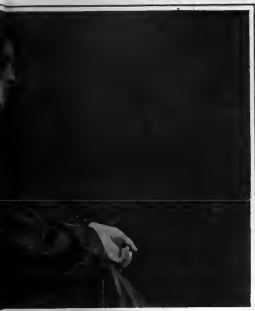


"Mother and Child," by Hugo Bock

SOME NOTABLE PAINTINGS AT THE EIGHTH NATIONAL ACADEMY

Photographs by

Copyright by the National Academy of Design



"Hall," by Orlando Rowland



"Nativity," by David Grison



Winner of the Thomas B. Clarke Prize



"Pastorale," by Dr. Will M. Lockman

FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE
ACADEMY OF DESIGN

Winter & John



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The opening scenes introduce the reader to Elizabeth Buchanan, a woman of wealth and excellent nature, and her beautiful wife, Beatrice, who has been forced into a mistaken marriage with him because of his money. Beatrice has had, previous to her marriage, a love affair with a young explorer, Harry Faring, her husband, realizing that she is marrying with love, and attracted by a mysterious power, isolates upon her in leaving Faring to join a honeymoon at their country-place, Buchanan Lodge. Faring arrives before dinner, and, during a brief moment together, he and Beatrice discover that in spite of her marriage they are still as deeply in love with each other as they were before.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CARR

THIS first dinner at Buchanan Lodge began with inharmonious elements, and the elements remained as discord through the meal. In the first place, Beatrice Buchanan's feeling of relief—almost of relief—over her part with Faring had been at best but a momentary pleasure. Through a natural disinclination and long dress he had almost entirely lost any remnant of small talk which he may once have possessed, and, in consequence, Lady Sybil, who sat at his right, and Arabella Crowley, at his left, had a bad time of it.

Stanford was by nature too silent to be of much use in such a crisis, and, as a result, the talk was almost entirely confined to Faring and Harry Faring, who had found ground of common interest in certain African explorations through the Uganda country. Faring, it appeared, had taken part in two of the earlier expeditions, and Colonel Everley was, as usual, able to furnish facts.

Arabella Crowley, stanch old soul, did her best in the way of engaging Lady Sybil across their silent host, and little Miss Trever, from time to time, uttered loudly when she could find a listener, but in all it was a dismal bore, and as it went forward it became more and more dismal, for there began to occur those fatal moments of complete silence, after one of which at least three people invariably start to speak at the same moment and then fall again into a dreary silence.

Then a thing happened which all of once changed the lagging gloom of the dinner table into something quite different and very much more. Colonel Everley, suddenly becoming aware that he and Faring had maintained an unintermitted dialogue for half an hour or more, broke off with an embarrassed laughing apology, and turned to his hostess, at whose right he sat. He looked again to rally her upon her altered appearance.

"I thought when we came, you know," he said, "that you weren't at all fit. I said so to Sybil. I said, 'Mrs. Buchanan ought not to be having' horse-parties; she ought to be in bed.' And Sybil thought so too. But, by Jove! I only wants a dinner and people around you and all! What? I never saw such a difference in a few hours. You've got a vision like that, though. Never looks herself till evening."

It will be reasonably evident that Everley was not a tactful man. He meant well, but he was more at his ease with men. His remark was to the point, however, even if better made. Mrs. Buchanan's extreme nervousness and depression and the strong effect she was making to fade these had sent an unusual flood of color to her cheeks and a sort of redness fire to her dark eyes. The effect was extremely beautiful, but only the type of human being represented by Colonel Everley could by any chance have

mistaken it for well-being.

She turned a swift, half-frightened glance towards Harry Faring's inevitable face and thence to the laughing eyes of her husband across the table. Buchanan leaned forward with an odd little smile. The hand was playing at the stem of his wine glass.

"All phenomena may be traced to a cause," said he, looking down at the glass which he fingered. "My—Mrs. Buchanan's high spirits this evening are easily traceable. She is looking back to her young dream. You wouldn't know, of course, but in the days of long ago her heart and Mr. Faring's beat as one. Until tonight they have scarcely seen each other since that happy time. Hence these smiles and blushes."

Now this speech, if rendered in a sufficiently humorous fashion—half barbed, in fact—might pass, though in questionable style, as a fairly unobjectionable, but Buchanan spoke it with a certain mocking deliberation, and the thing tore close to the verge of an atrocious insult. Indeed, for every one at the table who knew the man—in other words, to every one but the Everleys—the intent must have seemed quite beyond question.

What reason he could have had for making the speech it is impossible to imagine. What madness was lurking in the man to drive him to so sudden a length one cannot think. It must have been a sudden uprising of that malice which had been so slowly growing in him. It is not impossible that his nerves, as well as Beatrice Buchanan's, were racked and quivering this night.

For an interminable-seeming moment there was dead silence. Then Colonel Everley gave a start, amazed laugh, fixing his glass in his eye, and staring up the table at his host to see how the thing was to be taken.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "I say, you know!" and he turned to look across at young Faring.

Beatrice Buchanan had gone perfectly white, but, after a moment, the color came flooding back to her cheeks, once more, and she faced about towards the Englishman with a ready smile.

"Now you know the story of my life," she said, lightly. "Please say that you think it is very pretty and romantic! Fancy! The two ancient sweethearts, after many years—how many is it, Harry?—only two—brought face to face once more in the present—only, at the very dinner-table—of the cruel husband of one of them! I call that real drama, you know. The only weak point," she complained, "is that neither Mr. Faring nor I seems able properly to play up to the part, do we? We ought to sigh and weep—perhaps it might have been ghastly and all that. We're far too stupid, Harry."

Colonel Everley laughed again, a bit more easily this time, and said it was a rum thing—that that he hadn't seen the same situation before, of course, many times over. Now he had a cousin whose—And Harry Faring of course began some laudatory remark to Lady Sybil, and old Arabella Crowley plunged into the middle with a rapid fire of other nonsense, so that with every one talking very fast and no one listening at all, the worst of the situation was faded over, but through it all there remained, asked for and unheeded, a sense of calamity, an atmosphere unshared of stem, and the remembrance of the dinner would with a terrible haste which would have been almost comic if it had not been something much worse.

When at last the women had gone, Stanford made a slight motion of the head to young Faring, and at once moved up into the vacant chair next his host, leaving the other two men at the far end of the table. He was, in his quiet, still fashion, thoroughly angry, for he believed that Buchanan's speech had been meant for an unobtrusive insult to his wife, so framed that, if loved with it, he could readily dismiss any seriousness, but Stanford was wise. He had lived, in his five and forty years, through more experiences and vicissitudes than most men ever meet in their whole

life's span, and he had the wit to see that Buchanan was in no condition of nerves or temper to engage in general talk. In particular, he did not wish him to be thrown with young Faring.

He began at once, therefore, a dissertation of unsurpassed dulness and interminable possibilities, and it did not in the least annoy him to see that Buchanan made no pretense whatever of paying heed, but sat in a sort of gloomy apathy, staring at the table before him, and, from time to time, raising his little liqueur glass of Chartreuse to sip from it.

They sat there for half an hour or more, until at last Stanbroke had to suggest that they would be missed in the drawing-room, and in all that while Buchanan said, "Yes, yes," once, very abstractedly, and, "Quite so," two or three times. When the Russian suggested that they rejoin the women he rose at once, silent but amenable, and followed the other three men without a word. Stanbroke said afterwards to Arabella Crowley that he seemed in a sort of daze, as if he neither saw nor heard any of the things about him. And, in the light of what occurred later that night, Stanbroke spent many hours in wondering what was in the man's mind at this time. For that matter, though, no one was ever able to say what was in Buchanan's mind, either at this time or any other. He could not be judged by other men's standards. He dwelt apart.

Meanwhile in the drawing-room it so happened that Lady Sybil and little Miss Trevor—Allanor Trevor, as she chose to subscribe herself since spelling out the name on Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminster Abbey—found themselves together, and sat down in a corner of the big room to discuss the characters of certain common friends in London and in Washington. Beatrice Buchanan had moved across to an open window and stood a moment, raising her head to the carous of the soft night breeze. Arabella Crowley joined her there, and the two stepped out through the window upon the terrace, where the moonlight lay in silvery satin barred by velvet shadows.

The younger woman turned her face to the milky moon, and it wrinkled and quivered and went gaunt, like the face of one who dwells in unbearable agony.

"You see, Aunt Arabella!" she cried, shaking.

"You see! How is one to bear such things—such a life!"

"Oh, yes, dear child," said Mrs. Crowley. "Oh, yes, child, I see. I do not know what I should say to you," she said. "I expect it is partly because I am still very angry at—your husband—"

That was a shameful thing he did!—and partly because there is really nothing any one can say, in such matters, that will be of any avail. Oh, my dear! I am afraid we women were meant to suffer—for some inscrutable reason. I wonder what. So few of us are allowed to live happy lives. I am an old woman, child, and I have had both joy and suffering, but I think, looking back upon it now, after so many years, I

think there was far, far more suffering than joy. And I believe it has been so with all the women I have known. Women must weep, Betty, even if men don't work. I do not know why. I cannot think that it is quite just, but it is true." She took one of Mrs. Buchanan's hands between her own, which age was beginning to mark with wrinkles and distended veins.

"I'm not very comforting, am I?" she said. "Alas! I can find no great comfort to offer you. I can only say that you were very brave to-night. I loved you for that, as did we all, I think, who knew. Just go on being brave. It's the only thing."

But the younger woman turned upon her with a sort of fierce desperation.

"I cannot go on, Aunt Arabella!" she cried. "It has become intolerable. Ah, you can't fancy how intolerable it is! I'm in prison here, a prison where they're allowed to torture me. They don't do that in other prisons—only mine. In other prisons they shut you up and make you work—let you work. Here I must be idle, idle and watched—spied upon—insulted, at so-to-night at dinner." She wrung her hands, standing there, tall and white and pitiful in the moonlight.

"I want my happiness, Aunt Arabella!" she wept. "They've taken my happiness from me, and my youth, and all I had that makes life bearable. What right have people—grown, experienced people who know—to sell a girl into such slavery? Oh, yes, they did it! They sold me to Herbert Buchanan just as truly as girls are sold to Turks in Stanbroke. And I was a child and I thought it didn't matter. I thought it meant just having more money than I'd ever had before, and plenty of nice people round me constantly, and the freedom that I wanted. And Harry—Faring was—away. I thought he'd forgotten, and so I consented."

She faced old Arabella Crowley, blazing anger from her great eyes.

"How dared they let me do such a thing?" she cried. "They—my own people who brought me into the world and said they loved me. They knew, I didn't, and still they planned and smiled and said it was a splendid match and that I'd be very happy—happy!" She began to weep.

"I want my happiness!" she wept. "I was lied out of it, tricked out of it, and I have a right to happiness. I want it back."

"The waters do not flow uphill, child," said old Arabella Crowley. "I am afraid there is nothing for it but just to go on being brave. I wish there were something that could be done, but—I don't know what. Only, my dear, Harry Faring mustn't stay here. You must send him away. I'll speak to him, if you like. He mustn't stay. It is much worse for every one concerned."

Mrs. Buchanan dropped her hands and turned away with a little tired sigh. Her burst of passion, it would seem, was spent, and left but a great weariness behind it.

"Yes," she said, as if she



Drawn by Will Gould

"And still they . . . said it was a splendid match and that I'd be very happy"

did not greatly care. "Yes, I expect he mustn't stay. It is harder with Harry here. Oh, much harder! It's like—looking through the bars at—oh, Aunt Arabella," she cried, and quite suddenly her voice began to shake again—"Aunt Arabella, I've loved him so! There's no use in trying to lie to you or to myself. It's that that's making my life here so hideous. Without that I suppose I could get on somehow in spite of every thing else, but with it I can't. Something's got to happen. Brave? I'm not brave! There's no bravery in me, nothing but hatred and resentment and—oh, what am I going to do?"

Old Arabella soothed and petted her as best she might in her half-soldier, half-tender fashion, for she saw that the woman was almost at the end of her strength and that a little more of this sort of thing might entirely undo her for rejoicing her guest's insanity. No little bit of little she brought her back to calmness and self-possession, and by the time the two went in through the open window to the drawing-room one must have looked very closely to see that Mrs. Buchanan had been on the verge of an absolute nervous breakdown.

The men entered the room almost directly after them. "And now," said old Arabella Crowley to herself, "look out for trouble!" And she crossed the room to Buchanan's side with Beria Stambolof's intent—to isolate the man, for she did not know how far he might take it into his head to go, once he had made a breakaway by that sort of the state of mind. She and never known Buchanan to look out of that fashion before—his ill humors commonly taking the form of morose silence—and it put her off her reckoning. He might do anything, she said nervously to herself.

It was a matter of fact she need have had no fear. Buchanan, in leaving the dining-room, had, by some supreme effort, shaken off his depression and bitterness and seemed rather anxious to make himself agreeable. He talked for a few moments very pleasantly to old Arabella, and then, with an apology, moved over towards where Lady Scyllid sat in her corner. As he went he passed young Faring, and nodded, smiling. Then, as if at a sudden thought, he halted beside the other man, and touched him on the shoulder with the sort of familiar gesture which one friend uses towards another, but which was not in the least like Buchanan's. "I hope I don't bring too deep a blush to you, something at dinner," he said. "It was a rather silly thing to say." A bit of red came up over his own face as he spoke. Doubtless the apology cost him something.

Young Faring, because the man was glad, smiled as pleasantly as he could and made some trivial remark, with the intent of passing the thing off as easily as possible. Then, as Buchanan started to move away, he stopped him.

"Oh, there was something I meant to tell you," he said. "I really didn't have a chance earlier. I dare say it's of no consequence, anyhow. As I was crying about it, I had before me a man looking about among the fir near the gate. He couldn't have been a gardener, because he had no tools or anything, and because he drew back and tried to hide himself among the shrubs as my trap turned into the drive. I was in a hired cart, you know; my train was very late. The wheel got stuck so that the trap was back under the porte cochere of the house, I chanced to look back, and the chap was still down there near the gate. It's nearly half a mile, but I could see him standing among the shrubbery. I dare say he thought he was hidden. I spoke to the butler about it, and he said he would send a gardener down, but I thought I'd best just mention it to you as well. Doubtless they chased the fellow away promptly."

"Oh, thanks very much!" said Buchanan. "Yes, I'm glad you spoke of it. I don't like vagabonds loitering about the place. We had an insignificant robbery only a few days ago. Something was stolen from the stables. I dare say this fellow to-day was an ordinary tramp who was trying to screw up his courage to the point of coming to the house to beg. Did he look that sort?"

"Well—no! No, hardly," said young Faring. "Of course I hadn't a good look at him, but his clothes seemed better than a tramp's would be. No, I shouldn't think he was a tramp. To tell the truth, he looked more like a discharged groom or something. I remember that he had a long whitish scar across one cheek. I saw it plainly from the trap. An old scar. But—" He halted suddenly as Buchanan made a little exclamation.

"What is it?" he asked. "I'm doubly glad you spoke," said the older man. "This fellow with the scarred cheek I believe to be a thief or a crook of some sort. He came to me yesterday as I was standing on the terrace under, and asked me to give him a little money for him to do, for, of course, my butler and coachman and head gardener hire their own men in the usual fashion, and I never interfere. But this chap was so entertaining in answering some questions that I took him into my study—I was feeling rather bored at the time and he talked to him there. I gave him a five-pound bill and sent him away. It occurred to me afterwards that in taking such a man into the house I acted very foolishly. I dare say he took copious notes while he was there. Yes, I am very glad you spoke about seeing him. He's here again for no good, I'm sure, I must have the gardener keep a close watch." He paused and gave a little retrospective laugh.

"The chap was most amusing," he said. "He had been everywhere and had seen a great many things. Also I think he had seen rather better things. His manners were excellent. Buchanan nodded, and then he gave him a five-pound bill, and young Faring crossed the room to where his hostess and Stambolof stood near one of the windows.

Colonel Everley had maneuvered little Allison Trevor into a corner apart. He was fond of young girls of the half-breed type, he said he liked to watch their little ways—and it was beyond

question that Miss Trevor was very pretty and that her extreme ingenuousness was entirely real. She had great store of the "little ways" which Everley so liked to watch.

The two glanced in glance across the room where Stambolof and Faring stood talking with their hostess, and Colonel Everley nodded his head.

"There are two good men!" said he. "You'll go a long way before you find better. I should like to see more of that Faring. I never met him until to-night, but I have heard of him. He did some good work in Africa last year."

"How much they look alike, don't they?" said little Miss Trevor. "Stambolof and Harry Faring."

Everley put up his glass.

"They are—aren't they?" he exclaimed. "I hadn't seen them together before. By Jove! they do! They had very much the same type; though, of course, they're quite different in every other way. This young Faring is essentially a man of action. He's a man I should pick to take command of a difficult situation. He's adequate, Faring is. That's just the word! He'd be adequate to anything that was given him. He's not brilliant, I should think, but he's sure and steady, and he never lets go when he has taken hold. Look at his eyes and that jaw of his! Ah, he's a good man! I should like to work with him."

Little Miss Trevor stirred protestingly in her chair. "They are—aren't they?" she thought—

Isn't M. Stambolof all those things too? Oh, surely he must be! "Stambolof!" said he. "Oh, well—yes, I suppose so, but—well, you see, Stambolof's out of the running, rather, isn't he? Stambolof's a sort of walking tombstone. Stambolof's a man who gives you the impression of having lived his life and finished it long ago and of just staying on because he—well, can't die. Not one doesn't think of Stambolof as doing anything nowadays. He's done it all. He's waiting to die."

The girl shivered.

"How horrible! How very horrible!" she said. "I'm sure it isn't so. I don't like to think that of him."

"It's true, though," insisted Everley. "If you could look inside of Stambolof you'd find any heart there—or so called or any of the common things. You'd find ashes, I expect. Oh, yes, his eyes ended some seven or eight years ago. And he's not old either. He's no older than I am—four or five and forty, I should think—but, you see, he's not like other people. He's like a man in a book—one of those grand person people. You know about it all, I suppose?"

"No, not the girl. I'm afraid I don't. I know that M. Stambolof had had a very tragic life, and that something very terrible happened to him to make him so—unhappy, but I never knew just what it was."

"Well, don't suppose there's any reason for not talking about it. I've thought about it ever since I was a child. I was in London and Paris does, because the affair was widely talked about at the time it happened. That must have been nearly eight years ago, I think. You see, there was a Frenchman, the Comte de Colonne—de Vitry-Colonne—who had an extremely beautiful wife. I expect she had been a very good woman. But she was a blackguard and fearfully jealous, and he used to ill-treat her shamefully. Well, it was a rather open secret that Beria Stambolof loved her, too, and that she returned it—she was very unhappy, you understand—but it was just as openly known that she loved him, too, and that there was nothing wrong."

"Then one night at a dinner-party out at Colonne's chateau near Fontainebleau, Colonne, who was in a nasty humor, and had been drinking a bit too much wine, probably, insulted his wife foully before all the guests. Stambolof got up and struck him in the face, and half an hour later, in Colonne's own hall, with ten or three of the other men holding candles, they fought a most informal duel with swords and Colonne was killed—ran through the heart."

Little Miss Trevor gave a little shivering gasp of horror, and she stared across the room at the Russian, with his gray-eyebrowed face and tragic eyes, who stood so quietly talking to his hostess. She remembered just then that she had never seen him laugh; that when he smiled only his lips smiled, his hollow eyes were somber and still.

"But the Countess?" she asked, presently—"the Countess? What became of her?"

"Ah, Amille!" said Colonel Everley. "She went, I believe, to certain relatives in Paris, but the shock, and all she had been suffering for a long time, had broken her body. She was never strong. She died within a month. After that Stambolof disappeared, he went away somewhere for two or three years, and when he came back he was—like that! Yes, he's a living tombstone. Stambolof is—a sepulchre. There's only ashes inside him, I expect. He's not the man to live anything like that down. There's too much of him to live. He's not a man of his natural melancholy. He's only half Russian, by the way. His mother was English."

"Could any man live such a thing down?" asked little Miss Trevor after a silence.

"Oh, what?" said he. "Oh, dear me, yes! Oh, Lord, yes! Hoops of men. But they're longer like than that. Everley has too much Russian in him. They're all dreamers, those chaps. There's something sad about them all."

Little Miss Trevor sat silent again for a long time. Her hands were twisting together in her lap and her eyes were lowered to them. "I don't think I shall go to bed," she said.

"Thank you for—telling me that, I'm—glad to know. I think, do you know, that I'll be off up-stairs, if you don't mind. I've a sort of headache to-night. You don't mind?"

Colonel Everley rose at once, and said it was the best thing she could do if she had a headache.

"Though, as I do
courage, I do
mind!" he pro-
tested, gallantly.
"Fraid I've been
boring you with
all this tragedy."

"Oh no," she
said, quickly;
"no, really! I'm
—so very glad
you told me I'm
glad to know
about it. How
some men have—
suffered, haven't
they, Colonel
Eversley? I'll
only one could
help them—make
it up to them
somehow! Of
course one can't,
though!" She
paused a mo-
ment, rather as
if she hoped that
he would say
something more
—an answer, per-
haps, the hall-
questioning tone
in which she had
said, "Of course
they can't,
though?" Then
she nodded and
said, "Good
night," and went
across the room
to Betrix Buchan-
an.

The Eversleys
very soon made
their excuses and
went up stairs
too, Lady Schill
protesting that
they had been
kept so busy in
Washington and
New York for
the past forty-
night that she
had forgotten
what sleep was
like. Indeed, she
looked tired and
really ill.

"And as for
you," she said
loudly, "my dear
lady," said Stan-
bolof in his best
voice when the oth-
ers had gone, "if
I may presume
to offer advice I
should say, do
you go and take
your sleep now.
For the remainder of the week we shall probably keep you up
to unweary hours. Therefore sleep while you may. You also
are tired."

"She is coming this instant," said Arabella Crowley, "with
me. She is tired, and so am I. We will leave you now to your own
devices—managing thereby, I take it, whiskey and tobacco. Stan-
bolof, you are to drive me over to Red Rose to-morrow. The Yun-
ny Cartieris are there, and I want you to see them again. Good
night!"

The three men, thus left alone, stood talking for a few mo-
ments—at least Stanbolof and young Faring talked. Buchanan
seeming again to have dropped back into his brooding mood. Then,
finally, the host said:

"I shall go to my study. I think, for a pipe before turning in.
Would you care to come?" He spoke as it were to both, but he
looked towards Stanbolof, and there was a sort of shy, deprecating
appeal in his tone which could not have failed to reach
the man. But Stanbolof shook his head.

"Thank! not to-night, I think," said he. "Like the others, I
need my sleep. I shall have a turn up and down the terrace
yonder for a breath of air and then go to my bed. Another time
if you will be so good." He laid a hand on Harry Faring's
shoulder. "You will join me?" he said.

"Yes, yes, certainly!" said Faring. Buchanan turned away.
"As you like," he said, "as you like. Good night to you
both!" He hesitated a moment, that half-ashamed appeal, almost
wistfulness, in his bearing as it had been in his voice. Then he
went out of the room, and as he went his shoulders seemed to
drop as if he were tired.

There were many things in Stanbolof's tragic life to remember



Drawn by Will Geiss

"May I speak freely?" asked the Russian

and brood over,
many things
which could never
be forgotten,
and long after
this time he con-
fessed to Harry
Faring that one
of them was the
wistfulness in
Buchanan's bear-
ing, the tired
droop of the
shoulders, the
odd, loosely,
friendly spirit
which seemed to
hang about him
as he left the
drawing-room
that night to go
alone to his
study.

"If only I had
gone with him!"
the Russian
would say. "Who
knows?"

But the two,
left together,
went out upon
the terrace, where
was still silvered
by moonlight,
for the moon was
full, and they
lighted cigarettes
and walked up
and down the
long stretch,
breathing in the
sweet, summer-
night air.

"May I speak
freely?" asked
the Russian after
a little time.

"We have not
known each other
very long, but
there is—Is it
not so?—a cer-
tain sympathy
between us which
makes frank
speech possible.
You must go
away from here.
It will not do for
you to stay."

"Oh yes," said
young Faring,
readily. "Yes,
of course I must
go. I shall have
some business
to-morrow, and I
shall say that
one of them calls
me back to New

York upon urgent affairs. No, after what happened to-night at
dinner I could not remain, of course. Is the man mad?"

"Very nearly, I think," said Stanbolof. "He is of the stuff
of which mania is made. Have you noticed his eyes and the con-
struction of his skull? He is exceedingly sane, and he is exceed-
ingly melancholy by temperament—and it is the worst type of
melancholy. Now I, I suppose, am unimpaired, too, but it is a
very different sort. I could not go mad. Buchanan might very
easily. He is more nervous than you would believe, and irritable
and malicious. That which he did to-night was sheer malice. I
was very angry for a time, but afterwards when I thought it
over I was less angry and more sorry. The man is scarcely re-
sponsible for what he does."

"That makes it no easier for his wife," said Faring.
"No, of course not, and it makes what he did no less of an in-
sult. Still, in a way, I am sorry for him. He is very lonely."

Faring looked away.
"It was very—jolly of you," he said, awkwardly, "to take the
man on, as you did, when the women had gone—sitting and talk-
ing to him, I mean. I'm afraid I—I should have strangled him,
I expect. I was—grateful, you know. I'd—d like you to
know it."

Stanbolof smiled a bit sadly in the moonlight.
"My friend," he said, "the situation was, to a less degree—
greatly less—so like another case, of which you have doubtless
heard, that I could not hasten with all my power to avert what—
what happened in the other case."

"Yes, I—know," said young Faring. "I know. I was thinking
of that. Oh, for God's sake, what's to come of this? Betrix
(Continued on page 28 of Advertising Section.)

Correspondence

"LEISURED" WOMEN

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I was much interested in an article by Mrs. Russell Sage in the *North American Review*, in which the writer made suggestions for the philanthropic employment of "leisured women." I am glad to recognize the kindest intentions on the part of the author of the article, but I submit that her ideas are altruistic, and could not be put into effective action. She believes that women of leisure owe a social debt, for instance, to the wives of salaried men who are doomed to live in boarding-houses, and advocate an effort on the part of the more fortunate women with houses to help that great class of homeless wives or spinners. Very well indeed—but how? These women in boarding-houses do not regard themselves as objects of charity (however much they, intrinsically, need help), and they would instantly resent any effort to improve their affairs. They would detect, with the sensitiveness of an electrometer, the inevitable though unconscious patronage of their benefactors, and the game, so to speak, would be up. But why not begin at the root of the matter? Why not organize among wealthy and leisured women a society for the improvement of boarding-houses, or for the prevention of cruelty to boarders? Why not work for legislation that will bring boarding-houses into the pale of higher civilization? They now sit serenely apart, governed by independent women who are not under the unfortunate beings obliged by penny to subsidize under their regime. I do not refer to the exceptional boarding-houses, run by women who are practical housekeepers, but to the blocks upon blocks of houses where dust accumulates in corners, where carpets are never taken up and cleaned, where soiled window-curtains hang forbiddingly behind dismal fireplaces, where towels are set at a premium and table-linen at a minimum, where hot water is a precious commodity, where furnaces emit a repulsive breath in winter, and hot odors of cooking permeate the house in summer, where the landlady in too incident to go a-marting in person, and serves to her tired and discouraged victims third-rate food in a third-rate condition. To bring about better conditions is the sharp city boarding-house where so many thousands are obliged to live—young and old, healthy and delicate, people of culture and refinement or of ordinary experience, whose hearts, in any case, cry out for the devices of plain but cleanly and satisfying living—to improve their methods, as we have improved our hotels and tenement-houses,—that would be a noble work worthy any leisured woman's best time and highest philanthropic effort, or, for that matter, of any man's.

I am, sir,

M. R. MEYERS.

A CORRECTION

HARRISBURG, Pa., December 19, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I read in the WEEKLY of recent date, in an editorial on the subject of the suicide of Cuthbert Clark, of the wrecked Enterprise National Bank, of Allegheny, in which you refer to Pennsylvania State officials and their manipulation of State funds for their personal aggrandizement, the following:

"J. Blake Walters, cashier of the State Treasury, took refuge in suicide from exposure."

I have waited for ten years to see that statement made in some reputable journal, that I might refute it. There is not a word of truth in the statement.

J. Blake Walters was cashier of the State Treasury of Pennsylvania from 1878 to 1880. He did not commit suicide. He did not die in office. J. Blake Walters died in Harrisburg at his home on Walnut Street from an organic disease. He was stricken in Philadelphia, and brought to his death in this city in 1882, after lingering a short space, during which many of his friends called on him, he died, with clergy at his bedside.

The error in stating him committing suicide was first printed in a New York yellow journal in 1865. It has never been denied, however, because J. Blake Walters left no child nor child to defend him, and his friends paid no attention to the repeated printing of the story in the newspapers.

But when a journal like HARPER'S WEEKLY repeats the statement it is true that somebody comes to the front and tells the facts. Fortunately, I was never in need with J. Blake Walters, but I was his friend, and he was mine at a time when a friend meant, to me, a great deal more than it does now.

I am, sir,

THOMAS M. JONES.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS

WILMINGTON, L. T., December 15, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The one-State plan for Oklahoma and Indian Territory is, by its supporters, said to have been opposed by the same influences—railroads, mines, politicians, sleeping-car companies, etc.—that are now opposing joint Statehood in New Mexico and Arizona. The chief feature in the Oklahoma and Sequoyah fight are the political phases of the situation. From a careful estimate, based upon election returns, it is almost a settled fact that Oklahoma, as it now stands, if admitted without being attached to Indian Territory, will show a Republican majority of from 12,000 to 20,000. Indian Territory, if it is admitted as Sequoyah, will show a Demo-

cratic plurality of at least 45,000, owing to the fact that it is largely settled by Texas and Arkansas settlers and emigrants.

It will be readily noted that in the event of one State there will be a Democratic majority in all coming elections of from 25,000 to 35,000. As in all other cases of this kind, the political grater is at work; he has his nose to grind, and by making the single Statehood near his nose he will be ready for one sooner than if he should have to wait for the two States to come in separately.

I am, sir,

P. S. COLEMAN.

THE THOUGHT PROCESS IN ANIMALS

ST. PAUL, MINN., December 12, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Noticing a communication to your valuable paper from a correspondent in Wyoming which was headed, "Animals that Think," I will relate an instance which may be interesting to your inquiring friend.

A neighbor of mine is the possessor of two fine hunting-dogs, and on a recent occasion went out after ducks. One bird which was jumped down fell into a rapidly moving stream. One of the dogs leaped in, but could not overtake the duck. The other dog ran down the bank and jumped in at the side of the first, awaiting its arrival, and safely landed it. This can be verified for you.

I am, sir,

JAMES HEALERT.

AUTO SPEEDING

NEW YORK, December 12, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The spectacle of New York's Police Commissioner appearing before a Long Island justice of the peace and being fined \$25 by that justice for oversteering his automobile is not so uncommensurate as it would at first appear.

It is true that here is no officer of the law, of high position, convicted of breaking a law. But how? By exceeding the speed set down by a local board at a limit of a certain number of miles an hour.

The very fact of the chauffeur being an employee of New York's Police Commissioner, his master being in the machine, and going at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour are proof that automobile speed is a thing that cannot be measured by human judgment, and no apparatus has yet been invented which on a machine will measure time and space simultaneously. The only apparatus which seems to measure speed with any accuracy is composed of two long-bladed shuttles in the ditch! Few men can gauge speed, anyway, and the speed of an automobile is impossible to gauge by any other method of locomotion. The steam machine that glides along with scarcely a sound save the rumbling of the wheels may be going faster than the explosive machine that makes a terrific and continuous emission of sound, and yet, unless both machines were travelling together, so you could compare them, the average individual would claim superiority of speed for the explosive machine.

Law lays down the rate of speed and the penalty for exceeding it. The driver or his master is unable intuitively to measure that speed or the speed limit. Let some inventor set his brakes to work and furnish the community of automobiles an instrument which will give to them automatically a record; and meantime let the local authorities divide a portion of the fines they receive by marking off the roads in rights of a mile in a manner that will give drivers a chance to regulate their speed to the conditions imposed. If this latter is done local communities will be able to gauge their speed by using a great deal for less, which should be the aim and endeavor of every portion of this country.

I am, sir,

H. SMITH.

THE ILLITERATE VOTER

ATLANTA, MISS., December 11, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Are we not showing the illiterate voter too much consideration? Has any young man who became of age in the twentieth century a just claim to the right of suffrage if he cannot read and write, or at least read? Perhaps there are some outlying districts where such qualifications would be difficult of attainment, but they must be rare. Most of our States are doing a great deal for the promotion of general intelligence, but, in not a few, gross ignorance is considered merely a personal inconvenience, not a positive drawback. If a man will not rise to his opportunities we must leave the opportunities to his luck.

Everybody knows that a high degree of intelligence is not incompatible with wealth; but, unless the trend of events is in a false direction in every civilized country, the well-informed man is a better citizen than the ignorant. Now that reading matter of an interesting and entertaining kind is coming more and more within the reach of almost everybody, who cares to strip forth his hand, and good periodicals may be had by all who will be able a few cents a week for the purpose, it is time to put a penalty on those who will not use their opportunities to gain enlightenment through the medium of the press.

I am, sir,

CHARLES W. SCHEPPEL.



The New Plays

REALISM IN ACTING

BY HENRY MILLER



M. COQUELIN, the famous French actor, believes that acting should be wholly a matter of mental and methodical preparation. In a cleverly written book, published some years ago, he asserted that the potency of an actor's art is marred if he shares in the emotions which he is called upon to express. This view brought from Henry Irving a complete but temperate contradiction, supported by a very able argument; and the understanding and conviction it brought to me have never been disturbed.

The question of the degree in which an actor should yield himself to the emotions he is portraying has been discussed from many points of view. As M. Coquelin is the high priest of the doctrine that emotion or feeling should never enter into the work of an actor, his lack of effect as simulating pathos militates against him and his belief, no matter how great may be one's admiration for his remarkable technique. Again, one hears of a player who declares that he gives himself up entirely to the part, forgetting all else but the situations and conditions in which the drama places him. I trust it will not seem presumptuous to suggest that this is largely a delusion, for there are players whose emotions lie so far beneath the surface that nothing short of tremendous concentration of mind and imagination can arouse them. This kind of actor, though, by sheer force of the endeavor needful to arouse a temperamental response, runs a risk of becoming set in method and deficient in plasticity of expression.

To my mind the best results are brought about by the co-ordination of a dual consciousness working in harmony, allied to a well-developed power of expression through voice, face, and action, these faculties being so completely under control, and yet so responsive, that they take on without stress or strain the quality of every changing mood and feeling. Rare as the co-ordination of these qualities may be, one is bound to accept it as the ideal of

acting that will stand the severest test.

My earliest experience on the stage brought me in contact with an actress who possessed this capacity in a high degree—the beautiful and gifted Adelaide Neilson. One night when she was appearing as Julia in "The Hunchback," an incident occurred which made a deep impression upon me. A member of the company, long indisposed, I was hurriedly called upon to take his place. His duty was to appear on the scene and deliver a letter to Julia. This message was supposed to have come from the lady's sweetheart, and I can recall distinctly the wonderful expression that came over the face of Miss Neilson—a look of great and radiant happiness. The letter, as players will recall, is seized and torn into atoms by Master Walter. Following this action, the expression on the actress's face underwent a marvellous change; all the joy and happiness faded, her lips trembled, tears welled in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, and she became the veriest picture of misery. My instructions had been to deliver the letter and then to leave the stage; but this remarkable exhibition held me spellbound, and I was aroused only by the titters among the audience and by the prompter's voice commanding me, in a cheerful whisper, to "Come off! come off!" Afterward, in again going to the star for my apparent stupidity, I made a feeble and awkward attempt to compliment her upon her great art. She smiled and said: "My boy, don't believe too much in art. This acting business is more a question of heart," and so I have found it. Clara Morris was another actress whose powers were of a similar order. I remember well her death scene in "Miss Moulton"—a genuinely great example of what is commonly, though inaptly, termed emotional acting. In memory I see her seated in the large chair that she used, her whole being convulsed in grief, the trembling hands, the tear-stained face, the unforgettable voice telling

(Continued on page 28 of Advertising Section.)



Margaret Anglin and Frank Worthing in two Scenes from "Zola," now being played at the Princess Theatre





Music And The Opera



WAGNER AT THE METROPOLITAN

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT is something over a score of years since the music-dramas of Wagner were first performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. During that time their fortunes have been as varied as they have been remarkable. It is only to say that New York is familiar with every variety of Wagner performance that it is possible to conceive; we heard him first interpreted according to the Teutonic traditions of twenty years ago, in a style that depended chiefly upon truth and vigor of dramatic characterization

and harmony of ensemble, and in which vocal excellence was created in America the part of *Tristana*; of Emil Fischer, whose *Hans Sachs* is still unequalled; of Lilli Lehmann, the greatest dramatic soprano of whose the modern world has any knowledge; of Marianne Brandt, of Theodore Reichmann, of Max Alvany,—the ideal *Siegfried*,—and of the incomparable Seidl. That was, in the history of Wagnerism in America, the golden age. With a few exceptions he was not, in those days, well sung—in many cases, he was very badly sung indeed; but the spirit that animated those early performances was so fervently and vitally dramatic, so impassioned, so finely reproductive of the essential quality of Wagner's genius, that one heard, time and again, interpretations that seemed, in no extravagant sense, inspired. Since then, as has been observed, Wagner has suffered numberless vicissitudes at the Metro-

politan stage. Yet many who have witnessed Mr. Corrad's recent production of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" must have wondered, doubtless, as to the precise artistic status of the contemporary representations of him. Is he, to-day, well or ill done? and how do the current performances bear comparison with those of other years? Without assuming to offer any overpositive judgments in the matter, it may be affirmed that, all things considered, the Wagner performances at the Metropolitan are very good indeed. No one, of course, who holds any just conception of what constitutes perfection in Wagnerian interpretation would dream of asserting that Mr. Corrad's productions of the later music-dramas are all that could be desired; that they assuredly are not. But they do, nevertheless, reach a far higher level than is attained in the majority of European operas, and in some respects they surpass the Metropolitan performances of twenty years ago. For one thing, it is well to note again, Wagner is far better sung, on the average, by Nordica, Fremstad, Homer, Walker, Knefe, Van Rooy, Gortiz, and Blase, than he was by Niemann, Alvany, Reichmann, Fischer, Brandt, Seidl, Krass, and their associates in the casts of the Stanton regime; to singer like Lehmann is outside of any such general parallel. Nor is there a lack, to-day, of brilliant individual achievement. We have known no more moving *Siegfride* than Fremstad's; no more impressively tragic *Wotan* than Van Rooy's; no more perfect

Fear than that of Knefe; and such impersonations as Gortiz's Alberich, Knefe's Walthar, Homer's Fricka, the surprising *Siegfride* of Emma Eames, Nordica's Isolda and Brunnhilde, are impersonations of indisputable vitality and importance.

To consider the reverse of the shield, it must be acknowledged that in ensemble effect, in scenic equipment, and in certain important mechanical details, the Wagner performances at the Metropolitan fall considerably short of perfection. That the stage arrangement is not infrequently faulty and inept, that certain essential scenic effects are imperfectly achieved, and that the various factors that should work together for the attainment of a smooth and effective representation fail to co-operate, must be noted and deplored.

But, nevertheless, and considering the performances *en bloc*, there remains, over and above every obvious defect, a large measure of successful and delightful achievement. In the course of the recent "Ring" cycle, for example, there were many things to remember with pleasure and satisfaction—as the last act of "Die Walküre," the first two acts of "Siegfried," the conclusion (apart from the scenic effort) of "Götterdämmerung"; there were many excellent details of characterization and of staging, and the work of the orchestra, and the work of the vocal and musical direction of Mr. Herz, was often admirable.



A recent Portrait of Marcella Sembrich

Madame Sembrich is one of the most popularly for singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, and has been heard in other roles than Wagner's, although her "Eva" was an effective performance.

was completely submerged in a wave of fervent enthusiasm for the works of the artist whom they, by all degrees, he created, and himself in the history of the human race, by the most grotesque expedients, who that witnessed them will forget, for example, those versions that were billed as performances of "I Maestri Cantori," in which the not wholly satisfactory characteristics of "Die Meistersinger" were trustfully discernible through the medium of Signor Mascini's conduct lag and the gracious impersonations of M. Jean and M. Edmond de Resch and Mrs. Eames? Then came the brief invasion of Mr. Walter Damrosch, with his authentic, dyed-in-the-wool, all-German representations; and, following that in the early winter of 1903, the notable revival of "Tristana und Isolde," with Nordica and the de Resch's singing, for the first time, the original German text, and Anton Seidl in the conductor's chair. That year Wagner came into his own again; he was superbly sung, and intelligently, though not ideally, acted, and there was evident a sincere endeavor faithfully to realize his intentions. With in the next few years came some still finer performances, in which Lehmann—not quite in her superb prime, but still unapproachable—participated to their great gain.

That was almost a decade ago; and Wagner still flour-

The New British Cabinet

(Continued from page 16.)

looked as though the issue would resolve itself into a gladiatorial combat between the two men. As a debater Mr. Asquith stands in the front rank, his clearness of argument and exposition, his soundness of mind, and his command of concise and eloquent language being surpassed by no one on either side of the House. He is not a very popular man. People admire him far more than they like him. He lacks mellowness; he is close and self-contained; he has neither humor nor imagination. But as this will not prevent him from being an admirable Chancellor of the Exchequer and a bulwark of the Liberal cause. A man of far finer mental qualities than he, Mr. Haldane, is the new Minister of War. Mr. Haldane has nourished himself on Hegelian philosophy, and his sheer powers of mind probably out-distance any of his colleagues in the new cabinet except Mr. John Morley; while the experience of men and life that he has gained as a brilliantly successful lawyer is greater than any that Mr. Morley can boast. Mr. Haldane has never yet held office, but there is no office in which he would be likely to get out of his depths. He would make an admirable Lord Chancellor, Secretary of the Navy, or Minister of Education—a subject he has profoundly studied. As it is, he goes to the War Office, and I believe he will duplicate there the wonderful success of Mr. Root in the War Department at Washington. Two other appointments have caused the greatest interest. Mr. Lloyd George, the young Welsh statesman, with the extraordinary talent for debate, goes to the Board of Trade, and Mr. Asquith leaves, the famous "sage of the House" goes to the head of the Local Government Board in such capacity the question of the unemployed will at once come before him. In Mr. Lloyd George, I am convinced, England possesses a second Chamberlain—energy, enthusiasm, courage, and versatility. From Mr. Burns I know what to expect. Labor leaders who become cabinet ministers are usually disappointments; and the people who are most disappointed in them are, as a rule, the laborers who elect them. But unless he proves a failure, Mr. Burns will be a source of strength to the new Liberal Government.

To Make Automobiling Safer

More than 300 accidents to motor-car tourists have been reported in the United States and Canada during 1906, many of them resulting fatally. It cannot be said that these accidents were wholly due to rapid speed or reckless driving, for some of the most serious ones happened to automobilists who are known to be prudent and careful in the management of their vehicles. Most of them could have been avoided by a better knowledge of the danger points, or by some warning by which the tourist could have been advised of his peril. The truth is that in many parts of the country, and especially in those sections which are most picturesque and attractive to the tourist, the highways are too narrow and winding, and are often skirted by deep, unguarded ditches and dangerous gullies, and crossed by railroad tracks at points where the tourist would have little reason to anticipate them.

To lessen these perils as much as possible the American Motor League has called upon its members, motorists and proprietors of official stations, in all the important places where touring is most popular, to take up the work of erecting danger signs and guideboards by which the tourist may be forewarned of these pitfalls. Many of these danger signs have already been put up. The league sends out circulars from which these signs can be easily made by a man of ordinary skill, and in some cases the completed signs are sent out ready to be put up.

Blanks are being sent to the automobile clubs in several States with letters requesting information as to points where the signs should be erected, and a contract has just been made with a firm in central New York for a large number of signs, which will be put in place within the next few months.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

January, 1906.

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The Evolution of a Vast Industry

By Charles Winans

Chapter IX.



NE of the most important results of the colossal-scale packing-house of to-day is the development of cleanliness in the handling of meats. This is a point which vitally concerns the meat-consuming public, for the meat-consuming public's health depends upon it.

G. F. Swift had two fundamental maxims in his operations as a merchant dealing in meat and meat products, one of these was that it was vitally essential to success to keep all his wares up to precisely the standards they were

represented to be; the other was that all the packing-house operations be done under the limelight, especially as those operations grew in magnitude and complexity.

The charge of dark dealings with suspicious animals and with suspicious scraps of animals was too obvious a possibility to escape the attention of so sagacious a merchant as was G. F. Swift. Without advancing high standards of quality in his wares on lofty principles of morality or philanthropy, he stood for them with more the less in-shakable insistence. He took the plain business ground that, in the face of the strong competition he had to meet, there was no better way to hold his customers and his market.

On the same sound business principle he insisted in eliminating everything even suggestive of a veil of secrecy from all that was done in the packing-house in the way of preparing the food products for the consumer. Of course, certain formulae in the preparation of certain products—*as* beef-extract, for instance—are valuable property, and depend upon secrecy for that value. These formulae, naturally, are jealously guarded by all the packing-houses. They are assets perishable under publicity. But these formulae are only details. They affect in no manner the question of cleanliness and sanitary vigilance in the handling and preparation of things for market which the market purchaser is going to eat.

In all that pertains to this, G. F. Swift ever insisted on the widest publicity. He was always one of the strongest advocates of thorough government inspection of live animals, for one thing, as well as of animals after they were turned into dressed meat. In this, to be sure, he was not alone by any means. All of the wiser, and hence more formidable, of his competitors knew as well as he did that there was no better advertisement for their products than throwing the door wide open and keeping a standing invitation to the public to come in and witness the preparation of those products down to the smallest detail in their manipulation. On the other hand, they knew equally well that a well-grounded, or even a partially well-grounded, charge of uncleanliness or negligence of sanitary precautions would work more harm to their businesses than they could repair in many months, or in many years, perhaps. Such charges, indeed, if sustained, were potent with possibilities of permanent injury.

So the big packing-houses, from the days they first began to be big, have jealously encouraged visitors to their works, and have taken care that those visitors have every opportunity to see what was going on; have their questions patiently answered, and their comments and suggestions duly noted. That has become a fixed policy with Swift & Company, at least.

Now, in order to keep open house in this way, with the full glare of light searching out every nook and corner, leaving no place obscure and mysterious, it was necessary that the house be kept in apple-pie order. Of course an abattoir is not a drawing-room, and cannot be kept

up to the drawing-room, pink-tea standard of nicety. An abattoir conducted on ideal lines of cleanliness and sanitation is, at the best, anything but an inviting place for the person making his first visit to it to lounge in. Such a person is sure to undergo a good many shocks, proportionate in violence to his particular degree of sensitiveness.

But, so far as is humanly possible, Swift & Company—which may be taken as representing as high a standard as any in this respect—has made the transit from animals on the hoof to dressed meat in the market place substantially free from dirt contamination and disease-conveying chances. In this respect the great packing-houses have an advantage which the smaller concerns—which are running in considerable numbers in the great packing-house vicinities—as well as the local abattoirs in cities and towns scattered all over the country, cannot meet. They have not the capital, the plant, nor the equipment to meet it, for one thing. It would cost too much into their narrow border of profits to attempt to meet it, for another.

That is only another instance of the exigencies of modern public demand making the conduct of many forms of modern industry on a small scale more and more difficult. The day of small things, moved her small capital, in the industrial world of America many economical philosophers regard as drawing to a close, because of precisely such changes, among other reasons, is the character of the purchasing public's demands. If the small packing-house could make the same proportional economies in operation, could turn off into valuable commodities, so exhaustively as do the larger concerns, then the smaller establishments could compete more successfully. As it is, even now many of them are doing good businesses and making money. But they do it by skilfully adjusting themselves as far as possible to the new order of things. There are numbers of such concerns out in the stock yard districts of Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, and other large packing centres. But they seldom attempt to work continuously. They jump in and buy live stock when prices are low, transform their purchases into non-perishable food products, for the most part, close down for a while, and wait for a good market to sell in. The field of competition in the packing-house business is as wide open as it ever was. But its openness applies more and more to competition based on large capitalization. Large capitalization, however, is the order of the day. Capital as large as Swift & Company's can be very readily raised when it can be demonstrated that it can be applied to an enterprise that has promise of a paying basis. This fact applies to the packing-house business as well as to every other. It is a fact that is one of the potent forces operating to prevent abnormal



Trimming Scumple Meat



Examining Throat Glands

and arbitrary elevations of meat prices irrespective of the cost of meat raw material. Let it be established that extravagant profits are being made in the meat business, or in any other business where the sources of raw material supply are open to everybody—as is the case with the packing-house industry—and the field will be quickly invaded from all quarters with plenty of capital back of the invasion.

And in no way are the advantages of the large scale on which the packing-house industry is now conducted more apparent to the general public than in the elaborate system of sanitation and cleanliness which has grown up about that industry and become a part of it. A good percentage of the output of the great packing-house of today goes abroad. Foreign countries have their own particular standards, which must be met before foodstuffs will be admitted to them. As evidence that those standards, in the matter of sanitary regulations especially, have been met, these foreign countries require the certification of the government of the countries in which the commodities in question originate.

The only way the large packing-houses like Swift & Company can meet these varying and exacting foreign conditions is to have a rigid government inspection of all their output. It is impossible to tell what particular beef or what particular mutton, for instance, is going to this or that foreign country, or what is going to our own home market. The inspection must be broad enough and minute enough in its character to cover all countries.

All the meat, therefore, which passes through such an establishment as Swift & Company is subjected to rigid United States government inspection. Stock that, in the form of meat, is going to Germany, or Great Britain, or France, or the countries of the antipodes, or the Orient, bear the government stamp, just as does stock that, in the form of meat, is going to the markets of Maine, Louisiana, or the Pacific coast. At the government Bureau of Animal Industry out at the Chicago Stock Yards there is a force of over 300 people engaged in the inspection of animals and meat in the packing-houses of the Swift & Company type. There are 150 inspectors of animals on the hoof and of the animals transformed into dressed meat and on their way to the cooling-rooms. It is only those animals on the hoof, of course, which have passed this inspection that are permitted to pass to the abattoir. When a steer or a hog or a sheep with no superficial indications of being defective gets by the inspector on the hoof, it has to pass a still more minute and more thorough inspection after it has been transformed into meat and is on its way to the cooling-room. If, in that ordeal, it is thrown out, it goes into the "tank," and is converted into fertilizer.

Nor is that all, by any means. The packing company itself has its own corps of expert inspectors. This force attends minutely

to the enforcement of very rigid rules of cleanliness and sanitation in the handling of the meat from the time it passes the government inspector until it is actually laid down in the marketplace. A constant watchfulness over employees is maintained, clearly expressed rules governing the habits of such employees and their methods of work are exposed on every hand. Any violation of these rules is met with the sharp word of reproof or with the still sharper zest of discipline. All this, of course, is an item of heavy expense in its totality, covering the whole of the enormous plant. It is an item which smaller concerns would find embarrassing to carry, but which in concerns of the Swift & Company dimensions is woven in as only a detail in the vast mechanism.

As for the work of the government inspectors out at the Chicago Stock Yards, it is of the most exacting nature. This fact is fully recognized by the chief of the Animal Industry Bureau. He fully appreciates that to meet the high standard of thoroughness of inspection demanded there must be no overworking of the inspectors. There are 150 of these inspectors on the government stock-yards force. Each inspector only works three hours at a stretch, and ten of these three-hour "turns"—six hours in all—constitute a day's work. The strain of attention and the character of the surroundings in which the most critical portion of the work is done would make short hours an absolute necessity. The post of the government inspector of the meat proper is in the thick of the rapid-transit procession, from the hammer-stroke to the cooling-room. Clad in his long frock, reaching from his head to his heels, he has to stand in the storm-centre of the turmoil, ever alert, his judgments quick, sure, and irrevocable.

The loss incident to rejection of an animal on the hoof by the inspectors falls upon the farmer or feeder, Swift & Company and the other great packing concerns will not touch a dead or fatally injured animal. They will not have the trail of such material cross their thresholds. The animal lies where it is in the stock yards until it is taken away by a concern that makes a business of turning material of this kind into fertilizer.

Absolute thoroughness of inspection, cleanliness in the handling of the passed and accepted dressed meat and in the manufacture of all the great number of food products that come from the meat—so one can see the operations of a typical concern like that of Swift & Company and not be convinced that these two characteristics of the modern packing-house are fixed, incontrovertible facts. The glare of light thrown on even the innermost workings of the vast machines of commerce these concerns have grown to be is too strong and clear to leave any room for doubt.

To Be Continued.



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number of errors and misapprehensions sanctioned by
previous writers, and is written in an entertaining
style.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK

Treachery

An officer of the army was one day re-
ferring in a humorous vein to the large
body of "professional heroes" produced by
our war with Spain, when he related the
case of a Western politician who endeavored
to make capital of his "war" record in
Cuba.

This politician, shortly after his return
to the United States after being mustered
out, became a candidate for a minor office
in the gift of the State of Indiana. He made
many blundering speeches, in which frequent
references were injected to the fact that
he had always "been in the forefront of
the fight." Furthermore, he dwelt with
emphasis upon his own bravery in two bat-
tles in Cuba that were fought the same day.
At this point some unfeeling and sceptical
person arose and asked the speaker how
such a feat could have been possible, seeing
that the battles referred to had been fought
at places some ninety-five miles apart.

The "hero" immediately replied: "My
friends, there is a traitor in the hall! Put
him out!"

Our Trade in Jewels

More than 36 million dollars' worth of
diamonds and other precious stones have
been imported into the United States during
the past calendar year. This importation
of diamonds and precious stones is by far
the largest in the history of the United
States, the high-water mark in earlier years
having been 28½ millions in 1903, while
1904 showed but 27½ millions. In the ten
months of 1905 ending with the month of
October the total was over 31 million dol-
lars, or more than in any full year prior
to 1903. The importation of these ten
months, amounting to \$31,459,157, gives an
average of over 3 million dollars per month,
so that it may reasonably be assumed that
the figures for the two following months
will bring the total up to 36 million dollars,
or against 27½ millions in 1904 and 28½
millions in 1903.

The \$20,000,000 Mark

It was not until the year 1901 that im-
ports of diamonds and other precious stones
ever passed the 20-million-dollar mark. In
the period from 1888 to 1902 the importations
of diamonds and other precious stones
averaged about 12 million dollars per an-
num. With the depression which followed,
however, the importation dropped to about
7½ million dollars in 1904 and a little less
than 5 millions in 1905, but began to increase
in 1906, when it reached nearly 11 millions,
and was by 1909 16½ million dollars in
value, in 1901 more than 23 millions, in
1903 28½ millions, in 1904 27½ millions,
and in 1905, as already indicated, seems
likely to be fully 36 millions.

The Boom in Diamonds

This group, "diamonds and other pre-
cious stones," which will aggregate 30
million dollars in the imports of the year,
is composed chiefly of diamonds, the "other
precious stones" forming about one-fifth of
the total value of the group and diamonds
forming about four-fifths. It is probable
that the value of diamonds alone brought
into this country during the past year
will be nearly or quite 30 million dollars
and the "other precious stones" approxi-
mately 7 million dollars. The diamond im-
portations of the past year will be about
three times as much as those of 1890 and
nearly six times as much as the average
during the period 1894-1897.

Diamond-cutting in America

One interesting feature of the record
of diamond importations, shown by the Depart-
ment of Commerce and later through its
Bureau of Statistics, is the rapid growth
which has occurred in that group of di-
amonds classified as "diamond cut in Amer-
ica." This was made a few years ago to estab-
lish a diamond cutting industry in the United
States, and this has apparently been ex-
tremely successful, since the value of uncut

diamonds imported has greatly increased
during the last decade. In 1890 the value
of uncut diamonds imported into the United
States was \$7,875,115, in 1902 practically 11½
million dollars, in 1903 about 27½ millions,
in 1904 over 4½ millions, in 1905 about 6½
millions, in 1906 over 8 millions, in 1907
over 10 millions, and in 1905 will also ex-
ceed 10 millions.

The growth of the diamond-cutting in-
dustry in the United States is evident not
only by the increase in the importation of
uncut diamonds, but also by the census fig-
ures, showing that the number of persons
engaged in "lapidary work" increased from
92 in 1890 to 408 in 1900, and the value of
the material used increased from \$124,832
in 1890 to \$4,655,705 in 1900, and the value
of products grew from \$315,004 in 1890 to
\$5,786,281 in 1900. The value of uncut
diamonds imported in the decade ending with
1905 will aggregate about 60 million dollars
and of cut diamonds about 100 million
dollars, while the value of other precious
stones imported in the same period amounts
to considerably more than 30 million dollars,
making the grand total for the decade for
diamonds and other precious stones ap-
proximately 200 million dollars.

When Irving was Turned Down

IRVING STOKER, who for many years was
connected with the management of the late
Sir Henry Irving, tells of an amusing inci-
dent which occurred during the play of a tour
of the Middle West.

It appears that on the way to break
a "long jump" on the next day, the
city, was devoted to an evening of the
theatre of a drama in the evening. In-
terestingly, Stoker, who had been
both proprietor and manager of the
night's entertainment, was asked to
make a speech in connection with the
play.

In a short while Mr. Stoker received the
following: "Does Irving parade?" When
shown this, the distinguished Briton was
much amused. He directed Stoker to reply
that if Irving was a tragedian, not a mis-
tress."

The further reply came, "Don't want
Irving unless he parades."

Science and Superstition

THANK is a young woman in Washington
who is a graduate of a university that makes
a specialty of the course in domestic hygiene.

One day a friend was talking with this
young woman, and their conversation turned
to the discussion of some rather absurd
questions which the graduate intended to
present in a paper before a women's club
at the capital. The graduate was holding
forth in approved university style on various
scholarly themes, when she suddenly stopped
and picked up a pin on the sidewalk.

"I am surprised," she happily observed by
company, "at the glowing of the rusty pin as
the graduate stuck it under the heel of her
coat."

"It is a little superstition I have never
been able to conquer," said the graduate,
"but," she hastened to explain, "I shall
sterilize this as soon as I get home."

A Veteran

A member of the bar of Baltimore relates
how a witness in a trial suit in that city
once "got back" at the lawyer who had
been endeavoring to "rattle" the witness by
a severe cross-examination.

At a certain point in the proceedings the
witness, suddenly interrupted the cross-
examining lawyer by exclaiming:

"Look here! You needn't think you kin
rattle me by askin' all these questions."

"No, sir," said the attorney, "you kin."

"No, sir," came in explanation from the
refractory witness. "Your questions
don't bother me at all. The raised three
sons and two grandsons, and I've been in
training a good many years."

Notable Deaths of 1905

THE year just closed has not been as notable as some previous years for its record of the deaths of famous people. The only death which had an international significance was that of John Hay. Other men in the same field of human action who have passed on were Delyannis, the Greek publicist; Myrion Gomez, the veteran fighter for Cuban liberty; Senator O. R. Platt, of Connecticut; and George S. Bowdoin, whose career as an independent getter of votes and holder of offices under a variety of party affiliations has not often been equaled.

The musical and dramatic world will miss Theodore Thomas and Joseph Jefferson, and American art circles will miss the work of Mowra, George H. Boughton and R. Numin Gifford. Germany will miss von Menzel, and in France Henner and Bouguereau will be missed.

In the realm of creative literature there is a strikingly low rate of mortality to chronicle—Julius Verne in France, de Hérédia in Spain, and Len Wallace in this country, being the most prominent figures.

The American bar will miss Mr. James C. Carter, of New York, and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham; and of notable financiers on an earlier day Mr. Jay Cooke leaves behind him a noteworthy record. F. Norton, Goddard and William H. Baldwin, of New York, will be greatly missed. Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, seem to have been the most prominent figures among American women who died during the year.

The international Y. M. C. A. movement has lost the founder of that striking development of Protestant activity throughout the world, Sir George Williams, of London. Of Roman Catholic prelates the most eminent to pass on have been Cardinal Langenieux, of Rheims, France; Archbishop Chappelle, prominent in American Catholic circles as a diplomat, and mediator between the United States and the Catholics of Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines during negotiations following our taking title to these former insular possessions; and Mgr. George Duane, of Newark, New Jersey. The Methodist Episcopal Board of Bishops has lost Bishop Joyce, and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country Bishop McLaughlin, of Chicago—a leader in the "Catholic" wing of that Church; while Universalists miss their ablest Biblical scholar, Dr. Orelli Case; and Lutherans, Rev. Dr. E. J. Wolf; and Congregationalists, Professor Day of Yale University.

Where He Got It

A NUMBER of politicians in Washington were discussing the tendency of a certain well-known political speaker invariably to allude to his party's successes as having been "dictated by the hand of Providence."

"It's most extraordinary," said Representative John Sharp Williams, "but he really seems sincere in that conviction. At the same time, gentlemen, while I haven't the least objection to the Senator's having an ace up his sleeve occasionally, I do wish he would not always insist that Providence put it there!"

Particular

"ANY man with a sense of humor," once observed Frank Daniels, the comedian, "can always find something to his entertainment if he will stand near the box-office window of the 'opry-house' in any small town and listen to the Rules as they make known their wants to the man who peddles the tickets."

"But in Ohio one afternoon I was standing near the box-office window a few minutes before the beginning of a matinee given by a friend's combination. A few old boys from the country—one of the kind that were about one show in two years—approached the window, his roll in hand, and delivered himself of the following:

"'Pecy, young feller!' (In a voice loud enough to be heard a block away.) 'Gimme a good seat! I want it right down the middle lane and close up to the exercises!'"



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MARK XLIV-2

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GOOD DRIVING

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COMMENT

MR. ROOSEVELT, like most college graduates, was an idealist when he began his political career, but at later stages of his public life he has more than once adverted, with some show of impatience, to the folly of repudiating a second-best boon because one cannot get the best boon. Perfection, of course, is one thing, and an approach to perfection another; but not at that account does the latter merit scorn. That this homely but useful wisdom is missing from the intellectual outfit of Governor COMINGS, of Iowa, is evident from the ground on which he endorses the rate-making bill lately introduced by Senator DALLAGER, of his own State, in the Upper House of the Federal legislature. This bill the Governor denounces as a subterfuge because it does not empower the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix a minimum as well as a maximum rate. Now, there is no doubt that the President and his Attorney-General would like to authorize the commission to fix a minimum as well as a maximum rate in order to avert discrimination between localities. They and their friends are not framing bills, however, for the fun of the thing; they want bills to become laws. For a bill to become a law it will not suffice that it has the approval of the House of Representatives and is certain to be signed by the Executive, if it reaches him. It is also indispensable that the measure shall be, first, reported—favorably, if possible, but at all events reported—from a committee of the Senate; and then, after debate, accepted by a majority of Senators. Nobody knows better than Mr. ROOSEVELT that he can procure for the administration's rate-making bill the support not only of the Democratic members of the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee, but also of three Republican members, to wit, Messrs. CYLLEM, CLAPP, and DALLAGER, provided the bill does not go too far. He could scarcely hope to obtain the assistance of the two Senators first named if he insisted upon inserting in the government rate-making project a minimum-rate provision which is vehemently opposed by Chicago, St. Paul, and other great commercial centres.

As it is of moment that the bill framed by Mr. DALLAGER, in conference, it is said with the President and the Attorney-General, should be reported favorably by a majority of the committee, the framer has naturally been careful to conciliate the Senators from Illinois and Minnesota. It is not to be inferred that the Iowa Senator would not like to give the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix a minimum rate, or that he will not strive to confer it in another session of Congress. What he wants to do at this session is to take the first step toward a redress of grievances complained of by simply authorizing the commission to fix what it deems a just and reasonable, or, in other words, a maximum, rate in any particular case where it regards the rate charged by

a railway to a given shipper as unreasonable. For the moment the advocates of government rate-making are endeavoring to prevent discrimination between individual shippers from the same locality. There will be time enough hereafter for grappling with the difficult and complicated question of discrimination between localities.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives is popularly supposed to be clothed with autocratic powers within the sphere of his jurisdiction, and to him has often been attributed the exercise of much more influence on Federal legislation than can be exerted even by a President of the United States. Credited with a giant's strength, he has sometimes also been accused of using it like a giant. The accusation was heard less frequently before the civil war, but during the last quarter of a century a dominating and oppressive employment of despotic authority has been imputed to SAMUEL J. RANBALL, to THOMAS B. REED, and even by some disgruntled ones to C. F. CRISP and D. B. HENNINGSEN. Good-natured as he is by nature and by habit, we should not be surprised if Speaker CANNON had a similar charge brought against him. It was pointed out the other day, however, by the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun that the Speaker's autocracy, like the autocracy of the ROMANS or the ROMANOVs, though theoretically limitless, is qualified in practice by tradition. When the Federal House of Representatives met for the first time in the spring of 1789 and proceeded to elect a Speaker, that officer no doubt had absolute power to assign what members he chose to the several committees. He had, in other words, a clean slate; but his successors in the Speaker's chair have never had such entire liberty of action. Custom and precedent constrain a Speaker to keep his predecessor's slate before him and to permit members to keep the places once attained on desirable committees, or, if transferred at all, to go to committees equally important. Even THOMAS B. REED, when he became Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress in 1889, and again of the Fifty-fourth Congress in 1895, though he was much freer than either Speaker HENNINGSEN or Speaker CANNON to select his own chairman of committees, because in those cases the majority had changed from Democratic to Republican, promoted, as a rule, nevertheless, to the chairmanship those Republicans who had stood at the head of the minorities in the committees of the preceding Democratic Congress. Speaker CANNON showed himself equally unwilling to disturb the *status quo* when he organized the House in the Fifty-eighth Congress, two years ago. He left in their places most of the chairmen appointed by Speaker HENNINGSEN, and he has again shown respect for precedent in his distribution of chairmanships in the present House, though there have been transfers from one important committee to another. Thus we see that it is unreasonable to call a Speaker a Caesar, unless we bear in mind that, although in theory nothing can control the will of an autocrat, yet in practice the exercise of it is regulated by tradition and usage.

The flight of Señor MORALES, President of Santo Domingo, from his capital, and his consequent suppression in the office of Dominican Chief Magistrate by Vice-President CARRERA do not really affect the principle exemplified in the treaty with the Dominican Republic now pending in our Senate. Nor would it have pleased Mr. ROOSEVELT in a somewhat ludicrous predicament had he not happened, in his last message, to describe MORALES, who, as a matter of fact, seems to have been always a bit of a rogue, as a Heaven-sent savior of society. After pointing out, what is true enough, that the conditions in Santo Domingo have for a number of years grown from bad to worse, until, a year ago, the whole social structure seemed to be on the brink of dissolution, Mr. ROOSEVELT went on to say that, fortunately, just at that time a ruler sprang up in Santo Domingo who, with his colleagues, saw the dangers threatening the country, and appealed to the friendship of the only neighbor who possessed the power and, as they hoped, also the will to help them. No doubt the words "with his colleagues" qualify what otherwise would be the delirious assumption that MORALES was the once-cured man among the blind. As a matter of fact, MORALES has held office simply by the tolerance of HENRI VIGIER, and not only Vice-President CARRERA, but, since the displacement of SANCHEZ, formerly the Minister for Foreign Affairs, all the members of the cabinet have been appointees of the same

influential citizen or, in other words, Horacistas. Now, under the Dominican Constitution, cabinet ministers share with the President the executive power, precisely as they do in the Swiss Confederation, and the treaty with the United States would not and could not have been signed unless they, as well as MORALES, had approved of it. The only change desired by them in the document is one acceptable to our Senate, namely, that the request for the interposition of the United States for the maintenance of order shall come, not from the Dominican President, but from the Dominican Congress.

So it is manifest that the question as to the expediency of ratifying the Dominican treaty by which, to avert the occupation of the Santo Domingo custom-houses by European creditor powers, we are ourselves to undertake the revenue collecting and distributing function, is not affected an iota by the flight of MORALES from the capital, a flight prompted by the impression, probably well founded, that his patron Vaquez was growing tired of him, and that, consequently, the city would soon become too hot for him. The arguments advanced in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S message on behalf of the intervention for which the Dominican Treaty provides are as cogent to-day as they ever were. We need not repeat them here, for we have often discussed them, and pointed out that the remedy proposed by the President and advocated by Secretary Root presents the only alternative to acceptance of the dangerous precedent set in 1902 by our acquiescence in the blockade of Venezuelan exports by European creditor powers and the subsequent sequestration of certain Venezuelan customs revenues for the payment of debts arising out of contract. We say that these two are the only practicable courses, because we take for granted that our government would not now assert, what without inconsistency it might have asserted four years ago, that it could not permit European powers to compel by force our American people to discharge contractual obligations but must relegate them, if they seek redress for default on their part, to the tribunals of the imbedded commonwealth.

There is not the grave loss of life and of the widespread and prolonged summer in a section of the Union by the outbreak of yellow fever, it is of obvious importance that Congress should consider during its present session the desirability of providing a national maritime quarantine system for our Southern coast-line. There is no subject in which a deeper interest is felt by our fellow countrymen who dwell in the yellow-fever belt, and if any Federal legislation can be framed which would be calculated to avert a visitation of the epidemic next year, it ought to be enacted without delay. This is urgent business, and we invite the attention of Congress to a discussion of it in an article recently contributed to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* by Hon. FRANK JOHNSTON, of Jackson, Mississippi, formerly Attorney-General of that State. Mr. JOHNSTON points out that whenever there has been an extensive epidemic of yellow fever in Havana, or in any of the ports in or near the Caribbean Sea, the infection has spread to the Southern States. To ward off at such times the pestilence it is indisputable that marine quarantines shall be maintained rigorously on our Southern coast-line, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to Charleston, a distance of more than two thousand miles, within which are comprehended innumerable ports of entry, besides small harbors and inlets. Under such circumstances the establishment of an effective quarantine is a colossal undertaking, and although the seven States directly concerned have applied themselves to the work with more or less intelligence and energy, efficient cooperation between their health authorities has proved impracticable.

Manifestly, the chain of State quarantines is no stronger than its weakest link, and no State has the power to make good the shortcomings of a neighbor State. This being indubitably the fact, as was demonstrated in a startling way last summer, the people of the seven States immediately interested naturally, logically, and rightly look to the general government for protection. Has the Federal government the constitutional power to establish and maintain a national quarantine system? Mr. JOHNSTON shows that concerning this point no doubt is tenable. In the early case of *GIMMONS vs. Oakes*, the United States Supreme Court decided that the

Federal government had such power, and in the later case of *BULETT vs. LOCKWOOD*, decided in 1896, the same court held that, under the power to regulate foreign and interstate commerce, Congress has authority to establish quarantine regulations, and thus protect commerce from contagious or infectious disease. Mr. JOHNSTON contends that there would be nothing in the exercise of such authority by the national government to alarm the strictest and most sensitive constructionist of Federal power. Each State would retain the power to enforce its own rules and regulations with regard to interstate quarantines in cooperation with the Federal authorities. There would be no infringement upon the constitutional rights of the several States, nor could there be any impairment of State dignity or prestige because of the exclusive exercise by the national government of power and authority over maritime quarantines, enforced against vessels coming from foreign ports, which exercise unquestionably is a prerogative of the federation, as distinguished from the constituent commonwealths. As for the expediency of establishing a national maritime quarantine system on our Southern coast-line, it is too patent to need much exposition. Such a system would be independent of local influences and interests; it would assure uniformity of marine quarantine rules and regulations; and it would give the Southern people, when threatened with an epidemic, the bracing sense of security that would come from the confidence reposed by them in the Federal officers employed in the public health and marine hospital service. We concur with Mr. JOHNSTON in deeming it almost superfluous to assert that the Federal government, with its fleets of revenue-cutters equipped with all necessary appliances and possessing unlimited financial resources, and with one of the best-trained marine and hospital services in the world, can perform the vast and complicated work of marine quarantine on our far-stretching Southern coast-line incomparably more effectively than it could possibly be done by local and independent boards of health.

We have before us the manifesto issued not long ago in the Philippines by the so-called Federal party, in which its present and its prospective attitude toward the government of the United States is interestingly set forth. If the reader asks why we consider the views and aims of such an organization worthy of careful attention, we reply by recalling the statement made on August 20, 1904, at Montpelier, Vermont, by Secretary TART, who had been Governor-General of the Philippine Archipelago. Judge TART testified that the Federal party had been formed among the Filipinos for the express purpose of bringing about peace, and that all the good elements of the insular population had joined this party, and had so efficiently aided the commission to establish civil government in all parts of the islands that, as early as July 4, 1901, it had been deemed safe and wise to appoint a civil governor to act as the executive in conjunction with the commission which would serve as a legislative council. Fortified with such credentials, the Federal party has a claim to be heard that will scarcely be disputed. Its declaration of convictions and aspirations reflects not a little credit on the good sense and moderation of its framers. The relations of the Philippines to the United States are conceived in the document under our eye as properly adjustable to two periods, the second of which will not begin until order shall have been thoroughly established throughout the archipelago, and until a large part of the population shall have received the benefit of a primary education. During the preliminary period the leaders of the Federal party have not asked for an elective legislature. They have been content with the concession of most of such civil rights, liberties, and guarantees as non-voters possess in the United States, and with the equivalent of municipal and county self-governments, the acts of which have been subject to review by the central authority vested in the Philippine Commission. All they now ask is that, during the remainder of the preparatory term, primary education shall be, not only gratuitous, but compulsory, for the children of both sexes.

It is when we come to the second, or constitutional, period, which now is not distant, that we find the proclaimed opinions and wishes of the Federal party particularly worthy of notice. As regards the ultimate relation of their country to the United States, its views have manifestly undergone a

change since the original platform of the party was formulated in December, 1906. The party then declared that the territory of the Philippine Islands might be considered as one of the States of the American Union, but that it never should be ceded, wholly or partially, to any foreign power. Now it takes firm ground in favor of ultimate separation. It is at present the judgment of the Federal party that while immediate or premature independence, instead of being a benefit, might prove a calamity, exposing the Philippines to foreign interference, independence, on the other hand, if deferred indefinitely, would also be a hurtful extreme, the annihilation of a sacred hope. The early establishment of a representative form of government, or, in other words, such an installment of home rule as would permit the Filipinos to take an active and efficient part in the management of their affairs, is pronounced the right mean between the two extremes. It is further pointed out that such a concession would furnish the best possible chronometer for measuring the length of time during which the islands should remain under American tutelage. For these reasons the manifesto urges upon Congress the expediency of convening a Filipino popular assembly in July, 1906. Meanwhile, it earnestly pleads that the duties leviable upon Philippine sugar and tobacco imported into the United States may be reduced to twenty-five per cent, of the DINGLEY rates; and that, pending such reduction, the FAYE act, requiring all inter-isular commerce to be transacted in American bottoms may be suspended. This petition is based on the ground that it is illogical and unjust to treat the islands by the DINGLEY act as foreign territory, and by the FAYE act as American territory. Congress is also requested to substitute for the provision that in 1906 English shall become the official language of the islands a law that for at least a decade after the current year the official language shall continue to be Spanish; for the reason that, as yet, English is spoken or read by only a very small number of Filipinos. We are glad to hear that a copy of the manifesto embodying the views which we have just summed up has been laid on the desk of every Senator and Representative at Washington. We hope that its appeals and its suggestions will be heeded.

The revolutionary uprising in Moscow, after maintaining for upwards of a week a desperate struggle with the civil and military authorities, was finally put down on December 30, and there now prevails in Russia's ancient capital the dismal species of order which was once said to reign in Warsaw. We are told that commanding went on for many hours before the last stronghold of the striking workmen could be taken, and that the soldiers, infuriated by the prolonged resistance, avenged themselves with wholesale massacres. So far as that quarter of Moscow is concerned, it may be fairly said of the victors that *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant* (they make a solitude and call it peace). It will be observed that we speak of the frightful affair in Moscow as an "uprising"; for the original intention of the revolutionary leaders to restrict their followers to a "general strike" was quickly set aside. The engine of passive resistance raised to the highest power, as it would be if it were generally national and could be rigorously maintained for an indefinite period, would indeed be a force almost impossible to cope with. In practice, however, a strike, though its organizers may wish it to be general, is not converted in respect of time; is local, sporadic, or, at the widest, sectional rather than universal; and is entered upon by the strikers without food-supplies or preliminary resources adequate to their support for more than a brief term. The result is that, instead of tying out and starving out the regular authorities, the strikers themselves succumb to exhaustion and starvation. Such, at least, has been the case in Russia, where this new and theoretically irresistible weapon has been tried for the first time. There is always, too, as we have said, the danger that the resistance intended to be passive will, through friction and collisions, become active, and from that moment the moral weight of the demonstration is impaired, if not destroyed.

In a word, though a general strike would, theoretically, be invincible, the conditions needed for its application would never in practice be forthcoming. If Russia were inhabited exclusively by Quakers who obeyed indoxibly the

teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, it would be manifestly impossible for the Czar's government to coerce them by brute force. Human nature being what it is, however, a strike meant to be general and impassive drifts quickly toward discouragement and disintegration on the one hand, or toward violent assaults upon constituted authority on the other. We observe that, according to a telegram from St. Petersburg, the Workmen's Central Council, when calling off the general strike which brought about the Moscow upheaval, have announced that they will not again resort to that method of remonstrance, believing that the time for agitation for economical reforms has gone by, and that the era of political and social revolution has begun. The truth, of course, is that, owing to the fidelity of the bulk of the soldiers, the Russian proletariat has failed in its effort to upset the government, and that now—unless the reactionists can persuade the Czar to restore the autocratic government in its former rigor—the Moderate Liberals will have an opportunity to bring about a peaceful and an orderly transformation of a despotism into a constitutional realm.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis seems to be going through very much such a course of discipline ancient hazing as overtook the Military Academy at West Point several years ago. It seems that about one hundred upper-class midshipmen are liable to court martial for unofficial training of their younger comrades, and though it is not likely that so many as that will be brought to trial, some of the most conspicuous offenders are likely to be dismissed. That will be painful to them and a tribulation to the government, which wants all the capable young trained naval officers it can get, and can ill afford to lose the services of picked young men who have been carefully trained and instructed at the public cost. The trouble with hazing at such places as Annapolis or West Point is that, once it gets a foothold, there is nothing to restrain individuals from carrying it to a mischievous excess. The discretion of young men of twenty in giving secret instruction in department to young men of eighteen is not very trustworthy at best, but if all the hazing were done by the midshipmen of best discretion there might not be trouble. The rule is in these cases that the youths of best discretion do the most hazing. It is a pity that the Naval Academy needs to be overhauled on the hazing issue, but it does seem to need it, and we do not doubt that the overhauling will be thoroughly done.

It is interesting to notice that Lieutenant TAYLOR of the artillery, who is in trouble at this writing for inviting an enlisted man to change his seat at a New London theatre, is not a graduate of West Point. Mr. TAYLOR, if current reports are true, does not think enlisted men of our army look well in the best seats of theatres. This is not a popular American opinion. Recent reports of the action of Washington theatres in refusing to sell good seats to private soldiers in uniform have been received with indignation. Average people don't seem to think there is any cause or propriety in regarding our soldiers as inferior in social standing to the rest of the population. Ours is no German army, as an officer is quoted as saying. Soldiers of duty rank as American citizens; officers the same; and both are entitled during good behavior to all the privileges of that condition. Judging by the promptness with which charges were preferred against Lieutenant TAYLOR, that seems to be the ruling sentiment in our army.

Any excuse is a good excuse to write and talk about BRYAN FRANKLIN. He was born January 17, 1796, and the coming of the two-hundredth anniversary of that day has killed the periodicals with literature about him. One excellent discourse about him printed in the January *Critic* is an address delivered by Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE in Birmingham, England, in 1903. Mr. CHOATE might have been expected to deal admirably with such a subject, and he fulfilled expectations. But his speech is only one of innumerable FRANKLIN deliverances that have appeared during the last month, and so far as we have noticed they were all interesting. They could not help being so, FRANKLIN was such an inordinately interesting human creature. No other American

rivals him as the subject of a biographical story, unless it is LINCOLN, and of the two, FRANKLIN had the advantage in having had his experiences extended into Europe, and in having lived twenty-eight years longer than LINCOLN. Those twenty-eight years were the most useful and splendid of his life—full, every one of them, of sagacious and invaluable labors in the service of the American people. There is nothing in human beings that is quite so interesting to other human beings as their humanity. FRANKLIN and LINCOLN were both cheek full of humanity. They both had, for one thing, first-rate bodies. FRANKLIN's powers as a swimmer will be recalled, and LINCOLN's reputation as a wrestler. In their youth they were both athletes, and built to endure great toils, physical and mental, and to carry heavy responsibilities. Each of them began life for himself with a meagre preliminary education and no advantages of position or opportunity. Both of them had the precious gift of humor, and both of them employed it as an aid to persuasion and to facilitate transactions of momentous importance. Both of them were untiring friends of peace, and ready to make extreme concessions to avoid war. Both were men of profound resolution, untiring to prosecute an unavoidable war once undertaken. They are heroes of romance and of letters—these two—as well as of history. Writers will delight to write about them as long as the triumph of genius over circumstances continues to be an engaging theme.

It was given to FRANKLIN to be known to the world in his own lifetime for what he was. That was due to the extreme protraction of his public services, the length of his life, the remarkable scope of his talents and his studies, and his long residence in Europe. Not since FRANKLIN's time has Europe known any American statesman as it knew him. Not for a hundred and fifteen years did any American achieve a European reputation comparable to his. Since the events of last year President ROOSEVELT has had a European reputation that has wounded many commentators of FRANKLIN's. It is as yet something of a bill-board reputation, of very rapid growth, and based on report rather than acquaintance. It may not last as well as FRANKLIN's has lasted, but it has got a great start, and seems a sturdy plant. It would be a rash prophet who would set metrics to it, and who would suggest that there will be any diminution in it when Dr. ROOSEVELT goes over to chase the German Emperor's stag and Europe has a chance to see and hear him. WASHINGTON Europe did not see, nor LINCOLN. What it would have thought of WASHINGTON can be easily enough conjectured, for it knew the type; but nothing like LINCOLN ever got its growth in Europe, and nothing much like FRANKLIN, either.

What Dr. PRUDENT of Groton School has to say in this issue of the WEEKLY about Football is entitled to the consideration that is accorded to the opinion of an expert. For twenty years Dr. PRUDENT has had football under close first-hand inspection in his own school and elsewhere. He knows the game, and recognizes its faults as it is played, but continues to have a very high opinion of its value in the training of youth. He deprecates the singling out of football to be the scapegoat for all the sins of college athletics. The game, he says, has come to be too dangerous, and the rules must be amended; but the chief fault to be remedied he finds to be in the spirit in which the game is taught and played. That fault, he says, pervades practically all contemporary American college sports. He would not prohibit sports—not even football—because of it. He would cure the fault. He thinks it largely due to professional coaches, who are hired to teach teams to win, and in their zeal teach them to win by unfair methods and dishonest tricks. He would have the colleges discharge the professional coaches, as the first step towards getting an honest spirit into the game.

That the spirit of the game is even more in need of reformation than the rules is now the general opinion of observers. In a recent issue of the Springfield *Republican* there was a letter from a correspondent who described himself as having been intimately associated with modern football "from the time when we chose sides and kicked the ball as often at least as we did the heads of the other side, down to these days of an

armed eleven, twenty substitutes, surgeons, a brass band, and a field-telegraph." This observer of mature experience is of Dr. PRUDENT's mind about professional coaches. Boys will get hurt in games, he says, however you change the rules. The venturesome spirit which makes them take risks and play hard is too valuable to change even if one could change it. "At the same time," he adds, "it is the misdirection of that spirit which bursts the manhood of the players, and I freely contend that in the allowing of professional handlers and coaches and trainers in our college athletics the college is permitting and generally encouraging the spirit in athletics which is their worst evil." He goes on to disclose wherefore and wherein the professional coach is objectionable. Describing the methods of an unnamed coach who, "while he knew the game, knew also every possible unfair trick of using hands and feet, and taught them to his team," he says: "And why not? This coach and others are making a living by coaching. His business is more remunerative than that of a college professor and most legislators, and he is not going to do good advertising with a team that can't win. They may win by fair play if they can, but win they must."

Of course all professional coaches are not alike, as the *Republican's* correspondent goes on to say, and he adds that he knows some whose influence is for fair play, but it is not strong enough to help much. We do not doubt that there are amateur coaches whose influence is as bad as any professional's, and professionals whose influence is good, but the situation of the amateur is favorable to a prejudice in favor of fair play, and the situation of a professional tends to breed in him the desire to win anyhow. Representatives of eighty-eight colleges discussed football a fortnight ago in New York, and appointed a rules committee to meet the old rules committee and work with them. What will come of this effort is not yet disclosed, but the effort has been earnest enough to deserve results. The short way to cut the nerve of professionalism in sports would seem to be to abolish gate receipts, but the whole existing apparatus of college sports rests on gate receipts, and to withdraw the underpinning would involve a harder fall than the athletic interests are game to sustain. The kindness and importance of the intercollegiate sporting apparatus, and the gravity of the interests vested in it, make it difficult to deal with. That, no doubt, is one reason for President ELIOT's opinion that the best plan is to suspend intercollegiate football for a year, and then, perhaps, take a fresh start.

Just as the year went out the papers reported that CHAS. OTT JOHNSON was diving on a farm in Pennsylvania, in possession of the necessities of life, but no more, and with his faithful wife at his bedside as his only companion. Everybody knows about CHAS. OTT JOHNSON. He had the misfortune to grow up in the Pennsylvania oil region before persons of superior discernment had protected the folks of that locality from the hazard of sudden subjection to the trials of fortunes wealth. JOHNSON was never taught so much as to read and write. At twenty-one, in 1862, he came in, most unexpectedly, to a petroleum fortune of about three million dollars. How he spent it all in seven months is part of the recorded history of the American people. His last forty years, the papers say, have been spent in regret because of his earlier folly. Poor JOHNSON! He knew no better. Worse men than he, since his day, have spent more money in worse ways. And he had still, at last news, the companionship of a faithful wife! That could hardly have happened to him, except by a miracle, unless he had got rid of those millions. Poverty is a severe strain on the matrimonial prosperity of persons not used to poverty, and sudden riches are very apt to upset the domestic equilibrium of persons who are not used to money. Whatever turns one's habits of life inside down strains all established relations. Strong characters will keep staunch through all vicissitudes, and disciplined and resourceful folk will adapt themselves to changes better than people of less training. But as far as concerns domestic happiness the most fortunate adjustment seems to be a moderate and steady progress as years increase towards easier pecuniary conditions. It is probably pleasant to have money to spend in one's old age. In youth there are many other available forms of entertainment.

Recent Notable Speeches in South Carolina

Two speeches were made in the Palmetto State during the latter weeks of the year just closed that deserved the attention which they have commanded outside the borders of that commonwealth, because one of them depicted with clearness and force the extraordinary industrial development which the South has undergone during the last two decades, while the other discussed the character and work of a man whose name was once anathema in South Carolina—we refer to WILLIAM LLOYD GARDNER—in a candid, dispassionate, and equitable way. It was at a banquet given to commemorate the 175th anniversary of the St. Andrew's Society of Charleston that the powers and achievements of the New South were described by the Hon. ALFRED P. THOM, general counsel in the Southern Railway, a native of a Southern man by birth, and a graduate of the University of Virginia. Mr. Thom began by recalling that, during the reconstruction period, a time when all of the South's energies were needed to build up her waste places, and when all her resources should have been taxed to adjust the country to totally changed economic conditions, the grievous fact is that her white citizens never felt free to cast a vote upon any issue except one, in wit, the overshadowing domestic question of the safety of the white man's civilization, and the purity of his race. Intelligent and patriotic Southerners longed for an opportunity to think and act upon the great national questions which concerned the whole commonwealth. They desired to bring up their children amid surroundings conducive to the evolution of a national, rather than a sectional, spirit. They wanted to aid in the solution of the republic's problems, uninfluenced and untrammelled by circumstances differentiating them from their fellow citizens of other sections. In the presence of the race problem, however, by which they were beset, such freedom of thought and action on national questions was denied them. Even after the menace of negro domination had vanished before the indelible opposition of the Anglo-Saxons, the real or supposed necessity of remaining politically solid for the sake of racial self-preservation continued to stifle the freedom of the South's political thought and action.

Thus shut out by circumstances from the old-time activity in the political field, the South's intellect and energy found vent in the industrial domain. Some figures marshalled by Mr. Thom bear witness to the South's amazing progress between 1880 and 1903. In the former year the value of her agricultural products in general was computed at \$600,000,000; twenty-three years later, that aggregate value had mounted to \$1,700,000,000. The value of the cotton crop in 1903 fell short of \$314,000,000; in 1902, it was \$660,000,000. The amount of capital invested in cotton-mills at the South in 1880 was only \$21,000,000, and of a number of spinners was but 667,000. In 1903 the capital invested had grown to \$200,000,000, and the number of spinners to 8,250,000. In the former year the Southern mills consumed but 225,000 bales of cotton; in the latter the consumption had increased to two millions. In 1880 the amount of pig-iron produced in the South was only 397,000 tons; in 1903 it was 3,300,000. The amount of coal mined in the same period expanded from 6,000,000 to 62,000,000 tons, and the value of the South's lumber products had risen from \$37,000,000 to \$200,000,000. We observe, lastly, that the aggregate of the South's manufacturing products, which was but \$435,000,000 in 1880, had become \$1,600,000,000 in 1903.

Such an astonishing expansion of a country's output would inevitably bring with it a new economical problem, that of transportation. It became the duty of the Southern railways to move to market the immensely increased products of Southern energy and industry. Additional lines, better roadbeds, increased supplies of rolling-stock, and, finally, double-tracking, became indispensable. It was no slight achievement for a country which for upwards of two hundred years had remained in commercial seclusion to other sections to convey the output of her cotton-mills to New York and other world-markets on terms that would permit them to compete with the mills of New England. Such was the knotty transportation problem with which the new South had to deal, and that it should have been solved so effectively within less than a quarter of a century is one of the most remarkable facts in railway history. But how, asks Mr. Thom, is railway extension to keep pace with the vast and continual expansion of the products that have to be moved? The money needed for railway extension has to be obtained on credit. How is credit to be secured, if wages are constantly increased? If the verdicts for damages rendered by juries are excessive and unjust? If the roads run hope for no sympathetic consideration on the part of the people amongst whom they run; and, above all, if their rates are to be set down by an arbitrary Federal law which will also in itself the operation of the ordinary laws of trade? Mr. Thom submitted that Southern industry could hardly look for the fulfillment of its just aspirations, should a system of government rate-making be adopted, which would tend to deprive transportation companies of the credit essential to their ability to keep pace with the expanding needs of the people's commerce.

The other speech to which we refer was made on another occasion by Mr. J. C. HEMPHILL, of the Charleston News and Courier,

when, strange to say, took for his theme the career of WILLIAM LLOYD GARDNER. That the protagonist of the abolition movement should have been singled out for portrayal at a South Carolina banquet is of itself a striking incident, but, as we have said, the calm and philosophic spirit with which the theme was treated here even more largely testified to the change that has come over the South. WILLIAM LLOYD GARDNER was recognized by Mr. HEMPHILL as having been the most potential personality in the history of the New England press. It was not DANIEL WEBSTER the statesman, or WENDELL PHILLIPS the orator, or RALPH WALDO EMERSON the dreamer, who did most to shape New England's thought and purpose in the supreme trial of the republic, but WILLIAM LLOYD GARDNER, the patient, plodding journalist. In him, Mr. HEMPHILL, was a man with a purpose, a wicked purpose, indeed, from a Southerner's point of view, but a purpose to which, whether wicked or benevolent, he devoted every energy of an intense nature with a fidelity unshaken by the frequent prospect of failure, a fidelity which braved him to face contempt, humiliation, and danger to the bitter end. Mr. HEMPHILL, in one of those who know that, before the civil war the dominant, presumably more enlightened sentiment of New England was firmly, nay, angrily, antagonistic to GARDNER. The churches were closed against him; the clergy denounced him. A mob in the streets of Boston destroyed his property and threatened his life. Not once was he forgiven for his course, however, and, eventually, he was for himself and for his cause, through the damnable iteration of his unimpeachable press, the sympathy and respect of preachers, statesmen, politicians, and business interests at the North, and finally achieved the overthrow of slavery and of the Constitution, which he had branded as a covenant with hell. It follows, in Mr. HEMPHILL's judgment, that, however censured Southern people may be that the crusade of the so-called Liberator was justified neither in law nor in morals, they must admit that the greatest of all New England newspaper leaders was WILLIAM LLOYD GARDNER. They may doubt his work, but they cannot withhold admiration from his courage and his consistency. Mr. HEMPHILL, in this part, expressed the wish that the South had newspaper men of like courage to meet some of the terrible losses forced by him upon them; to meet them, not, indeed, in GARDNER's spirit, which set law at defiance, but in a spirit of obedience to constituted authority and of unrelenting hostility to mob rule, which would tend to brutalize the conscience of the South, and to sap the life of her institutions.

The Prosperity of American Railways

Some striking statistics bearing on the condition of American railways in 1903 have been published by Mr. EDWARD A. MORELEY, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Before directing attention to his surprising facts and figures, we should, in order to obtain the right standard of comparison, recall some corresponding data relating to the railroad traffic of the rest of the world. According to estimates made in 1900, the whole of Europe then possessed but 175,000 miles of railroad, exclusive of sidings and double tracks. The quantity of freight transported in a year was 1,145,000,000 tons, and the number of passengers carried was 2,700,000,000. The annual receipts from all sources amounted to \$1,800,000,000, and the annual expenditure to \$1,000,000,000. In Asia, Australia, and Africa there were at the same date 65,000 miles of railroad, which transported 66,500,000 tons of freight, and carried 346,000,000 passengers. The annual receipts were \$240,000,000, and the yearly expenditures, \$127,500,000.

Now let us turn to the record of the United States, as this has been brought down close to date by Mr. MORELEY. There are today, in our republic, 215,000 miles of track (second tracks or sidings not being counted), eighty per cent. of which has been constructed since the close of the civil war. If second, third, and fourth tracks and sidings were to be included, we should now be able to add to 200,000 miles of track. It is noteworthy that, of our entire railway mileage, sixty-five per cent. is embraced in seven great systems, to wit, the Vanderbilt system, the Pennsylvania system, the Gould system, the Harriman system, the Hill system, the Rock Island system, and the Southern Railway system, the latter controlling nearly all the important railways of the South. The railways constituting the remaining thirty-five per cent. of our railroad mileage are, for the profitable conduct of their business, absolutely dependent upon the seven great consolidations named. We shall still better appreciate the extent to which centralization has been carried when we add that about a hundred persons control the boards of directors of railroads, the commercial value of which equals ninety per cent. of the total, and the earnings of which amount to ninety per cent. of the aggregate gross earnings of the railways of the United States.

We turn to the volume of traffic transported. In 1884 the number of tons carried by all the railways of the United States was 628,000,000. In 1904, only two years later, it had more than doubled, having reached the astounding figure of 1,300,000,000 tons. The date for the whole of 1905 are not yet accessible, but it

is known that the volume of freight traffic has significantly increased during the twentieth century. The number of passengers carried in 1902 was 227,421,000; it had risen in 1904 to 715,410,000 and has mounted considerably higher during 1905. If we pass to earnings, we learn that the total gross earnings of the railroads of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, from operations (income from investments not being included, though many railways, it should be remembered, are large owners of mines and other property) were, in round numbers, \$2,160,000,000. The figure shows an increase of one hundred per cent. during the last decade, and of about \$600,000,000 during the last quinquennium. From sources other than the earnings which accrued from operation, the railroads received during the last fiscal year nearly \$115,000,000. There was in 1904 a surplus of earnings and income over operating expenses amounting to \$683,200,000, which should be compared with the \$400,000,000 attained in 1898. The surplus left in 1904 for dividends and improvements after payment of operating expenses, of interest on bonds, and of taxes, was nearly \$324,000,000, whereas in 1898, after similar deductions had been made, only \$120,000,000 remained.

As regards dividends, interest, and taxes, we should mention that the disbursement on the last-named account has come than doubled since 1985, having risen from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000. The aggregate amount of railway stock outstanding on June 30, 1994, was, in round numbers, \$6,510,000,000. The amount of money paid to the holders of this stock in dividends has doubled in five years. The aggregate funded debts of American railways were computed in 1994 at \$6,873,000,000, but, of the outstanding bonds, the railways themselves to their corporate capacity owned upwards of \$328,000,000.

One of us appreciates how many men are needed to transact such a colossal business. As a matter of fact, there are in the service of American railways to-day more than a million and a quarter of men. Of this multitude of employees, 32,451 are engine men, 55,000 are firemen, 40,000 are conductors, and other trainmen comprise 108,734. The number of engines in active use is 47,000, the number of passenger-cars 40,000, and of freight-cars 1,570,000. These cars and engines, if placed in line, would encircle the globe.

It is obvious that the greater part of the stupendous earnings of the railways of the United States goes back to the people through the expenditure for labor, service, and supplies, for taxes, for interest on bonds, and for dividends on stock. When we consider the incessant flow of rapid to and from our huge railway system, we must recognize that Mr. Mowbray is justified in asserting that the operations of these vast corporations affect the interest of every community and of every individual in the Union.

Personal and Pertinent

A FRESHED cattle show is to be the next novelty in Massachusetts agriculture, the Marshfield agricultural society having recently elected THOMAS W. LAWSON as its president.—*New England Farmer*.
Tom cannot keep away from the bulls.

There is a singular appropriateness in the new navy order assigning Captain HENRY WINSLOW to the command of the battle-ship *Kearsarge*, as it was his father, JOHN A. WINSLOW, who commanded the original *Kearsarge* in her memorable engagement with the *Albatross*.

The Grand-Duke CYRIL and Father GIRON were seen sitting at the same roulette-table at Monte Carlo a short time ago. They were, according to report, at opposite sides of the table, which was quite as it should be. They were engaged in a game of chance, which was an obvious comcometary.

EMERY GIBSON, ten years old, the son of a white man who married an Ojage maiden, has been chosen "baby chief" of the Ojage Indians, in accordance with an ancient tribal custom of the tribe. The lad's Indian name, conferred upon him by TOM TALL CHIEF, is SINK-KAH-NAH HE HE—seriously a laughing matter.

To criminologists and comic-opera comedians we commend this brief paragraph. A woman was brought before the Mayor of Falkweller, a small town in Alsace, on a trivial charge, and during the cross-examination the mayor himself was detected in the act of pilfering from the pockets of the prisoner. He was sentenced to imprisonment for a month.

The distinction of wearing the most expensive overcoat in the United States is reported to rest upon ex-Judge WILLIAM H. MONAG, of New York and Chicago, who has such a garment lined with Russian sable fur which cost \$19,000. In Europe, however, we know, by sight at least, one Nemoi an who has a Russian coat, as old hand-me-down affair at that, which has already cost millions of dollars, and yet he scarcely dares call it his own.

Let all those who consider themselves unlucky harken to the tale of Colonel H. H. MAYOR, of Miami, Nevada. During the last three years he has fallen down a mining shaft, breaking both legs; been knocked across a Los Angeles street by an automobile; has been in three railroad wrecks; participated in an automobile smash up in Salt Lake City; and two months ago was trampled nearly to death by horses.

We have familiar Scripture for it that it profits a man nothing yet if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. In view of the circumstances attending the recent death of Mr. YEMAS, and of other recent incidents that concern notable money-makers who are still with us, is it not time that our statisticians, or our philosophers, or some one, should expound to us the precise point between profit and loss which is occupied by the man who gathers in unnecessary millions and loses his own wife?

Not long ago a Roman nobleman advertised in newspapers in Chicago and New York offering his hand (empty) and heart in exchange for no American bribe. He has thus far received two hundred and fifty-four replies. Several correspondents wanted to know whether, in view of the prospective husband's title, they would be asked, father and mother included, to all the balls and dinners given by the King and Queen of Italy.

The fossilized remains of a mammoth have been discovered in Alaska. Describing them, the San Francisco *Chronicle* says:

The skull is nearly three feet through and weighs nearly 150 pounds. Both tusks have been broken or have disintegrated, but even now one of them is seven feet and three inches long, while the other is four feet two inches. When the animal was alive they must have measured about nine feet in length.

What a "loss" it must have required to ride a "tusk" like that!

To an encouraging paragraph directing attention to the agricultural progress the Comanches are making in the West, the *Kansas City Journal* adds:

There are a number of the Comanches trying to follow the white farmer's footsteps, and many of the cotton-fields were dotted with the redskins this fall.

The facts conveyed in this addition were true long before the Comanches took to tilling the soil.

There is an exchange in Paris where one may purchase locks of

hair which have adorned the heads of celebrities. Two dozen grown by Lord NELSON recently sold for \$625, and this was considered a rare bargain, since a much smaller number went for \$330. Nobody seems to care much for the hair of the Duke of Wellington, since his hairate product is quoted at only \$7.50 per lock. N. ROBERTS, who had some that hang right in the middle of his forehead, is rated at from \$3 to \$100, according to demand, and Lord BLYNN's rules fairly steady at \$97.50. J. D. ROCKEFELLER's name does not appear in the list.

The original letter from Lord KNOLLYS to Rear-Admiral KENNEDY, of the British Navy, on the subject of drinking the King's health in other liquids than wine, has now been made public. Dated October 17, 1902, it runs:

His Majesty is afraid that it will be difficult to make any public announcement that he considers his health can be as loyally drunk in water as in wine. . . . The King commands me, however, to say that you are authorized to make it known privately and in any way that you think best, and that you are authorized to state that total abstainers can always drink his health in some non-alcoholic drink to his entire satisfaction. Now, wasn't that nice of him?

The visit of the Prince and the Princess to Wales, in India has, aside from the splendor of the welcome accorded them, been attended with many events of unusual interest which have escaped the general chronicler. One of these was the forty-mile drive of their Royal Highnesses through the famed and bossy Khyber Pass. To insure their safety a truce was proclaimed throughout the district, so that the Afridis would not be at the business of taking pot-shots at their old enemies. The natives were warned not to approach within three miles of the road, all feuds were happily suspended, and the hills were picketed with 1700 Khyber Rifles, a detachment of British troops as well as the native levies. As a precaution against the Indian chieftains being willing, during the visit at least, to let bygones be bygones at Peshawar, among those who did homage to the Prince of Wales were the Khan of Dille and the Nawab of Naurang, who have been at war with each other morning, noon, and night for years. As soon as the Prince is well out of the way they promise themselves to go back to their raiding and fighting across the border. But they looked like good old friends as they met together to present the hills of their swords to the Prince. In the long line of those who came forward to signify their allegiance to the son of his Emperor was the prince of the Pothohar, a Sikh, a Hindu, a Mohammedan, a Jaina, a Christian, a Parsi, a Sora, a Santal, a Mahratta, and a Nizam. Among the latter was NAWAB SAHIB PANTAP NAWAB BAHADUR, C.I.E. His son once described him to the visitor as "a tough old bird who can be out in the sun all day."



The Annual Automobile Parade in New York

The Automobilst and the Law

By Dave H. Morris

President of the Automobile Club of America.

I FEAR that I may be thought to have extremely radical views concerning the relation of the motor-car driver and his machine to the laws which are supposed to govern them and to the general safety of streets and highways.

But my views are the result of a number of years of experience with high-power motor-cars and a knowledge that present conditions may be so changed and improved that the man who drives a motor-car will not be looked upon as one who wilfully and persistently violates the law for the excitement of the thing. It is a great pity that a certain class of automobilists has done so much to injure the sport in this country, and it is against this class that I would like to see drastic legislation directed. A change in existing laws, making them more severe in certain provisions and more liberal in others, would reach these individuals, teach them a much-desired lesson, and at the same time work to the best interests of those who run their cars in reasonable fashion.

In the first place, I would make it impossible for the man who is persistent in his disregard of the law to operate his or any other car.

Under certain conditions I would have his license either suspended or revoked, and should the latter course be pursued in regard to him, he would have to content himself with taking his automobile trips with a chauffeur instead of himself at the wheel. Incidentally, I could have the laws so changed that the chauffeur would be the last man to court arrest for disregard of the speed regulations, since it would mean a cancellation of his certificate and license as a motor-car driver and throw him out of work.

As the laws now stand, every man in New York city, however

decent or respectable he may be, breaks the law whenever he goes out into the streets with his motor-car. The reason is that the ten-mile-per-hour limit is a restriction incompatible with what under certain conditions would be not only impossible, but likely to prove disastrous. Take this case for example: The law permits a motor-car driver to maintain a speed of ten miles an hour in the streets of New York city; suppose he should undertake to go at that speed down Fifth Avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon. There is not the slightest doubt that not only would he endanger life, but stand an excellent chance of wrecking some fine property in the shape of vehicles and horse-dish. The normal speed of an automobile, based upon the normal gait of the horse, which in the city is from seven to eight miles an hour, is from fifteen to seventeen miles an hour. Now, an automobile going at that speed is, beyond question, under far better control than a horse travelling at its normal gait. The law, however, limits the automobilists to ten miles an hour, so I consider the law to be wrong at both ends, giving too much speed under one condition and not enough under the other. I would like to see a law enacted which would give the automobilist untrammelled reasonable liberty in the management of his motor vehicle and restrain him who is not. Suppose a man runs his machine at a rate of ten and one-tenth miles an hour, then he is certainly guilty of violating the law, and I consider this restriction absurd, unreasonable, and unjust.

As to convictions for over-speeding, I would wish to see none unless the evidence clearly showed that the defendant knowingly exceeded the prescribed speed limit, or that the rate of speed he was maintaining at the time of his arrest was excessive and dan-



Dave H. Morris, President of the Automobile Club of America, in his thirty-horse-power Touring car

gerous with reference to traffic and the use of the highway by others. Under that elastic provision I say that a man could and should be arrested for going down Fifth Avenue at even a speed of five or six miles an hour during the crowded period of the day, and also that at other times he might drive his car down the Avenue at even twice or three that speed without in any way violating the rules of common sense or the unswerving rights of his fellow creatures.

I would recommend that the same tactics be employed with regard to automobiles as have been employed for the control of race-horses—that is, the creation of a State commission of three members to be appointed by the Governor, whose duty it would be to issue licenses and institute an examination into the capabilities of chauffeurs. The owners of automobiles, particularly those who have wives and children, are entirely dependent upon the skill, caution, and general efficiency of their chauffeurs, and it is my view that, with such trust reposed in them, they should be compelled to pass a comprehensive and adequate State examination. Also, chauffeurs should be made amenable to the criminal code for all their acts which involve moral turpitude, such as, for instance, acting without a license, or with a false license when they have suffered suspension or revocation; when they get rebates or commissions on supplies, repairs, or the original purchase price of a machine; or when they take a car out without an owner's consent. The extent to which this last thing is done is truly remarkable. I am told that there is a place in New York where any one may go and find the finest private machines for rent. Motor-cars are difficult of identification, and it is very easy for a dishonest chauffeur to hang a false number upon the back of his employer's machine when he takes it out surreptitiously.

I think, too, that automobiles should be made to pay for the upkeep of the State roads, and to this end I would advocate an automobile tax to be devoted exclusively to it. I would take off the personal tax on automobiles, which, by the way, owners seldom pay, and replace it with a definite tax upon each machine. It has been suggested to vary this tax according to the weight and horse-power of the motor-car, the tax not to exceed in any



The Condition under which High Speed is allowed

case \$15 annually. The State commission to which I referred could fix the amount of this tax by consideration of the amount of roadway to be repaired. In New York there are, in round numbers, 30,000 registered automobiles. Now, it is estimated that the maintenance of roads should not cost more than \$100 a mile, and on the basis of a tax even as low as \$10, the State of New York would find the sum of \$300,000 available every year for the work of maintenance. In New York there are only seven hundred miles of State roads, so the tax would not have to

be anywhere near \$10 the first year to insure an ample sum for repair and upkeep. Commercial vehicles should not reasonably be compelled to pay so high a tax as pleasure-cars.

In the best interest of those engaged in automobilism I think that every court having jurisdiction should keep a thorough record of all convictions under the speed-limitation laws, these to be accessible in business hours to any one interested. Further, I would suggest that the convictions which have belittled a motorist should be endorsed upon the back of his certificate or license, and a copy thereof be sent to the State commission with a court recommendation as to what action, if any, the commission should take, whether of revocation or of temporary suspension. A commission of broad-minded men who understand the automobile could handle these questions with accuracy, and bring about the desired results, since its power would be absolute.

As to bail for an infraction of the law, an automobilist should not be hampered in this matter; he should be permitted to give any security which is satisfactory to the peace officer—a valuable watch or some piece of jewelry, for example.

The laws of New Jersey governing automobiles are, I believe, somewhat better than those of New York. The distinct advantage of the New Jersey laws is that they embody an elastic speed provision. They say that the automobilist may not exceed a speed of one mile in three minutes, but that in any public street or road he must go at a reasonable speed, so that the safety and comfort of those using either may not be jeopardized.

The inclusion of skyline lamps on automobiles in the city streets is a hobby of mine, and I want to do all I can to dis-



An Accident averted; the Steering gear worked this time



A Halt by the Ruin—car of the dangers of tearing without a chauffeur

courage their use. They blind pedestrians and frighten horses, and serve no good purpose whatever. The original object of these lights was to show the driver of a motor-car dangerous spots in the roadway, but they have come to be used as part of a car's city equipment. In New York city no such dangerous spots are supposed to exist; so there is no real reason for their use. I believe that a great many night accidents are due to them.

One constantly hears of objections to the noise and smell of automobiles. There is no reason in the world for either of these objectionable features, and with proper care they would not exist. It is bad motoring for any driver to permit noxious vapors to escape from the exhaust of his machine, and in France motorists run more risk of arrest for this than for speeding.

As a last word I wish to say that, generally speaking, I do not believe in the French chauffeur. Of course there are in this country a number of French chauffeurs who have not their equal in the world, but it is my belief that, save in rare instances, a good French chauffeur will not leave France, and, as a rule, those who are em-

ployed here have left France because they have found the atmosphere of their native country too rarefied for enjoyment. The average French chauffeur who comes to this country speaks French, smokes cigarettes, and looks wise, and that is all there is to him, but those who employ him give him their entire confidence. For myself, I would be chary of employing any chauffeur, particularly a French one.

A deplorable automobile accident has recently occurred which resulted in the death of Mr. James E. Martin, and it seems to have been the result of skidding and putting on the brake of the machine suddenly, thereby throwing the car into a ditch. From the news paper accounts it would appear that two cars were racing on a public highway, a pastime always fraught with danger, inasmuch as highways were not constructed for competitions of this character. It is to be hoped that this dreadful accident will again fully demonstrate the danger of imprudent racing on public roadways, which are usually narrow and frequently in unsafe motoring condition, owing to rains or thaw, and make it most hazardous for one driver to attempt to pass another at high speed.

The Rise of the Motor-Car

By Henry Jay Case

IN 1886 the only mechanically moved vehicle was the cumbersome traction-engine that broke down country bridges and scared horses out of their harness. Since then the development to the light powerful car has been sure and rapid. More than 100,000 motor vehicles, of both foreign and American make, are now owned in the States, representing an energy of 2,000,000 horse-power and a sales value of \$200,000,000. Last

year 30,000 cars were sold here, and it is now predicted that the coming year will see 35,000 more pass into owners' hands. So fast do the new cars appear that it is difficult to keep track of them. In order to trace them most of the States have passed laws requiring owners to register their cars and receive a number before they take the road, and it is through this registration that the automobile trade, the newspapers, clubs, and police have



Testing a Car's Hill-climbing Ability on a Forty-per-cent. Grade.



New Fifth Avenue Motor-bus, New York



"Steering New York" from a Motor-car Deck

been able to connect each car with its owner. Even with the aid of the law, a trained force of statisticians is necessary to keep pace with the registration.

According to the Auto Directories Company, New York has a larger number of registered cars than any other State, 23,848 being registered to date. Utah, with 130, has the smallest registration. Good roads keep pace with the automobile, and vice versa, but it does not necessarily follow that the State with the best roads has the highest registration. In New Jersey, for instance, where the roads are masterpieces of construction, 14,500 cars are licensed, or only a few more than half of the number in New York. The bulk of New York cars, however, are owned in New York city, where their owners may easily reach the five marks across the River. New Jersey is second only to New York, and leads Massachusetts, which is third, with 12,000, and Ohio, fourth, with 5000. Connecticut has 4000 cars registered; Illinois, 3000; California, 2500; Indiana, 2000; Michigan, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Iowa, 1500 each; Minnesota and Rhode Island, 1200; Missouri, 1000, and so on down to Utah, Alabama, and Tennessee, which range between 100 and 150.

In New York one sees both extremes of the sport of automobilism, but undoubtedly most often the extravagant end. On streets and parkways it is the big powerful touring-cars, the racing-machines, and the lavishly fitted vehicles which catch our eye rather than the modest little family conveyances which represent so adequately the business of the future. Owners of cars in the city probably spend more money and can show the largest and most powerful group of machines of any section of the country. If not of the world. The more enthusiastic build their own garages, and keep them full of cars. There are more than 200 persons in New York who have from five to ten cars apiece. John Jacob Astor alone is credited with thirty-two. The string of vehicles owned by an enthusiast of this class will include two or three touring cars, a pair of racers, a couple of broughams, a runabout,

station-car, and a work-car. To house safely so much valuable machinery the owner must build a garage. There are rightly private garages in the city, each supporting a good-sized force of skilled workmen. One of these buildings will when completed have the greatest floor space of any such establishment in the world.

There will be all the comforts and conveniences at hand, and to rescue any unfortunate who is arrested for speeding, the club erecting the building will keep constantly on hand an attorney-at-law and a property-owner to appear for and bail the driver in case he is apprehended. Garages as built in New York are not very inexpensive. The value of the lease terms of four of the new ones now building is said to be more than \$1,000,000 apiece, and it will cost proportionately for maintenance.

Automobilism in such proportions is expensive, and will always remain so. In view of the excesses in New York, it is perhaps not strange that the word has come to be synonymous with extravagance. It is the shattering of this illusion that makes the quiet man of domestic tastes become an automobile "crack" and invest in a car that will carry the whole family. When he can cut the time between his office and his house in half, make a 200-mile tour in a week, and take no added health and spirits in the doing, he begins to see something else in the owning of a car besides extravagance. The price of a standard car will probably never come down so low or so rapidly as to equal the run on the bicycle. Rather will it stick to a mean high level, as it has done in the carriage trade. It will always take skilled labor and expense to turn out serviceable automobiles. The racketing which high-power machines have to stand and the strain on the different pieces of mechanism are an exceedingly great that low-priced cars are not practicable. American cars now sell from \$1000 to \$12,000, but prices are not always to hang at this elevation. They will move down materially. It was only at the close of last season that American dealers received a commercial "jolt" through the



New Type of Electric Taxis



Cab operated from the Inside

announcement that 10,000 runabouts of a well-known make would be put on the market this spring at \$500 apiece.

Up to show week each year the automobile world is all agog trying to find out the special features of the new year's cars. According to trade experts, makers know absolutely nothing about their rivals' machines until they are shown on the floor of an exhibition. This year all are agreed that the new cars are practically alike in engine, running gear, and body. A composite of the new models is shown in the picture. The only new feature of distinction was reached some time ago, and the energy of American builders, which in other years has been put to producing new features, will this year be devoted solely to strengthening the parts and turning out a car to stand the wear and tear of several seasons. Thus the new car shows a marked departure from the trend of the last few years, which has been to make the car more nimble. Another retained is the "suck and brak" system of ignition, and here and there in the 1906 cars appear devices economizing on spare and weight, one of them, for instance, using its dashboard for a storage tank for extra gasoline. The bodies are so much alike that it is fairly difficult to distinguish them apart. The old-fashioned carriage-top, however, remains. Rear doors are still on the inside door, a change which cost the builders thousands of dollars.

The speed limit for touring-cars has been reached when builders on average level roads can get sixty miles an hour from a machine of a ton weight. They will continue, however, to add to the comfort and convenience of the passenger, and the day is not far distant when the tourist will be able to eat and sleep well housed while travelling.

No industry has come so rapidly to the front in America as the manufacture of automobiles, and none is so full of failures. One authority said this week that recently the beginning of each year has seen as many as seventy-five new concerns start bravely in the business, and September of the same year all save perhaps a dozen have gone to the wall. Each week scores of patents are

applied for. High prizes are offered for inventions that solve the "salesmen's" problem. With so many concerns manufacturing automobiles, it is not surprising that much of an inventor's head is bent to a gang of engineers to work out the details of a patent together for a completed vehicle. That is "manufacturing" automobiles. Selling such products, however, is another matter in this commercial age, where the buyer knows about as much of the seller's business, if not more than the salesman himself.

The buyer will pay \$250 in a touring-car is likely to be particular, and he wants to know just how, and of just what, all the material that enters into his car is made. The majority of men who own automobiles to-day are capable of driving and repairing their own cars, if they do not actually perform the labor. Cities and the suburbs of the country are becoming more and more equipped with electric fire-engines. Here in New York City Croker has discarded his horse and buggy for a big red touring-car of maximum speed. The Commissioner of Street Cleaning has a car of his own use, the Health Department has two, and the other departments use them in their work. In the big cities the large cities in the English colonies steam-propelled fire-engines are used. These can run at a speed of thirty miles an hour, if necessary, and pump 500 gallons of water a minute. Recently the War Department has been experimenting in the use of automobiles for military purposes. The motor mail bus is a common sight in London, Berlin and Paris, and in the Isle of Wight motor-omnibuses connect the principal villages. Ranches on the Western prairies have brought close together by the automobile, and signal rails, and the like, and the automobile has become a part of the life of the hour. One of the odder uses to which an automobile has been put is furnished here in New York, where a touring-car has been converted into a sleeping-car for an invalid, whose treatment demands plenty of fresh air. The car is so arranged that a nurse can attend to the patient, and the patient can see the scenery. A portion plays the latest popular air from opera and concert hall.

The "Poor Man" and the Motor-Car

By Allen Sangree

THE first man I talked to on this subject was an importer of French motor-cars. He was very businesslike, he worked at high gear, and stabbed me with cold, steely four-cylinder eyes. "This machine I'm trading on sells for \$16,000," he snapped. "That one over there is for _____," naming a millionaire. "It's \$12,000. He has just ordered two more—a racing-car and one for his family. That red machine is only \$8,000, but the helical groove—advance motion—cost of signature—advance quadrant—"

He rattled off three or four sentences of this sort of thing, and I was finally bored out by a ten-year-old page in a gold-embroidered uniform. Afterwards probably half a dozen other manufacturers were visited. Some of the managers regarded me benignly; others with raised brows, but none showed enthusiasm. The association of the men of moderate means with the automobile unquestionably had no inbred for them.

This was both disappointing and unexpected, since I thoroughly remember being told a few years ago that by this time the horse would be extinct. In those days our attention was directed to an Arriadian future. The humble peasant would bow up hill and down dale, propelled by electricity, steam, or gasoline. Twenty years more and little children would peep through the zoo fence, asking their parents if that was "a horse."

In fact, I was beginning to think that the only thing a poor man may get acquainted with the motor-car is in crossing the street, when he usually wakes up to find a sweet-faced nurse heading over him. Police Commissioner McAdoo had just declared, too, that he would ostracize those seeing the town vehicles, because they lumber the streets. That seemed to be the poor man's last chance.


Eventually, however, I happened upon a nest of veterans who began life by trying to stick on the old-fashioned bicycle—high wheel in front, little one behind. The names

of these motor experts are familiar to every manufacturer, owner, and driver in America. They have followed the business from its birth, and here is related precisely what they believe.

...and many are indeed proven to have been used. Automobiles will never be as cheap as they are now, because of the expense of manufacture. Only ten companies in America make money this year. One firm employs 1000 men, and pays on an average \$3 per day to each workman. New dies and tools cost them from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year. They have cut the price down to its minimum, and there is no hope of ever buying a really serviceable machine for less than \$500.

"I'm fly serviceable," he added, "I mean something that will satisfy. Now, you know, one must consider the human interest features of an automobile. There are vehicles selling for \$350. Single-cylinder motor; they will make twenty miles an hour, and run by gasoline. That vehicle is a backboard. It will seat two persons. If the tires would not puncture, you might make three or four thousand miles a year with such a backboard. After that she would be in distress."

"Sounds pretty well for the poor man, doesn't it?" he inquired, with a note of sarcastic triumph, and then wheeled upon me. "But who the Sam Hill wants to rule on a huckboard?" he asked. "Or, for that matter, who wants a 8000 rhinal?"



I told him I didn't know. "Of course you don't," he rejoined, "nor do I, either. That raincoat is a smart little wagon. The firm is arranging to make 10,000 this year. It has a bonnet in front, is guaranteed to speed forty miles an hour, and seats two comfortably. But right here comes the human interest. The man who buys one of these \$300 raincoats will play with it for two or three months, and then begin to make eyes at a touring-car. That's what all of them want—men, women, and children. I will say this: If a husband brings home a good raincoat, he can buy a \$200 or \$750 raincoat, and treat it respectfully, he



Fording a Stream in an Automobile

might get very decent service. It costs about \$15 a month to store such a machine, maybe \$6 for gasoline, and perhaps \$5 a week for repairs. You can figure out what that would amount to in a year. Lots of physicians use them in preference to a horse. And then a lot give them a trial, and go back to the nag. Usually the doctor who discards his machine was not much of a mechanic, and did not hire a chauffeur. You see, if every poor man was an A-1 mechanic and had a stable or workshop where he could replace belts, nuts, mend his tire, or anything else, he would find the runabout a cheap means of transportation. But even at that, his wife would worry him if somebody in town had a touring-car."

All this while we had in a way shied from precisely defining "a poor man." After some minutes my informants agreed that an annual income of \$2500 marked the "poor man," though the peasant cracked a wry smile. "Let it go," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "but, you know, a wife and children cost something. Take \$300 off that income, and you've got to figure a bit."

At this point the other expert silenced the peasant with an avalanche of words. "This is the kind of fellow that is forever throwing cold water on the automobile business," he exclaimed, bitterly, "although he gets his living by it. Now what are the facts?"

He then proceeded to draw a picture of a day close at hand when this country would be clogged with perfect roads, so that it would no longer be necessary for tourists to carry block and tackle to pull them out of mud-holes. "Given good roads," he said, "what will happen? What is happening? Simply this, that the American citizen is rapidly becoming a mechanic. Last year one firm alone sold 50,000 gasoline-engines to farmers. Another firm sold 500,000 wagons. Put two and two together! The farmer learns all about gasoline, and pretty soon he'll want it in his wagon. Realizing this, one of the biggest manufacturers of wind-mills has ceased to make them, and taken up the gasoline-engine industry. This is no dream. Give the public a little more time to study gasoline, and the poor man will have his motor. The horseless age is calling."

As we bent close to the floor to hear the call, there entered a prosperous-looking person, whom I was immediately advised to interview, he being one of the "king-pins in the business." I assailed him with the "poor-man" idea, but he did not seem to understand. "Oh yes," he admitted, "they are making some runabouts, but"—here he warmed up a little—"the favorite car for 1906 will be the use of four cylinders, supplying from twenty to thirty-five horse-power. There will be some cars sold of greater horse-power than thirty-five, but comparatively few four-cylinder motors will furnish less than twenty."

"Can a man with an income of \$2500 to \$3000—" I began.

"Oh yes, price is going to be an important factor," he went on, blandly, "although it should be of secondary importance. First let the buyer get a car with reputation, and have the price come later. Nevertheless, with so many good American cars on the market there is sure to be a little competition in price, and in this respect I can't just see where the foreign productions are going to figure."

"Poor man—Income—\$2500 to \$3000—" I cried.

"Quite right," he hurried along; "\$2500 to \$3000 will be the popular price, and the four-cylinder car will have the pull. There must be perfect compression



Electric United States Mail Truck, which when empty weighs Four Tons

burners, with the throttle on the steering wheel, along with the ignition lever, will predominate in the 1906 type. Shaft drives go."

"But," I cried, "how's a poor man to get all this? What I want to know is about the poor man and the automobile!"

The "king-pin" gazed at me dully, then winking at the others, he moved slowly away. "By-by," he said, hastily. "My new forty-five is waiting outside. We're going to make a run to Atlantic City. Telegraph you if we do it under three hours."

My investigation and inquiries resulted in but one really definite thing—automobiles will never be cheap until tires are less expensive. The price of raw rubber has risen in the last year twenty-five to forty-five per cent. The trust has had things pretty much its own way, though competition threatens. Tires cost anywhere from \$25 to \$100. The average is \$60. Foreign tires are beginning to sell quite briskly in this country, but they are handicapped with a twenty-five-per-cent duty. In spite of the fact that some cars have as many as 7000 separate pieces in their mechanism, the steel manufacturer is comparatively cheap. To keep a machine well tired is the rub.

Passing on from that, the likelihood of poor folks enjoying the automobile seems to be mostly a question of if. If roads improve; if we all turn mechanics; if manufacturers can afford to put good steel in cheap machines; and if one is satisfied with a runabout when his neighbor owns a touring-car—then there is a chance. At present the popular machine costs about \$2500, and the expense of maintaining it is, perhaps, two-thirds that amount. Motor-cars to be seen in Madison Square Garden this year have a few refinements and perfections, but practically no improvements, on those of last year.

It is these refinements and perfections which are doing a great share in keeping the automobile out of the grasp of the "poor man." All of them are marked additions to the initial cost of the machine, because probably the finest carriage upholstery work in the world is being put into motor-cars. It has to be of the best material and of the most expert workmanship to fulfill the task required of it.

In the matter of fittings, too, the apparently minor devices, but those which contribute to the sum total of a perfect car, are far from being the least expensive of their kind. The best springs which men can devise and fashion from tramped steel must be used in the motor-car, which has all sorts of roads to negotiate in its tour about the country. Then, too, the lamps, the dazzling baillistik eyes of the machine, cost a pretty penny, and the present-day motorist dricks out his car with as many of them as it can carry. At this rate the poor man will have to worry along with the horse,



At work drawing a Road-roller



The Club-house on the Beach at Daytona, where the Automobile Races will take place



Paul Sartori, who will drive Alfred H. Vanderbilt's special 250-horse-power car



Henry, winner of the Vanderbilt Cup, in his Buick



Forbath P. Kivar in his 120-horse-power Mercedes



in his 120-horse-power "Fiat"

PROMINENT AUTOMOBILISTS WHO WILL COMPETE IN THE COMING RACES AT ORMOND, FLORIDA

The racing automobile races, to be held on the Ormond Daytona road, is believed, the most notable speed contests ever held. Between this and next of the prominent American and foreign automobilists will

compete, between January 21 and 22, will be, it is believed, the most notable speed contests ever held. Between this and next of the prominent American and foreign automobilists will

Photography by the "Times"



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PICKERING CHAPTERS

The opening scenes introduce the reader to Herbert Buchanan, a man of selfish and cynical nature, and his beautiful wife Beatriz, who has been forced into a mistaken marriage with him because of his money. Beatriz has had, previous to her marriage, a love affair with a young explorer, Harry Faring. Her husband, realizing that she is unhappy with him, and anxious to see his wife happy, sends her to Faring to join a household at their country place, Buchanan Lodge. Faring arrives before dinner, and, during a brief moment together, he and Beatriz discover that in spite of her marriage they are still as deeply in love with each other as they were before. At dinner that night Buchanan, in the presence of his guests, tamely refers to the former attachment between his wife and Faring. Shortly after, it is made apparent to Faring that his presence in the house is ill-advised, and he determines to leave on the following day. Late in the evening Buchanan retires to his study to read.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE ROOM WHERE THE OLD GODS SAT

THE room which Buchanan called his "study" was an out-house, a square, fire-proof, brick structure detached from the house and connected with it only by a narrow passage with double doors made like the doors of a safe. The place had been built by the former owner of Buchanan Lodge, who was a famous Orientalist, to contain his extremely valuable library and his collection of Chinese and Japanese porcelain, jade, armor and carved woods—a collection which, at his death, went to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Inside, the structure was a single room sixty feet square and a story and a half high, with a narrow balcony running round three sides of it, and small three-story windows to admit light, as well as the larger ones below which had been heavily barred like the windows of a prison.

When Buchanan took the place he had these bars torn away, because, he said, they were a standing dare to thieves, and he fitted the huge room—one could not say filled it—with a very heterogeneous assortment of treasures which his father had bequeathed to him. From the gallery, whose balustrade was a series of Japanese temple rams of carved wood (dragons and elephants and all manner of grinning monsters), he hung Persian and Turkish rugs and a set of very fine fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries. From the high ceiling he suspended Spanish altar-lamps and Chinese lanterns of potted brass. Below Venetian thrones and unstained marble tables struggled with crimson-upholstered chairs out of a Japanese temple; and the effigy of a Florentine knight in armor glared across the shadows at a Samurai in his exquisite gold-wrought fighting gear.

To a parlor in artistic antithesis the great room must have seemed a chamber of horrors, but in spite of all it undoubtedly had a certain uncouth and bizarre impressiveness, a sort of barbaric majesty. Entering it for the first time, one did not laugh, one gasped. It was like entering the great treasure-hall of some barbaric conqueror, full of the spoil of temples and cities. It was a dim place, shadowy even by day, full of gloom-enfolded spaces by night—corners where, as the eye slowly accustomed itself to the darkness, strange gods and demons and contorted symbolic beasts glared and leered.

Walls of stone and brass stained with the dark smudge of centuries, gods of dead creeds and forgotten cities loomed strangely solemn from their niches and pedestals. A vaporous, blue mist hung over the world was young, helms that shone like steel from royal brows bore a certain austere sanctity even when, after in this age of dynamite and democracy, Alcazars and castles were glancingly for their mangled antiques out of other nations. The borders of both are more secure forgiveness. There is no such thing as an ancient thing which must command respect—quite the opposite. The fiercest

it fetches a good price in the auction room.

Buchanan went through the little narrow passage which connected his museum with the house, and ranged the iron door behind him. It did not lock automatically as it had been built to do, for the mechanism had long been out of order. He turned two or three of the keys on the switchboard near by, and from the hanging-lamps five beams of yellow light burst suddenly into flower against the gloom and fell althwart

dull gold and steel and yellowed marble, in an effect somber and grotesque and weirdly impressive. He turned another key, and the one big railing lamp which stood on its broad table—a Byzantine table of cracked marble inlaid with colored stones—glowed like a full yellow moon among stars.

"At last!" said Buchanan, with a great sigh of relief, and he drew his shoulders together and shook them as if he would physically shake off that which pressed upon him.

"Another day gone, thank God!" he said. "And what a day! what a day!" He spoke aloud, as men who live very much alone are apt to do. "A few hours more of it," said he, "and I should have raved—gibbered." In truth the evening had shaken him—that is, he awoke at table especially—and his nerves were in a bad way. Without his realizing it at all they had been, for a long time, going on bad to worse—Stanislof was right, there; his wife was a little too good for him. The solitary life he led, the hardly breeding glass, the bodily exercise, had told. He had been favoring himself with strong, as gloomy men nearly always do, and now, quite as usual, in an uncontrollable burst of that bitter malice of life he found himself, on the contrary, very weak, and it tightened his throat. His sneering little speech of dinner had not been deliberate; it had blazed up out of a moment's jangle of nerves—a moment in which his control of himself had entirely, astonishingly given way. With a man of another, franker type exactly the same inward condition would have resulted in a furious outburst of violence.

The thing had left him frightened and unstrung and much depressed. As he sat down beside the Byzantine table there in his great chamber, and poured himself a measure of whiskey from the nearby decanter, he found his hands trembling, and scowled over them.

"A few hours more of it," he repeated, gulping the liquor thirstily, "and I should have gibbered. Why the devil did I make her ask the man here? Why didn't I let it alone? It was a mistake."

He said that over and over again. "It was a mistake—a mistake!" And he frowned sulkily out across the shadows, clapping and unclapping the hands that lay upon his knees. "I shall have to be civil to him," he said, "and to all the rest of them. I shall have to grin and squint and fawn and listen to their silly speeches by the hour and hour together. Oh, it's damnable! The whole wretched aristocratic class is damnable! Shall I never have done with it?" The fire within him flared suddenly up to a weak outburst, and he sprang to his feet and began to walk up and down the room among his gods and warriors and his carved oak.

"One thing's sure!" he said, angrily. "This ends the house-party giving. I'll have no more of it. I'll be quiet at that at least. I'll have some sort of peace in my own home—some sort of quiet. Who is there that has yonder that cares whether I'm in the room or out of it—cares whether I'm alive or dead? Why should I have them about me? I'm better rid of them."

From that his mind went to Stanislof and Stanislof's refusal to come and sit with him, and at the thought his face twisted to a grin of bitterness. The thing had hurt him badly. It had seemed to him, in his abnormal sensitiveness, a rebuff that was almost an affront.

"Even Stambouli!" he said, aloud, with his wry, twisted grin, and his voice trailed away into mutterings, only to rise again presently.

"To be rid of it all!" he cried, tramping the floor, "clear of the whole tangle, out of it for good and forever!" And at that his face jerked up suddenly, and he halted in midstride beside the marble table.

"That?" he said, in an odd, startled tone. "That? I wonder." He went slowly across the room to a certain ancient cabinet of carved Venetian walnut, and he opened a door in this and took something into his hand and came as slowly back to the table where the lamplight glowed. He dropped into the armchair where he had been sitting before and laid a pistol—a revolver—on the table beside him. The light glittered evilly along its polished barrel and upon the foolish mother-of-pearl which examined its butt.

[illegible]

Thereafter, such as his great armchair, huddled, stretched on its seat, fell into a sort of sullen silence staring before him, and he sat there a long time saying nothing more. Only from time to time his eyebrows wrinkled, or his lips moved noiselessly. It chanced that, as he was turned, he caught sight of the ancient gods who sat near against the walls of the room—a pair of graven, gilded bronze, the dull gold gone in patches from the worn surface;—they looked upon a lotus cup, head bent forward a little, faintly smiling. He turned to the marble. The figure was not above a foot high, but it was a thing so tawny and naive from its shadows, as he knew all things. He turned to the bed, and had discovered the great secret—that neither of the things were in the least. It smiled serene and untroubled, neither amused nor offended by the masking and the wreck of empires. It saw actions come and actions go, and a hundred years ago and presently—uttering again. It saw an infinite swarming of humanity, coming and flowing and robbed about its will. It saw the evil faiths die and the good faiths abused, but the

smile neither widened nor disappeared, for the new faiths would presently die too. It looked out over the mountains and beyond the horizon's rim down the halls of eternity, and there there must have been some great peace and reward, for Buddha smiled—serene, sphinxlike, enigmatic.

The man stirred uneasily in his chair.

[illegible]

No again he dipped into a moody frowning silence and another long time passed. But at its end, sunk in abstraction though he was, he dulled to outer impressions, something called him to himself. That unnamed sense which gives warning of danger, which makes felt the unseen, unheard presence of another being in the room, all at once waked him, brought him to attention, and a moment after he was conscious that a current of air was entering the place. He felt it cool and fresh, against the back of his head.

[illegible]

Richman sat quite still for a long instant after he felt the intruding presence. He was thinking very



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"I have you covered! Come A."

fast and, a bit to his own surprise, very coolly. In particular, he was trying to discover the exact direction from which that current of air came. Then, slowly—with more care than was really necessary—he put out his right arm under the shadow of the table. Neither his head nor his body moved.

In an instant the great room was in absolute black darkness, a darkness which stung the eyes like a sudden glare of light. In another instant Buchanan was out of his chair and crouching to the floor on the farther side of the marble table. The massive base of the thing was an absolute protection against any assault less than that of artillery.

Then, out of the gloom, a light shot down at the far side of the chamber, and the man standing there beside an open window dropped something which fell with a crash on the floor, and covered his eyes with his hands. As he did so he said, "God!" in a shaking voice which was almost a sob. The trick with the lights had, at least for the moment, unnerved him.

"Stand just where you are, please!" said Buchanan, safe in his darkness. His voice, he found, was not quite steady, and he forced a little laugh into it to lend it countenance.

"I have you covered with my pistol," he explained. "Not don't pick yours up. You won't need it." He touched two or three more keys of the switchboard and lights burst into flame about the room, and above more the reading-lamp on the table behind which he stood glowed like a moon among stars.

"You see that I tell the truth," he said. "I have you covered. Come here!"

The man wavered for an instant. The open window was close behind, and a single leap would have made it. Then he came slowly across the room towards the pistol-barrel which faced him.

"Aha!" said Buchanan, in a half-whisper. "It's you!" Down one side of the man's face from cheek-bone nearly to jaw ran a scar, white across the color of the cheek—albeit that was, seemingly by nature, pallid rather than sanguine. Otherwise the man was a lean man with a narrow face, smooth-shaven, and hard blue eyes. There were two short deep creases just beyond the corner of his mouth, and this mouth had a cruel look. He was dressed in serge neither new nor so old as to be badly worn.

The hard blue eyes did not blink or shift from Buchanan's eyes, and they expressed neither fear nor any other emotion whatever. If for a moment, while those lights were playing tricks, the man had been unnerved, he had certainly made a swift and entire recovery. The pistol in Buchanan's hand he seemed not to regard at all.

"It's you, is it?" said Buchanan again, and the man said, "Yes," and relapsed into silence. The tone, like the eyes, was without expression.

"I knew you were still about," Buchanan went on. "One of my—my guests saw you skulking among the trees down near the gate this afternoon, and told me. I meant to have the gardeners put on watch to-night, but I forgot it."

"Oh, they're on watch!" said the man. "Somebody set them at it. That is," he corrected, carefully, "they're more or less on watch."



Drawn by Will Gould

"Chuck it!" said the man in the armchair, stifling a yawn

towards himself the half-emptied glass which he had prepared earlier in the evening. Then he filled a pipe from the tobacco-jar at his elbow.

"That is Scotch," he said, hospitably, as he lighted his pipe. "I am sorry to say that I have no rye whiskey. I detect it."

"Thank you!" said the man in the armchair. "I never drink anything but water, and I am not thirsty." His habit, however, eyes met Buchanan's sceptical smile and a little flush came across his face. It made the ear stand out with almost startling whiteness.

"That is quite true," he insisted. "I seldom tell lies." The other gave a brief nod.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "I was severely civil." He turned a bit in his chair, making himself more comfortable, settling himself, as it were, and his face had altered marvelously from its former expression of gloom and bitterness. There was color under the cheek-bones—where color no seldom showed—and a light in his eyes. He gave a little laugh which bespoke interest and a hint of excitement.

"I am truly glad that you came in," he said, puffing at his pipe. "I was dull—drammily dull. There are no words for how dull I was. Do you in your—in the exercise of your profession ever feel dull? Do you chance to know what it is like to feel that, unless an absolute change takes place in your life—a complete *hauté-croissance*—you will cut your throat or blow your brains out from sheer weariness of spirit, sheer intolerable abrasion of the nerves?"

The man in the armchair, finger-tips fixed gravely together, appeared to ponder this.

"No," he said at last. "No, I cannot say that I have ever felt that. You see three circumstances are so different," he explained. "Quite so!" agreed Buchanan with a generous wave. "Quite so!"

"There is," pursued the man in the armchair, "a certain variety of experience in my existence which I take it, yours does not possess. And variety lends spice enough to my life to make it

"But not quite enough, it would seem!"

"No, not quite enough."

Buchanan gave a little amused laugh.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, waving a hand towards the big armchair which he himself had been occupying earlier.

"Sit down and we'll talk it over! I enjoyed your little call yesterday. I found you entertaining. I have no reason to think your powers have gone off since. To be sure, the hour is late, but I am not in the least sleepy and I take it you're not, either, or you wouldn't be climbing in at my window." He pulled up a chair for himself and sat down.

"Ah, now we shall be very comfortable," I think," said he across the marble table. "With all due apologies, I call your attention to the fact that this pistol is ready in my hand. I am sure you will not force me to use it." The man said "No." He was a discouraging man to talk to. He seemed to have no conversation.

Each a man pushed the drainer across the table and drew

quite endurable." He had spoken throughout with an odd covertness of diction, a sort of conscious care, as if he were venturing, for present use, a mode of speech perhaps not alien to him, but long disused. The effect was curiously dry and pedantic.

"You see," he said, slowly, picking his words, "this world is a very interesting place—if you look about you. You can't never—ever—tell what may turn up just around the next turn of the road. It may be good or it may be bad, but that does not matter, it will be different, and that's what a man wants."

"Yes!" cried Buchanan, leaning eagerly over the table. His eyes were very bright. "Yes, by Jove! You're got it! You've got it! That's what a man wants! What you're after is to turn 'em all."

"Turn 'em all!" said the other man.

"It was a certain poem I was thinking of," Buchanan apologized. "The 'Sestina' of the Trump Royal! Somewhere in it the Trump Royal says:

"It's like a look, I think, this bloom'n' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die.
Unless you get the page you're reading done,
An' turn another—likely not so good!
But what you're after is to turn 'em all!"

The man in the armchair had turned his hard eyes upon Buchanan's face, but they were narrowed a little and frowning, as if he strove to remember something. He nodded.

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, "that's me. That's how I feel! He passed a hand across his brow, still with that air of memory searching thought.

"'Speakin' in general," he said, slowly—

"'Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The appy roads that takes you o'er the world.
'Speakin' in general, I 'ave found 'em good
For muth as cannot see one led too long.
But must get 'ere, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go o'ber'n' matters till they die."

Buchanan gave a sudden amazed laugh.

"Where the devil did you get that?" he cried. "Why that—that's the beginning of the 'Sestina'! That's Kipling's 'Sestina'!" But the man in the armchair shook his head a little wearily.

"I don't know," he said. "I expect I must 'a—must have read it somewhere—but somebody told it to me. I forget. Anyhow, that's how it is." And Buchanan nodded, sinking back again in his chair. The old bitterness began to come over him.

"Yes, that's how it is. That's how you lucky ones can live, as for me—"

He touched the silly nickle'd and pearl-garnished pistol which lay beside him.

"About an hour before you came in," he said, "I got this thing out of its case, with some vague notion of making an end to a life which has become intolerable to me. I dare say I shouldn't have managed it. I dare say I'm too much of a coward. Of one thing I'm certain. If my ruler rose hither, I have not the courage to go back there to-morrow morning—back to say—to my friends and live out this damned masquerade to its finish. I'm too much of a coward for that, if you like. I'm smothered here!"

He cried, "I'm a prisoner in chains! I want to 'try 'em all—the 'appy roads that takes you o'er the world. I want to 'get 'ere' and 'go o'ber'n' matters,' but I can't. My responsibilities won't let me, and my wife won't let me, and my friends—if I have a friend—won't let me. I can't do that because I'm what I am, and I can't do it all because I'm what I am—a coward. You couldn't do it, too cowardly to die. What remedy can you offer for that case, my house-breaking friend?"

The man in the armchair allowed himself a moment of grim humor, though the masklike face remained devoid of expression.

"Look away long enough for me to get that resolver," said he. "I'll see that you don't have any more—any more—troubles. I had intended to do that, anyhow. I knew you were in here, and I was going to do for you, so that I could take my time working."

Buchanan drew back with a little shivering intake of the breath.

"By the Lord, you're a—cold-blooded fish!" he said, in a half whisper. Then he leaned forward again with sudden interest.

"Tell me!" said he, "have you ever killed a man?—in cold blood, I mean, just because you wanted to get him out of the way. Have you?"

"What if I have?" said the man in the armchair.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Buchanan. "Of course I'm not your judge."

"No," said the other, indifferently. "No, you're not." And then, as Buchanan dropped back into his listless silence, gloomy still the hard blue eyes watched him intently. They did not brighten or show excitement or show anything else—they only watched, steady and unflinching. Once the man's hand began to steal out across the table towards that which lay glittering in the lamplight, but there were glasses and books and the decanter and other objects in the way. Also the table was broad, and on the hand withdrew ever more.

"I want to lie on the earth!" said Buchanan, after a long time. It is probable that he did not know he spoke aloud. "I want to be wet with the dew and soaked with the rain and dried again with the sun. I want to wake with the sun in my eyes. I want to go unwarded and unarmored. I want to be free, free! I want not to feel that next week or next month I've got to stop it all and come back to jail, back to the marionette show. That's what I want. And I can't—I can't!" he said, after another silence. He beat his hands feebly upon the arms of the chair. "I can't!" he whispered.

"What?" said the man across the table, calmly.

Buchanan sat up with a jerk and frowned at him.

"The world's out there," pursued the man in the armchair. "The 'appy roads is out there, and the sun and the rain. They're free to everybody." Buchanan waved a hand. The gesture seemed to include the magnificence about him and the house behind with its sleeping inmates.

"And this?" said he.

"Chuck it!" said the man in the armchair, stifling a yawn.

Buchanan stared at him.

"Chuck it?" said the man again.

"My God!" said Buchanan, in a faint whisper.

To be Continued.

After Football—What?

By Endicott Peabody, D.D.

Master of Groton School

SO much has been said of late upon the subject of football, and enough of it to lead one to believe that the matter is no further upon the patience of a long-suffering public.

But in these times of moral awakening in regard to leanness, to politics, and, finally, in regard to athletics, one who is keenly interested in the success of any one or all of the sportsmen can hardly refrain from taking part in a discussion which has so important a bearing upon the life of our American youth.

The first suggestion that I have to make is that the attack should be made against athletics generally, and not against football alone. Secondly, I would submit that the final assault should not be made against athletic sports, but against the spirit displayed in them.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

In all branches of organized athletics, so far as my knowledge goes, unfair play is common. In regard to track athletics I have not sufficient knowledge to form a judgment. In basketball I am told by friends familiar with the game that underhand tricks are frequent. To-day I have read an account of an intercollegiate basketball match in which one side was reported to have been penalized many times for foul play. Of the three long sports—rowing, baseball, and football—the first alone is clean in competition. Yet even here one hears complaints from time to time of "jockeying," and the custom of rowing light in order to give a false impression of the pace of the crew, and that of giving out false information in regard to the weights of the men, are well known.

Any one reading the rules of baseball—their name is legion—would think that the game was sufficiently guarded to insure against all possible unfairness; but whoever has kept in touch

with baseball and watched the matches is well aware that "padding" of the bats, the use of cork in the center of the bat, looking, stopping the runner at third by the coach, waving the bat at home plate in order to prevent the catcher's throwing accurately, are all of them indulged in freely. Equally bad are the exhibitions of this kind in football. Men hold in the center, where they cannot be seen by the umpire; they strike their opponents with a view to laying them out; the defensive center kicks the ball before it has been snapped back.

These acts, and many others, perhaps a score, of a similar nature are well known to all who have followed college football. They are done of malice aforethought. The men play in this way because the coaches teach them to play so. It is with the reluctance of the coaches that "swallow signals" are surreptitiously displayed at the side lines.

Here is a manifestation of the spirit of dishonesty shown by the players and the coaches, and to cap it all the public sit on opposite sides of the field and sing:

"You do your best, boys;
We'll do the rest, boys."

which, in the final analysis, means, "we will each of us cheer for our side at a time when the cheering will be most useful to preserve the game from hearing their slanders, or will so excite them that they will go up into the air, and lose the game to us."

It is this sort of dishonesty which I take it was what upon by President Roosevelt at the time when he met the coaches from some of our universities for the purpose of discussing football. He knew that that conference there was published in the public journals an agreement whereby these representative men entered into what was well called an "honorable obligation" to instruct the men being trained by them to play the game in a fair and

(Continued on page 64 of Advertising Section.)



A Scene from Barrie's new Play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"

J. M. Barrie's new play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which had a successful run in London, is now being played at the Empire Theatre, New York, with a cast including Miss Ethel Barrymore and her brothers, John and Lionel Barrymore. The play, which is a satire on the conventional French drama of intrigue, concerns the efforts of a young English girl, whose Aunt is filled with romantic ideas, to save her mother from what she supposes is a compromising situation. To do so, she makes what she considers a sacrifice of her own honor, only to find herself in the position of a blundering mischief-maker. In the end, she marries the young man with whom she had imagined that her mother was carrying on an affair.



Miss Fritz Schiff, who is appearing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in a new operetta by Victor Herbert and Henry Blosson entitled "Mlle. Modiste."



Miss Fay Templeton in the new farce at the New Amsterdam Theatre, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

NEW PLAYS AT NEW YORK THEATRES

Correspondence

ADIEU, "CHAUFFEUR"!

New York December 22 1905

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly. Sir:

Scarcely had Watchman Fowler taken his post at the gate when a procession of strange creatures appeared.

But! What can this mean? Is the watchman when a fat negro approached, laboriously feeding a thin, long-legged gnat.

"His best beast is (in French), the 'ch' explained this gnat's misanthrope. —From "Don't the Building," by the "Tues."

When I read it I recognized, with a thrill, that the right word had been found at last—mashout. The 'mobile, that majestic devil, that impressive devil, is our elephant, he is in a class by himself, like the jungle monarch; to be his master, pilot, and compeller is a post of solemn and awful dignity and danger, and it does seem to me that that merely word "chauffeur" does not properly fit the occupant of it. Chauffeur is a good enough word when strictly confined to its modest and rightful place—as you will see by what Littre says about it. I translate: "A chauffeur is the first-up on the street-car's post-humane; in English, ashore." A good enough word, you see, in its own place; but when we come to apply it to the admiral of the thunderous 'mobile or of the mighty elephant, we realize that it is inadequate. No, driver is not a thing, driver is not the thing, mashout in the thing—mashout is the word we need. Besides, there is only one way of saying mashout, whereas there are nine ways of saying chauffeur, and none of them right. With ever-increasing respect, dear sir, as the negro roll on, I am yours.

MARK TWAIN.

IS IT A LAUGHING MATTER?

St. Louis Mo. December 21 1905

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—If a mob were to catch a laughing but temporarily unpopular citizen and string him up by the neck to a lamp-post in the alleged interest of the "square deal," and if one were to object to the performance on the ground that it tended to restrict the victim's breathing power and thus make him socially insignificant—forgetting the danger to the poor devil's life—the American sense of humor would surely respond to the occasion.

But when economists like Professor Laughlin soberly protest against the violence of trade-unions on the ground that their action is in conflict with "sound economic principles," no one cracks a smile.

Even if the methodology and terminology of science were applicable to the art of business—i. e., even if there really were "economic principles" (and of course, there are), there are none and never can be any! It would still be very funny.

Why do you suppose no one laughs?

I am, sir,

S. M. DODD.

VISIT THE WEST

Pasadena Colo. December 21 1905

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Friends of mine in Spokane and Butte are not pleased with your reference to their cities in a recent editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY upon Western travel. "The traveller cannot be sure he will like Butte. He can go to Butte or Spokane or Louisville; but could he go to these places for pleasure? Would he be edified? Would he get anything to eat? It would be an awful thing to be lured on a pleasure trip." The American citizen that a visit to Spokane or Butte would have should follow the advice of Nolen to the Athenians and travel not at all. Those who think the larger the city the nearer the new Jerusalem would not care to live in any small city, no longer as there is a flat or a hotel in New York, Boston, or Chicago; but, fortunately, there are millions who prefer the individuality and home life that the small city and village give; indeed, they are the balance-wheel and hope of the republic. Spokane is almost a model city. Its great river and falls, its beautiful homes, hotels, trees, utility the love of scenic beauty. Its churches, schools, art and library clubs promote the moral and intellectual side. Its business men are young, enterprising, and patriotic. Not satisfied to sit and wait for tribute, their capital and enterprise go out into tributary territory, where they plough virgin fields, dig canals, build railroads, transform the desert, mine gold, silver, copper, and lead in the mountains. They are builders, creators, developers.

"Would he get anything to eat?" If willing to pay for his meals, as he must do in New York, he would be a fiscal epicure to find fault. The average traveller can get as good meals in the West as he is accustomed to get in his home land, and restaurants; but it is not fair to compare a fifty-cent Western meal with a five-dollar Delmonico riot. The fifteen-cent meals are no more a nightmare in Montana and Washington than in Massachusetts or New York. There is a restaurant in Spokane that even the patrons of the Waldorf and Sherry, would find satisfactory, while the hotels of Spokane and Butte are as good, or better, than the hotels in towns of their size in New England or the Middle States. So much for Spokane. As to Butte, it is not a pretty city. It does not advertise itself as a place of

beauty or a health resort, but there is something wanting in the make-up of the American who does a visit to Butte a mere or uninteresting. When all is told it is the material resources of our country that have given power. Butte has produced and is producing more dollars than any like territory. The Buttes, Leadvilles, Cripple Creeks, are important factors in national development, and as such should be of intense interest to all citizens. The town gorges, the improved surroundings, of these mining-camps have a picturesque all their own. Butte is a striking type of these camps. It is today an active prosperous city. Its newspapers are the most enterprising of any city of its population. No other city on earth pays as high wages to the working class. She has no paupers. She has more college graduates than Boston in ratio of population.

On the letterhead of Harper & Brothers I note that Boston and Butte are side by side. It is not an ill association, as in culture Butte and Boston are nearer akin than our Eastern friends imagine. If I were seeking the highest average of character and unselfish patriotism I would go West rather than East. The West is made up of the most active, enterprising, and daring of the older States and nations. After all, the Western man is but the Eastern man with whiter experience and a broader horizon. The Eastern man is more provincial, his Western brother more national. The average well-to-do citizen of Boston or New York is satisfied to know his own city and Europe. The Western man must know New York and Boston and Europe, and by force of circumstances be acquainted with his own country as well. Not the least benefit of a trip to Spokane and Butte is that provincialism cannot survive the journey. No intelligent man can cross the continent without having a nobler idea of his country and a higher conception of national destiny. It will be his own fault if he is not edified, if he gets nothing to eat, if he is bored; but Western travel will enlarge his vision and help make him a Roosevelt American. Therefore visit Spokane, visit Butte. Europe is well enough, but save your own country first.

I am, sir,

ALVA ADAMS.

[We mentioned Butte and Spokane at random as notable Western towns, and did not intend to single them out as places where food was doubtful or where there was dearth of entertainment. We quite agree with Mr. Adams about the great value of a sight of the great far West to Eastern people.—EDITOR.]

SINGLE STATEHOOD FOR NEW MEXICO

Las Vegas New Mexico, December 11, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I rise to a point of order—to inform the press of New England, through the agency of your most excellent and widely read "Journal of civilization," that New Mexico is not a foreign country. I have before me a clipping from a Boston daily newspaper, under the "funny" column—which, under date of November 13, gave a table showing the number of graduates of Johns Hopkins Medical School practicing in "foreign countries," listed with China (four), India (two), and Bolivia (one), the Territory of New Mexico is credited with one graduate!

In calling attention to the erroneous impression prevalent in the East, that New Mexico is a foreign country, I am actuated only by the most friendly motives. I simply wish to spare our Eastern friends the unnecessary expense of using five-cent postage stamps, which they so often do when travelling through New Mexico, whether least on pleasure or searching for evidences of our unfitness for Statehood.

Some people would kick if they were about to be hung; and the people of New Mexico, as well as those of Arizona, most vigorously "kick" against the injustice which you so sedulously advocate. In a lengthy article, published several weeks ago, you held up to censure the contempt for the selfish and corrupt interests which you asserted, alone opposed joint Statehood. You evidently did not know that the Methodist Conference of New Mexico and Arizona recently passed a memorial against jointure. You evidently did not know that the very small percentage in New Mexico favoring the jointure is made up almost entirely of Democrats; that we are now out of power, and expect, in case of jointure with Arizona, to be in the majority.

You were able, in showing the status of joint-Statehood sentiment in New Mexico, to cite twelve newspapers who favored it out of a total of over sixty in the Territory. You apparently did not know that out of those twelve seven are Democratic and actuated by the selfish motives indicated above; while of the five remaining three are Alliance papers, and are influenced by a purely selfish consideration—namely, that Alliance is so situated geographically that within a few years it would almost certainly become the capital of the joint State.

I might continue to call your attention to facts and conditions of which you are seemingly ignorant. Your readers out here would not resent your occasional comments on the question if you would oppose us fairly and state the facts as they are.

The people of New Mexico, by a vast majority, believe that every consideration of right and justice entitles them to separate Statehood. We are Americans, and our Americanism leads us at the attempt to force us, for purely political reasons, into an obnoxious and unhappy union. It is an outrageous display of political despotism.

I am, sir,

JAMES GRAHAM DE NERY,
Editor, *Optic*, Las Vegas, N. M.

Music And The Opera

MAETERLINCK IN MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

CHARLES M. LOEFFLER'S symphonic poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," inspired by the drama of Maeterlinck, was performed in New York a few days ago by the New York Symphony Orchestra, and the occasion moved not a few of those who heard it to reflect upon the peculiar value of M. Maeterlinck's work as a stimulus for musical expression, and upon the comparative infrequency with which it has been made to serve such an end. One recalls, for example,—besides Mr. Loeff-

ler's extraordinarily beautiful and impressive tone-poem,—Pierre de Bréville's overture, "La Princesse Maline," and his prelude and incidental music to "Les Sept Princesses"; Claude Debussy's exquisite and luminous score, "Pelléas et Mélisande"—the most authentically inspired music that has come out of contemporary France; there is the stage music composed for "La Mort de Tintagiles" by A. von Arn Gern, and by Léon Dabolet; Fauré and by William Wallace, and an overture by Garnet Wesley Cox; an opera based upon "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," by Paul Dukas; incidental music to "Aglaraine et Sélysette" by Donald Tovey; and there is the extraordinary tone-poem by Henry F. Gilbert suggested by "The Seven Daughters of Uckanade." That, surely, is not a particularly impressive showing, when one considers the extent and potency of the influence which Maeterlinck has exerted upon modern art and thought. The reason, it may be, is not far to seek.

Consider the aspects of Maeterlinck's art which have permeated the imaginations of those two musicians who have most eloquently reflected him: Loeffler in his "La Mort de Tintagiles," and Debussy in his "Pelléas." For Mr. Loeffler, the voice of Maeterlinck has been as the voice of one habituated to the accents of tragic beauty and tragic fate—one whose imagination is thrall to those "silent arrivals of destiny" which yield, for any kindred instinct, so unique and poignant an emotion. Mr. Loeffler has sensed with a peculiar intensity this phase of Maeterlinck's thought. He himself, as I have elsewhere observed of him, has a singular power of realizing moods charged with fateful suggestion; he is, indeed, disposed to lay overmuch stress upon those phases of imaginative experience which find issue in symbols of tragedy and terror; often with Mr. Loeffler, it was said, one finds oneself in a remote and ghastly world, where sinister omens and the echoes of forgotten sorrows are borne upon every air. What could have been more natural and more inevitable than that the drama of Maeterlinck's which most completely embodies his impulse toward the creation of images of tragic destiny should have evoked in Mr. Loeffler a desire to seek some tonal correspondence for it? With what astonishing felicity and vividness he has succeeded in

transmuting the essential substance of the drama into a tonal fabric of rich and profound suggestiveness is not now observed for the first time. Its power of communication is great and memorable; its justness of representation is as continually surprising as it is compelling. It is music of sombre and piercing beauty, one of those subtler masterpieces of modern art which exert an increasing spell.

In "Pelléas et Mélisande," on the other hand, Claude Debussy has perceived and endorsed a quite different aspect of Maeterlinck's genius—that side of his art which pervades through the disclosure of elemental forces working in silence and indirection, and in which a secret and haunting beauty inhabits the shadowy figures who move dimly, with a kind of shy and wistful pathos, through a so less shadowy pageant of griefs and restlessness and fatalities; where nothing that is accessory is without significance, and in which even that which is merely contrived has possession of an influential beauty and meaning within itself. In no other of his plays are these qualities so signal as in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—the most haunting and pathetic of modern dramas; and in Debussy's opera,—in which Maeterlinck's work becomes a "drame lyrique" in five acts and twelve tableaux,—one cannot but recognize a paraphrase—partial though it may be—which is virtually ideal. Here is the very edge of Maeterlinck, in one of his authentic moods, his very tinker and atmosphere; and throughout one realizes how peremptory is the need for music in any such poetic endeavor as Maeterlinck's original,—despite his well-remembered and singular disapproval of the process to which Debussy subjected his play.

One has, of course, no intention of implying that for these two highly typical masters of musical modernity, the possible appeal of Maeterlinck the dramatist and poet is wholly comprised in the characteristics which have been hinted at in the foregoing estimate.

The point which it is desired to make is that there is another and finer Maeterlinck who has so far, as it seems, not been apprehended by those music-makers whose legitimate quest is for a fertile and significant subject-matter. Even in those two works of his which have been mentioned—"La Mort de Tintagiles" and "Pelléas et Mélisande"—it is possible to discern in Maeterlinck's intention a more validly spiritual content than has been commonly perceived; and elsewhere it is even more clearly evident.

Perhaps the intended point may best be enforced by the suggestion that this ultimate element of which one thinks is not wholly to be commended save by those who are able to ignore, in a measure, the subtle and engendering insensibility of beauty and emotion in which Maeterlinck encourages his conceptions, for the sake of penetrating to the luminous, serene, and essentially subtle spirit within.



A new Portrait of Emma Eames

Miss Eames returned to the Metropolitan Opera Company last week after an extensive concert tour

Photograph copyright by Anne Dugas

Shah Jehan's Elephant

It is probable that few architectural novelties have travelled so much as the stone elephant which stands in a commanding attitude in front of the town hall, Delhi. It was the great Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, who first caused the elephant to be set up at the gate of his new palace at Delhi after having it conveyed all the way from Gwalior. As it must weigh several tons, the transport of it could have been no light matter. This potentate's son, Aurengzeb, took a dislike to the monument and had it buried in the Queen's garden. Delhi, after it had been smashed to pieces. The fragments lay undisturbed for more than a century and a half until they were found by an enterprising spirit, who had them put together in an out-of-the-way part of the garden. This was in 1868, and a quarter of a century later the animal was set up in front of the town hall.

Infant Diversions

Two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a well-known furnisher's one day last summer, and signified their desire to look at some carpets. It was very warm, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll until the perspiration streamed from his face. Finally one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go. "Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then in an undertone added, "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train."

A Likely Reason

A MILKMAN in a country town ran far from New York was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk. "You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?" "Well, your worship," replied the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."

AVOID TOBACCO.—Mr. Winslow's Southern Breeze should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child without the gums when all pain, fever, wind, colic, and is the best remedy for colic.—[Ad.]

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"In the spring of 1902 I was taken sick—a general breaking down, as it were. I was excessively nervous, could not sleep well at night, my head seemed to do me no good, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk across the room."

"The doctor said my condition was due to overwork and close confinement, and that he very much feared that consumption would set in. For several months I took one kind of medicine after another, but with no good effect—in fact, I seemed to grow worse."

"Then I determined to quit all medicines, give up coffee, and see what Grape-Nuts food would do for me. I began to eat Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream and bread and butter three times a day."

"The effect was surprising! I began to gain flesh and strength forthwith, my nerves quieted down and grew normally steady and sound, sweet sleep came back to me. In six weeks' time I discharged the hired girl and resumed to do my own housework for a family of six. This was two years ago, and I am doing it still, and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page.

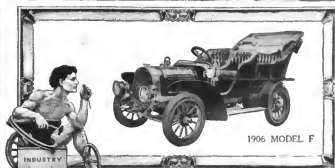


His Grace the Duke of Sutherland is quoted as saying of the

Grand Canyon of Arizona

"The perfect service at El Tovar hotel astonished me."

Take the tourist-class California Limited and stop off at the Grand Canyon. For descriptive booklet address: Passenger Dept., A. T. & P. Co., Denver, Colorado. Send for booklet.



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While great attention has been given the essentials of construction it will be found that no detail has been overlooked. Everything that will contribute to the user's comfort and convenience has been embodied in this up-to-date car. (Extension top \$125 extra). **Price, \$2,500**

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Persuasive.

A farmer was standing at his gate when an Irish boy came up to him and requested employment. "Go away," said the farmer; the last Irishman I employed died on my hands and I was forced to bury him at my own expense." "Yes, your honor," came the reply, "you need not fear that of me, for I can get a certificate that I never died in the employment of any master I ever served."

English News.

The following items are quoted from English papers:

The first one is a report of a lecture on the siege of Port Arthur delivered by Mr. Frederick Villiers, and reads as follows:

"In conclusion, Mr. Villiers quoted General Nogi's opinion that General Stoenef's strategy was very good, and said that the defense of Port Arthur was worthy of the unstinted admiration of the whole world.—Mrs. B. Smith had charge of the local arrangements."

The second item concerns a young woman who had become prominent as an authoress:

"Her father (we are told) was Mr. ———, who died some years ago, his widow having previously died of a broken heart."

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The Evolution of a Vast Industry

By Charles Winans

Chapter X



there are some men who would hirst narrow, restrictive bonds and bounds anywhere. When such men get out West young enough they grow to be giants.

G. F. Swift was this kind of man. The raw material of tremendous expansive possibilities was in him from the start. He would have burst any ordinary cramping and restricting bonds wherever he was. But when he got out to Chicago thirty years ago, just when Chicago was in the tremendous throes of growth, immediately following the great fire of 1871, Swift found occasion to draw upon all his reserve forces to keep up with the pace. He did keep up the pace—set the pace in many ways, as a matter of fact, after he had got fully lumbered up. But it took all there was in him to do it. Cape-Colders are very apt to do this wherever they are when they get away from the Cape. But when the pace is a Chicago pace, even Cape-Colders find that they cannot doze over the job. They find that they must keep their running-gear oiled and tuned up to its highest speed-producing power, or get laid behind somewhere.

Swift, for instance, very soon discovered that it was not sufficient to be a great cattle buyer and shipper only. He must be a great merchant as well. And it was not sufficient, either, to be a great merchant in the staid, cut-and-dried way of the conservative East. He must be a merchant with dash and initiative, with broad creative output. New trails leading to vast commercial fields were dimly outlined in all directions. He had to get on the trails betimes and follow them quickly to where they led or somebody else would be on them before him, or else pressing closely on him from behind, with the danger ever imminent of their cutting past him and giving him the dust on his own road. More than that, he had to blaze out new trails for himself in directions where no guiding path was in sight, and in territory where dangers of commercial disaster lurked. Boldness, quick initiative, a terrific pace ahead—all these were essential equipments for the man who proposed to take front rank in the roaring tumult of the great West's expansion—in other words, of our great, bewildering country's expansion. But Gustavus Franklin never for a moment had a shade of lack of confidence in himself. That, of course, would have been fatal. He simply knew he was going to "get there," because no calculations that did not involve "getting there" ever entered his mind.

Thus, from a big cattle-buyer pure and simple, Swift had to develop into a big merchant, and from a big merchant into a financier and commercial diplomat. But even there the demand upon his resources did not stop. The manufacturing and trading machine he had built up had grown to colossal dimensions. Its ramifications and structure were far-reaching and intricate. His one-horse meat-eat of the Barnstable days had grown, first, to himself and two clerks, then to a good-sized business office, to a bustling business village, to a business community representing in its working and dependent population a city of over a hundred thousand inhabitants. In addition to the responsibilities of big merchandising and big financing, Swift had put upon him a demand for a high order of executive and administrative ability. Nor did the demands upon him for ability of the broad-gauge order stop even there. It was not sufficient that he be a great merchant and a great executive. It was necessary that he have diplomatic gifts of a high order. And that G. F. Swift had these gifts he demonstrated many times at home, but never more effectively than in England.

The prejudice which had to be beaten down before Western dressed beef could be sold in the markets of the East was as nothing compared with the prejudice that had to be beaten down before it could be sold in the markets of Great Britain. And it was through the tact and the skill and the persistence of Swift, as much as through any other cause, that this English prejudice at length was broken down. It is not difficult to understand how deep-rooted this English prejudice was.

It went to the very marrow of things. It was all but in the nature of high treason, to begin with, to engage in any practices calculated to shake the allegiance of loyal Britons to that long-established, bedrock British institution, "The Royal Beef of Old England." Patriotism, hoary tradition, a faith that was not the less rock-ribbed because it supported a myth, prejudice against

anything foreign in general, and at least a chemical trace of prejudice against anything American in particular—all this and much more G. F. Swift had to overcome before he got his Chicago dressed beef firmly established on British soil.

And he did overcome it. Year after year he kept buttering at it and undermining it until at last nearly the last vestige of it was gone. He made trip after trip to England. All told, he probably crossed the Atlantic twenty times before he accomplished his object. He could not always count upon the wholly single-hearted devotion of even his own English agents over there. While working assiduously to promote the consumption of American meat, they were working actually to keep American meat in the background. They had their own British prejudices, perhaps, to overcome, and then there were powerful interests at work to keep out the invader.

Swift had to see personally that his orders were carried out; that his meat was kept up to the front in the market-stalls, where it would have at least an even show with the other meat, and not shooed back out of sight, where it would remain overlooked and unknown.

For weeks while in London Swift put up every morning at three o'clock, and went to the Smithfield Market, where he kept personal supervision over the handling of his beef. And all the time this was going on he was carrying on a campaign of diplomacy with the great beef barons of England, winning one over to his side here and inducing another to look into the matter there. Eventually he won signal triumphs. Some of them verged upon the sensational. A great London guild was to give a prodigiously big and important dinner. One of the great features of the dinner was to be a mighty roast of beef. The order went forth that the finest roast of beef to be had in all England was to be served at that dinner, and the order for the dinner reached a certain great dealer with whom Swift had established himself on a diplomatic basis of a persona particularly grata. Furthermore, the dealer believed in American beef. He sent the required roast to the great guild dinner. There was a mighty waggling of wise heads and snarking of appreciative lips over the beef. As to the quality of the beef there was but one opinion. Better beef no man had ever eaten. But the question was as to its place of origin. Was it English beef or was it Scotch beef? The Scotchman claimed it for Scotland; the Englishmen for England. The dispute waxed warm. The dealer himself was sent for.

"You asked me for the best roast of beef to be had in England, didn't you?" asked the dealer, when he stood in the presence of the guild.



Parking-house Rogers and Viscountess Debenham

"We did."

"And you are satisfied with the beef? Are you convinced that I filled your order for the best beef in England?"

"Of course we are. Nobody ever saw any better beef. There couldn't be any better beef. But that isn't the question. The question we want you to settle is whether that beef is English beef or Scotch beef."

"Well, gentlemen," said the dealer, "that beef isn't English, nor yet again is it Scotch. That beef is American dressed beef dressed in Chicago, and sent here by refrigerator-car and refrigerator steamer."

It was a long campaign which G. F. Swift conducted to get his meat introduced and established on a firm basis in England, a campaign which called for all the patience, persistence, and tact—the three great requisites in a diplomat—there was in him. But, like everything else that he seriously set himself about doing, he carried it to a successful, brilliant conclusion. His tack in Great Britain was only one of many other formidable undertakings with which he had been confronted from the moment he set his paw to keep step with that of the country's expansion.



T. H. Ingervsen, Buyer for Swift & Company, making a Purchase

At every stage of his evolution and of the evolution of the enormous American industry with which he had become so conspicuously identified, he had larger and larger orders, and orders more and more varied, upon his own personal stock of force, sagacity, and adaptability to conditions that were expanding and changing with bewildering rapidity. To be the head of Swift & Company became like being at the head of a sort of bustling, aggressive province surrounded on all sides by provinces of the same type, all straining constantly to encroach upon one another's territory, and with their chief executives living awake nights trying to study out how to do it. And all this was not an affair of generations, of accumulated wealth and experience and commercial power handed down from father to son for half or three quarters of a century. It was nothing of this sort. It was the sole individual work of one man starting with a money capital of nothing whatever, and working it all out to its last consummation in the course of a comparatively short lifetime.

There is so much that is distinctly American in the creation of this great Meat Industry with its now world-embracing dimensions, so much in the motive power behind it all, from its beginning all the way through, that rings with that true self-reliant, courageous American spirit, that it has claims of its own upon American pride of achievement. This feature of the modern-splendid Meat Industry is not to be lost sight of in attempting to grasp just what that industry is. It is too interesting a factor to be overlooked. Not one of the many concerns engaged in it better illustrates this characteristic of the business than does Swift & Company. No one man of the many who were the great forces in this industry's evolution is a more distinct type of that same American spirit and of the surprising force and adaptability to every condition that may arise, no matter how new and how broad it may be than is T. H. Swift himself.

One of the reasons why beef and mutton are high in because the American people have got the steak and chop habit. It is a peculiarity of the American public, which has been noted in many other instances, that all that the American people want is the best of everything that there is to be had. This applies with especial force to what American people eat. In the matter of food, just as they insist on steak and chops. Nine steaks are cut from ribs and loins. Ribs and loins comprise 20 per cent. of the total meat of the beef. Naturally this kind of food is expensive. Its exclusive use eliminates from the diet 74 per cent. of the beef. This 74 per cent. consists of "rounds," the "chuck," and the "plate." It is just as nutritious as the more expensive cuts, and it can be prepared in just as many ways as the very palatable.

An increased consumption of these cheaper cuts from the 74 per cent. portion of the animal would be a remedy for the wide spread between the rich and the poor and the prices of the now neglected cheaper portions. It is a matter of a little more consideration, on the part of the public, of the fact that there is cheaper meat than that which, from the nature of things, must be the most expensive, and consideration also of the further fact that this cheaper meat is excellent meat; that it is of equal value as nutriment with the meat which costs the most money, and that it only needs a little attention to make it palatable enough for anybody.

The literature that has been written descriptive of the Meat Industry's operations in the production and distribution of meat would make a small library of itself, yet all of it combined reflects but feebly the bewildering vastness, the complexity, the wonderful systematization, the minute attention to detail, which the actual workings of the great meat-producing machine involve. Division of labor reduced to its ultimate possible perfection may be taken as describing in a general way the operations of the packing house. The stiver, the plig, the chump, through the operation of this wonderfully systematized method, go quickly through the same process—a painless laying down of the burden of life and then the journey through that busy whirl of machinery and men, each machine and each man doing an allotted task, and all so rapidly and so smoothly, that the steady stream of transit from animal life to animal food is without a ripple to the dark,

quiet seclusion of the cooling and refrigerating rooms—vast reservoirs where the inviting-looking beef, pork, and mutton hang in long rows, with passageways like streets and alleys between them, the government stamp of inspection on every suspended unit of the food, units that will soon be scattering away to all parts of the country or swinging with the heave of the waves in the refrigerating-room of some great transatlantic steamship. In ten or twelve days some of it will be served in juicy steaks and roasts on dining-tables in far-off England or Scotland; some will be likewise so served in Maine or Florida or Oregon.

It is quite in vain to try to grasp the stupendousness of even this one Swift & Company unit of this great industry of the country—an industry hardly matched, in its gigantic proportions and far-reaching activities, by that of any other country in the world. It is still more vain to attempt to convey any adequate conception of it all by word of mouth or pen. To attempt to describe, in written words, the varieties of output, their modes of production, and the machinery of their distribution, would require the making of volumes. The utmost, perhaps, that can be done is to give a few facts and figures about this Swift & Company concern alone, and then, maybe, some faint conception of what the industry as a whole is, of which Swift & Company is only a unit, may be had.

Take, for instance, some of the Swift & Company statistics for the year 1904, and try to imagine what a bewildering magnitude of activity they represent. During 1904, for example, the total shipments of Swift's products averaged 350 carloads for each working-day. G. F. Swift's first equipment of refrigerator rolling stock consisted of ten cars. The daily shipments now would make thirty-five trains of ten cars to the track. Put it in another way, and the stupendous fact is that in the year 1904 Swift & Company put out on an average over 350 car-loads of product for each working day, irrespective of the immense local sales of the company's wares in such cities as Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, St. Joseph, and Fort Worth, where its great packing-house plants are, and where there is a very heavy trade. In Chicago, one of the standard sights for visitors to the plant is the Packing-house Market—the market to which local retail dealers go for their supplies. In this market, which, when the additions now in progress and planned are completed, will be one of the largest and best-appointed markets of its kind in the world, all the endless variety of the packing-house products are sold. It is conducted as a department by itself, with a superintendent and a small army of salesmen. The enormous quantity of food-stuffs and by-product articles sold here are, of course, not to be rounded in the car-load output above mentioned, any more than are the sales of a similar nature in the cities where are the other large plants. All the 350 or more similar markets, or agencies, scattered all over this country, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, and New Zealand are similar distribution centres, only it is through these that 350 car-loads per day reach the retail dealer.

The general offices accommodate the entire administration force, with its armies of clerks, typewriters, heads and subheads of departments, as well as the chief executive officers of the corporation. This building is modern in all its appointments, with a ventilating plant that cools the atmosphere and keeps a constant flow of pure air sweeping all through it. It is equipped with a vast dining-room on the top floor, and with a barber shop, reading-rooms, and smoking-rooms.

As to the number of animals that pass to the cooling rooms every day, the figures are too great to be grasped with anything like an adequate conception of what, in magnitude of work done, they really mean. The total every day is something like 8,250,000 head of cattle, sheep, and hogs alone, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of chickens which the separate poultry plants turn out. As many as 11,875 cattle, 16,352 sheep, and 34,562 hogs have been transformed into dressed meat in all the seven great Swift plants in a single day, a grand total of 62,990.

And so on the astonishing figures which represent this great concern's operations might be prolonged almost indefinitely. It consumed, for instance, in 1904, 340,000 tons of coal; it burned 6900 cords of hickory wood in its smoke-houses; the engine house—power in use in all its plants was 63,000; it ran 30,000 electric lights; it sent and received 1,368,109 telegrams; it received and sent 4,270,980 letters.

All this, taken in its stupendous entirety, is only a detail in the total expense of running the concern. One is lost in the contemplation of what these figures stand for. And then it is to be always borne in mind that Swift & Company is only an individual unit in the whole vast American Meat Industry.

And, for instance, the Swift & Company to-day had its beginning, that solitary farm boy down on Cape Cod, who started his business only a little over forty years ago with one heifer and a pair of strong Yankee arms and an inexhaustible fund of American energy!



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After Football—What?

(Continued from page 56.)

sportsmanlike spirit. This is the foundation stone of true reform. If this agreement is carried out, and we may be sure that it will be fully carried out by the gentlemen who signed it, we have already eliminated the evil tradition under which we have lived so long, and we are living in the dawn of a better day.

It is the one thing which is needed. All other considerations are secondary to this. As a corollary to it comes the necessity of eliminating the professional as a coach.

There are, undoubtedly, among professional individuals who believe in fair play, but taking it by and large, the professional leans upon himself as a man who is hired to turn out a winning team. His livelihood depends upon his success, and the temptation to introduce crooked methods is generally as strong for him.

To prohibit football because men have been dishonest in it is no more likely to make men honest than to give up the teaching of political economy because students have cheated in examinations in that subject.

There is good reason for the widespread demand that there shall be such a change in the rules of football as will make it a less hazardous sport. College football is too dangerous a game as it is played to-day. The danger is not that legs or arms may be broken, or that occasionally a man may be killed; these are, indeed, risks which are common to all kinds of football and many other games.

But in our college football to-day the chances are that a man may have the ligaments of his leg or of his back so badly wrecked that they will hinder him through life.

The remedy for this has already been suggested by Mr. Walter Cassel. If this instance to be gained in three downs is ten yards, instead of five yards, the game will be opened, and more plays will be practically done away with. Other modifications are desirable. These we must refer to the rules committee, who have already a great promulgation of suggestions from which to make selection.

There is little hope of establishing the game of Rugby football. An exhibition of that game, given by the Canadians on Soldiers' Field in Cambridge, called out the same kind of ridicule with which the English learned received baseball when American players showed them our national game in London.

Our men do not want it. There would be just as little hope of benefit if we could persuade them to play it. We started with Rugby football twenty-five years ago, and we have developed a game which in many of us seems to require a higher quality of intelligence, and to develop a finer kind of team-play.

Now can we afford to lose football from our college life. A former dean of one of our universities has stated that in his time the first term of the college year was a season of great anxiety to those in authority. Men of redundant energy would return from town to their colleges, a riotous frame of mind, and there were frequent collisions between the students and the faculty. To-day men of this kind work off their superfluous energy in football, and go quietly and early to their rooms and to their beds.

To any one who doubts whether the condition of our young men is superior to that of thirty or forty years ago I would commend the description of American life at that time given by Mr. Rhodes in the third volume of his history, pages 60-63. Especially significant is a note which begins: "Contrast the life of the American with that of the English student. Look at that pale-faced, dirty-complexioned youth, fitting like a ghost of a monk from his college cell to chapel or dining-hall. . . . Follow him to his room where he lives, almost unconscious of earth, air, or sky."

When we compare this kind of college life with the men who are found in our colleges to-day we realize the improvement that has taken place. This is due, in large measure, to athletic sports.

We are constantly informed that the English are better sportsmen than we are. Those who have watched games on both sides

of the Atlantic are unanimously of this opinion; but we are not prepared to admit that the English are a more honest people than we are. I have lived among school-boys on one side of the ocean or the other all my life, and I have found American boys as truthful and as honest as English boys. The standards of honesty in work are quite as high in our colleges as they are at Oxford or Cambridge. It is in athletics alone that we show an inferior spirit.

It is not possible within the limits of an article of this character to explain the reasons for this spirit. We all acknowledge it—we are looking for something better. The emphasis must be placed on the character of the coach, and kept there. It is less harmful for a young man to study under a dishonest professor of history, to whom he listens for an hour four times a week, than to be instructed by a dishonest coach, with whom he associates four hours every day of the week, and whose word to him is law.

No, it is not less football, but more football that we need; not less athletics, but more athletics—of the right kind. We are better off to-day than we were thirty years ago, when a handful of men who were practically sure of making the team came out to play.

We have a dozen players now where we had one then. We should have at least a score where we have a dozen.

There are not suggestions for an experiment in athletics. They simply describe what has been effective in England and equally suitable in America. In this country there are schools where all the boys—except those who are physically unfit—take part in football and in baseball and rowing; where the coaches are not sportsmen, but masters; and where there are required the same standard of conduct on the playground and in the school as in the arena.

The boys like it. There is nothing taught which would be to their discredit, and they have to keep an unmerciful conscience at bay, and to keep a good strength. Give the athletic side of athletics. There are no positive factors in the establishment of a new tradition for our colleges.

If we had adopted it may well be that we should have gained a spirit which prompts us to "play the game" in business, and to "play the game" in national life.

Our Enormous Trade with England

TRADE of the United States with the United Kingdom in the fiscal year 1905 aggregated practically 700 million dollars and formed more than one-fourth of our total foreign commerce. Estimates recently made by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that the exports from the United States to the United Kingdom in 1905 aggregated 523 million dollars out of a total of 1,548 millions, and thus formed thirty-four per cent., or practically one-third, of our total exports; imports from the United Kingdom aggregated 176 millions out of a total importation of 1,117 millions, and thus formed about sixteen per cent., or practically one-sixth, of our total imports.

On both the import and export sides of the account our trade with the United Kingdom is larger than with any other country. The imports from that country, as already indicated, were 176 millions, against 118 millions from Germany, 108 millions from Brazil, 90 millions from France, 86 millions from Cuba, 62 millions from Canada, 52 millions from Japan, and 46 millions from Mexico. The exports to the United Kingdom were 523 millions, against 194 millions to Germany, 141 millions to Canada, 76 millions to France, 73 millions to Netherlands, 53 millions to China, 52 millions to Japan, and 46 millions to Mexico.

Comparing conditions of our trade with the United Kingdom in 1905 with those of 1903, the imports from that country have grown from 150 million dollars in 1903 to 176 millions in 1905, an increase of 17 millions, or a little over ten per cent.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN

will be published serially in The
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during the coming year



MARK TWAIN

DURING the ninety-one years of its existence, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has changed its form several times in the direction of more frequent publication. For sixty years it was a quarterly; it then became a bimonthly, and it has been known as a monthly to a generation of readers.

Now, beginning with the issue of September 7th, it becomes a fortnightly, to be published on the first and third Fridays of each month

Coincidentally with this new departure, the service it renders to the American public will be signally broadened. It will continue, more earnestly than ever, not only to permit, but to seek, expression of the best thought upon subjects of vital importance from every conceivable point of view. But, in addition, it will hold and utter frank, unbiassed, independent, and, it is hoped, intelligent opinions of its own. Simultaneously will be incorporated a department charged with consideration of serious current literature. The writer will receive, for the same sum that he now pays, two REVIEWS instead of one.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Among the leading features of the September 7th number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will be a chapter of

Mark Twain's Autobiography

Mr. Clemens has been engaged for years in the preparation of this notable work. Each day has added to it something of interest. No biography has ever been so eagerly awaited. It is one of the most remarkable human documents ever written, unique in its interest and filled with the striking personality of the author.

A discussion of

Mr. Roosevelt's Moral Right to be a Candidate for the Presidency

in which one of the most eminent publicists of the day, writing over the pseudonym "Q," analyzes the President's promise, and contends that it cannot, and ought not to, debar him from succeeding himself in the Executive chair. A powerful article on

Great Fortunes and the Community

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EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVEY



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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. L

New York, Saturday, January 20, 1906

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.—I.

Ladies and Gentlemen: My first spectacle is that of two rare specimens of the genus *homo* discovered by me in my native State. The figure in my right hand is that of one yet young in years but honest, tried, true, and warranted to stand without hitching. His work at first was great. In my left you behold the beginning of a small interesting experiment. The figure, you will perceive, is being gradually unrolled from a lump of ordinary putty into human shape, while simultaneously from the battery which you see before me I am imparting suitable doses of my own patented *Strenuously Electrical Energizer*. Whether or not the experiment will result in the making of a first class man will appear later. My next regular performance will be given in this place one week from today. Thanking you for your kind attention, I am Very Truly Yours

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COMMENT

WHY should the New York Legislature call upon Senators PLATT and DEWEY to resign? The qualified citizens of this State went into the voting-booth, communed with their consciences and their God, as the law directs, and requested them to serve as their representatives in Washington for six years. They, in turn, with right hands upraised, solemnly promised to do so. Why now should they be asked to break faith? If they had changed in character, purposes, methods, or any other way, there might be some excuse for the proposed action. But they haven't. They are the same old sinners. Absolutely nothing new has developed respecting Senator PLATT. The voters knew, as well when they elected him as when he had finished testifying the other day, that he made a practice of taking money from corporations and using it to perpetuate his own and his party's power. True, they were not aware that Senator DEWEY was in the employ of the Equitable; but they did know that he was drawing a salary from the New York Central and had represented it for years in the Albany lobby. Why haggle over extra pay from a second corporation after having confirmed, endorsed, and approved acceptance of a retainer from one? No, the Senators haven't changed. It is the people who behold a new light. But with their eyes wide open, with full knowledge of the kind of men they were choosing, they themselves beared the juice which they now find so disagreeable. Let 'em stew in it, we say.

We guess they will, anyway. That most delightful of crimes, Mr. PLATT, is utterly impervious to criticism or assault of any kind whatsoever. He likes his club, and is going to continue to hobble in and out at his own sweet will. Mr. DEWEY is more sensitive. It was not the public alone that he deceived in him. He fooled himself along with the others. He thought he was good enough to be President once, and got a lot of votes in a Republican convention, too. Probably he won't be a candidate again, but he knows he is just as good now as he ever was. Moreover, he is going to be even better. After seven years of nominal service in Washington, he announces that he is about to begin his "real work" in the Senate. This is well. When one gets to be as weary-tired and has had a preliminary center of seven years presumably of relaxation at the expense of his constituents, it is time to get ready to begin to commence real work. Bless the man! Like some of the others whom we might designate by name, he does not even yet realize that anything really serious has happened to him. It will blow over. He can live it down still. That is his feeling. Of course he can't, but there is no harm in his trying. He will be disappointed, though,

when he gets down to "real work." There will be nothing doing. He has been so busy with his corporate work for seven years that he has never amounted to as much as a bill of beans in the Senate. And he never will. But he won't resign. Not much! Neither will PLATT. Where would they go? What could they do? No, brethren, true patriots, especially those elected by the people for the corporations, sometimes die, often marry, but never resign.

Every day that passes increases the anxiety of politicians with regard to the outcome of the general election in November of the current year. It is the general impression at the South, as well as at the North, that if Mr. ROOSEVELT were to be a candidate for the Presidency next autumn, it would be useless to put up any one against him. But 1908 is two years farther off, and nobody doubts the sincerity of Mr. ROOSEVELT's declaration that under no circumstances will he then be a candidate to succeed himself. In the ancient and medieval world it seldom happened that a great man or wonderfully successful man was able to transmit undiminished his power to a desired successor. The so-called "Dinoherb," or successors of ALEXANDER, are the classic examples of decadence and disintegration. The death of JULIUS CAESAR was followed by anarchy, and many years elapsed before his grandnephew and adopted son AUGUSTUS managed to succeed him. CHARLEMAGNE's descendants disgraced their ancestors. For some ninety years, on the other hand, the Roman Empire prospered under the working of the adoptive system, which began when NERVA adopted TRAJAN, and ended with the death of MARCUS AURELIUS. We have witnessed the operation of a similar adoptive process in the United States. JEFFERSON adopted MADISON, MADISON adopted MONROE, and JACKSON adopted VAN BUREN. Will the great influence acquired by Mr. ROOSEVELT prove equally irresistible in 1908?

The answer to this question depends largely, though not solely, on the outcome of next autumn's election in the State of New York. Mr. ROOSEVELT's favorite for the succession is believed to be Secretary ROOT, and those who know the ability and character of the latter statesman are glad to think that this is the case. Should, however, a Democrat be chosen Governor of New York next November, Mr. ROOT's opponents in the Republican national convention would, of course, allege that he could not carry his own State. This would not necessarily be the case; for, although a Democrat was Governor of New York in 1888, and a Democrat was elected Governor of the same State in that year, General HAMILTON carried the Empire commonwealth by a plurality of 13,000. It should also be remembered that, however uncertain might be the outcome of the Presidential election in 1908, there is no doubt about the President's ability to control the New York delegation to the Republican national convention held in the spring or summer of that year. It should, therefore, be far easier for him to give the Republican nomination to Mr. ROOT or any other favorite than it was for Mr. CLEVELAND's friends to secure for him the Democratic nomination in 1892, which, if all the facts be considered, was the most astonishing feat ever recorded in American political history. It should also be kept in view that the State of New York is no longer indispensable to the success of a Republican candidate. Mr. ROOT, if he can inherit Mr. ROOSEVELT's hold upon the people—and it will not be the President's fault if he fails to do so—can reach the White House without the aid of New York. Nevertheless, he would be strengthened morally by the support of his own State, and we believe that things may shape themselves so that he may get it.

We cannot but feel that the President's characteristic rubicund of the Panama Canal management is somewhat overdressed. It is right and fitting, of course, that he should stand up for his egoism, so long as he knows they are honestly striving for results. It is satisfactory that they are doing the best they can. But surely their present accomplishment hardly merits a paenagium. A calm, dispassionate demonstration of their earnest endeavors to overcome the insuperable difficulties would seem to have been even more appropriate, and to our mind at any rate, would have been vastly more convincing. On the other hand, we regard Mr. POLITSKY

Inglow's diatribe in the *Independent* an utterly unworthy of credence or consideration. We are not at all surprised to learn from the Hartford *Courant* that he made his thorough and painstaking investigation and unearthed his weird collection of scandals between November 29, when he walked ashore from the steamer, and December 1, when he stalked comically aboard again loaded for bear. It seems fitting, and indeed may have been necessary, that his sensation should appear in Mr. BOWEN'S semi-religious paper. The truth seems to be that the men in charge at Panama are working intelligently and patiently, making mistakes undoubtedly, but no more than must be anticipated in an undertaking of such magnitude. That is all we can expect, and there is no occasion for excitement over either intemperate attack or too zealous defence. Common sense is a good thing to apply to such cases.

The opposition to the Philippine tariff bill—which provides, it will be remembered, for the immediate reduction of the duties on Philippine sugar and tobacco to twenty-five per cent, of the DUTY rates, and for the abolition of them after the lapse of a few years—comes not only from representatives of the beet-sugar interest and of the Louisiana cane-sugar growers, but also from many "stand-patters," who, on general grounds, desire to prevent any discussion of the tariff during the present session of Congress. It is scarcely credible, however, that the opposition should be able to muster a majority of the House, for the Democrats would seem to be constrained by their political principles to vote for the Philippine tariff bill, and the administration must have friends enough on the Republican side, one would suppose, to pass the measure. Which way duty points is obvious.

It is a notable historical fact that although Maine was, up to 1820, only a district of Massachusetts, and for decades after her separation used to be stigmatized by Bostonians as "Down East," it has sent spokesmen to the Federal Senate with whom no contemporary Senators from Massachusetts, except WEBSTER and RUTLAND, could be compared. To prove our assertion we need but name FOSBROOK, BLAIR, and FAYE. FAYE is still a Senator and a man of weight, but it is nevertheless a fact that it is not he but his colleague, EUGENE HALE, who, with the general consent of his party, is now the leader of the Republican majority. Mr. HALE has never posed as an orator; his words are fit but few. He never talks to the galleries. He speaks only when he has something to say that, in his judgment, ought to be said. Then he speaks to the point, and gets it over as quickly as possible. He risked the loss of his seat in the Senate by opposing the war with Spain, but nobody doubts that his opposition was conscientious. He again parted company with the administration and the majority of this Republican colleagues by opposing the war in the Philippines. In spite, or rather, perhaps, by reason, of the independent attitude which on many an occasion he has not hesitated to assume, he has acquired to an enviable extent the respect and confidence of his fellow Senators. There is no doubt that, next to President ROOSEVELT and Speaker CANNON, the new leader of the Republican majority in the Senate is the most powerful man in public life. The manner in which he handled the request for a canal appropriation was characteristic. He told the President frankly that a certain appointment must be annulled, and Mr. ROOSEVELT accepted his advice. Precisely what Mr. HALE's position is with reference to government rate-making for railroads or to the Santo Domingo affair nobody seems to know. Perhaps he has not made up his mind. He is never in a hurry to do so. Whatever course he decides upon is likely to be supported by a majority of the Senate. He and Secretary ROOT ought to get on well together, for they are both strong men—among the very strongest now in the centre of the public stage.

It is now admitted in Washington that the dispatch of two additional regiments to the Philippines is prompted by the apprehension that our treaty rights in China may be at any hour subjected to concerted violation. The murder of American missionaries in southern China and the boycott of American goods in Shanghai and other treaty ports seem to be regarded by our State Department not as sporadic and unimportant incidents, but as signs of a general explosive movement. Not in vain, apparently, have tens of thousands

of young Chinese been educated in Western countries and in Japan. We can hardly blame them if, returning to their homes, they have raised the war-cry of "China for the Chinese," and are contemplating the expulsion of the Germans from Kiaochow and of the British from Wei-hai-wei and from their coterminous vantage on the mainland adjoining the island of Hongkong. The native reformers also purpose, we are told, to demand the release of China from the régime of exteriority, which is no longer imposed upon Japan. When we call to mind the indisputable fact that whatever civilization Japan possessed before the overthrow of the Shogunate was derived from the Middle Kingdom, we cannot be surprised that intelligent and patriotic Chinese should revolt at the subjection of their country to a treatment which the Western powers no longer dare to apply to the Mikado's empire. Apparently the time is near at hand when we must choose between treating China exactly as we treat Japan, or entering upon that process of partition which the United States, at all events, have firmly opposed. In the natural order of things, the Empress Dowager can hardly be expected to live much longer. Will she be succeeded by a Manchu, or will a native Chinese dynasty be established? Or is the Middle Kingdom destined to pass through a long period of civil war and anarchy, such as it experienced in the first half of the seventeenth century? A large fraction of the human race is interested in the answer to that question. For ourselves we deem it incontrovertible that logic, consistency, and equity require all of the Western powers to renounce whatever foothold they may have gained on the Chinese mainland, and allow the people of China to work out their own destiny. They deserve as much consideration as we have shown the Japanese. It would be an act of cowardice to treat a supposedly weak nation less generously than we have treated a strong one.

Since the collapse of the last general strike and the restoration of order in Moscow and in most of European Russia proper, only the Baltic provinces and the Caucasus remaining more or less completely in the hands of rebels, the prospect of a peaceful transition from absolutism to constitutional monarchy has been very much improved. The original plans of the revolutionary leaders for a concerted outbreak on January 22, the anniversary of the "Red Sunday," when last year an unprovoked massacre of unarmed working-men took place, seem to have been abandoned, owing mainly to a lack of pecuniary resources. According to a report, for the trustworthiness of which nobody seems able to vouch, the secret council which directs the operations of the Nihilists, as those who believe in assassination are still called, met the other day in Switzerland, and, by a majority of two-thirds, voted that the Czar NICHOLAS II. should share the fate of the Grand Duke SERGIUS and of Minister-of-the-Interior VON PLERKE. It is interesting to learn that a considerable minority earnestly opposed the decree, on the ground that NICHOLAS II. had done more than any of his predecessors of the ROMANOFF dynasty to give liberty and progress to Russia, and that it was by no means probable that as much could be hoped for from his successor, who undoubtedly would be one of the Grand Dukes selected by a family council to act as regent during the minority of the present Czar's infant son. The notion that sovereigns should be killed, *pour encourager les autres*, is one that Western onlookers find it hard to understand. The only effect of killing ALEXANDER III. on the morning of the night when he is believed to have signed a constitution, was to make his son ALEXANDER III. the most indefatigable and fanatical of reactionists. If NICHOLAS II. is not cut off, it now looks as if the State Duma, or national assembly, projected by Count WITTE, will assemble at an early date, and will be authorized to frame a constitution which the Czar will swear to observe. Meanwhile the situation presented in Siberia is extraordinary. From the Far Mountains to Lake Baikal the Trans-Siberian Railway is wholly in the hands of revolutionists. The railway encircling the southern coast of Lake Baikal is out of repair and cannot be used, and the only method of crossing that body of water, now frozen hard, is by sledges, and all of the sledges are in the hands of the rebels, who control the western shores. It is impracticable, therefore, for the huge army under General LITVINOV to leave Manchuria, and, apparently, its only means of communication with St. Petersburg is by cable from Chinese or Japanese ports.

In view of the misadventure of three American battle-ships in leaving New York which resulted in the grounding of the *Kearsarge* and the *Kearsarge*, and the ramming of the former by the *Alabama*, it is proper to point out that such mischances are not confined to our navy. The statistics of casualties in the British navy during 1904 have just been officially issued. In that year in the British service forty-three persons lost their lives and thirty-six were injured. Eleven persons were drowned when the submarine *U-1* was sunk by the *Breusick Castle*. Eighteen battle-ships, twenty-two cruisers, and sixty-seven torpedo-boats and destroyers are mentioned in the accidents of the year. One of the destroyers, the *Viper*, was exceptionally unfortunate, having four casualties. The causes of collisions are given as "inexperience of lieutenant in command" and "errors of judgment" on the part of lieutenants or sub-lieutenants. It is noteworthy that there are few records of punishment.

Mr. CHARLES T. YERKES, who died last month, left behind him much money and many rare treasures of art. By his will he provided that both—all his art collections and nearly all his fortune—should eventually come into possession of the people of the city of New York. His great house on Fifth Avenue with the art collections it contains he left to his wife during her lifetime. At her death (or before, if she so elects) the house and its contents are to pass to five trustees (one designated by the Mayor of New York and four by the Metropolitan Museum of Art), to be maintained as the Yerkes Galleries—a public museum. For its maintenance a fund of \$750,000 is provided. The residuary estate after payments of various legacies is supposed to amount to eight or ten million dollars. The testator's wife receives the income of one-half of it for life, and each of his two children the income of one-fourth of it for life. Eventually all this estate is to be devoted to the building and maintenance of a great public hospital in the Bronx, to be known as the Yerkes Hospital. So the bulk of Mr. YERKES's acquisitions are eventually to be returned to the people. The art gallery which is to bear his name is placed where the most people from the widest area of our country can enjoy it. The prospective hospital will chiefly benefit the metropolitan locality in which it will stand. It will be, however, a magnificent charity, and so placed as to be enormously useful. The Bronx, being practically a new city, is a great field, actual and prospective, for a great hospital. We trust that Mr. YERKES's will will stand and be executed.

There is to be a heartier effort than usual this year to induce Congress to abolish the tariff on art. As usual the American painters and sculptors, who are supposed to profit by the protection which the tariff gives their work, are the ones who are making the most effort to have that protection abolished. At a meeting of the League for Political Education held in New York in November the removal of the duty was urged by CARL BERRIN, the sculptor, and by CARROLL BROWN and KEVIN COX for the painters. At the January meeting of the Architectural League last week in New York the topic was the elimination of the art tariff. Mr. R. W. GLUCK, and Mr. COX again, being speakers. What is to be said on the subject is easily said. The main argument in Congress against the removal of the duty has been that pictures and objects of art are luxuries of the rich and ought certainly to pay duty as long as the necessities of the poor were taxed in that way. It can be argued on the plainest grounds that of all the luxuries brought into the country, objects of art are the ones most likely to become in time the luxuries of the poor. The jewels and fine reindeer and most other things that solvent folk import are for their own use, but the works of art that the rich collectors bring in tend to drift steadily into public galleries. The newest example of that tendency is Mr. YERKES's disposition of his art treasures. But there is also the FURBER collection waiting acceptance by the regents of the Smithsonian Institution (who are unaccountably slow to take it), and Mrs. GARDNER's famous collection in Boston, bound in the same direction unless our exasperating tariff heads it off. And other great collections are tending the same way. Their owners are eager to make them the luxuries of the poor. The truth seems to be, and Congress might as well

recognize it, that the great collectors, as a rule, would rather leave these collections in such a way that they will be kept together than have them sold and scattered, or divided up among heirs. And the only way to secure the preservation of a collection as a collection is to bequest it to the public.

A Representative from Texas of the name of SHARFMAN made a leap to the grand stand of fame last week by offering a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of the House to investigate the "recent violent expulsion of an American mother from the White House offices and grounds by executive officials and employees while she was seeking an audience with the President of the United States." Mr. SHARFMAN made the following statement concerning the resolution:

I introduce this resolution in the name of American motherhood and American womanhood. The occurrence which is the cause of this resolution was a violation of every sentiment that glorifies American manhood and American civility. The brutal treatment of this lady, who was but acting within her rights, seems to me to be outrageous and indefensible. The American Congress ought not to permit the matter to rest without the most thorough and searching investigation. It involves the most sacred element of American life, the respect and reverence which every true American citizen accords the American woman and especially the American mother. When the President of the United States with all the glamour of his great office steps into the presence of an American mother he is in the presence of his superior.

The facts are these: A woman, whose name we are happy to have forgotten, went to the White House and demanded an audience with the President. Replying to Assistant-Secretary BARKES, she said she wished to see him about reinstating her husband, who had been discharged from one of the departmentments. Mr. BARKES told her that the President could not grant an interview respecting an individual case of that nature and suggested that she call upon the head of that department. Whereupon she plunked herself down upon a chair with an emphatic thud and vowed that she would see the President and would not leave until she had. Mr. BARKES tried to persuade her to go, but she wouldn't budge. Finally he told her that if she persisted it would be necessary to have her removed by force. Then she got mad and screamed, and the attendant policemen took her away shrieking like all possessed.

That is the American Mother to whose rescue the gallant Texan springs. Unfortunately for the establishment of a principle of executive administration by Act of Congress, the resolution is less explicit than we should like. What does the Congressman mean by "American"? Would he restrict the privilege of interruption to United States Mothers, or take in Canadians, Mexicans, Venezuelans, Porto-Ricenses, Filipinos, and colored nannies, so they brought with them evidence of their distaste for race suicide? And need they be mothers at all? How about old maids and married maidens who have only hopes? Everybody will agree with the Congressman that it is wrong to violate every sentiment that glorifies American manhood and American civility and upset the most sacred element of American life. But where, if anywhere, shall we draw the line? Are all or only a part of our females the superiors of the President of the United States, despite the glamour of his great office? It is a timely inquiry and should be included in the resolution. Otherwise the President will never know whether he must appear when called by any one of seventy millions or of only twenty millions of ladies who have relatives to look after. We commend this phase of the subject to the careful consideration of the happily named SHARFMAN. Meanwhile, he needn't worry. A great many of us, including the President himself and even the awful BARKES, have had American mothers, and will see to it that they have adequate protection while the Congressional investigation proceeds. That is, we will divide the work. The rest of us will look after the American mothers who stay at home and darn socks and spank the babies, if the flower of Texan civility will attend to those who go crowding around the White House.

At the examination of Mr. H. H. ROGERS on January 8, in the Standard Oil inquiry conducted by Attorney-General

HADLEY, of Missouri, before Commissioner SANBORN, Mr. ROGERS had barely begun his testimony when a sudden and startling explosion brought every one except the witness up-standing and filled the room with blinding smoke. Mr. ROGERS, who has asthma and cannot stand smoke, retired, and the hearing was adjourned until afternoon. The photograph taken by the flash-light was proudly published on the first page of the *New York American* the next morning. Is not this an interesting example of the power of the press? A newspaper sends its agent to a judicial proceeding. The agent insults all present and breaks up the hearing. The responsible representative of authority meekly submits, and the newspaper agent having captured the scalp he was sent to secure, carries it to his employer, who exhibits it the next morning. Nobody was hurt except Decency, but was not Decency outrageously mauled?

Major JOHN C. HEMPHILL gently chides us, in the *Charlotte News and Courier*, for printing in the *North American Review* Mr. HENRY JAMES's philosophical observations upon American customs and appearances. He regards them as too bewilderingly—shall we say bewilderingly?—yet—too bewilderingly intricate for the average understanding, and quotes as an example the following graphic picture of the interior of a New York club-house:

This diffuse vagueness of separation between apartments, between hall and room, between one room and another, between the one you are in and the one you are not in, between place of passage and place of privacy, is a provocation to despair which the public institution shares impartially with the "luxurious home." To the spirit attuned to a different practice these dispositions not only appear a strange perversion, an extravagant aberration of taste; but I may here touch on them more further than to mark their value for the characterization of manners.

"What in the world," asks Major HEMPHILL, "does this mean?" Fie upon him! He knows quite well what it means. So do we. So does everybody. It is as simple as a b—too simple, in point of fact. Futuristic complexity is what we expect from the master. Take this, for example:

The interesting point, in this connection, is moreover that this particular effect of the scale of things is the only effect that, throughout the land, is not directly adverse to joy. Extent and ordination, the multiplication of common, extraneous items and the continuity of motion are elements that cause there, in general, for fatigue and activity, prompting the earnest observer, overburdened perhaps already a little by his earnestness, to the reflection that the country is too large for any human consciousness; that it can secure in the scheme of Providence have been meant to be dealt with as we are trying, perhaps all in vain, to deal with it, and that its very possibilities of population themselves cause one to wince in the light of the question of intercourse and contact.

Major HEMPHILL may not grasp the full significance of this delicate shading at a glance, but a second or third reading will fetch out the inherent pallidness in dazzling vividness. In a word, the *Nash* hit the nail squarely on the head when it remarked the other day that every sentence from Mr. JAMES's pen is intelligible to those who understand it. The sole requisite of others is enlargement of the lump of infinite comprehension.

The Rev. Dr. PARMESTER promptly and emphatically swears General BINGHAM, the new Police Commissioner, because he uses cuss words. That is the good Doctor's privilege, and he wouldn't be the good Doctor if he failed to avail himself of it. But there are people who think it is enough to make anybody swear to be appointed Police Commissioner of this town. It is a thankless job. There are so many cooks, for one thing. To say nothing of the various argus-eyed societies for the promotion or prevention of this, that, and the other, each strenuous newspaper has its own theory of the way the department should be managed. One wants much leading of the people, another none, and they pounce away at their respective hobbies with powerful double leads and powerful potent cartoons till one's head aches. Mr. McADAMS tried to oblige them all, but succeeded only in giving an even administration—so he had to go. General BINGHAM is a new hand, and even the good Doctor should give him a chance. All the people really want is honest, intelligent management of a very trying lot of pretty fair men. Let the good Doctor furnish that and, even though in the doing he shall add a few feelings by an occasional cuss word, nobody will send a continental dam.

The General's father, the Rev. Dr. JOEL FOOTE BINGHAM, of Hartford, denies the possibility that the General swears. His son, he declares, is a man of established piety and religious deportment. He has known him a long time and intimately, and he never heard him use a bad word. Dr. BINGHAM thinks the newspaper reporters have wickedly interpolated expletives and rash language into the General's talk. Perhaps they have. Newspaper reporters occasionally take awful liberties with official speech; still, we suspect they are more reliable judges of General BINGHAM's current style of talk than his revered father is. Moreover, all that the Rev. Dr. BINGHAM knows and rehearses about his son is not necessarily incompatible with the General's use of expletives. Ministers rarely use cuss words, but a good many truly pious laymen do. Sometimes you have to swear to get results, as in the case of mules in the Welsh mines. In the great revival in Wales a year or more ago nearly all the miners were converted, but the mules remained unregenerate, and when the converted mine-drivers gave up the application of hard language to the mules, the mules quit working. How it finally came out we never heard.

Every one who has come to a reasonable maturity must have had opportunity to observe for himself how great is the loss to society when a first-rate man dies prematurely. If he leaves a family, he leaves it bereft of his care and his training and exposed to perils from which he might have shielded it. If he leaves no family, there is the incalculable loss of the children he might have had. Some fatherless families turn out well in spite of their handicap, but the unregenerate families of dead fathers are a total loss. What our country, North and South, suffered from the decimation of its very best stock in the civil war cannot be computed. It can only be lamented. The mere numerical loss of population was nothing, for it was promptly made up. The loss that counted was the loss of quality.

On this tendency of war to waste the indispensable best blood of nations President DAVID SEAR JOHNSON bases a very interesting argument in favor of peace. He has hopes that the present century will see the permanent establishment of peace for mankind. The perils of peace to nations he makes nothing of as compared with the perils of war. His argument is all biological. So-called "decadent" nations are worse off, he declares, than nations that the best stock has been killed out of, leaving the perpetuation of the race to inferior individuals. He maintains that neither adversity nor luxury destroys a race; and that generation true to the type will follow generation, unless the best individuals are killed off. Greece, he says, died because the men who made her glory had all passed away and left none of their kin, and therefore none of their kind. Rome fell because of the extinction of her best, especially by MARCUS and CINNA and by SULLA. After two hundred years of peace, in which there had been no slaughter of the brave and strong, Japan's military prowess revealed itself unimpaired. No wonder: for her best had been left alive. The peaceful struggle for existence, Dr. JOHNSON thinks, puts a premium on the virile virtues. The best men get ahead in time of peace; the idle, weak, and dissipated go to the wall. "Other things being equal," he says, "the nation which has known the best of war is the one most likely to develop 'the strong battalions' with whom victory must rest."

Dr. JOHNSON's biological reasoning is interesting. Protracted peace is a factor of enormous importance to the prosperity of any nation. No reflecting person can doubt that. Any one who does doubt it can get an expert opinion on the subject from Count WITTE. But it is not the only factor. Just as bad conditions make another. Wars can only come when the conditions that lead to wars find some other cure. So long as business is war, and is conducted on the theory that it is necessary to kill now no law except purchased legislation, the seeds of battles are being sown. The nations are getting more sane. They are very cautious already about getting into fights, and wiser than they were to realize that it is a very rare war indeed that is worth even to the winner, what it costs. But wars can end entirely only by the triumph of kind and a fair chance for all hands under the law.

Where the State Insures Against Death and Against Fire

The suggestion made by President ROOSEVELT in his last annual message, that Congress should consider whether life-insurance companies might not, and should not, be subjected to control by the Federal government, raised, of course, two questions. First, whether such a course would be constitutional, and, secondly, whether it would be expedient. The prevailing opinion among lawyers is that insurance transactions would not be adjudged by the United States Supreme Court to be interstate business, and consequently, could not be controlled by the Federal government under the Interstate Commerce clause of our Constitution. Inasmuch, however, as our highest Federal tribunal has more than once reversed itself, it, conceivably, might take a different view of the matter. Meanwhile, as regards the question of expediency, we naturally desire to learn what has been the practical outcome of a government's attempt to carry on the insurance business. It is, therefore, a timely and useful article which Mr. W. P. REEVES, High Commissioner of New Zealand in England, has contributed to the January number of the *North America Review*. In New Zealand the colonial government issues life-insurance, accident-insurance, and fire-insurance policies. It aims to establish an monopoly in any of the three fields; on the contrary, its three offices compete on equal terms in the open market with private companies engaged in similar transactions. The first experiment made was in the life-insurance business, and we shall here confine ourselves mainly to marking some of its results.

In 1869 an Israelite financier, residing in the colony, Mr. afterward Mr. JULIUS VIGOR, persuaded the New Zealand House of Representatives to vote for a resolution establishing a State Life-Insurance Office. At that time, although several English and Australian life-insurance companies had agencies in the colony, premiums were high, and the colonists were not possessed of sufficient capital to organize strong life-insurance corporations of their own. When the state institution began operations in 1870, no provision was made for the division of profits, the aim of the organizers being limited to the avoidance of losses. Nevertheless, although much lower premiums and fees were charged than those exacted by private companies, profits accrued, and in 1874 a supplemental act was passed prescribing the method of dealing with them. At the end of its first year of life the sum assured by the office slightly exceeded £100,000, and the number of policies of the total amount insured had grown to more than 85,000,000, and the policies in force numbered upwards of forty-four thousand. The government now does nearly half the life-insurance business of the colony. The assets of the life-insurance department aggregated at the date last named a little less than twenty millions of dollars. Of this sum, eighteen per cent. is lent to the New Zealand treasury; more than fifty per cent. is invested in mortgages on freehold property, and the remainder is lent to policy-holders, or on local securities. In the investment of these funds the Life-Insurance Commissioner is subject to control by a board of six persons, by whom any proposed loan must be unanimously sanctioned. It is further provided that no one loan shall exceed fifty thousand dollars, and that no sum lent on mortgage shall exceed three-fifths of the value of the mortgaged freehold. We infer that the lending has been conducted prudently, inasmuch as last year the value of the properties on which the department had to foreclose was only about five thousand dollars. Turning to the details of the insurance business proper, we observe that the New Zealand Government Office will not insure any one life for more than twenty thousand dollars, and that, under certain conditions, its policies are exempt from seizure by creditors in the event of their holders becoming bankrupt. The provision borne by expenses to premium income was in 1894 a little less than sixteen per cent. The total amount paid out since the foundation of the office for death claims and matured endowments has been about \$14,000,000. On the whole, the success of this experiment in government insurance seems to be incontestable, although it was noted in 1901-2 that the state institution's business did not increase as fast as that of two of its private competitors, the Australian Mutual Provident and the National. We have said that no monopoly is attempted, but that general statement requires a slight modification. For about twelve years ago a statute was enacted requiring most of the officers appointed to the New Zealand Civil Service to insure themselves in the government office. Three per cent. is deducted from their salaries for the purpose, in return for which they receive a policy payable at death should they die before the age of sixty. If they outlive that age, the payment takes the form of an annuity.

There is a widespread impression that when a government goes into the insurance business, the funds are apt to drift under the control of politicians. As a matter of fact, this has not proved to be the case in New Zealand. We have seen how expenditures are supervised, and we note further that, with the management of the insurance business proper, there is virtually no ministerial or political interference. The Life-insurance Commissioner is

no mere departmental secretary, with a minister over him; he performs duties strictly defined by statute, and rules his office. Apparently the business methods followed are identical with those of an ordinary private insurance association. As the act establishing an Accident Insurance Office was not passed until 1899, and the government did not go into the fire-insurance business until near the end of 1903, it is too early to say whether these two experiments should be deemed definitely successful, but, according to Mr. REEVES, the prospects of both are encouraging.

Charging What the Traffic Will Bear

THE most recent argument against government rate-making for railways is set forth by Mr. H. T. NEWCOMB in a pamphlet lately published in Washington. The author goes to the root of the matter by expounding the real significance of the phrase, "Charging what the traffic will bear," a phrase which, for no reason or another, seems to have acquired an ill repute. As President A. T. HALEY has pointed out, charging what the traffic will bear is a very different thing from charging what the traffic will not bear. Applied intelligently, the principle adjusts the rates where they can be best borne, and develops a vast amount of business which otherwise could not exist. Mr. W. M. ARWORTHY, the highest English authority on railway economics, testifies in *The Elements of Railway Economics*, a book published in 1903, that charging what the traffic will bear represents, in fact, a principle not of extortion, but of moderation and encouragement. To charge what the traffic can bear is, in other words, not to charge what the traffic cannot bear. The true meaning of the phrase is that, within certain limits—the limit of what any particular traffic can afford to pay, and the limit of what a road can afford to carry it for—railway charges for different categories of traffic are fixed, not according to an estimated cost of service, but, roughly, on the principle of equality of sacrifice on the part of the shippers. No regarded, "what the traffic will bear" is a principle not of rapacity, but of equitable concession to the weaker members of the community. Mr. ARWORTHY suggests that if railway managers in the past had declared that the principle on which they made rates was "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb," their descriptive accuracy would have been equally great, and their popularity might have been greater. Translated into railway language, the principle involved in charging what the traffic will bear means this: the total railway revenue is made up, first, of rates which, in the case of traffic unable to bear a high rate, are so low as to cover hardly more than actual out-of-pocket expenses; secondly, of rates which, in the case of medium-class traffic, cover both out-of-pocket expenses and a proportionate part of the unapportioned cost; and, finally, of rates, which, in the case of high-class traffic, after covering that traffic's own out-of-pocket expenses, leave a large and disproportionate surplus available as a contribution towards the unapportioned expenses of the low-class traffic, which such traffic itself could not afford to bear.

It is well known that government rate-making has been tried in various countries, as, for instance, England, Canada, and Georgia. In the book in which we have just referred Mr. ARWORTHY pronounces it a point of serious practical importance, to be considered in connection with the British railway legislation of 1891 and 1894 (by which Parliament itself undertook to fix railway rates), that this legislation "has done much to prevent any natural and gradual lowering of rates." Under this British legislation a railway company is still free to *hurry rates*, but has ceased to be free to *raise rates*. A manager may desire to lower a rate, hoping thereby to increase his benefit trade; but also, by increasing largely the volume of traffic, to increase his own net earnings. This is only a hope, however. In the nature of the case certainty is not attainable in advance. A prudent manager, therefore, will not, unless his hope is closely allied to certainty, lower a rate when he must face a lawsuit before he can put it up again. Still less will a conference of managers allow one of their number, more sanguine or more foresighted than the rest, to go ahead and make experiments. When Mr. ARWORTHY testified last year before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, he expressed the conviction that the interference of Parliament with railway rate-making had resulted in stereotype and kept rates at an unacceptably high level. It seemed to him that the heart had been taken out of many men.

As to the Dominion government, after operating the Intercolonial Railway for years at a loss, announced last summer an increase of rates ~~and~~ of the line, to the disgust of persons who had assumed that government ownership would necessarily mean lower rates. In 1900 every dollar earned by the road had cost \$1.14 in operating and maintenance alone, nothing being left with which to pay interest on an investment of \$80,000,000. In Georgia the rates on railway traffic ~~criticized~~ by the State are fixed by the State Railroad Commission. What is the result? A merchant in Marietta, Georgia, who ships certain goods to Chattanooga for fifteen cents per hundred, to Knoxville for sixteen cents per

Commemorating the Nation's Birth

By Charles W. Tyler

The coming celebration at Jamestown of the 300th anniversary of America's first permanent white settlement

IN dramatic spectacular effects the coming Jamestown tercentennial at Norfolk, Virginia, bids fair to eclipse all other international expositions, home or foreign, that have gone before it. This is a sweeping statement entirely safe to make even now, with fifteen months still between us and the day of opening. It is a statement, however, that might lead to misconceptions. With the spectacular features of some other expositions in mind, it might give the impression that there was to be at Norfolk a vaster aggragation of higher towers, bigger wheels, more garish "pikes," "midways," prismatic fountains, and other standard exposition atomishisms than had ever been got together before.

Nothing could be further from the fact. From all present indications these usual exposition features are to be rather more anticlimactic by their absence than otherwise, at the great event for which Virginia's vigorous tide-water metropolis is preparing with so much energy. It is the Jamestown Exposition itself, not its accessories, that will be spectacular. And yet, again, that is not quite accurate. The exposition feature of the demonstration at Norfolk is to be in the nature of an adjunct, rather than the centre around which all else is to cluster. The act of Congress, passed on the 3d of March last, provides for "celebrating the birth of the American nation, the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the Western Hemisphere, by the holding of an international naval, military, and military celebration in the vicinity of Jamestown, on the waters of Hampton Roads in the State of Virginia." So it is to be a "celebration," not an exposition. Furthermore, it is to be a naval and military celebration. It is in an international naval and military celebration, therefore, that President Roosevelt, in his proclamation of March 20, 1902, invites all the nations of the earth to send their war-ships and their soldiers. There is to be an exposition, to be sure. It promises to be an interesting one, with features peculiar to itself. But it is the second number on the programme. The first is that remarkable assemblage in American waters of foreign war-ships and foreign soldiers.

It does not require an Oriental imagination to picture some of the spectacular possibilities there are in a gathering of this kind. Furthermore, the stage on which the spectacle is to be presented leaves little to be desired. Hampton Roads and adjacent waters



Jamestown Church Tower, built in 1619, destroyed during Bacon's Rebellion, 1675, rebuilt, and burned again in 1892

afford a setting for marine moving-pictures on a large scale, such as is hardly to be matched elsewhere in the world. Even under normal conditions on a clear night there is a suggestion of a sort of vast, widely diffused Venice in the approach, from seaward, to that group of cities on the floods of which Norfolk is the chief, and in which Old Point Comfort is the gateway. One sees a bewildering mass of longshore lights. They glitter here, there, and everywhere, blazing in groups of side-arm like constellations, twinkling in clusters, fading to broad bands of electric glow far down on the horizon. And all of them somehow seem to be a part of one vast whole in the deceptive darkness—all strung together in some curious way on an intricately tangled chain of other lights which apparently links them all together. In the group of Hampton Roads cities and towns—Old Point, Newport News, Hampton, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkeley, and all the rest—there are probably not more than 250,000 or 300,000 inhabitants. Yet the centres of population are so spread about, and their lights so brilliantly reflected in the broad reaches of water, that the impression conveyed by night is of some all but limitless metropolis floating on the waves.

Now if into the midst of all this some seventy-five or more hundred war-ships are thrust, all of them illuminated, their many-colored night signals flashing, the dazzling bars of their searchlights weaving checker-board effects with each other; the waters all about them seething with the lights of other ships; and, back of it all, the vast acres of brilliant electric illumination on the exposition grounds properly—try to picture this and you may get some idea of what Hampton Roads will look like by night when the tercentennial celebration of the birth of the American nation is once in full swing. It will at least be believed, with such a scene in mind, that the celebration and its accompanying international exposition will not leave to depend upon side-shows for its supply of the spectacular.

But that is only one glimpse of the great show. It is to be borne in mind that the foreign soldiery as well as the foreign war-ships have been invited to attend. Our own military will be represented by large detachments from all branches of the regular army service, as well as by militia from all the States of the Union, at least as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and probably from the Pacific coast States as well. England entered heartily into the



The first custom-house in America, at Yorktown, Virginia, now a Negro Schoolhouse



The Arson House, Yorktown, Virginia, Headquarters of the British Officers under Lord Cornwallis



General View of the Executions being made on the Site of the Jamestown Settlement

spirit of the celebration from the start. The event that is commemorated in one which goes far back into the days when our history on the American continent was England's history. Over a century and a half elapsed between the settlement of Jamestown and the time when England and England's American colonies came to the parting of the ways. The history that Captain John Smith and his party made in 1607 was history of vast moment in England's colonial development. The late General Fitzhugh Lee, who did in very fact give up his life in working to make the Jamestown celebration a success, was in receipt of scores of enthusiastic letters from England promising hearty cooperation on the part of the mother country. The Honorable Harry St. George Tucker, who succeeded General Lee as President of the Association, was received in England with much cordiality. He was met more than half-way in sympathy with the cause he represented. England has not only accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to take part, but has promised to send a naval representation worthy of Great Britain's tremendous sea power. In addition to that, she has promised to send representative detachments from all branches of her military service, including, among others, the famous Gordon Highlanders regiment. France, Germany, and Italy are also pledged to send war-ships and soldiers—not merely marines, the sea soldiers, but detachments from the regular armies. Austria will send a fleet. The traditions of the empire prevent the sending

of soldiers out of the country on such an errand. Japan's splendid navy will be represented by a squadron of her finest war-ships under the personal command of the world-famous Admiral Togo. There will be a detachment of Japanese soldiers under the command of the so less famous General Oyama. There are armies not to be left out of the reckoning among the South-American republics. Brazil, Argentina, and Peru will be represented by the best of the war craft they have aboard.

But, as mentioned above, the soldiers are not alone to figure in the spectacular war pictures the celebration will present. The soldiers, as well, are to have their linings. The enthusiasm and the interest they will stir will hardly be less than the men and the ships of the armies will awaken. The spectacle of English, French, German, Italian, Japanese, American, and probably the soldiers of still other countries maneuvering on the same parade-ground will be one to be seen not more than once in a lifetime, if, indeed, its like is ever seen again.

That parade-ground is to be one of the striking features of the exposition. It covers an area of forty acres. The buildings of the States are to form a vast semicircle around it. From each one of them its ex-

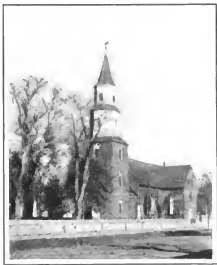
tire length and breadth will be visible. Its base will be the exposition's sea approach. This is a great lagoon, or walked-in harbor, 700 feet wide by 1000 in length, opening out into Hampton Roads through the arch of a high bridge under which steamers will pass to and from the lagoon landings in the exposition enclosure. The soldiers from the different foreign countries will lead here and will be provided for in quarters about the grounds. A wide deep fringe of apple-trees, which at the opening of the exposition in the spring will be in full bloom, will form a beautiful border about this green-turfed parade. Over 300 of these trees, fully matured and healthy, have already been taken up and transplanted for this purpose. The roots and clumps of dirt that were lifted out of the earth with some of these superb trees, and transported bodily with them to the places for which they were destined, measured, in some instances, twenty and thirty feet in diameter.

Thus the kaleidoscopic colors of the military trappings, foreign and domestic, which will be flashed all over the vast parade-grounds when the international competitive drills and general polyglot soldier parades are in progress are to be fringed all about with a gay border of apple blossoms. Flowers, indeed, are to be a strong point in the decoration of the exposition grounds. The entire area of 200 acres is to be surrounded by a wire fence seven feet high, and this fence throughout all its length is to be woven

into a mass of Virginia creepers and brilliant rambling roses. The site selected for the exposition has this distinction over any other exposition site the world has known—it is upon the seashore and yet, in a way, is inland. It is at Sewell's Point. To the eastward between the wide gap that separates Cape Henry from Cape Charles there is the full sweep of the wide and wandering sea—the broad Atlantic. To the northward and westward through Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads the grounds command a reach of something like 100 square miles of protected harbor way. Directly opposite and across the Roads is the point where the storm-tossed Jamestown settlers found their first haven after their dreary four months' voyage, and which they named Point Comfort—old Point Comfort we call it now, and associate it with big summer and winter resort hotels, just as we do Virginia Beach, a few miles to the southward and on the open sea. The exposition grounds will have just about an even mile of frontage on this wide stretch of salt water. It is a dead-level tract, for the most part, elevated about ten feet above the water at high tide. Tall pines, water-oaks, hickory live oaks, willows, tulip, poplar, and loblolly and red gum-trees are scattered



The Point in which Pocahontas was Baptized, viewed from Jamestown to Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg



Bruton Parish Church at Williamsburg, Virginia, where the early Colonial Governors worshipped

profusely over the grounds. They are being used to much advantage in a decorative way by the landscape engineers now at work. Trees from other lands are being brought in to heighten the effect—the flowering acacia from Asia Minor, the native cypress, magnolia, the Texas umbrella, the fig-tree, the paper-umbrella, and many others.

It is in the spring, when the Virginia foliage is at its best, that the exposition will open. The Jamestown settlers did not land on the low, dreary peninsula, thirty-five miles up the James River from Norfolk, which they selected for their home, until May 13, 1607. But there is a reason for not deferring the opening of the exposition until this time in May. While what is now the island of Jamestown, and was then the peninsula, was not occupied by the English colonists until the date mentioned, the first actual landing was made at Cape Henry. The time of this landing was April 26. On April 26 the great celebration will be officially opened. May 13 is to be made the date of the first of the long series of spectacular naval and military demonstrations which, at intervals, are to run all through the entire season of the exposition up to the time of its close in the following November.

The general spectacle of the presence in Hampton Roads of this new armada of war-vessels, representing all the great naval powers of the world, would seem to be almost enough in and of itself to guarantee the success of any international exposition. No exposition of the past has had any one attraction quite so striking. Several of the foreign nations interested have promised long stays for their respective squadrons. Our own cruisers and battle-ships will remain in strong force during all of the exposition season. In this connection it may be mentioned that, with the new cruisers, battle-ships, and torpedo-boats coming out in the interval, the strength of the American Navy will be nearly double in 1907 what it was a year ago. One of our rear-admirals recently estimated that there should be present in Hampton Roads, at all times during the exposition, United States war-vessels representing a cost of from \$130,000,000 to \$200,000,000. At no time during the exposition will any of the foreign nations taking part in the celebration be unrepresented. They will, all of them, from April until November, have at least one or two war-vessels on duty at Hampton Roads. It is going to be one of the greatest events in international military and naval festivities and festivity that there is on record. What will be the resolution of our army and navy officers, who are to bear the heat and burden of the day during all that devastating ladder campaign, after it is over? Another matter. Congress has appropriated \$250,000 for this and other features of the army and navy participation, but the government entertainment money will be only a drop in the bucket compared with the amount that will be spent in seeing to it that the officers and men of the foreign fleets and military detachments have a good time while they are on our shores. Virginia has never been accused of lack of hospitality, and Virginia hospitality will be on its mettle. The wave of entertainments will overflow the boundaries of Hampton Roads. It will reach Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore. Philadelphia and New York will get a touch of it. The cities of the whole Atlantic seaboard, from the Virginia Capes to Sandy Hook, even included, in a word, in heart into a sort of glitter of gold lace and brass buttons.

Thus far but few of the special navy and army programmes

events have been fully determined upon. In fact only two are definitely settled. Directly in front and in plain view of the exposition grounds occurred the civil-war duel between the *Monitor* and the *Verrill*. In the very water where it took place, this battle, which revolutionized naval warfare, will be repeated. Among the spectators will be scores of descendants of those two historical craft. They will see their two grim old armor-clad fighters wrapped in smoke and roaring their thunder at each other in a repetition of all the smash and crash of that deadly contest which was destined to put wooden craft as completely in the back number class of war vessels as are the ancient triremes. In the towering masses of the floating fortresses of steel that will hover all about them, the moderns themselves will hardly be able to recognize their own offspring. But the huge modern battle-ships and armored cruisers will be the literal descendants of the *Monitor* and *Verrill* just the same. Dating from that battle the age of wood in naval architecture was swept into historical twilight and the dawn of the age of iron and steel came at one stride.

The old civil-war monitors in possession of the national government were not long ago consigned to the scrap-heap. Only one was saved. This was the *Verrill*. The *Verrill* was spared in the general execution. But it was only a reprieve—a reprieve granted solely that she might take part in this reproduction of the *Monitor-Verrill* duel in Hampton Roads next year. That will be the old-time monitor's positively last appearance on any stage. At the Jamestown celebration the honored old craft will make her final bow to the world and to the country she once served so well. With the vanishing of the footlights and search-lights of the great Tercentennial spectacle the last of the civil-war monitors will vanish behind the scenes forever—vanish on those very waters where once in her presence seemed to pivot the question of a country united or a country rent in ruinous separation. It hardly seems high-flown to conceive a dramatic fitness of place and time in such an exit—a place where the waters, as gallant Pittsburgh Lee said, are deep enough to drown all nationalities a time when the people of a united country, with all the nations of the world looking on and quietly sharing in the event, are assembled to commemorate the beginning of all things in the country's history. This gathering of all the States in old Virginia, brought together in a common sentiment of patriotism to celebrate the founding of the first of the English-speaking colonies, was a feature of the Jamestown celebration that appealed strongly to General Lee. It was in that connection that he always spoke of the waters of Hampton Roads as being deep enough to drown all bitter memories of sectionalism in our country, as well as broad enough to float all the navies of the world. Upon the sentimental value of this idea in intensifying patriotism, and upon the practical value to our militia of being brought in contact with the soldiers of our own regular army and with those of the regular armies of other nations, General Lee, in all that he said and wrote about the Jamestown event, put great earnest emphasis.

Besides the *Monitor-Verrill* event, still another and more practical war spectacle has been arranged. This is to be a game in the warfare of to-day. Under the cover of all their guns, our fleet will endeavor to land men on the Sewell's Point shore, while



The old Octagon Fort Powder Magazine at Williamsburg, Virginia



The only Ruins of a Jamestown Raidecrer. The Ambler House, which was destroyed by fire in 1692, was rebuilt, and burned again in 1804

the soldiers of our regular army will endeavor to prevent their doing it. This, of course, will be purely an army and navy affair. For the public it will doubtless be a sight worth seeing. For the men of the navy and the army, and particularly of the State militia, it is hoped that it will be one not without value by way of tactical instruction. There will be many other lessons in military science during the long Hampton Roads campaign, but this at present seems to be the only one definitely formulated.

But the great lesson of all in the Jamestown celebration will be the lesson in American history. It was said above that though the exposition was the second number on the programme there was yet to be an exposition. So there is, and it will be more than anything else an historical exposition. Even the naval display will run into history. Alongside the modern arm-of-war and some of the latest types of modern transatlantic passenger-steamers there will be anchored reproductions of all craft made by man from the earliest ages—triremes, such vessels as brought the Jamestown settlers over in the seventeenth century, the caravels in which Columbus and his followers crossed the sea in the fifteenth century, and so, through the entire range of marine architecture.

American colonial history is to be illustrated in every conceivable way by collections, charts, and maps of all sorts. For that matter the country about Hampton Roads for miles around is strewn with the most impressive landmarks of our country's history to be found anywhere within an area of like size. The colonial era is represented by the old mansions of the James, by many time-stained churches going back to the very days of the Jamestown settlers. The climactic event of the Revolutionary war, the surrender of Cornwallis, occurred in Yorktown, only a few miles away, where the old houses that were there during the siege still stand. And then there is Williamsburg, the second seat of government, and Jamestown Island itself—all close at hand. An electric railroad to be constructed will link all these places up with Norfolk and make them, in a way, part of the historical exhibit of the exposition itself.

It is, in fact, straight to historic Williamsburg that the chain of events which culminated in the pending international event leads back. A high wind and a hard frost set the ball rolling. The high wind blew down the old Powhatan chimney, and the hard

(Continued on page 109.)



John Smith's Jamestown Settlement as it appears Today, with Civil-War Fortifications in the Background

The Presidential Election in France

By Ernest Dimnet

Paris, January 5, 1906.

ON November 18 the seventh and last year of M. Loubet's mandate came to an end, and conformably with the Constitution his successor will be elected on or before January 18.

The election of a President of the Republic naturally causes considerable excitement in France. The Presidency is the highest object of the politician's ambition, and the election affords the one occasion of knowing approximately which way the main political stream is flowing, as on no other are the Senate and Chamber permitted to convene in congress. Yet it must be noted that the curiosity of seeing who for seven years is to sit in state at the Elysée is the chief cause of the general excitement. In other words, it must be owned that the universal interest proceeds more from a sort of political fallacy and superstition than from a higher and really intellectual motive. A few lines will suffice to prove that there is no paradox in the statement I have just made.

It is an unfortunate fact that the President's power is very limited, and by no means to be compared with that of the President of the United States. The French President is supposed, like the head of every other country with a parliamentary constitution, to act as a counterweight to the legislative power, as well as to execute its decisions. But in reality the President never votes a law. The one instance of an attempt to do so was the refusal by President MacMahon, on May 10, 1877, to endorse an act against the descendants of the old reigning houses. It cost him his position. The Chamber vetoed his veto and the country supported the rebellious Parliament. The plain fact is that the Chamber is the one all-powerful organ of government in France. The Senate hardly ever modifies a bill drawn up by the Lower Assembly, and President after President is content with signing what is offered for his approval. It might be said that the President has indirectly some influence on the trend of politics, as he chooses the ministers. But this too is only semblance. The President does not choose the ministers; he only commissions possible Premiers to choose them from members of Parliament agreeable for the moment to their brethren.

The process is very simple. The future Prime Minister, summoned by the President, draws a list of the names to be included in his government and submits it to the leaders of the various "groups" of the Chamber. The latter give him their opinion of each minister-elect in succession, and from their decision he gathers whether his majority will be sufficient or not, and accepts or declines office in consequence. So the ministers are, after all, chosen by the Chamber and not by the President. In fact, President Loubet has known during his seven years' tenure Premiers as different as M.M. Méline, Bourgeois, Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, and Rouvier. Consequently we do not commit ourselves very much by saying that the President's election will have little effect on the course of political events. The real interest of the election lies in the tendencies it will denote in the Chamber and Senate.

The most interesting candidature is that of M. Doumer. This gentleman is little more than fifty years old, and seems to possess in a high degree what is called the political temperament. An altogether self-made and self-taught man, he was in Parliament

before his fortieth year, and soon made his mark as a specialist on finance. Endowed with extraordinary energy, he, in a few years, thought Parliament humdrum, and got the appointment of Governor of Indochina. He remained there five years, during which time his activity had free play and he could assert his taste for responsibilities and independence. In the Chamber he had been an anti-clerical opposed to M. Méline, and a bustling freemason. In Asia his ideas on religious affairs seemed to cool down, and he was disappointed of M. Combes's violent policy that he returned in Europe on purpose to fight it. He had not resumed his seat many weeks before it was evident to all that he had come back with far-reaching views, and thought of nothing short of the highest rank. He made the most of the delation affair, seceded from the Freemasons, was excommunicated by his lodge, and almost at the same time succeeded in obtaining the presidency of the Chamber, which election soon brought the complete defeat of M. Combes. Since then M. Doumer has been regarded as the champion of the comparatively moderate views of M. Rouvier—that is to say, he is a patriot, a militarist, and an anti-socialist, and his election would mean that M. Jaurès and his socialist friends were steadily losing ground. About January 10 he will stand for the presidency of the Chamber—an election renewed every year—and his success or failure will foreshadow the issue of the more important election coming a week later.

For a long time it was thought that his chief opponent would be no less a person than M. Combes himself. But the ex-Premier has no doubt made up his mind that his failure as Prime Minister is too fresh in the memories of electors, and he now will support M. Fallières, the present president of the Senate. Whoever has seen this gentleman in the chair of the Senate cannot have thought much of his appearance. He is about sixty-five, but he looks older, and seems hardly less sleepy when he stands, big, round-shouldered, and ungainly, to read some text, than when he sits, turning a weary ear to the dreary drone of the Upper House. With no exceptional talents, M. Fallières has had a very smooth career, getting office before he was forty, and being president of the Senate for nearly ten years. He is the regular type of the old-fashioned republican and anti-clerical, and his very lack of energy may help to secure him the votes of the hesitating and timid.

M. Bourgeois seems to me, in spite of all that is heard to the contrary, a very possible President. A few years ago he lost his wife and daughter, and since then he has kept aloof from politics, indulging his passionate taste for music, and living almost in solitude. But he is a man of quite exceptional powers, a clever administrator, a good center, and despite his retirement, no change of government taken place, no difficulty—like that with Germany, for instance—arises, without his name being on all lips. He is and has always been a radical and anti-clerical, with only the programme of his group. He left the Chamber for the Senate only a few months ago, and it is difficult to account for this step without suspecting that he took it in view of the coming election.

The election of the president of the Chamber will make predictions comparatively easy for the reader of these brief notes. If M. Doumer is elected and no distinct mention of M. Bourgeois is made at the time, the chances will be for M. Doumer against M. Fallières.



M. Doumer



M. Bourgeois



M. Fallières

The Three most Prominent Presidential Possibilities in France



Bill's Ride

By Charles A. Selden

THE leading physician of Axo Handle, Idaho, was named, among other things, Bill, which, for the purposes of this chronicle, will suffice.

In the effete East he had an "old college chum," one Jim, who had garnered much of this world's goods, among them a railroad presidency and an income perilously near eight hundred dollars a minute. At about the same time that Jim bought a seat on the New York State Exchange for a paltry \$90,000, Bill blew himself to a new case sent for his office chair, having discovered a balance of seventy-five cents in his favor after ransacking up the year's accounts. Bill read about Jim's seat on the Axo Handle Handle (Bill's being duly noted also in another column, entitled, "Important Local Items"), and thereupon wrote to Jim a letter of congratulation, adding that he would like, before death should overtake him, to gaze upon any living creature who made more than \$700 per year. In a few days Jim's answer came, enclosing a railroad pass and a regular "old college chum" invitation to "trick East, freight free," and look things over.

No Bill distributed a liberal advance allowance of pills and powders, brushed his silk hat the right way, and climbed aboard the Eastern train.

The crowning feature of that trip across country came at luncheon-time an hour west of Albany. A porter came through, going from table to table, and calling the doctor by name. When the astonished Bill declared his identity the porter handed him a telegram. If it had come "collected" he would have gladly paid the toll, for the remittance it gave him to receive the message right before all these folks on a train going sixty miles an hour. "By wireless, I suppose," he remarked, trying to look unconcerned, to the man across the table.

Finally he opened it and read: "Leave train at Albany. I'll meet you there with sixty-horse-power car. We'll beat the train down."

The doctor counted the words—seventeen. The wonders of wireless were as nothing. He had grown up with the belief that ten words to a telegram was as fixed as the rule to feed a cold and starve a fever. He counted again, trying to figure how Jim could have eliminated seven words, and had got rid of six of these when the train reached Albany.

Jim was there with his touring-car, and lost no little time in shuffling his friend into it that the hand-shaking, begun in the train-shed, was not ended till the two men had settled back in the tonneau, and before the gurney knew it he was masked, goggled, and enveloped in a fur coat.

"Do we pass the Capital building?" he asked, after the manner of nightbirds, but Jim didn't catch the question.

The chauffeur, obeying instructions previously given, shored the gear-shifting lever over to the top-speed notch, pulled the spark advance around as far as it would go, and threw the throttle wide open. The car began its run down the State with all the speed that the power of sixty wild horses, crowded into four cylinders, was capable of. After a second or so Bill didn't care whether he saw the State House or not. The touring-car was eating up the road, and that was stranger than any sight the doctor had looked forward to. Trees and rocks charged right over the head of the machine, hurled above the head of the chauffeur, cleared the bonnet, and jumped down, miles behind.

"There are the Catskills on the right!" shouted Jim, in his guest's ear.

"Where?"

"Too late now; they were on the right."

At breaks in the road, when

the machine went toward the Hudson, Bill was sure he felt the river flowing right in, over them, and out again. He said so afterward.

Towns hit him in the head. He swallowed villages so fast that he couldn't really tell what they tasted like.

Somewhere ahead he saw the white spire of a country church; the meeting-house itself was, so to speak, huddled down for the instant, so he got the steeple first right through his middle, followed by the rest of the structure.

"I could feel the children of the Sunday-school infant class in the vestry," he explained afterward, "running right through my stomach to catch the trolley."

They overhauled so express-train, and Bill felt ashamed of having ridden on one.

Sugar Loaf fell over toward them, and Bill was so busy dodging the fragments of an imaginary lambside that he didn't see Storm King on the other side when Jim called his attention to it. A little later the machine shot on to a viaduct, and Bill remarked knowingly that they must have reached the famous Poughkeepsie bridge.

"Wrong again," said Jim: "you are seventy-five miles out of the way. This is the Riverside Drive extension. Look quick and you'll see Grant's Tomb."

"Hood," gasped the doctor, "I want to see some of your monuments and public buildings before I go back."

"Show you one of our court-houses, right now."

A swarm of policemen on horses and more on motor-cycles were racing like mad after the touring-car.

Jim asked his private road secretary, who was crouching in the corner, and whose identity or usefulness had not been indicated before, what court jurisdiction they were in.

"Harem, sir. West Side court district begins at 110th Street. It is much better ventilated than Harlem and Coney."

Jim told his chauffeur to keep her at it as far as 110th Street, and then to throw back to the second speed and give the cops a chase.

"I am going to let them arrest us," he explained to the physician. The formality was soon over. Half a dozen members of the automobile squad were in at the capture, and their estimates of the speed at which the offending car had been going ranged all the way from twenty-seven to ninety-three miles an hour. They finally struck an average of forty, and escorted the prisoners to the police station and then to court.

The magistrate called the reporters before him, and lectured very earnestly against fast driving. Of course he said nothing to offend Jim and Bill personally, but he talked severely till one of the reporters broke his pencil and stopped writing.

Then, after ending Jim's name in the Social Register and the Directory of Directors, the judge sharply rebuked the policeman for making an unnecessary arrest, apologized to the prisoners, and dismissed the complaint. He was even courteous enough to ask Jim and Bill to sit on the bench as his guests to study human nature at close range. But there wasn't time for that. Jim explained that he had merely slowed down to thirty-five miles an hour for the arrest, so that his friend from Idaho could get a glimpse of one of the court-houses.

"I thank you, gentlemen: I thank you for your interest in my institutions," replied the grumpy judge.

"Were we really arrested?" asked Bill as they climbed back into the tonneau. "I've never been arrested before in my life."



"If you don't mind a little untidiness"



Half a dozen members of the Automobile Squad were in at the capture

"And never indicted for anything!"

"Why, of course not."

"Well, Bill, you have lived a quiet life. I shall introduce you at the club, if you don't mind a little society, as a friend who has never been indicted."

The repeated claims were not arrested again that day, but in the course of a week of motoring Bill managed to see nearly every police court in town. And everywhere—that is, with one exception—they met with the same courteous treatment. The magistrate who was hostile to them fined Jim \$10, which the secretary paid promptly out of the touring appropriation.

"I don't care for the lot," remarked Jim, "but I'm sorry to have you get such an impression of our judiciary. Even on the bench you'll sometimes find a person who is not a gentleman."

Bill stayed ten days, and if he saw anybody with an income of less than \$7,000,000 a year he didn't know it. He did not meet him socially.

From the rising of the sun on the first day even into the going down of the same on the tenth day, Bill's visit was a multicolored whirl of doings. He missed only two things during that time, and those were the sunrises. From the moment he was permitted to climb into the car and gilded thing Jim called a Louis Case had until he was coaxed out of it toward noon of the next day. Bill was conscious of nothing. He was, however, subconscious of a great deal, and this was made manifest by sudden frenzied leaping from the bed to escape a purple and red touring-car shaped like a champagne bottle, which was driven by a red hick-go with a search-light instead of a head. Then he would say, "By Jinks!" wipe the cold drops from his furrowed brow, stagger back to the Louis Case arrangement and pray for daylight. And all the time Jim was asking him if he wasn't enjoying himself.

One day says Jim to Bill, "Come up to the Mobilignaire Club; I've got a man to see up there—and the air will do you good."

It was the fourth day, and although the amount of good Bill had been done was all-sufficient for his immediate needs, Bill said he would stay by as long as he held together, and up they went. Of course they went in Jim's 90-horse-power Buarawash car. Bill wondered why it wasn't called 90-police-power, because Jim swore it would require an entire precinct even to catch sight of him). For Jim, perhaps, the ride up town didn't amount to much as a performance, but that must have been because he was blasé about seeing people leap nimbly into the air in front of the car, make two turns (three sometimes, although this seemed to be optional), and come down after the machine had passed.

At one point of the way, where Bill thought he saw twenty streets, filled with cars, wagons, and people, coque together at all sorts of angles under a trellis of lofty elevated railway tracks, and which Jim designated as Broadway and thirty-fourth street, there was a slight diversification which caused even Jim to take notice. The car had been going along rather smoothly for a two-wheel-on-the-ground-at-a-time spin, when suddenly there was a slight jar and several bumps were seen to fly about prodigiously, one narrowly missing Bill's head. (Jim looked annoyed for a moment, and, slacking the car's pace, ran alongside a policeman who was engaged in a linguistic contest with a motorman, an impetuous fellow on a drag, and an old lady in spectacles and black bonnet who was wanted to know the latitude and longitude of the City Hall and whether it would be quicker to go this way or the other way.)

"Officer," said Jim, stopping the car so that Bill arose four inches, started forward and then came back with a jar, "if something isn't done to keep the crowds from under licensed motor-cars I'll have to report you to Major Gingham. I wish you'd both around down there and see what it is that makes the driving-chain work so hard."

Bill peered over the side and thought he saw a human hand, sticking out and waving feebly.

"Look, Jim, there's a han—"

"Oh, never mind," replied his dear old chum, with a careless gesture; "whatever it is, the officer will take it out."

The policeman called up a couple of laborers who had been playing the "Battle of Prague" with sledges on a roustabout part of the elevated structure, and with a jerk they lifted the machine and dragged out a slender man with gold rimmed spectacles and a pained beard. He was dusty and somewhat crumpled, and as they laid him on the pavement he muttered, "Maind-id—head of the Road—Rural Free Delivery—Number One," in tones which were supremely pathetic to Bill, who was for jumping out and feeling him to see how many of his bones remained unbroken. But Jim restrained him.

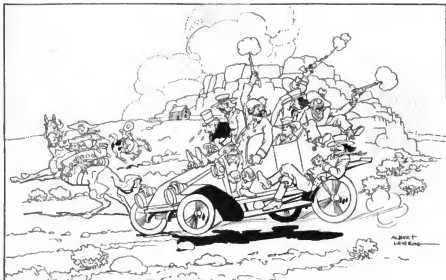
"Ah!" he said, with evident relief as the men let the car down, "only one of those commuters. Officer, something must be done to keep them in New Jersey, save us certain days. We can't have them running loose like this in a modern community. Send that man home and tell him to be more careful. I've lost at least fifteen minutes already." The next thing Bill knew was nothing, because he awoke. When he regained consciousness he was in the Mobilignaire Club, with Jim bending over him saying, "Pull yourself together, old fellow, we're about to start for home."

On the tenth day Jim insisted on giving him a touring-car as a souvenir of his trip.

"Don't be afraid to have one," he insisted. "You can save three



"Don't be afraid to have one"



He took them all for a ride

thousand a year in the expense of operating it by running it yourself and keeping it in the barn instead of in a garage. Think of that, Bill; think of saving \$3000 a year. It's a simple little car, too, only forty horse-power, something I used myself several years ago. Of course it shudders more, and you'll have to look out for the lever, but it doesn't shudder much."

"All right, send it along, Jim; but, I tell you, all Axe Handle will shudder, whether the car does or not."

So Bill went back to Idaho, and the car got there two days later. It was the first machine in Axe Handle, and the whole village turned out to see the doctor make his initial round of calls in it. The village council called a special session just on account of Bill to frame speed-limit laws. A deadlock between the advocates of five miles an hour and the rash members who approved of seven was broken only when the councillors compromised by voting unanimously to exclude motor-cars from the corporate limits altogether as a menace to public health. That vote wasn't rescinded till the doctor had taken every murder to ride in the machine and told them what a fair set of juries New York had.

But the easily terrible difficulty with the council was the least of the doctor's troubles. He felt the need of another practitioner in town, with whom he could be openly at war, but secretly in league. For in saving the three thousand a year by being his own chauffeur, Doctor Bill did have run-over mishaps, and so acquired patients, whose payments for professional attendance didn't match their bills for damages for personal injuries. And, of course, not being a veterinarian, he could get no discount at all after running down a cow.

That old bill against the chair-mender was wiped out completely, and the balance was in favor of the upholsterer after the touring-car became unmanageable one day and lay'd right through the front of the shop.



That thing outside began to perform

But these were trifles, just trifles. One day the touring-car shuddered and shuddered more than ever before.

Bill heard and knew what was about to happen, but could not go to the rescue. He was in a patient's house, with his fingers pressed professionally against the pulse of the richest woman in Axe Handle, the one person who enjoyed being sick more than anybody else in all Owyhee County, and who could pay for the luxury. So what could Bill do? The patient was having the time of her life that day with a new disease she had just read about, and the physician was assuring her that her condition was grave indeed, when that thing outside began to perform.

The vibration increased, the clung-chugging grew into a roar. The lever simply couldn't stand it any longer, but shuddered itself out of place and fell. The clutch caught, there was a rip and a bang, and Jim's simple little gift was off on its own hook to run amok in Axe Handle.

Bill heard the crash of lumber, their shrieks. But it was the hour in which he showed the stuff that was in him. He kept his finger on that pulse until the second-hand of his watch got round to sixty. With a forced calm he put a pink powder in one glass and a white powder in another, and told the women to take one every half-hour. Then and not till then did Bill go forth to see what was left of Axe Handle and to learn the extent of his own ruin. Half of the inhabitants cursed him, the other half yelled to him to hurry to minister to the dying.

It was his busy day. All told, he took 250 stitches in the population of Axe Handle before night; he set legs and arms till the next morning, and promised to pay for a new motor-stone as soon as he got time to attend to it.

But the village wasn't in with its physician. They worked rings for his professional services. The doctor, who had been kicked by a horse that day got free treatment by declaring himself in as a victim of the touring-car. The miller, who had been caught by a bolt in his own grist-mill and carried over the shaft, haughtily ordered Bill to set four or five ribs for him. However, the doctor loathed the deception when the miller became delirious with pain and told the truth.

The touring-car wasn't hurt, but Bill vowed that he never would ride in it again—at any rate, not while visiting the sick. He realized that it was still worth forty horses, and that fast grace and grace in the doctor's imagination till it suggested a scheme that saved him from all his troubles.

While attending the crazy miller he had noticed that the motive-power for the grist business was furnished by just one squawed horse flapping around a circle. And the miller was a rich man. Bill would have forty grist-mills and be forty times as rich. He would lead that wild, death-dealing car into the peaceful paths of commerce and industry. That's just what he did do. He transferred the power from the rear axle to the shaft of a new grist-mill. There was power to spare to saw trees into lumber, and at the harvest-time he did the threshing for all the county.

The other grist mills and sawmills and threshing outfits had to go out of business. Bill became a flouring and lumber-laden. He was the threshing trust. And Jim's next meeting with Bill was when they were both summoned to appear before a Congressional committee at Washington in a proceeding against Jim for giving rebates and against Bill for accepting them. But the evidence was sufficient to convict.



THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT

This year there are two automobile shows in New York, one at Madison Square Garden, the other at the effect. A scenic drop at the back represents a mountain village. The amphitheatre is divided by a Cor



ATIE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Ben Fagman's Army. The surroundings of the show at the Garden are intended to suggest an out-of-door
 scene, with a fountain at the head. The color scheme is green and gold



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The opening scenes introduce the reader to Herbert Buchanan, a man of selfish and repellent nature, and his beautiful wife Beatrice, who has been forced into a mistaken marriage with him because of his money. Beatrice has had, previous to her marriage, a love-affair with a young explorer, Harry Farley, her husband, realizing that she is unhappy with him, and actuated by a malicious jealousy, insists upon her leaving Farley to join a house-party at their country-place, Buchanan Lodge. Farley arrives before dinner, and, during a brief moment together, he and Beatrice discover that it is still of her marriage they are still as deeply in love with each other as they were before.

At dinner that night Buchanan, in the presence of his guests, indignantly refers to the former attachment between his wife and Farley. Shortly after, it becomes apparent to Farley that his presence to the house is ill-advised, and he determines to leave on the following day. Late in the evening Buchanan retires to his study in the house. While he is there the room is entered by a stranger, whom Buchanan accedes in covering with his revolver, something him to disarm. Buchanan recognizes him as an intruder who had previously been warned from the grounds. Late in the evening Buchanan confides to his maid that he has the best of the life he leads. The burglar suggests that Buchanan throw in his lot with him, conceal his identity, and become a bandit.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

IN THE ROOM WHERE THE OLD DAY

BUCHANAN stared at the lean, still figure and the cold eyes across from him for a long time. Then he turned and began to walk up and down. Something subconscious in him, something which was on the watch, warned him before he had moved away, and he took the pistol with his hand as he went. The figure across the table, which had all at once drawn itself up tense and rigid, relaxed again with a little sigh, and the blue eyes fastened themselves upon those calm, imperturbable eyes of Beatrice seated in his shadow, and became fixed there as in a trance.

Buchanan tramped the floor. At times he muttered under his breath, but the words were unintelligible, well might be said. At times his free hand—the hand which did not hold the pistol—waved or beat the air or clenched feverily in some haphazard gesture. Once he halted near the lighted table and made as if to speak, but, after a moment, moved away again to his interminable tramp up and down, and up and down. At last, after it may be, ten minutes of this, he came to a halt beside the other man. His face was white and drawn and his eyes burned strangely. He must have been under very great strain.

"But how?" he demanded, weakly. "How? I—I know nothing of such a life. I should be helpless as a child. It's all very well to dream about and long for, but practically I simply should not be able to get on."

"There," said the man in the armchair, "is where I come in." And again Buchanan stared at him in dull incomprehension.

"Ah!" he said at last, and for another turn or two took up his march.

"Look here!" he said, when he had returned. "Let us talk business for a moment. Believe me, I do not wish to trouble you or to pry into your affairs, but I should like to ask you a few questions. You are, I take it from your mode of entering this room to-night, a professional thief?"

"Yes," said the other man without emotion. He looked up at his host with cold curiosity.

"You come here," Buchanan continued, "in the hope of being able to steal money or valuables which you could convert into money. Therefore money is a consideration to you?"

"Money," said the other man, "is a necessity to me. You underestimate the case." Buchanan waved up impatient hand.

"I have in this room," he said, "safely locked in a safe—

which I fear you would never have discovered, for it is well masked—something over a thousand dollars in money—ten, twenty, and fifty dollar bills. I offer you one thousand dollars to leave this house with me to-night and spend one month in my company tramping the roads, teaching me how to beg my bread, how to live in the open, and how to behave myself when I meet others of my profession."

The hint, still face before him for the first time gave signs of feeling. The feeling appeared to be unmitigated amusement.

"Are you—serious?" demanded the man in the armchair.

Buchanan's white face whitened suddenly, and something like a sob broke from him.

"I wish! do I look as if I were joking?" he cried. "I tell you I can bear this life no longer. I shall find some miserable set-up of exchange and blow my brains out. I do not get away from it all. Don't you understand? Don't you understand? You said, did it. It was that which made me say what I have said. I thought you understood. I thought you felt what I feel."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "I know how you feel, but—but what do you want to tramp for? What do you want to beg for? You could wait until to-morrow and then get together a great deal of money—how much money could you get together—and you could slip away to the other side of the world and live like a prince under another name. For that's what, what do you want to beg for?"

Buchanan turned angrily. "That's my affair!" he said. "In time I may wish to do what you say. For the present I wish to live close down against the earth—unseen, unsmiled, as I have said. Put it that it is a mad whim, if you like. Put it anyhow you wish to. The point is, will you help me for one thousand dollars?"

The other man did not immediately answer. He had lowered his eyes once more, and they seemed to commune with Beatrice, beyond in the shadows. His face was again a mask—expressionless.

"If you require other inducements," said Buchanan, "remember that I am counseling your entrance here as a thief! Some men would have shot you down at once if they had been in my place. Remember that if I pleased I could ring an electric bell now and servants would come and take you in charge, and to-morrow you would be in jail. I do not like," he explained, half apologetically, "to make use of threats, but I am rather desperate. I am ready to use any method which presents itself."

The man in the armchair nodded.

"I am not forgetting that you don't shoot," he said. And all very well he gave a little sigh.

"When do we start?" he asked.

Buchanan's voice choked.

"Now," said the other, "now! What time is it? You differ! I must change first from my clothes. I have them under in that large wardrobe."

He crossed the hall to the wardrobe—a great thing made of solid, polished American pine. And he told the pistol to him, and he proceeded to change from his evening clothes into some worn, shabby, with heavy scuffleable boots.

"This is my sword, as you might say," he explained across the space. "This man is a good American soldier. And he told a few clothes here. It is lucky I do."

He rolled the discarded dress-clothes into a sort of packet, and after a moment's search brought out a small game bag which hung in the wardrobe. Into this he put the garments, and slung the strap over one shoulder.

"I have a fancy," he said, laughing, "to disappear, as it were

into this air, leaving nothing telltale behind me. So I shall carry these clothes away and hide them somewhere—down them."

Next he went to a very beautiful Japanese cabinet, with doors of gilded and painted wood tracery. He opened it and pulled aside a curtain and the door of a safe appeared. He opened this in turn, and took from it a small parcel which was bound with yellow bands. The parcel he put into the pocket of his coat.

"Now we're ready," said he, and came forward once more to the table where the lamp stood and where his visitor sat in the armchair. The man rose.

"How about money for yourself?" he asked. "You can't go quite penniless. At least it would be foolish."

"Oh," said Buchanan, "I have five or six hundred dollars here in my pocket besides your thousand." It is possible that this was just what the other man had wished to know, for the lids drooped over his hard blue eyes for the fraction of a second.

"And afterwards?" he persisted. "What if you should want a large sum—to do as I said, to travel, or something like that? How are you going to get it?"

"Ah!" said Buchanan. "That is worth thinking of." Then, after a moment, he nodded.

"That's all right!" he said. "I know how to manage. I shall be able to get all the money I want. I have a way. Off with us now! Good-bye! must we wait here forever? I'm sick to be gone. Everything here is hideous to me. Off with us!"

The other man regarded him from narrowed eyes.

"You're not going to leave any word?" he said, in an odd tone. "You're going like this without letting them know what has become of you?"

You said you had a wife. Aren't you going to—"

"No, I'm not!" broke in Buchanan, fiercely.

"That's my affair; I'll go as I please. Let 'em think I've died if they like—or anything else."

The blood rushed to his head in a sudden spasm of hatred and bitterness.

"Let 'em think what they like and do what they like!" he cried.

"I'm done with them." His face twisted into its grin of malice.

"For once," he said, sneering, "I shall be of interest in my friends. For the first time—"

What are you smiling about?"

"I was just remembering," said the other man,

"what you said, not long since, about my being a cold-blooded fish. I was just thinking of that."

"That's all." He turned and led the way across to the open window.

Near it he stooped for the pistol that he had dropped there, but Buchanan cried out sharply behind him, and he struggled his shoulders and went on empty-handed.

The two dropped silently out of the window to the turf below and stood there listening. There was no sound save the wind and, presently, the whistle of a train very far away. The night had turned cool, almost chill,

and a strong wind bore in from the sea, driving a rack of clouds overhead, so that the moonlight—the moon was low in the west by this time—came through intermittently in sudden floods of silver.

"There's no one about," said Buchanan, in a whisper. "The gardeners will have gone to bed long since." But as he spoke there came from the darkness beyond them a sound of pattering feet. They wheeled to face the sound, and then Buchanan broke into a nervous, gasping laugh.

"It's only a dog," he explained. "One of the dogs has been left at large."

The beast came to Buchanan's feet, peering and sniffing, and then, with a little whine of recognition, began to jump about him and to lick his hands. It was a great basset, a beautiful animal of preternatural dignity, and for some obscure reason it loved its master. Probably it was the only creature in the world upon whose knee Buchanan could count.

He spoke to it in a low tone, patting its head with his hand, and then sent it away. It went unwillingly, turning back a white head as if it realized that something was wrong.

Then the two men started down the long slope of the gardens, past the artificial pond, with its summer-house and pergola, and so gained the dark shelter of that double row of firs which hemmed the drive. Down by the gates, a full half-mile from the house, they halted and looked about them for moments of exit.

They were, of course, closed, and they were well-nigh impossible to climb, for they were made of vertical iron bars, which broke into an ornamental scroll only at top and bottom.

"This tree will do," said Buchanan, finally. "Up with you!"

A cedar grew almost against the twelve-foot wall, and its lower branches were strong enough to bear a man's weight.

The man with the blue eyes went up and over as nimbly. Buchanan heard the soft thud of his feet as he dropped on the other side, and then

himself made ready to mount. But first he turned and took one last look at Buchanan Lodge.

The great pile lay upon its bright of ground, black and squat and still against the torn sky.

There was no sign of life about it save that, even so the man turned to look, a single light, a tiny pin-point of yellow like a star, broke out in one of the windows,

high up near the rear of the house. The servants were quartered there. In another instant it was gone and the lodge was dark again—a blot of ghoul against the streaked sky.

Some vague pang of fear, of regret, of loneliness, may have awakened in Buchanan at that moment, for he drew a quick sigh, and his face, in the moonlight, was troubled. Then he turned and, as nimbly as his companion had done, mounted to the wall's top and dropped over upon the turf by the roadside.

They went

"Are you serious?" demanded the man in the armchair

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Illustration by Will Co. in

They went

Illustration by Will Co. in

Illustration by Will Co. in

Illustration by Will Co. in

Illustration by Will Co. in

Illustration by Will Co. in

along the road eastward, walking rapidly and in silence for something over a mile, then, beyond the last limits of the Buchanan estate, turned once more towards the sea, and, for another mile, traversed the wind-swept upland which is open and barren there. Fences and low stone walls they had to elude, and thickets of low shrub growth they had to make their way through, but they went silently, without an unnecessary word.

They were bound for Haverford, where they were to take the west-bound local train at five in the morning, but, on the way, they were to stop at a certain abandoned and partly demolished farm-house under the brow of a wood, and near an old stone quarry, where the man with the blue eyes had been making his headquarters. There he was to pick up his scanty kit and Buchanan was to shave off his beard and mustache.

For a long distance, as they traversed that desolate moor, they had to walk in single file along a very narrow footpath which was flanked by high growing thistle and wild raspberry and such. Buchanan, in his experience, walked ahead, it was here that the other man spoke for the first time since they had started.

"When do I get my thousand dollars?" he asked. Buchanan laughed back over his shoulder.

"At the end of the month," he said. "You see, you can trust me, but I'm not altogether sure that I can trust you. You might leave me in the lurch. Yes, I think I'll hold the money for a bit."

To that the other man made no answer. He only plodded on behind his companion. But it may be taken for granted that he was thinking. Indeed, whenever the moonlight broke through that rack of driving cloud Mr. Buchanan might have seen, had he turned his head, that those hard unsmiling eyes were very steadily fixed upon his back (just between the shoulders, and that the man's face was graver than common, grave enough to drown the statement that at last it expressed something.

One may hazard a guess at his thoughts. One may at least risk the opinion that they dwelt upon that thousand dollars. Thousand? No, fifteen hundred—sixteen! Had not Buchanan said that he had five or six hundred for his own use? Sixteen hundred dollars! A sum, that! A sum to one who lives from hand to mouth and always in terror of the law. Sixteen hundred dollars! Sixteen hundred now ready to the hand or—a thousand after a month's absurd tramping about. Which to choose?

The unsmiling eyes never stirred from Buchanan's back, the feet plodded doggedly on in the other man's tracks neither losing



Drawn by Will Gould

His body seemed to crumple into a limp mass, and he went down and lay very still

Again Buchanan laughed. "No, I shouldn't!" said he. "What a fool I'd be, eh?" Just then he stumbled and nearly fell, and said: "The devil! One of my best-hares is untied," he called out. "Wait a bit" and bent forward on one knee to tie it. He had shoved the pistol into a side pocket. Richied him, though he did not see, the other man had stepped a pace closer and both his hands were hidden.

It was just as Buchanan started to rise that the knife caught him under one shoulder-blade—an ill-driven stroke because his back was turning at the time, but deep.

Buchanan coughed and fell forward on his hands and knees. After a moment, with a great struggle he forced himself up again into a crouching posture—then to his feet. The other man stood away.

"I didn't—shoot you when—when I—could have!" said Buchanan, saying. He coughed again, a wet cough this time, and put his hands to his breast as if he suffered pain there. Then all at once his knees gave under him and all his body seemed to crumple into a limp mass and he went down and lay very still.

The other man stood apart. He hid his face with his arms and sobbed with great straining sobs. So it seems that he was capable of emotion, after all. He sobbed for some moments with his face hidden, and once or twice he spoke, but the words were hardly

nor gaining ground, but one hand slipped into the jacket pocket and withdrew a curious knife—a hunting-knife. The other hand slowly and silently opened the blade. It was a long blade—nearly six inches long. Then hand and knife settled back into the pocket together.

They were near the stone quarry by this time, and turned off away from the sea to skirt its precipitous edge. It was an old quarry and long since abandoned. Turf had crept over the ancient cuttings, wherever turf could cling, and little gay flowers and gnarled shrubs had grown up out of the earth-filled crevices. Still the weather-stained rock was for the most part clear, clean, and white under the flashes of moonlight, and down in the depths, a hundred feet or more below ground, pools of water gleamed and wickered.

"A good place for my dress-clothes!" said Buchanan, and, bowing the strap from his shoulder, threw the bag over the edge of the cliff. Some distance below it struck a ledge, for there was a rattle of loose stones, then a tiny dull splash. The pocket had found one of those mirroring pools and was safe from the eye of man.

"You wouldn't care to give me the money now to-night?" said the man who walked behind, gently.

"No, I shouldn't!" said he. "What a fool I'd be, eh?" Just then he stumbled and nearly fell, and said: "The devil! One of my best-hares is untied," he called out. "Wait a bit" and bent forward on one knee to tie it. He had shoved the pistol into a side pocket. Richied him, though he did not see, the other man had stepped a pace closer and both his hands were hidden.

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audible, certainly not coherent. He said something about "in the back, in the back!" and "like a damned coward!" And another time he said: "Decent to me—didn't shoot me when he could have!"

Then, presently, he shook himself violently and took his arms from his face and looked before him—and he shrieked like a frightened animal, for the body of the man he had stabbed was not there.

It was the sound of pebbles and loose earth bounding down the precipice of the quarry that told him what had happened, that the overhanging, half of ground he stood upon was under the body and played with it into those far depths.

He threw himself down and crawled to the edge. There was no more danger now; firm rock was under him. He lay shaking and gasping, and stared down into blackness, waiting for a flash of moonlight. He thought he waited hours. When it came, he saw the sheer walls of rock, it lit those stagnant pools far below. It threw a ghostly silvery sheen upon the shelves near where he lay, but the silent depths were wells of inkly gloom. And they hid their prey—their prey and his.

The moon went under cloud and he waited again, prone, trembling, for he said himself that perhaps the first flash was a false one. Again he thought that he waited for hours. His eyes ached with straining in the dark. A second flash of moonlight came, longer this time, undeniably clear and bright. But those wells of blackness hid their prey. No moonlight could pierce their profundity.

They seemed to the man who lay there staring to mock at him, to defy him. Some cold, intangible horror, something damp and deadly and graveyardish seemed to rack up out of the gulf—seemed to press clamantly against his drawn face—seemed to slip its fingers about his working throat. His teeth began to chatter, and he thought that presently he screamed, but it was only a voiceless gasp.

Then, after a hour, when he had lain for a time shivering, his face flared upward, he stretched his arms toward him, and he made a mighty effort and struggled to his feet, and ran—sneaking and cursing and weeping, through the night. He was not habitually a nervous man, as may have appeared—he was almost

as far from that as a man may be—but on this night fear had him by the heart. Fear unspokenable, coming up like a deadly mist out of that black pit of horror, and he wept like a child and cursed like a madman and bubbled like both together.

He ran as far as the sea cliff, and dropped there with his face to the rushing wind. It seemed to him in his panic that no power of earth or hell could drag him back to the spot where Buchanan lay crushed, with knife wound in the back and sixteen hundred dollars in the pocket of his coat.

Night-birds declined in half an hour he was again hanging over the place—white-faced, shaking, wrestling with naked fear. Another hour and he was still there, sobbing, cursing in the moonlight. Had any watched they must have thought the man a madman.

But when at length dawn came, pallid and gray, bringing a mist of rain, it found as one on the brink of the old quarry. The place was empty and still. Had the man taken his courage between his teeth and descended—on the far side of the excavation the way was easy—or had that grisly terror drives him reviving and crumpled away?

The dawn had no answer. There was no man to be seen. Those rocky gulfs were black even by daylight, so they might still have been guarding their secret—hiding their prey. But no one seemed at all curious about it, for no man ever came there to investigate. Men shunned the place because it looked unwholesome.

In the course of time more rain fell into the pools and more grass grew, and little gray flowers, but no one can bear witness that he ever saw a small lean man with a hard scuffed face and hard blue eyes loitering in the neighborhood or acting as if the quarry interested him.

The man with the blue eyes seemed to have disappeared as effectually as did Herbert Buchanan, of Buchanan Lodge. But while Buchanan's case interested a whole countryside and, through the press, a whole nation, it might reasonably be presumed that the other case would have interested the whole of any.

However, presumptions are at best uncertain and fallible things. It is the unexpressed which works your comedy and your tragedy.

To be Continued.

Fleeting Impressions of Boston

By Sam Davis

Boston, January 10, 1905.

THERE were two things I particularly desired to see in Boston—a chance to inspect Fenell Hall and taste the quality of the baked beans that had made the old town famous throughout the world.

In sitting up the respective grades of interest occupied by these two guides of New England's history, my sensitive stomach gave the loudest call in the direction of the beans, and seeking the best hotel in the city, I found the dining-room with a heart palpitating with expectation. I scanned the elaborate menu, but could not find what I wanted. It seemed as if every dish known to the culinary world was there—all hot beans. I had supposed it would be there conspicuously displayed in bold-faced type, rearing its head proudly above its fellows, but when, after a long search, I found it, I was astonished to discover that it was tucked away in an obscure place, and then merely as a supplemental appendix of another dish. Not "Brown Beans à la Wendell Phillips," but merely "Baked pork, with beans." Even the unimpeachable lobster was linked with the name of Professor Newburg. If I recall aright, and there were "Fried clams à la Victor Hugo." It seemed to me that these great names gave the lobster and the clam a scientific and literary flavor which by all historic right belonged to the bean.

The allusion to Hugo on the menu inspired me with a desire to visit the little house where he wrote his *Les Misérables*, and I gave a colored man a quarter to tell me how to find it.

With a bright smile which reminded me of the late Professor Hermann in his political days, he transferred the coin to his pocket, and with the free hand he pointed to the east.

"Take the Norwoburg car and get off at Washington Street."

I concluded the Norwoburg route must be a sort of temporary trolley-line, and gave up the idea.

My gastronomic idol shattered. I felt back on history, and asked a messenger boy the way to Fenell Hall. He shook his head and passed on, as did several other youngsters in the same uniform. They all gave me the same brand of misinformation as they disappeared around a corner.

I soon ascertained that messenger boys not old enough to vote are not expected to learn Boston in its entirety. The apprentice messenger is only required to locate deftly the hearings in the immediate vicinity of his branch office. They then nurse him and school him along and cozy him into the higher and more complex branches of municipal geography. When he can find his way to his own home after dark without a policeman he is allowed to get out of the kindergarten class. These boys have to live in Boston long enough to get married and raise families before they really know the town. There are streets that run round blocks and overtake themselves, and thoroughfares like a letter S, no distinguishable from lanes which emulate the letter W in its sharp angles.

In looking for any particular number in a hurry you think you are within a few doors of it. A few steps more and you are clear past it. You ask somebody where the meeting-menus have gone to, and he points up a little slot in the side of the street,

which is your hurry you may have mistaken for a side entrance to a saloon, and you find the missing numbers and the houses that have strayed off the main line into that particular cul-de-sac. A tax-assessor working on a percentage would go right past those places and never realize what he was doing.

There is a sociability about the numbers of the streets seldom found outside of Boston. In most cities the odd numbers keep on their own side of the street and expect the even numbers to do the same. In Boston they mix up on even terms, and are cheek by jowl. Nothing unusual about the numbers.

The historic landmarks have the right of way here. When a street hits a historic landmark it shies off to the right and goes around it, and when it strikes another old building where Daniel Webster made a speech or looked somebody or Lloyd Garrison took his first smoke as a boy, it side-steps to the left, and leaves the old building undisturbed in all the pomp and splendor of its ancient associations and revered primordial decay.

The man who conceived the original plan of how Boston should be laid out lost it; and his grandson, finding it up from the depths of an old trunk, utilized it by submitting it to the head of one of the concession bureaus of a world's exposition. He got an exclusive concession, ran it as a labyrinth, and relined a capitalist. The loss of the original plan left the early Boston people to shift for themselves. Hence the lack of uniformity in the municipal map. When you mention this condition of affairs to a resident of Boston he merely remarks: "You should go to Marlborough. If they had the town in Marlborough they'd use it for a race-track."

I attempted to call on Thomas Lawson, and found his place after a hard tussle with the directory and hiring a guide. The door of his office was barricaded with a lot of junk in front, in the shape of iron-work twisted into fantastic shapes. The janitor said that you had to have the signals that would let you in when you tapped on the glass with a pencil. He took a quarter for his tip, and then kindly volunteered the additional information, without further charge, that the combination had been changed the night before, and he would give me the new one as soon as he got wire to it. It was the era of rhetoric, and Lawson, having gone out of politics, was sequestered from the world.

Later in the day I found a restaurant where beans were on the card and I ordered a plate. The waiter gave me a contemptuous look which meant, as plainly as words might say it, "Cheap skate." The beans were so long coming that I think they must have sat out for them.

Again came the keen disappointment. They were about as hard as buckshot and indifferently flavored. In my own home, in Carson City, back in the sage-brush, I have a domestic who doesn't know Boston when she sees the map of Massachusetts, but who could give any one in Boston curls and spasms when it comes to cooking beans.

I do not say this to plant the seeds of pride in her virgin breast, but at the same time it might not be a bad idea for you to send her a marked copy of your article, containing this article, as

(Continued on page 35.)



Maudie Adams and Mildred Morris ("Wandy") in a Scene from "Peter Pan"



Grace Elliston and Edmund Brasse in "The Lion and the Mouse"



Edith Hackett ("W. S. Smith")

Edith Hackett ("W. S. Smith")

William Faversham in a Scene from "The Squaw Man," at Wallack's Theatre

William Faversham is playing the principal part in Edwin Milton Ross's play, "The Squaw Man," which is having a prosperous run at Wallack's Theatre. Mr. Faversham's part is that of "Captain Waverley," an Englishman who assumes the guilt of his cousin, who has embezzled regimental funds, in order to shield his cousin's wife, for whom the Captain bears an honorable love. He comes to America and begins life over as "Jim Carston," a Western ranchman. Here he meets an Indian girl, "Nant-witch," who has saved his life. Not long after, he receives word that his cousin has died, and that he has succeeded in his fight and escape. "Carston" is tempted to return, but refuses for the sake of his Indian wife. He determines to send his young son, however, to England, so that he may be properly educated; whereupon "Nant-witch" kills herself for grief, leaving "Carston" free to return to England, and assume his new title.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

Music And The Opera

A NEW "FAUST" AND "TRISTAN"

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



Tristan. Both endeavors were of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Caruso's mode, perhaps, the more emphatic demand upon popular attention, since it was his first essay in a non-Italian part, and, specifically, in the role of Faust in Gounod's opera. It is not, in any intrinsic sense, an important part, for it possesses, as we know it, through Gounod's amiable perversion of Goethe's original, little of essential substance or emotion; yet it is a part that lies quite beyond Mr. Caruso's powers of realization. It demands, for its adequate embodiment, capabilities in which Mr. Caruso is conspicuously lacking. Faust—especially a Faust singing the French text—must needs persuade through his distinction, his gallantry, his gracefulness of bearing, an essentially facile fervor and gentility; and he must exhibit these qualities, not in their finer corner, but as they are reflected through the medium of Gounod's artificial and tedious music. It need scarcely be insisted upon that Mr. Caruso is unfitted by temperament and experience for the embodiment of such a conception. He is nothing if not Italian, and his impulsiveness is of the most energetic and untransmuted order. He is a superb-singer, an incomparable singer, and a sincere, though extravagant, actor. In certain fundamentally Italian roles—Cassio, Rodolfo, Mario,—he is admirable; but his Faust, at least in its present period of development, is scarcely successful—there are times when it even approaches the grotesque; and although the Faust of Gounod may fail to impress one, he should assuredly not dispose one toward mirth; yet Mr. Caruso, at certain moments, was distinctly amusing. There are passages that he sings delightfully, as only he, to-day, could sing them; but his impersonation, as a whole, is unfinished, tentative, awkward; nor does his voice show, consistently, its most characteristic qualities. What the future may make of his Faust one need not attempt to prophesy; but one seems justified in wishing that Mr. Caruso would devote his energies to expanding his repertoire of purely Italian roles, and leave Faust to other, even if to generally inferior, singers.

Mr. Burgstaller's *Tristan* is a more agreeable subject for comment; yet this impersonation, too, suffers from a defect of temperament and natural capacity. Mr. Burgstaller is an artist of uncommon earnestness, vigor, and sincerity; and his *Tristan*, par-

ticularly in the first act, merits very cordial praise—as, for example, his entrance into Isolde's tent in a moment which tests the histrionic power of the most accomplished actor; the impressive incident of the proffered sword; the drinking of the poison. In the second act he was less good—there there was an overemphasis of action, an awkwardness of pose and gesture. In the tremendous passages of the third act he was extravagant quite beyond justification, and in his singing he succeeded more than once to the appalling difficulties which Wagner has set in the way of those who would interpret this exacting and arduous part. Mr. Burgstaller's impersonation, as a whole, is deficient in knightliness and in heroic stature. It lacks the necessary tragic repression in the earlier scenes of the first act, it lacks plasticity and poetic accent in the ecstatic moments of the second act, and it is still less satisfactory in those final scenes which have overtaken the art of every singer save one—the unforgettable De Reszke. If it be possible, however, for Mr. Burgstaller to learn from Van Dyck something of his histrionic subtlety, and from De Reszke something of his exquisite capacity for emotional modulation, we may some day witness in his *Tristan* an achievement of notable importance.

Mr. David Bispham, who, it is announced, is to appear in abundance on the concert stage for the sake of enriching the world of contemporary operetta, recently brought forth into public view a musical-literary production of somewhat unusual character. It was described, upon the programme of the New York Symphony concert at which Mr. Bispham performed it, as "a musical recitation with orchestra." Ernst von Wildenbruch wrote the text, and Max Schillings, of the New-German school of modernism, contributed the orchestral background. The musical recitation is a form which is capable of yielding excellent results, provided there is a harmonious alliance between literary and musical matter of artistic consequence. A similar production, Richard Strauss's "Knach Arden"—a setting for reciter and piano of Tennyson's poem—suffers from the banality of its literary element; while, on the other hand, an earlier instance, Schumann's setting of "Montfred," does suffer from a questionable service. In the case of "Das Heuziell," the work which Mr. Bispham made known the other day, one would be sorry just to it to decide upon the relative artistic status of the two elements involved. Probably one could not do better than leave it to a somewhat overrated future to say which is the unhappy—Mr. Von Wildenbruch in his musical collaboration, or Mr. Schillings in his poet. It seems a pity that, in view of the existence of a number of admirable achievements in this classic, expressive, and unsharpened form, Mr. Bispham should have been so easily satisfied.



A recent Portrait of David Bispham.
Mr. Bispham has lately been heard in New York in song recitals and with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Correspondence

CORRECTIONS

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., December 25, 1905.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In an editorial of the *WEEKLY* of December 23 you intimate that the press of the country is correct in its assertion that Representative Turner, of New York, is the only one who has been elected to Congress from one State after having been a Representative in Congress from another. I have noticed this statement in many newspapers, but the statement is far from the truth. Without taking the time to investigate, I recall two similar instances—Samuel S. (Samuel) Cox was a Representative in Congress from Ohio, 1857 to 1863, and then removed to New York, and from 1869 to 1882 was a Representative from the State of New York. Samuel Houston, who had the unprecedented distinction of being governor of two States of the Union—Tennessee and Texas—was also a Representative in Congress from Tennessee from 1823 to 1827, and then Senator from the State of Texas, 1846 to 1859. He also served as President of the Republic of Texas, but not its first President, as is sometimes published.

I am, sir,

JOE W. WILLIAMS.

NEW ORLEANS December 26, 1905.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In a recent issue of your magazine you give Louisiana among the other States which have sent exactly the same delegations that represented them in the last House. In this you are mistaken so far as Louisiana is concerned, because Hon. P. Breaux, who represented the Fourth Congressional District of this State in the last Congress, is now succeeded by Judge J. T. Watkins, who was elected in 1898.

I am, sir,

W. O. HART.

HAS NOT DISCOVERED VULCAN

ANN ARBOR, January 1, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—An editorial in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* for October 21, and notes of like import in other periodicals, lead me to remark that the photographs taken with the Lick Observatory interstellar telescopes at Aswan, Egypt, during the recent total solar eclipse have not yet been examined with care. They were shipped from the eclipse station to the Lick Observatory, where, when they arrive, they will doubtless be carefully studied and compared with other photographs of the same region of the sky taken with the same instruments some months earlier, when the sun was in another part of the heavens. Not until such comparisons have been made will it be known whether the photograph is a most precious stock of scientific information. In the mean time I may say that the statement attributing to me the discovery of an interstellar planet—the hypothetical Vulcan—is unauthoritative.

I am, sir,

W. J. HESSART.

CONCERNING ALVARADO

MARICOPPA CITY, January 2, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In a recent *WEEKLY* there appeared a most remarkable article concerning Don Pedro Alvarado, the owner of the Palmilla Mine, near Poreli, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. The article in question is of only about fifteen lines, and contains almost as many inaccurate statements.

In the first place, your remarks as to the condition of the labor class in this country are incorrect. The system of "peonage" to which you refer, whereby laborers are advanced sums of money by their employers and held to servitude until such sums are returned, applies only in the most isolated places where it is extremely difficult to secure and hold labor of any kind, and there principally in the southern part of the country on plantations and not in mining districts. In this rule, the Mexican miner is a most independent individual and well paid, especially in the northern states of the republic, where Mr. Alvarado's mine is located. In that particular district miners easily earn under \$1 Mexican silver per day, and wages will range from that sum to \$2.50 and \$3. When any reduction is attempted by mine managers in the rate of pay for the extraction of ore, the most of the miners promptly quit and leave for other mining camps, where they are sure to obtain remunerative employment. Work in all large mines is practically suspended for two to three days following such pay day—most companies pay twice a month and some others—so nearly all of the workmen, upon receipt of their wages, proceed at once to fill up on "tequila" and do not think of returning to work for at least two days.

Mr. Alvarado was never an ordinary "peon." His father owned the Palmilla Mine, and during his lifetime it was not a bonanza; in fact, barely paid the expenses of development work. However, he had great hopes for the future of the mine, and before his death charged young Pedro to hold the property in his possession at any cost, showing him where the rich ore body which has since made Pedro and the mine famous should be encountered. After his father's death the son toiled for years in poverty, developing the mine along the lines marked out by his worthy parent, and finally struck the rich vein in almost exactly the spot indicated by his father.

To-day Pedro Alvarado has probably \$3,000,000 Mexican silver, and the mine, which is estimated by well-informed mining men to be worth five to eight million dollars, silver. The mine has never

yielded anything like \$30,000 net profits per day. Its present production probably is greater than it ever was in the past, and the reports are that the "Palmilla" is now producing about \$75,000 a week, which very likely is a liberal estimate.

The most remarkable statement, however, in your article is that Alvarado at one time offered to pay the national debt of Mexico, amounting, you say, to \$15,000,000. The bonded debt of the Republic of Mexico is \$154,000,000, gold, and Mr. Alvarado would be pushed to pay the interest on this debt. This report started from your editorial remark made by Alvarado in conversation with some friends, and he really did not make any such offer to the Mexican government.

I take the liberty of writing you at length on this subject because I know that it is your desire to make the pages of the *WEEKLY* as trustworthy as they are brilliant and entertaining, and that you always are glad to have your attention called to any inaccuracies which through misinformation on your part may have crept into your editorials. I have the highest regard for your opinions, and therefore draw to your attention the facts about Mr. Alvarado.

I am, sir,

W. R. STEPHENS.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT

LAFAYETTE, IND. January 2, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In a recent issue of the *WEEKLY*, a paragraph headed "Victims of the Marriage Contract" states that "Historians of the marriage ceremony show that it was not solemnized in church as a religious rite until the time of Pope Innocent III, A.D. 1193, and was not considered a sacrament until 1442."

I would call your attention to the following facts: S. Ignatius, writing to S. Polycarp not later than 115 A.D., says that "it becometh men and women, when they marry, to unite with the consent of the Bishop."

Tertullian, who flourished about 200 A.D. in North Africa, writes of the "happiness of the marriage which the Church confirms, the obligation of continence, and the benediction of priests" (ad uxorem, ii, 9), and in a later treatise (de Pallidit, iv.) speaks of connections "not first professed in the presence of the Church" as not true marriages. Indirect evidence is given to the part the Church took in the ceremony by the Canon of the Council of Laodicea, about 363, which forbids marriages at certain seasons of the Church year.

If this were not sufficient evidence the presence of a distinct service—or portions of the Mass specially appointed for marriages in the early Roman Sacramentaries of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries—would serve as conclusive, while the detailed account of the Western rite as compared with the Eastern given by Pope Nicholas I. in his reply to the Bulgarians in 865, certainly most remove any possible doubt of the Church's position on this most important question in the early days of Christianity.

As early as 1076 an English Canonist, in the absence of a priest a legitimate part of the marriage, seemingly prohibiting in this way any form which did not have the religious rite 122 years before the date given in the paragraph above quoted.

As to the latter statement, "it was not considered a sacrament until 1442," it is enough to show its inaccuracy to say that St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, who died in 430, frequently calls it a sacrament, and that it is one of the seven formally grouped as such by Peter Lombard, who died in 1164.

In view of these facts, which might readily be augmented and multiplied, the custom of blessing the contract of marriage by the Church, and in so doing giving it a new solemnity and sacredness, is of an antiquity far greater than the so-called Dark Ages, and the "institution as we know it to-day" instead of being "500 years old" goes back to the first age of the Church.

I am, sir,

CHARLES SMITH LEWIS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FOOTBALL

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 12, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Does not the present (thoroughly justified) agitation regarding football as now played have itself, in the last essence, upon these two propositions: That (1) the present style of play is too rough; and (2) that the evil of professionalism has grown out of this dangerous game?

Could not the first detail be met by a very heroic increasing of the present "penalties"? If off-side play, holding, etc., now cost the offending side five or ten yards, and under certain circumstances forfeiture of the ball, make these losses twenty or twenty-five yards and forfeiture of the ball. Where a player showing unnecessary roughness in not ruled off the field, increase the penalty against his side by a surrender of the ball (when they hold it) or a loss of forty yards. If such penalties should carry the ball across the goal-line let it count as a "mety" against the team offending.

With such penalties the coaches themselves will see that the evil of "unnecessary roughness" becomes a thing of the past,—and there seems no just cause for believing that officials cannot be found to carry any such rules into full effect.

As to professionalism, why not rule against any player taking part in a game during his first year's residence at any college or university? If those who make professionalism possible had to pay a man's expenses for an entire year before they could make use of him on the gridiron, there would at least be far less of that sort of thing than now prevails.

I am, sir,

WARREN JAMES PAIRIE.

Fleeing Impressions of Boston

(Continued from page 31.)

It might make her feel more contented with her environment (and possibly her wages), and give her a happy New-year (without any further unnecessary expenses to me).

I do not, recollecter the tilted English and polite conversation here that I had been led to expect. People give me ordinary American talk without frills, and baggage-masters and burgomasters use the same brand of profanity and slang that one gets in Nevada. Altogether it has a pleasant and homelike sound.

Calling at a stationery-store this morning, I made purchases amounting to twenty-four cents. To get what I wanted a lady clerk had to rummage some stock in the cellar and then climb two stairadders. Considering that her extra trouble and gymnastic exercise entitled her to something, I produced a quarter, and remarked that she wasn't bother about the change.

My action seemed to astonish a number of people who were there driving bargains at a neighboring counter, and I was soon tracked to my hotel by a man who evidently mistook me for a capitalist. He wanted me to subscribe something to help repair an old schoolhouse in which Miss Standish had made a speech on the privacy of the American ballot. I succeeded in getting rid of him by convincing him that all her surplus capital was now being devoted to dredging the Hudson River for bullet-boxes which had been missing since the last municipal election in New York.

The Devil and His Due

"See down, Miss Mary," said Miss Lucia, snipping her fat red fave with the skirt of a calico dress she was making. "I'm clean beat out. 'Twould be easier winder' the pigs myself than to git Paw tied. He's too lary to make a good target. An' the ain't nuthin' the matter with him now. Not, brestways, sence he got shut of his tumor."

Ever know any man in Chicago named Paw? No? Well, you see Paw had a tumor in his side, big as a bucket. He'd et quarts of pills for it, an' drink morn' a tubful of patent stuff, and plasters—well, my Lord! he'd stuck on enough of them to paper the hull house.

"He seen Paw's advertisement, an' nothin' he would dew but I had to give him five dollars to send to the feller for Christian Science absent treatment. An' if you believe it, that tumor began to git down. Well, then I give him three dollars for the second week. Paw wrote he was a poor man an' the feller let down on his price. Paw tied, fur he had fifty dollars in the bank an' no debts."

"Well, after the second week the wa'n't a sign of the 'tarnal tumor, an' Paw was happy as a nigger. But what do you guess Paw dew? He up an' dewed the hull thing, start 'em up'n' walkin' but the work'n' of nature. Yes, that's Paw, too sneakin' mean to let on 'twas Christian Science."

"Now I don't believe in it myself. I wouldn't hev it in doin' a cat nor a nigger. But I says to Paw, 'Paw, you know you had a tumor an' you know you ain't got one now. Give the devil his due,' says I. Not Paw he won't do it."

"It's hard on me, Paw ben' so sneakin' like 'em lyin' so. I don't dust push him too hard, fessin' the tumor 'll come back aling o' his lyin' so. There ain't a sneakin' ev'r, lazzy old man in Eccelesia County than Paw."

What England Buys

The principal articles which form our commerce trade with the United Kingdom are chiefly manufacturers' materials, and manufactures on the import side, and food-stuffs, manufacturers' materials, and manufactures on the export side. While the United Kingdom is not a large producer of raw material for use in manufacturing, at least in excess of her own requirements, she exports considerable quantities of material of this character drawn

from other parts of the world, especially from her colonies. Of our imports of raw wool, which in 1905 amounted to 46 million dollars, about 17 millions was drawn from the United Kingdom; of our imports of pig tin, which in 1905 amounted to 23 million dollars, about 12 millions was drawn from the United Kingdom; of hides and skins our imports from the United Kingdom in 1905 were nearly 7 million dollars in value; of india rubber, a little more than 7 millions; of tea, fat, and hemp, nearly 2 million dollars; of raw cotton, chiefly Egyptian, nearly a million dollars; of cabinet woods, practically a million dollars; while diamonds and other precious stones imported from that country amounted to 9 million dollars.

Millions for Tea

Among the importations of foodstuffs, about 1½ million dollars' worth of tea was from the United Kingdom, about a half million dollars' worth of coffee, and a third of a million dollars' worth of cocoa. Of finished manufactures, which form a larger share of the imports from Great Britain than do any other class, the most important are manufactures of cotton, manufactures of fibers, manufactures of iron and steel, and manufactures of wool. Even of cotton cloths, this cotton producing and manufacturing country imported in the fiscal year 1905 more than 6 million dollars' worth from the United Kingdom, which presumably bought from the United States practically all of the cotton contained therein, and after transforming it into manufactures sent the finished product back to us, while of other classes of cotton manufactures, such as lace, edgings, embroideries, threads, etc., the total imports from the United Kingdom are even greater than those of cotton cloth alone, being 8 million dollars in value.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Watson's Soreness Remedy should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, makes the gums soft, cures swell, and, in the last remedy for diarrhoea.—(A-B.)

THE NURSERY'S FRIEND

Is BROWN'S Eucalypti Balm. Scientifically prepared as an infant food, it is the nearest approach to mother's milk. Good for Baby's Sore, a valuable balm for mothers, and Hudson Street, New York.—(A-B.)

Remedy: Treaches are often perpetuated by Paw's Cure for Constipation. 40c. per bottle.—(A-B.)

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES FOR CHILDREN ARE BROWN'S VERMIFUG COMBIS. 25 cents a box.—(A-B.)

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Sassafras DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—(A-B.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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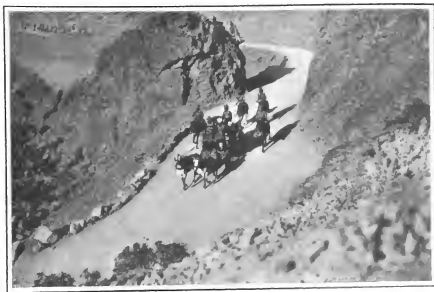
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The Prince and Princess of Wales driving through the Khyber Pass, with Armed Escort, on their way to Ali Masjid



The Arrival of the Prince and Princess of Peshawar, where the Road Carriage was driven between Two Lines of Riflebrigades

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA

The greatest splendour has marked the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India, the native chieftains gathering from all parts of the empire with their brilliant retinues to do homage and present their jewelled sword-belts in token of fealty. Escorted by a strong detachment of the Akbar Rifles, 1200 of whom were picked along the hills, the Prince and Princess drove safely and in triumph through the famous Khyber Pass. All trade among the chiefs was suspended during this period, and the natives were not permitted to approach within three miles of the road.

The American Riviera

THERE is an undercurrent of misgiving in the minds of most seaports. Few go to sea without a full appreciation of "old ocean's" majesty and might. The great transatlantic liners that look so massive and powerful as they lie alongside the dock become bat toying chips in mid-

The coastwise traveller, however, has the advantage of his foreign touring brother, in that he loses sight of land seldom and for brief periods, and, therefore, feels constantly in touch—as he is in sight—of the solid earth that is humanity's habitation.

The Clyde Steamship Company, whose splendid passenger-vessels visit the Atlan-

the shores of the United States from New York and Boston to Charleston, South Carolina, and Jacksonville, Florida, offers to tourists one of the most ideal of these vacation trips. With the great metropolis of the Eastern World at one end of the route, and the romantic land where Pharoahs of Lem believed he should find the hidden fountain of youth at the other, its terminal attractions are in constant flux.

time served by any other American coastline line. Its fleet of swift, modern steamships is large in size; the vessels have been specially built and are admirably adapted to the service. The duration of the voyage is but two and a half days—half that required in crossing the Atlantic—and the passenger can view, en route, all the prominent coastal landmarks along the Atlantic boundary of the United States. *Illustrated Book*, by the Florida East Coast.

In the course of the study work in the Florida East Coast, a number of trawlers and equipment like Clyde liners are notable examples of traditional twentieth-century marine architecture. The large-scale of the trawlers, the *Joseph* and *Amphibious*, have been built with the idea of carrying large amounts of cargo, comfort, and convenience to their patrons. They are 160 and 155 feet long, respectively, and having a width of forty-two feet, the *Amphibious* even steamship-like struts. To cruise of the Clyde Line has long been a favorite, and diversity as, like with New York's unmarooned markets, and the boats and harbors of the South to draw them, there is no little shows that cannot be had at its best, upon these vessels.

The way to Charleston is short, barely two days. The entrance into Charleston Harbor is extremely interesting. The driver goes the tale of Palms, with its huge palms, and follows inland, with its hotel, its clusters of summer cottages, and its famous old Fort Moultrie. The great harbor opens in on the left of the streamer's course, land and which one sees the ruined wall of Fort Sumter, where the thundering spark of civil war was kindled first. The river

Farmers in limited hours are required for the soil from Charleston to Jacksonville, that part of the route to St. Johns River that is in full sight of the South Carolina and Georgia coasts. The bridge of the St. Johns River to Jacksonville is the connecting point of the voyage. The palms that overhang the water's edge, the unfamiliar scrubbery in its vivid green and tropical fragrance, the wide, shallow, and tortuous river, the low-lying banks, the delicate background of space-bursts of South Sea pine, combine to produce令人难忘的 pictures of natural beauty that color the lateral and expand the imagination of the beholder until the city is reached, and the true tropical disorders in this, the Porcelain metropolis, the character of its houses and streets and life.

Ormond, wrapping a picturesque location between the River and the Atlantic Ocean, is a favorite with tourists. The beautiful Ormond Hotel, the fun at Ormond Beach and the Ormond public houses annually attract many visitors to the town of Ormond, between the river and the sea.

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serenic, heating, and bathing advantages. The beach at Ormond is one of the most famous in the world, with a surface as hard as that of a park boulevard. The attention of automobilists has recently been drawn to this superb surface, speed contests having been held there during the past winter and having been already announced for future seasons.

Diagonal, five mills south of Ormsd, shares the magnificent beauty of the first-described place, and has in addition the attractions of its own. There are good hotels, among which may be mentioned the Ridgeview, Colandrea, Palmetto Innor, Holly Inn, etc.; beautiful drives, shaded by century-old liveoak trees overhanging with trailing masses of graceful moss; and the most splendid facilities for hunting, bathing, and fishing.

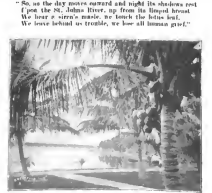
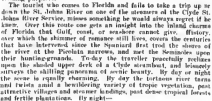


still further south, where the visitor can indulge in sunbathing every day in the year, is famed for its spas and hotels, the Royal Geo-



Princess Steamship

Miami, the terminus of the Florida East Coast Railway, occupies charming location on Biscayne Bay at the mouth of the Miami River. The Hotel Bayside is the principal public house, and of great size and beauty. From Miami, steamers sail to Key West, Havana, and Nassau, S. F. Key West, the southernmost American city, attracts many visitors, particularly those who are interested in government structures, for here have been erected an extensive naval station, United States Marine Hospital, barracks, and an elaborate system of fortifications. The Hotel Key West is the only structure that hostesses are thought to need—any form of artificial heat for other than cooling purposes.



At Lake Worth, Florida



"Go it, young fellow! You've got a hard war to heat,"
—Chicago Record Herald.



Still keeping him busy.—Philadelphia Press.



The Dominican Problem. How to solve the papers.—Newark Evening News.



Light and shade.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



Early Ann's Periodical Bad Man.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.



The women's clubs will present petitions to urge the opening of Second.—Salt Lake Herald.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

The Farsighted Scot

As American and a Scotchman were on a high hill in Scotland and the Scotchman was looking at the extent of view. "I suppose you can see America from here on a hot day," said the American, chaffingly. "Oh yes, further than that," was the reply. "Further than that?" "Aye! on a fine day we can see the north."

Naturally

Two elderly ladies who were looking through the top of a doorway in a kitchen picked up a small hand-bag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is not emerald-green?" "Absolutely certain, ma'am," replied the other. "I shot that emerald myself."

"It looks rather odd," observed his customer. "Naturally, ma'am," explained the salesman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

Unique

A Baltimore school teacher says that she set out a question to one of her big pupils to wit: what was the distinguishing feature of the State of Texas.

"Texas," replied the lad, "is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the largest."

She Guessed Right

REMARKS: John Sharp Williams tells a story of a lady in Middle who recently became a convert to Christian science. It appears that, meeting a friend on the street, the convert made inquiry touching the health of the friend's aunt. "She's got de pleurisy, is she?" was the answer.

"You and she is both wrong," was the

solemn assertion of the convert. "As a matter of fact, she only thinks she got de pleurisy. Deceit! no such thing."

Nothing further was said on the subject; but a few days after the two again meeting, the convert repeated his inquiry touching the aunt's condition. "Does she still persist that she's got de pleurisy?"

"No, indeed," came the reply; "de poor woman now thinks dat she's dead. We buried her yesterday."

Born that Way

A MEMBER of the House from New England tells of a reunion when he overheard an amusing colloquy between the late Thomas B. Reed and a dandy barber.

The "barberic artist" was inclined to be talkative, but in all his efforts at conversation the big man from Maine returned only a monosyllabic or a grunt.

Finally, the barber putted the customer of the Speaker, whereon rejoined one or two stray looks, saying:

"De hair's grizzled, pretty thin, ask. Been that way long?"

"I was born that way," dully returned Reed.

What He Used It For

WISE-TAKING was his business, and he was reputed to be one of the best who followed that somewhat peculiar avenue of making a livelihood, so when the hat had been made and the money pocket, his "luckies" were sure of winning. Incidentally, they did.

The subject, blindfolded, was to test, one after another, the contents of twenty-five water-glasses, and—if he would win the stake—name correctly the liquor in each. From one to twenty-four he went down the line, never hesitating, and always right. At the last one he stopped. It was filled with water only.

He slipped it, turning it over and over

with his tongue, asked for a second mouthful, considered it with a most perplexed expression, and then had an inspiration. "Of course," he exclaimed; "it's the stuff I clean my teeth with."

Of No Importance

Two men were standing together on an East River ferryboat, when one pointed out a third man with the remark:

"I can't recall his name at this moment, but he writes for a number of the magazines."

His friend looked at the stranger with much interest.

"Oh, one of our 'frenzied fiancée' capitalists, is he?" he asked.

"No, he—"

"Writes up iron-ies and things, then?"

"No."

"Oh, then he's a prize-fighter or an actor—he is rather husky-looking."

"No, no! He's just a plain author—writes stories."

"Oh!" the friend exclaimed, the look of interest suddenly dying out of his face.

From Hungary

A WELL-KNOWN publisher has received the following entertaining epistle from a Hungarian reader. It is quoted verbatim:

"Subscribed I am so free to You apply and beg. You would be so good to my address a list of prices of Your precious shop upon my costs to send. I would English books buy and I know not any English book trade. I pray You, to me for my had English friendly to pardon. I am a native Hungarian and study the beautiful but for the Hungarians very heavy English language only the way from one and a half years—hoping you will my modest petition accomplish, I remain, Your servant, etc.

"P.S.—I beg to pay your list of prices with payment at delivery to send."

IT'S SUMMER IN THE SOUTH

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CHARLES B. RYAN

General Passenger Agent
FREDERICK, VA.



Commemorating the Nation's Birth

(Continued from page 31.)

front cracked the walls of the old Powder Horn, so that they were in danger of falling. The Powhatan chimney was a relic of the earliest colonial history. It goes back to a time shortly after the arrival of the Jamestown settlers. The Powder Horn was the colonial armory—the oldest armory on the continent. On the very day, April 19, 1775, that Captain John Parker and his squad of militiamen were facing Major Pitcairn and his British regulars on the village green in Lexington, Massachusetts, another band of American patriots was forcing Lord Dunmore to put back in the old Powder Horn, down in Williamsburg, Virginia, the ammunition he was trying hard away to keep it from falling into the hands of men already up in arms in the war for American independence.

Both the Powder Horn and the Powhatan chimney are in Williamsburg. Among the descendants of the old colonial families resident in the old town who warmly cherish the historic landmarks of the place are Miss Mary Jeffrey Galt and her sister, Miss Annie A. Galt. When the old chimney went down in the wind and the old Powder Horn walls threatened to crumble from the front, both ladies, as well as many other people in Williamsburg, were filled with regret. Miss Mary Jeffrey Galt spoke to Mr. Boston Myers, of Norfolk, about it. Mr. Myers suggested the forming of a society for the preservation of such landmarks. So, under the inspiration of Miss Galt, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities was formed. It is now a large society with headquarters in Richmond. Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, and Mrs. J. Enders Robinson are its present chief officers. It has restored the overthrown chimney, and purchased and saved from collapse the old Powder Horn. But that was only the beginning. One of its first moves was to Jamestown. The old ruined church tower was there, the remains of one of the old settlements having been there, and there, also, was what was left of the old settlement tower house. The son of a wealthy rail builder from Dayton, Ohio, had bought the island—Mr. Edward E. Hays. He gave the association some thirty acres of land covering the site of the old settlement. The government, at the association's instance, put up a stone wall to prevent the encroachments of the James River. Under the supervision of Miss Annie A. Galt, of the subcommittee of the association's Jamestown committee, extensive excavations have been made, and much of value concerning the first English town in America revealed.

From the interest in Jamestown there naturally came interest in the coming centennial anniversary of Jamestown's founding. In 1907 there was a Jamestown celebration. In 1907 the 325th anniversary was observed, and ex-President John Taylor delivered the principal address. The Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities took up the matter of the intercolonial celebration, and from the inception their efforts have given it the character that have given it the character that it now has. The association has planned for the celebration of next year in place for the celebration of the Centennial of the President, the Cabinet, the Congress, the Army, the Navy, and the American people are all now involved in a common and patriotic interest.

construction for 1906 for purposes the best work previously put into any motor car. American or European. We tell all about it in our special illustrated booklets, "Columbia Change Nickel Steel," "Fashioning a Crank," "Transmission, Etc.," and "Camshaft Differences." Each of these booklets will be found extremely interesting by all who follow the latest advances in automobile building. Mailed on application.

The new Columbia Gasoline Models are:

- MARK XLIV-2** 18 h. p.; 20 opposed cylinders; shaft drive; double side entrance body seating five persons. Price - - - - - \$1,750
- MARK XLVI** 24-28 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; shaft drive; seals five. Price, Standard - - - \$3,000
Limousine - - - - - \$4,000
- MARK XLVII** 40-45 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; double chain drive; seats five, with extra drop seats for two. Prices, Standard - - - - - \$4,500
With Victoria, Limousine or Landaulet Body, \$5,000 to \$5,500

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Removing Temptation

DEACON Smith and Jones, two pillars of the church, were working in the hay-field on a Virginia farm. Suddenly Deacon Smith called out excitedly:

"What did 'dis 'din from' in 'dis hay-stack?"

"Look ter me look er 'jug ob 'liquor,"

Deacon Jones responded, his eyes rolling.

Both deacons pondered, and presently Deacon Smith said, gravely:

"Hee 'demon, den' 'ye' 'how small bettin' drink up 'dis 'liquor, 'les' 'more 'ye' 'work 'leed' er 'dis 'bit 'n' 'hall by de 'way-side'!"

Shortening Time Across the Continent

It was not long ago that a week was considered a reasonable time in which to make the trip by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The Union Pacific Railroad outlined in December a new service which makes a passage in time from New York to Los Angeles in half that time, eighty-six hours, only two hours more than three and one-half days. The new train, made up of Pullmans, dining-cars, and combination observation and buffet, all electric lighted, and with a daily news bulletin service, runs from Chicago to Los Angeles in sixty-eight hours, four hours less than three days. It goes from Chicago to Omaha over the Chicago Northwestern Railway, from Omaha to Salt Lake City over the Oregon Short Line, and from Salt Lake to Los Angeles on the route of the San Pedro, Salt Lake, and Los Angeles road, built by United States Senator William A. Clark, at a cost of more than \$20,000,000.

The Los Angeles Limited stops only at important points, and the running schedule is so considerable that it is not slower than forty miles an hour. The speed frequently reaches seventy-two miles an hour. This is in the Death Valley in California.

A traffic arrangement between the Harriman line and the Clark road makes this new fast train possible. The time required by the Southern Pacific trains from Salt Lake to Los Angeles by way of San Francisco is eighteen hours greater than over the more direct route across Death Valley. The new train of the Los Angeles Limited service, or perhaps the most really that have ever been run to the Pacific Coast, and this fact makes an interesting contrast. For several hundred miles the Clark road stretches across the most desolate and fatal part of the Great American Desert, including the Death Valley and the famous Devil's Playground, California, where whole mountain ranges are formed of drifted sand. Every summer a score or more of men, prospectors, or even, or occasional travelers, perish here and not distant in this fearful desert. Last year in spite of all precautions that we take to guide travelers to the spots where drinking-water could be found, the number who died in this desert was thirty-five. The only irrigation of summer for hundreds of miles is the great yucca tree, the sagebrush, and the scattered shrubs. The skeletons of animals, horses or cattle, are seen occasionally from the car windows, to express in the safety of the Pullman passenger the perils of the desert. The region is the strangest, and in most respects the most marvellous, on the American continent.

Golf and Matrimony

In an illustration of the enthusiasm with which golf is pursued by its votaries, the following anecdote is told of a well-known New York golfer and a young friend of his: The two had spent the whole day on the links and had had some cold and exciting matches. As they left for home the elder was remarked:

"Is not thank ye could play again tomorrow today?"

"Well," answered the youth, "I was to be married tomorrow, but I can put it off."

His Decision

The following anecdote is told of a professor in a literary academy. One day, while talking with a friend in New Haven, the professor and his companion were involved in an argument as to which was the handsomer man of the two. Not being able to arrive at a settlement of the question, they agreed, in a spirit of good-humor, to the decision of a U. S. Senator who was then approaching the town. The matter being told before him, the Senator then considered long and carefully, then he announced in a tone of finality: "Both are handsome."



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. I.

New York, Saturday, January 27, 1906

No. 190

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.—II.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret the necessity of informing you that the pleasing entertainment I had planned for this week must be postponed. The signs have struck. I hoped to have effected a withdrawal before the time fixed for the performance, but unfortunately had neglected the death certificate, and happily engaged and in hand, while retaining my postponement dues. You will perceive that I am now about to begin active operations. I advise all persons subject to fainting spells to leave the hall, but I do not hesitate to promise that those who remain will have the best of their lives. Trusting to meet you all under more favorable auspices next week, I remain Very Truly Yours

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 2562

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

THE Republican insurgents expected to win, so far as the Philippine tariff bill was concerned, and their leader, Representative J. W. BURROCK, of Wisconsin, asserted that he also had votes enough to beat the Statehood bill in spite of the support which the latter measure was receiving from Speaker CANNON and the President of the United States. It was an ingenious maneuver by which the beet-sugar men and tobacco men assumed that they would carry their point against the Philippine tariff bill. They knew that the 136 Democrats would, as tariff-revisionists, feel constrained to vote for the proposal to reduce the duties on Philippine sugar and tobacco to twenty-five per cent. of the DINGLEY rates, and ultimately to abolish them altogether, if a bill embodying that naked proposition came before them. On the other hand, the Democrats, or most of them, in pursuance of their traditional policy, would be willing to vote for an amendment removing the differential on refined sugar, or for an amendment declaring it to be the intention of the United States to grant independence to the Philippines on the expiration of ten years from the date when the Treaty of Paris became operative. Barring these facts in mind, the Republican insurgents threatened to cooperate with the Democrats in passing one of these amendments, and as they were able to show that the coalition would command votes enough for the purpose, Speaker CANNON and the other friends of the Philippine bill were expected to succumb. The text of the bill would then be changed so as to provide that, while the sugar and tobacco of the islands should at present be admitted on payment of twenty-five per cent. of the DINGLEY rates, the duty should gradually be raised, in proportion as the volume of those products exported to the United States should expand, until, when it should have reached a certain figure, the duty should be fixed permanently at seventy-five per cent. of the rate named in the DINGLEY act. A further concession to the insurgents was to be the surrender of the provision in the original bill which prescribed absolute free trade with the islands on and after April 11, 1909. In the amended form, the bill was to be passed by the Republican majority, and no Democratic votes would be needed. This was a very pretty device on paper. It would not work, however. The Democrats stood ready to fulfil their part of the contract, but the insurgent Republicans weakened. The bill was finally passed in the original form, except that rice, as well as sugar and tobacco, is to pay twenty-five per cent. of the DINGLEY rates up to 1909. Whether the bill will get through the Senate is a different question.

Of two measures on which the President has set his heart, to wit, government rate-making for railways and the Statehood bill, of which Mr. BURROCK has charge in the Senate,

the former will have no serious opposition to contend with in the House of Representatives. The bill, which is now known to have the approval of the Executive, is that which was introduced by Mr. HERRON, and which will have the unanimous support of the Republican majority of the committee to which it was referred. It is not impossible that the Democratic minority of the committee will also report in its favor, though, for tactical purposes, it may be deemed expedient to submit a separate report in which one or more amendments will be proposed. After such amendments shall have been rejected, however, the bill, as reported, will undoubtedly receive the votes of most of the Democratic Representatives. The HERRON bill is said to be substantially identical with that introduced by Mr. DOLLIVER in the Senate, in the framing of which Senator KNUT is supposed to have participated. The impression is current in Washington that such a bill would be reported favorably by most of the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and that, when the measure comes to a vote, such Republican opposition as may be encountered will be more than offset by Democratic support. A definite announcement of the position to be taken with regard to government rate-making by Mr. HALE—now the leader of the Republican majority in the Senate—is awaited with lively interest.

In regard to the Statehood bill, on behalf of which the President continues to exert his influence, the Republican insurgents in the House of Representatives assert, as we have said, that with Democratic help they can defeat the measure. As we have pointed out, however, no fewer than 58 Republican votes, besides the 136 Democratic, would be needed for the purpose. Well-informed observers doubt whether Mr. BURROCK can muster anything like so many votes against the bill. The fundamental arguments against giving separate Statehood to both Arizona and New Mexico are as strong today as when they were first propounded. If those Territories want Statehood at all, they must come in as one State. Because we have made gross blunders in the cases of Nevada, Wyoming, and Idaho, it does not follow that we should make another mistake of the kind.

It is easy to account for the prevailing impression that there has been great wastefulness of expenditure up to this time by the Panama Canal Commission. By April 1, twenty-one millions of dollars will have been spent, only an insignificant fraction of which sum has been laid out for excavation. We admit that excavation could hardly be practised on a large scale until the type of the canal had been fixed upon. Apparently, the President intends to impose upon Congress the responsibility for choosing the type, though undoubtedly he will make no secret of his own opinion when he submits the report of the consulting engineers, and the decision reached thereon by the Canal Commission. He will ask Congress to confirm the decision, and this the Congress will unquestionably do, provided the commission shall report in favor of a lock canal. What ordinary people find it hard to understand is how the commission should find it necessary to spend \$21,000,000 before it had agreed upon the kind of canal to be built. Perhaps, after every item has been subjected to rigorous scrutiny, we shall be less puzzled than we are now, and shall be convinced that the preliminary work thus far performed was really indispensable. Some of the salaries paid to high officials may seem excessive from the viewpoint of those Representatives who sneered in saying the greater part of their annual stipend of \$5000. But they will not seem inordinate to those who know something about the market value of the services rendered by eminent civil engineers to great railways and industrial companies. A man's services are worth what other people are willing to pay for them. There is no other standard of measurement. If the salary of \$150,000 paid to President McCORMY of the Mutual Life Insurance Company had been awarded by a disinterested and kindly authorized committee, in view of his special familiarity with the business, it would scarcely be pronounced unreasonable by fair-minded men, who should keep in view the extraordinary magnitude of the interests involved. The objection to that particular salary was that it seemed to have been fixed by a committee the legal status of which is uncertain, and which is alleged to have been appointed directly or

indirectly by the beneficiary. The appointments made by the Canal Commission are not open to such criticism. We presume that Congress, after investigation, will make some definite suggestion as to the future method of managing the canal business. It may propose that the canal shall be built by contract; or that the commission shall be abolished, and the work of construction prosecuted by the War Department with the aid of military engineers. What President ROOSEVELT would think of the former suggestion we do not know, but we have good reason to believe that he would approve of the latter.

Mr. E. C. BENEDET is best known to the country as a personal friend of Mr. CLEVELAND. He acquired the distinction by toting the big fellow—using the Hon. TIMOTHY D. STALLAN's affectionately expressive appellation—around in his yacht. While floating over billowy waves he is a commodore; when on land he is a banker. Proximity to statesmanship naturally induced a tendency to form views on his own account, and he is not averse to expressing these occasionally, as he would put it, with some degree of self-satisfaction, "straight from the shoulder." The Commodore's latest discovery is that the American people are "the smartest race of darn fools that ever existed." They are "the laughing-stock of the civilized world," because their currency system has not yet been adapted to the needs of changed conditions. To some of us, blessed with a larger store of patience, this fact does not seem so very surprising. Just why it is so, however, and what remedy most likely to be permanent should be applied involve questions of importance which well deserve serious consideration. But all traditions would explode with a bang if an old seadog, familiar with Long Island Sound from Montauk to Hell Gate, should descend to reason. None of that for the Commodore! He just snorts. Listen:

The rank and file of the people believe that we should have a sound currency, but borrowers and lenders on time demand the word "gold" in all their contracts. Look at the schemes for issuing State, city, railroad, and other bonds, and you will find that the word "gold" is used on all their securities, for otherwise the lenders would not take them. The presence of that word is an imposition upon the ability or willingness of our government to pay gold. But the time will surely come, perhaps not in the near future, when the endless chain will again be set in motion.

Now the time was when provincial New York bankers of the type here represented betrayed symptoms of epilepsy if "gold" was left off anything bigger than a postage stamp. That the Commodore himself was as violent then as he is now we haven't a doubt. Indeed, this very interview confirms the suspicion. Speaking sagely of the political situation, he says:

I am thoroughly in sympathy with that old Kentucky colonel who was such a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat that he often said he would vote for a yellow dog if it was on the ticket. But when BRYAN made his appearance the old colonel was disgusted.

"Why, Judge," said an acquaintance, "you don't seem to like BRYAN, and yet I have heard you say over and over again that you would vote for a yellow dog if it were on the Democratic ticket."

"Well, you are right," replied the colonel; "but I can't go any further than that."

I must confess that I am somewhat in sympathy with the colonel.

Now this Mr. BRYAN so contemptuously referred to has never been widely known as a champion of "gold" or "gold contracts." Indeed, if there is anything at all in the Commodore's snarling quoted above, he is its most persistent and famous exponent. Moreover, Mr. BRYAN is not and never was a "yellow dog." Whatever be the defects in his theories, nobody can question his honesty or patriotism. Also—though this, of course, is unimportant—he is too well bred to apply a hateful and unwarranted term to a decent American citizen for the unworthy purpose of scoring a cheap smart.

But the old sea-dog does not stop with Mr. BRYAN. There are others quite as yellow on the leech. "Ranchow," continues the Commodore, with unenviedly reflective air, "our statesmen do not either appreciate our financial dangers or know how to avert them. The tinkers and tailors and lusted dominies who go to Washington to pose as statesmen are not up to their work. We seem to have no financial architects here. As there is no duty on foreign financial archi-

teets, I think it would be a good plan if we import some, so they might teach us a lesson that works everywhere over the world except with us."

Maybe so; maybe so! But before beginning the importation, might we venture to inquire who is supposed to know most about currency matters, anyway—the lusted dominies or the untasted bankers? Here we read a half page of indiscriminate and undiluted denunciation, by a presumed expert, of everybody and everything and, scraping it with a fine-tooth comb, cannot find so much as a hint of remedial suggestion. It is the old story—the abuse of the other attorney—the invariable recourse of the bullhead. Our currency system is bad enough, goodness knows. There are those even in Washington who appreciate that fact and, whether dominies or bankers, are doing their level best to solve the problem. The harder the job, the more creditable the striving, whatever the result. To criticize, to stand off at a safe distance and throw bricks, is easy. Any darn fool can do that. And one has.

There seems to be no doubt that some weeks hence we shall find ourselves in a tariff war with Germany. It is no fault of Secretary Root's that the contest cannot be averted. Recognizing the hopelessness of securing the Senate's assent to a reciprocity treaty, he tried to persuade the Berlin government to renounce or suspend its purpose of applying to American products on March 1 the maximum duties fixed by its new tariff. By way of consideration, he offered to secure from our Secretary of the Treasury instructions to our collectors of customs that would remove or abate some grievances of which German exporters have complained. Germany, on her part, has declined to consider such administrative changes an equivalent for the concessions which she is requested to make, and will accept nothing except a reciprocity treaty. Finally, Secretary Root is understood to have striven to obtain at least a *modus vivendi*, or provisional agreement, by which the existing arrangement with regard to duties on American goods may be prolonged until the close of the present session of Congress. This request also has been refused, and there is nothing, therefore, for us to do except tamely to submit after March 1 to the imposition by Germany of much higher duties on American products than are levied upon corresponding commodities coming from other countries; or else to bring Germany to a more accommodating temper by subjecting her exports to retaliatory duties. If our tariff shall discriminate against them, German manufacturers will find it impossible to compete with their French and British rivals in our market; but they will have only their own government to blame. We cannot be expected to submit to discrimination without resorting to reprisals. Measures have already been taken to that end. Mr. LOVELL has introduced in the Senate a bill providing for a minimum tariff lower than the rates of the existing law, and a maximum tariff higher than those rates. The only kind of revision, however, which seems to be contemplated by Republican leaders in the present Congress is revision upwards, and we are likely, therefore, to see placed upon the status-book the bill introduced in the Lower House by Representative McCLEARY, of Minnesota, which retains the DINGLEY rates, except in the case of a foreign country discriminating against produce of the United States, in which event duties twenty-five per cent. additional to those provided by the DINGLEY act are to be levied upon the products of the country so discriminating. From the viewpoint of "stand-patters" this is an ideal measure, but it is calculated to exasperate the Republican revisionists, of Massachusetts and Iowa.

In England the general election began in the week ending January 13, and as we go to press the signs multiply of an overwhelming victory on the part of the Liberals. Although Manchester is popularly regarded as the birthplace of the doctrine of free trade, it has long been a Conservative stronghold, and few Liberals were optimistic enough to predict that Mr. A. J. BALFOUR would lose the seat which he has occupied for one of the electoral districts of that city. Nevertheless on January 13 he lost it, and all the rest of Manchester's six seats were carried by Liberal candidates. The ex-Premier, of course, will be returned for some other constituency, the control of which by the Conservatives is unshaken. But the result which he has sustained encouraged the Liberals to hope

for similar, though scarcely equal, success in the metropolitan districts. It is well known that in the United Kingdom a Parliamentary election does not take place simultaneously on the same day, but stretches over some two weeks. Not until we hear from the counties, which vote later than the boroughs, shall we be able to define with any close approach to accuracy the dimensions of the Liberal triumph. Notwithstanding the sweeping and unexpected success gained in Lancashire, it is scarcely credible that Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANERJEE will be as fortunate as were the Liberals in 1880 and the Conservatives in 1890, for the former secured a majority of 109, and the latter a majority of more than 130 over all elements of the opposition combined. If the present Premier could be even as lucky as Mr. DISRAELI was in 1874, when the latter got a majority of 50 over Liberals and Irish Nationalists put together, he would be, of course, independent of the Irish Parliamentary party; and although he can be trusted to grant those instalments of home rule which he has promised, he would obviously wish to be untrammelled with regard to the date and extent of his concessions. Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S prediction that the present ministry would prove short-lived was based on the assumption that it would find the Irish members of the House of Commons indispensable. By the time this number of the WEEKLY reaches the reader's eye, we shall probably be able to say whether the assumption was well founded. One thing we can already affirm, to wit, that free-trade is still dear to the British people, and that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S project of a preferential tariff is unlikely to be carried out during his lifetime.

This month French politics will be interesting. During the first week of January elections were held for one-third of the seats in the Senate. Most of the outgoing Senators, including M. FALLIERES, President of the Senate, and M. BOURGEOIS, formerly Premier, were returned. It will be remembered that the Upper House of the French Legislature consists of 300 members, of whom, by the constitutional law of 1875, just 225 were to be elected for nine years by the departments (there are eighty-six of them), while seventy-five were to be appointed for life by the same national assembly that framed the law. The Constitution has since been changed by a provision that, as fast as the life-Senators should die, their seats should be distributed among the departments, in order that, eventually, all the Senators might be chosen in the same way. The elected Senators hold office for nine years, but the law specifies that one-third of them shall retire every three years. They are apportioned among the departments according to population, and are chosen in each department by an electoral college composed of the members of the Chamber of Deputies for that department; of the members of the Council-General, which is a species of provincial legislature; of the members of the councils of the several *arrondissements* in the department; and of delegates named by the municipal councils of the communes.

Since 1884 the number of communal delegates has been made to increase with the size of the commune, and they now form a large majority of the electoral colleges. It was for this reason that the Senate was named by GAMBIETTA the Great Council of the Communes of France. During this same month of January, 1896, the two Chambers will meet in joint session at Versailles for the purpose of choosing a successor to M. LORAIN, who seems sincere and firm in his refusal to accept a re-nomination to the Presidency of the Republic. The voting will be by secret ballot, a resolution framed in the interest of M. FALLIERES, President of the Senate and the candidate of the *blanc*, that the voting should be *à viva voce*, having failed to pass the Chamber of Deputies. By *blanc* we mean, of course, the combination of Socialist and Radicals which has successively sustained the ministries headed by WILHELM ROUSSEAU, by COMBES, and by the present Premier ROUVIER. The candidate of the opponents of the *blanc* is M. DUMERIEU, formerly Governor-General of Indo-China, and now President of the Chamber of Deputies. Should there be no choice on the first ballot, it is quite possible that M. ROUVIER himself may be accepted as a compromise candidate. After the choice of a President of the Republic, who will hold office for seven years, the next event of political importance in France will be the election during the spring of a new Chamber of Deputies. The signs are, as we have formerly

pointed out, that the *blanc* will have in the new Chamber the ascendancy which for some years it has possessed.

The New York Central Railroad has discontinued its long-standing practice of issuing passes to the members of the State Legislature. The New York legislators who go home to stay from Friday until Monday must pay their fare this year. For their services from January to May the State pays them \$1500 "and mileage," but the mileage covers, we presume, only one or two trips a year to Albany and back. It costs about as much to live at a good hotel in Albany as it does to live at a good hotel in New York. The personal expenses during the session in Albany of a New York State legislator who leaves his family at home can hardly be less than \$150 a month, which leaves him \$900 for four months' work. From the \$900 must be deducted the cost of maintaining his family (if he has a family) during his absence. Moreover, except to farmers, who have leisure in the winter, an absence of four months every winter from business or professional work is exceedingly prejudicial to the legislator's efforts to earn his living while the Legislature is not sitting. Is it not true, therefore, that the enormously important legislative business of New York is entrusted to 200 men, most of whom, unless they have private means, must be under constant strain to make both ends meet?

Is it wise in the State—is it profitable to the State—to entrust its concerns to men whose salaries cannot afford them a reasonable maintenance, and who are in consequence peculiarly exposed to pecuniary temptations? It would cost New York \$300,000 a year to double the pay of its legislators. If that sum would put the Legislature in a better position to serve the people of the State with disinterested zeal, it would be a profitable investment. Of course an honest man will be as honest on \$1500 as on \$3000. Of course the pay of the Albany legislators might be raised without doing any good. Of course any man who goes to the Legislature ought to serve the State to the disinterested best of his ability whatever his salary. Of course a man who can't afford to go to the Assembly on the salary paid should refuse a nomination. Nevertheless, it behooves every employer not to expose his servants to avoidable temptations. Times have changed since the salaries of State legislators were last fixed, and the scale of living has gone up very much, and the cost of living has more than doubled. It might pay to raise these salaries. If the State owes the honest and able legislator who serves it with all his might more than \$1500, it should pay him more, and what it pays to such a one is the proper measure of what a legislator's salary should be.

A more handsome compliment more richly deserved than that paid the other evening to former Commissioner WILLIAM McADAMS has seldom been recorded in this city. It took the form of a dinner given by Messrs. DAVID McCLELLAN, JOHN D. CAMMINS, WALTER G. OAKMAN, GEORGE R. DYER, and ROBERT A. C. SMITH, who were the Commissioner's official advisers respecting promotions, and drew a truly cosmopolitan and representative gathering. Mr. McADAMS has done all of the many admirable things from regulating traffic to purging the department of graft that the speakers gave him credit for. If he had not, Mayor McCLELLAN surely would have been defeated decisively in his candidacy for reelection—a fact which the Mayor must have overlooked when subsequently he granted the demand of two newspapers for the Commissioner's retirement. In this, the Mayor did wrong, just as in turning down the Tammany organization he did right from any viewpoint—his own, his party's, or the public's. It is a pity. However efficient he may ultimately be, Mr. McADAMS cannot hope to show for at least two years the capacity developed by Mr. McADAMS'S experience. It must be a cause of satisfaction to the latter to know that his successor's chief incentive is the high standard raised by himself—a fact most heartily and properly recognized the other evening.

A cultured officer gets a salary, from eighty millions of people, \$50,000 per year. That is one-tenth of a cent from every man, woman, and child in the United States.—*Evening Journal*.

But is it? Let Mr. BUSHNELL put the slate pencil he used when a boy and see if the cultured officer wouldn't rather get

one-tenth of a cent from eighty millions persons than the \$80,000 he now receives—by about \$72,000 per annum.

Speaking of President ROOSEVELT's dinner to Speaker WADSWORTH, the *Washington Post* remarks:

It must have afforded Mr. WADSWORTH, Sr., keen delight to meet the guest of honor of the occasion, and it must have impressed the other guests as a forceful illustration of the possibilities of American politics that a worthy father and a worthy son should meet under such circumstances, each wearing the laurels of success earned by honest effort in honorable competition for pre-eminence in public life.

Of course Mr. WADSWORTH, Sr., was pleased, and had a right to be. But the statement that Mr. WADSWORTH, Jr., won the modest laurels now decorating his brow by the sweat thereof is not accurate. He simply happened to be sitting in the draught when distinction flew into the window straight from the White House. Success is not yet his—only opportunity. Everybody speaks so well of him that we sincerely hope he appreciates the fact. Illusions are not good for young men.

Extraordinary tributes of honor and respect have been paid in the newspapers to the memory of President WILLIAM R. HARPER, of the University of Chicago, who died on January 10. Nearly a year ago an operation for appendicitis discovered to Dr. HARPER's physicians that he had cancer in such a stage and place that his recovery was hopeless. Successive operations prolonged his life a little. Of the time thus won for him Dr. HARPER made the utmost use to put the work he had in charge in the best possible shape for transfer to other hands. The courageous and indomitable spirit with which he faced a painful death added appreciably to the admiration with which his enormous and important labors had caused him to be regarded. He was one of the remarkable men of his generation, and an exceedingly interesting example of the human product of what we now call the Middle West. Born in Ohio in 1856, instructed first at Muskingum College, next by three years of private study, and then by two years in the graduate department of Yale, he got his Ph.D. in 1875. He was then nineteen years old, and well equipped to begin his chosen work as an educator. His specialty was Hebrew. In the course of ten years he served five institutions, getting back in 1886 to New Haven, as professor in the Yale Divinity School. At the same time he was principal of the Chautauque College of Liberal Arts, and became later the president of the Chautauque system. In July, 1891, Mr. ROCKWELL called him to be President of the new Chicago University. Then there opened to him an opportunity the like of which had not been offered to an educator before. He was to plan and put into effectual operation a great new university in a great new city, and the money to do it with was to be provided for him. Everybody knows something of how Dr. HARPER executed the commission that Mr. ROCKWELL gave him. He has been much scoffed at, much discussed, often criticized, and frequently caricatured, but it has long been agreed that he was a wonderfully fit man for the undertaking that was intrusted to him. His energy was enormous, his executive capacity was prodigious; he was a scholar and an enthusiast, a man with astonishing power of knowing what he wanted and getting it done. He is dead at forty-nine, and the organization of the University of Chicago is his monument.

It is well known that Dr. HARPER was an enormous worker. He had surprising physical vigor, and must have formed very early in life habits of relentless industry such as only a very stout body could have supported. We read that he usually got about five hours sleep, and he most commonly have worked hard as much as sixteen hours a day. His incessant labors recall those of Dr. WILLIAM PERRY, the late president of the University of Pennsylvania. It is taken for granted that Dr. HARPER worked himself to death in that he denied himself sleep periods of rest. If that is true, even the great mass of what he accomplished can hardly warrant the claim that he made the thriftiest use of his time, since his life fell short by at least twenty years of his reasonable duration. If, however, his disease cannot be traced to his labors, and if he was fated to develop it in any case, he fairly beat Fate, since he compressed into less than fifty years labors abundant to fill a longer than

ordinary lifetime. As no man knows beforehand when his end will come, the better plan is to count on seventy years or so of labor, and so to regulate one's life as to last one in fair condition—barring accidents—for about that time! There are some things, like winning races, that can only be done in the dead run, but there are not many such things, and the periods of excessive exertion which they require are usually not protracted. Dr. HARPER's death gives new occasion to say, what was so generally said when WILLIAM H. BALDWIN died, that it especially behooves our best and useful men to serve us with moderation, that their days may be the longer in the land, and that we may not be prematurely bereaved of them.

The *World* thinks that every one will heartily second Mr. JOSEPH CHASE's ambition to live to be the oldest Harvard graduate, "except Dr. OSBORN, who may think that Mr. CHASE is already outrageously oversteering his limit, and Dr. CHARLES ELIOT NORRIS, who has his opinions about the uselessness of old age." No doubt it is too late to win fair play for Dr. OSBORN, but Dr. NORRIS is a new victim, give him a fair chance. What he said was that life had no value to "an old person whose mind has become a chaos of wild imaginings productive of constant distress not only to the sufferer, but to all who live with and attend him." It is only insane old age that he considers useless.

Governor FOLK, of Missouri, accused of commuting, for political reasons, the death sentence of labor-leader JAMES BULLEY, who killed a strike-breaking cabman in Kansas City, has made his defence. Devising that he yielded to the importunities of the American Federation of Labor, he says that the woman on whose testimony as to conspiracy BULLEY was convicted, admitted after the trial that her testimony was false. All the jurors in the case, except one who had died, begged for commutation of BULLEY's sentence. So did the prosecuting attorney; and many members of the Employees' Association, including one who raised funds for the prosecution, implored the Governor not to let BULLEY be hanged, in the face of new evidence which convinced them that the death sentence was too severe. Governor FOLK's defence seems to be pretty strong. We guess he will be acquitted. BULLEY's sentence was committed to imprisonment for life.

Harvard means business in the matter of football reform. It will have no more nonsense about it. The Harvard overseers, who control the course of the university in the matter, voted, on January 10, to forbid Harvard students to take part in intercollegiate football contests until the game is reformed acceptably. It will be noticed that the overseers do not forbid the students to play any form of football with one another, but only to play unpurged football with other colleges. This cuts out gate receipts until further notice, and leaves the way open for the thorough testing in Cambridge of proposed changes in the game, and for the working out of some sort of football that will be fit to play. The action of the overseers was based on the report of the university committee on physical training and athletic sports, which found football as at present played "essentially bad in every respect," and submitted the opinion that if changes are to be made no man now a member of the intercollegiate committee should have a hand in it. The Harvard committee's reason for thus inviting the members of the late Rules Committee to go away back and sit down was that "they are so far committed to the present system that they could not agree to such changes as are absolutely necessary to produce a decent, clean, pleasurable contest, instead of the present apology for a rough-and-tumble fight." This is not complimentary to the Rules Committee, but that body has had a fair chance to cure football of its intercollegiate moral and physical diseases, and has made a thunderous and catastrophic failure of the case. A change of doctors is fairly in order, as well as a radical change in treatment. What Harvard wants in the matter of football almost everybody now wants, and that has hurt all the college sports. An income of \$100,000 a year from gate receipts may be trusted to ruin any sport in any college, and to do grave injury to all sports. We don't believe that rules can be devised that will keep football clean and sweet at \$50,000 per game.

The United States and the Morocco Conference

THE debate which took place in the Senate on Monday, January 15, concerning the participation of our government in the conference at Algiers, was of unexpected and unusual interest, because of the declaration elicited from Senator HALE, of Maine, who is now recognized as the leader of the Republican majority. It will be remembered that some time ago Senator HAYES, of Georgia, introduced a resolution expressive of a desire to inspect the correspondence relating to the affairs of Morocco. The Senate not having acted on the resolution, Senator HAYES, on January 15, the day before that fixed for the opening of the conference, introduced another resolution to the effect that participation in any controversy between European governments relating to European international questions is a violation of the well-defined policy of this government observed for more than a century past. Mr. HAYES pointed out, what is undeniably true, that our commercial interests are not involved in the proceedings of the conference, inasmuch as they are safeguarded by the Madrid Convention, to which our government was a party, and any intention of reviving that convention at the present conference is expressly disavowed. The questions to be discussed at Algiers are political in their actual or prospective significance. One of these questions is whether Germany should be permitted to exercise temporary control of the crown domains, which were given as security for the loan of two million dollars made by German bankers to the Sultan of Morocco. This question is of prospective political significance, because, an experience has shown in the case of Egypt, such temporary control is apt to become permanent. Another question is whether the maintenance of order in the Sultan's domains shall be entrusted to France—the solution of the problem which Great Britain has agreed to face—or to an international governmental commission. It is understood that the British government does not deny that France should be permitted to police a section of Moroccan territory adjoining the Algerian frontier, but is firmly opposed to the extension of the regulative authority of France over the rest of the Sultan's realm. The political purport of this controversy is obvious. Now the only possible pretext on which the United States could take part in a settlement of either of these questions is the possibility that the Fes incident might be repeated, or, in other words, that an American citizen might be kidnapped by some of the Sultan's subjects. The unwary practice of our government has been to cede to a bridge when we have come to it, rather than have engaged to defend our citizens from wrong, or, when the wrong has been committed, to avenge them, without entangling ourselves in European complications. It should be plain enough that if our representatives at Algiers should vote with Germany in favor of an international constabulary, and that solution of the problem should be adopted, we could not, with any show of consistency, avoid contributing a contingent to the international force. Then, again, if war should result between France and Germany, as a consequence of a decision reached or defeated by the votes of our representatives, we should undoubtedly be expected to cooperate with the powers determined to uphold the judgment rendered by the conference. In either event, we should find ourselves involved in the very kind of entanglement against which we were warned by WASHINGTON'S farewell address, and which we have steadily avoided up to the present time.

The position taken by Senator HAYES was not only supported by all his Democratic colleagues, but, to the general surprise, was defended with reverence by Senator HALE, the leader of the Republican majority. He believed, he said, that negotiations which might culminate in an unwelcome treaty ought to be discussed by the Senate with open doors. The safety of the country would require such public discussion. So far as the matter before the Senate was concerned, he did not hesitate to express the wish that the President and Secretary of State had not accepted the invitation to send delegates to the conference at Algiers, which, in his opinion, was a Simon pure, outright, political conference, with which we properly could have no concern. So far as our commercial interests in Morocco are concerned—if they were threatened, which they are not—we could negotiate a treaty directly with the Sultan in sixty days that would secure all that we might desire in that direction. In the present case Mr. HALE did not believe that the President and the Secretary of State would allow our country to become involved in a European controversy. The danger was that a precedent would be set that might be abused by a future executive. The Senator from Maine went on to give a reason for his conviction that we would not get entangled at this time, a reason which was construed to mean that he had received explicit assurances from Mr. HOOVER or Mr. BLISS on the subject. He pointed out that if, at any time, a danger should arise that the delegates from this country might have to vote, if they voted at all, in a way to aggrivate either France or Germany, the Secretary of State could telegraph them to withdraw forthwith from the conference. Mr. HALE was confident, he said, that this would be done should the emergency arise. In view of this declaration from an authoritative source the American people

need not be apprehensive of unpleasant results from the presence of representatives of the United States at Algiers. It is even conceivable that, through our friendly relations with France and Great Britain on the one hand, and with Germany on the other, they may be able to exercise a conciliatory influence, and thus help to avert a European war, instead of involving our own government in one.

A New Plan for Regulating the Trusts

IN the current number of the *North American Review* a new plan for regulating the trusts is propounded by Mr. JOHN F. CROAN, a native of Boston, who has been a member of the Suffolk bar for a quarter of a century. The article deserves the widespread attention which it has received. Instead of scraping the surface, it goes to the root of the matter. It proposes, not a palliative, but a remedy; or rather it offers the cause of prevention which is probably better than a pool of cure. The author begins by inquiring, What are the evils from which the people suffer, or think they suffer, through the great agglomerations of capital to which we give the name of trusts? He enumerates them in what he believes to be the order of importance.—to wit, first, overcapitalization; secondly, the protection afforded the trusts through the tariff; thirdly, the lack of any substantial or uniform regulation by which the affairs of corporations are made known in annual or more frequent reports; lastly, the lack of any legislation affording substantial safeguards against discrimination or injustice, except by the cumbersome process provided by the SHERMAN act. The author denies the truth of the assertion that the trusts are the creators of the tariff. He concedes, of course, that trusts operating in protected articles are, no doubt, benefited by the tariff, but many of the great trusts are not affected by it in the least. He reminds us, moreover, that the people have at all times the power to compel such a revision of the tariff as will remove any difficulties arising therefrom. A revision of the tariff may be deferred, but it cannot be averted permanently by the obstructive resources of allied wealth. As for the option that the remedy for the abuses to which trusts are liable would be found in greater publicity in corporation matters, Mr. CROAN pronounces such a remedy altogether too narrow to affect substantially the conditions which are at the foundation of the trouble complained of. His points cut are these:—The hope of the recent suggestion of a Commissioner, that if corporations doing an interstate business should procure a Federal license, while it might be helpful in removing some of the difficulties incident to the control of certain trusts, could not prevent the formation of new trusts which would be creatures of the several States. To the suggestion of Mr. JAMES B. DILL, that Congress might pass a law permitting corporations doing an interstate business to be chartered by the Federal government, he opposes a constitutional objection. It is seriously to be doubted, he thinks, whether the Federal Constitution, which reserves to the several States the right to create corporate entities, does not preclude the Federal government from exercising any powers with respect to the chartering of corporations not expressly delegated to it under our Federal organic law. If, however, for the sake of argument, it be granted that under the commercial clause of the Constitution the power to control implies a right to create, and that, consequently, Congress has power to provide for Federal incorporation, Mr. CROAN considers it very clear that the several States, speaking through their representatives in Congress, would withhold approval from an act which would deprive them of the revenues now accruing to them through the taxation of corporations. If, on the other hand, it should be found that in order to provide for Federal incorporation an amendment to the Constitution would be indispensable, the hostility of the several States, prompted by the motive just mentioned, would prevent its adoption.

In Mr. CROAN'S opinion, the more drastic and effective measure would be a Federal law that would prevent overcapitalization. If overcapitalization were prohibited, the motive for the creation of trusts would be extinguished. We are sometimes told, indeed, that the trusts are an outcome of an overabundant and irresistible economic force, which itself is the result of conditions characteristic of our time. To Mr. CROAN'S eye, there is nothing so overabundant or irresistible about the force which is credited with the generation of trusts. He asserts that the only real force underlying the trusts is the desire for power and wealth, which seeks to gratify itself through ability to control the raw and finished materials whereby the market for the product is limited, while the price to the consumer is regulated. This desire could not be killed or gratified if overcapitalization were forbidden. The many business establishments which for years have flourished in this country could not be forced out of the hands of their former conservative controllers without some great and overwhelming inducement. That inducement is the power possessed by the promoters of a trust to capitalize at will. If a corporation or business which promises wealth to merge into a trust discovered that no substantial advantage beyond the initial value

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was to be obtained by turning over the corporation or property, there would ordinarily be no temptation to do so. What would probably be the answer, asks Mr. CHESAN, of the president of a well-conducted and paying corporation, who was invited to turn over his corporation to him, in conjunction with others in like business, a trust, solely upon receiving the actual cash value thereof at the time? As a rule, there would be no answer—a refusal. Threats of destruction by competition might be made, and difficulties might arise from attempts to carry out the threats; but such things are ordinary incidents of business. Undoubtedly Mr. CHESAN is right in asserting that the promoters of a trust would meet with grief, if not insurmountable obstacles, in forcing a merger or consolidation of corporate interests, if the power to fix the capital applicable to the payment of the properties to be acquired should be taken from the individual promoting a trust, and placed in the hands of a commission invested with full power to determine the true value of the properties. Whence should come the commission clothed with such supervisory power? Our author replies that the wide differences in the corporation laws of the various States preclude any hope of relief from that source, and he maintains that the only hope of dealing with the problem lies with the Federal government. Would the solution proposed by him—namely, the appointment of such a Federal commission as we have described, be practicable and constitutional? Let us glance, first, at the question of practicability. Mr. CHESAN insists that, in defining the figures at which a given corporation might be absorbed in a trust, but little difficulty would be experienced in determining the tangible, active, or live assets of the business. The difficulty would come in determining the value of the good-will, trade-marks, patents, etc. In the absence of a supervisory power, the valuation of the latter elements of the property is left wholly to the promoters of the enterprise. The result is that, as a rule, the capital applicable to payment is inflated to a point many times in excess of the true value of the assets of the corporation to be absorbed. It follows that, to enable the artificial capital to net the promoters a substantial return, there must be manipulation of the prices at which the products can be bought and sold, operating unjustly to the producer and consumer, and the forcing of economies resulting in many instances in losses to employees who are specified to pay the way for dividends in order to give the inflated stock a market value.

The legislation proposed by Mr. CHESAN would provide for the appointment by the President of a Federal commission, or for the enlarging of the powers of the present Interstate Commerce Commission, to which all corporations, hereafter formed to do an interstate business, must first apply for a certificate of capitalization, which shall determine the value of the prospective enterprise, and fix the amount of capitalization and the method of payment for the same in the issue of capital stock or bonds. Armed with certificates of capitalization, the incorporators might apply to any State and secure a charter; but no corporation hereafter formed shall have the power to transact business without such a certificate. Neither should any increase or reduction of the capitalization of any existing corporation doing an interstate business be made hereafter without the commission's approval. Nor should any corporation have the power hereafter to lease, nor in any way acquire, the property of another corporation without the commission's approval of the terms on which the same is acquired.

Trenching the constitutionality of his plan, Mr. CHESAN has no doubt that the proposed legislation would be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States in view of its frequent decisions defining the powers of Congress under the Constitution to deal with interstate business. We are reminded that Senator KNOX, when Attorney-General, said, not long ago, that if Congress under the power to regulate interstate commerce, may utterly destroy a combination and forfeit its property in interstate transit, as the SHREVEAT act provides, it seems reasonable to say that it can, in the exercise of the same power, deny to a combination—whose life it cannot reach, if the combination be the creature of a State—the privilege of engaging in interstate commerce, except upon such terms as Congress may prescribe to protect that commerce from restraint.

We have said that the plan here outlined for preventing future mergers contemplating an interstate business is radical in the sense that it goes to the root of the matter. The principle involved, however, is not novel; all that is novel is the application of it by Congress to interstate business. So far as an interstate business is concerned, the principle has been enforced in many States, particularly in Massachusetts, where power is vested in the boards of railroad commissioners and the gas and electric light commissioners, not only to fix the issue of capital, but also to exercise general supervision. In that State railroad commissioners have authority to recommend transportation rates, together with the right to appeal to the Legislature if such recommendations are not adopted; while the gas and electric light commissioners have authority to fix the price charged for lighting.

"TAFT is losing weight."—New York Sun.

As unimpaired testimony to the efficacy of the POULTREY BROWNE Patent Panama Excisor.

The President said that it was his present intention to visit Central Africa as soon as possible after his retirement from office on March 4, 1909, to hunt tigers and elephants.—The Sun.

The President's private fortune must have appreciated considerably in the last five or ten years. We hope so. At the same time, he is the one man alive who could probably make money out of a Central-African hunting trip.

Captain LOUIS E. JAMES, of Bloomington, Illinois, has used the estate of ABRAHAM BROOKER, a deceased plough manufacturer of that town, for \$9000 for his services in "telling the old man funny stories, reading chapters from the Bible, and in many other ways lightening his declining days during the three years that the eccentric manufacturer made his home with him. He shouldn't be permitted to collect on the Bible, but any man who can tell funny stories for three years, and not succumb with his victim, is certainly entitled to \$9000.

A story illustrating the strong democratic spirit in which equality is viewed in Norway is related in the London Mail. At the end of a play by HENRIK IBSEN, the National Theatre at Christiania, King HAARON invited the venerable dramatist with the remark: "A very beautiful play, my dear HENRIK." HENRIK, putting the King paternally on the bench, said: "Do not say 'my dear' (every), Your Majesty, but 'my dear'! That's how we pronounce it here. A man in your place must take care of these little matters, you know. King HAARON, surprised, replied with as good grace as possible, that he would be careful to follow the advice. "That's right," replied HENRIK. "If you take care to remember what I say you'll find you'll have good cause to thank me."

When WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN was elected a duke by the Marquis of Minsidano Island, he went to the ceremony of investiture, so the despatches say, "in a royal carriage manned by forty cowboys," and received bells, spears, and banners in addition to a salute of fifty guns." But all this was as nothing compared with what Mr. BRYAN received when he was made a fief man the other day. No sooner had the Red Men closed in on him than the Past Great Iacabone delivered himself of a "terrible, acrid, and censorious" owl," as follows:

Such men as you, Mr. President, are not the result of accident. At their salubrious diet of peace and justice, with splendid, and proud their sacred forms the robe of immortality glides, shielding and protecting them until their life's work is done, then, wrapped in the love and admiration of a grateful people, they enter the land of the dead, where their everlasting praises will be sung by the choirs of the heavenly courts.

We thought we knew the whole red man, but if this isn't JAMES JENNINGS BRYAN in a corner gasping for breath, we are very much mistaken.

Seconding the efforts of the Commercial Club of Salt Lake City to divert westward a share of the enormous annual travel from this country to Europe, we lately spoke of the assurance the average American felt that he would have fun in Europe, and the business of his information about the prospects of entertainment in our own far Western cities. His way of illustration we spoke of his uncertainty whether he would find pleasure in visiting Butte or Spokane, would be edified by those towns, and find anything to eat in them. We happened on Butte and Spokane quite at random, and would just as readily have said Helena and Yankton, or Walla Walla and Las Vegas. But the Butte and Spokane folks seem to think we have cast a slur on their resources. That is too bad. In a letter published in the WEEKLY two weeks ago Mr. ANAND of Pueblo testified to the charms and resources of Butte and Spokane; that Butte is a very interesting and prosperous mining-camp city, with more college graduates than Boston in ratio of population, and that Spokane has all sorts of charms, including a restaurant of singular merit. About this restaurant we have concurrent testimony from the Hon. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, of Chicago, who says, at the request of the people of Spokane, that the Davenport restaurant in that city (to say nothing of the splendid hotels) is supposed to be a restaurant without equal in the United States, and his no superior in the world. If Spokane has a restaurant of such surpassing merit it ought to be more widely known. No single piece of information about any town is of more interest to the average traveller journeying for entertainment than that the town contains an establishment which commands the services of a person with a rare and admirable talent for edifying the inner man. Wall decorations, dining-room furniture, cutlery, even fine table-linen and flowers, are much too common everywhere in these days to excite enthusiasm, and discerning diners will go far out of their way to avoid the best of restaurant music. But a cook is different. If the Davenport, of Spokane, has a great cook, that is important. We are sure that such a town will look lovely to a traveller.

The Leaders of Russian Liberty

By Charles Johnston

SINCE the law establishing the Russian Parliament, or Duma, was promulgated last August, events have followed each other so fast in the great northern land that the whole balance of moral forces is altered. The loosening of the bonds of autocracy brought many revolutions. It showed, among other things, what a store-house of explosive forces the Russian empire was; and that these explosive tendencies were by no means exclusively directed against the central government. We can see now that Turk and Armenian have only been kept from cutting each other's throats among the gorges of the Caucasus by the strong hand of the central power; and that when this was removed, when the garrisons were withdrawn and sent to Manchuria, explosion after explosion followed. The same thing is true in the Baltic provinces, where a tier-min nobility rested upon a semi-servile class of Letts, speaking another language, and with wholly different ideals and forms of life.

There again the removal of pressure from above has opened the way for explosion after explosion. The same thing is true of the great and sanguinary outbreaks in Moscow and Warsaw. The oppressed forces were liberated when the pressure was removed, and violent convulsions followed. We may expect a long period of recuperation before the storm elements are fully exhausted, and the Russian nation settles down to the task of ironing and securing a decent government.

Side by side with these explosions of compressed forces we have had a series of changes which must directly modify the character and driving force of the Russian parliament. First, the appointment of Count Witte to the post of Premier has raised a host of problems. In England, the Premier is the leader of the parliamentary majority, and, while nominated by the king, is really upheld by the parliament. Can Count Witte gain and hold a parliamentary majority? If not, will the constitutional rule of England be followed, and a new Premier be chosen from the party which dominates the Duma? A grave question, which time must answer.

Again, the complexion of the problem has been completely changed by the extension of the franchise to a wider area than was originally contemplated, and we are not yet in possession of the data necessary to illuminate this new situation, for no one can tell,



Prince Trubetskoi, a Pioneer in the Zemstvo Movement, whose recent death was the occasion of a great popular demonstration

with any approach to certainty, what sort of representatives the next elections will select. There will probably be a protracted era of trial and failure before anything like an equilibrium is reached; but that has been the path by which all nations have travelled and need cause no concern. Nations must pass through manifold trials before they come to their majority, and there is a period of growing pains which may in no way be avoided.

Though the basis of the electorate has been changed, it would seem that the form and framework of the Duma remain very much the same. As outlined in the law of August 6, the Russian Imperial Duma will have about four hundred members; much smaller than the House of Commons, which has nearly seven hundred; smaller also than the French Chamber of Deputies; most closely comparable in numbers to our own Congress. The Duma, like the House of Commons, is constitutionally subordinated to an Upper House, and the decisions of both are, in theory, subject to the veto of the sovereign. The Council of the Empire will be composed of 176 members, half of these appointed by the Emperor and half elected. The latter will include thirty-four zemstovists, eighteen members of the nobility, and twelve representatives of trade and industry, while the clergy, Poland, the Caucasus, and the border provinces would each have six representatives.

The four hundred members of the Russian Imperial Duma must have certain property qualifications. They must be able to speak Russian, and they must take the oath of allegiance, on election. They will draw \$5 a day allowance during the session of the Duma, and mileage at the rate of two and a half cents a mile to and from the capital. As first designed, these members were to be elected in rather a roundabout way. Groups of electors were first to be chosen from three great classes of Russian society: the landowners, the village communities, and the municipalities. The first extension of this scheme further admitted large numbers of the artisan class; the latest development will, it seems, admit everybody, including the army and navy. It is worth noting, as showing that Russia is still a vast, sprawling village, that of more than four hundred members to be returned to the Duma, only twenty-eight will represent cities: six for St. Petersburg; four for Moscow; and one each for the following eighteen towns: Astrakhan,



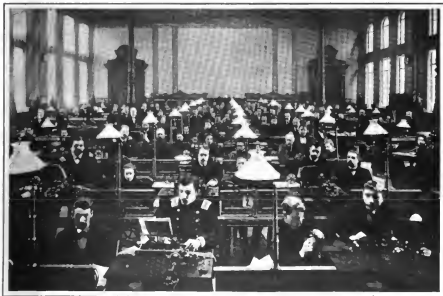
M. Boborov of the Russian Zemstvo, who is likely to be prominent in the next Duma



M. Shupov, Chief of the Zemstvo movement in the Government of Moscow



A Meeting of Students in the Mens-hall of the University of St. Petersburg, recently closed by the Police on account of the plotting there.



Strike-breakers, or "Estrus," drawn from many Walks in Lije, at Work in the Central Telegraph-office in St. Petersburg

RUSSIA'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DISTRESS

Although the news despatches would indicate that the Czar's government is slowly gaining the upper hand in its sanguinary struggle with the people, violence and fear are still unabated in the empire. The most severe measures are being adopted to put down the revolution and to meet the conditions arising from the general strike of working-men in the larger cities.



Prince Shakhovskoi, of the Moscow Zemstvoists, one of the "great lines of Russian Aristocrats."



M. Petrandevitch, who may be elected first President of the Imperial Duma.

Kishineff, Vilna, Voronej, Rostoff, Ekaterinoslav, Kazan, Kieff, Kursk, Riga, Nijni Novgorod, Orel, Samara, Saratoff, Tula, Kharkoff, Odessa, and Yarensky. Compare this vast rural representation with that of England, where the city and county members exactly counterbalance each other, and we get a measure of the difference between the two nations.

Some of those who are likely to lead the Duma we know already. The old princely families are strongly represented. They are descended from the rulers of old independent states, which were gradually absorbed by the Tsars of Moscow, this process of absorption being completed long before the Romanoffs were called to the throne. It is of immense historic interest to find these scions of former independent princes coming forward to demand a share in the directing of Russia's destinies, and, such is still their prestige and wealth, that they may form a great factor in the new order, regaining some of the influence they wielded before force and fraud compelled them to bend to the Moscow government. Most representative of these old semi-princely houses are the two princes Iliorukh, whose ancestors ruled Rostov before the Romanoffs came. Prince P. D. Dolgorukh has played a leading part in the zemstvo agitation from the beginning, and was one of the deputation to the Tsar, on June 6, 1905. He is a man of the highest social and personal position, and enjoys general esteem at the Court as well as in the popular zemstvo meetings. He recently presided over a great gathering at Moscow, which drew up a list of some of the things the Duma may hope to accomplish. These included complete responsibility in the eyes of the law for all, private individuals and officials alike; the complete equality of personal rights for all citizens of the empire; recognition of the inviolability of the person and domicile, and guarantees of freedom of conscience, faith, speech, meeting, association, and the press; in other words, a thoroughly English programme.

Prince Shakhovskoi is another of the great rare of Russian aristocrats. He was one of the dominant men in the first zemstvo congress, in December, 1904, and was elected to carry its minutes before the second zemstvo congress, in June, this flanking the two in a single great movement. He also was one of the deputation which appealed to the Tsar on June 6, 1905; and it was in part due to the social prestige of men like Prince Dolgorukh and himself that the deputation was so cordially received. Associated with them was Prince Sergei Trubetskoi, who lived to view the promised land from a distance, but was not destined to enter it. His funeral, last autumn, was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. His body lay in state in the chapel of one of the hospitals, and thousands of his admirers trooped through, to take a last look at one of the pioneers of Russian freedom. On his breast was a wreath with the inscription: "A Champion of Liberty." Prince Trubetskoi was a student, a scientist and a writer, before he came forward as a leader of the popular movement. He was a great figure in the scholarly society of Moscow, and was co-editor of Professor Grotz's journal: *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*. He was also prominent in various social movements, such as the education of waifs, the arrangement of holiday trips for city children, the reform of hospitals, and the like. Altogether, in him the popular movement has lost one of its best men.

Another very vigorous personality is M. Petrandevitch, who is a country gentleman of the old style, a man of sturdy and knotty self-reliance, and at the same time very imaginative and explosive. While all pass smoothly, M. Petrandevitch will maintain a beautiful calm; but in the face of impetuousness he will be a firebrand. He was presiding genius of the June zemstvo congress, and is reported as saying: "We have appealed to the throne, and appealed in vain! It is time to appeal to the Russian people!" But this revolutionary profession has been glossed over and forgotten. He is exactly the type of man, depicted by Gogol, when, under Alexan-

der II., would have worked himself into a fever of excitement over the emancipation of the serfs; and would with wild enthusiasm have begged himself and his neighbors too, to restore "the land to the people." Yet he is an admirable debater, and it is quite probable that he may be elected the first President of the Imperial Duma. One of the features of the new electoral system is the weight given to the land-owning class; and thus may be expected to bring to the front many stumpy gentlemen like M. Petrandevitch, who have no chance to attract royal favor like the Dolgorukis and Trubetskis, but who are, nevertheless, a main element of strength in the Russian nation.

From the same class, the entitled country gentry, come the two Avoffs, and M. Ioslov, all of whom are likely to be prominent in the new Duma. Their future programme is probably best represented by the resolutions passed a short time ago, at a meeting of the St. Petersburg "Nobility and gentry." They have declared, first, for the separation of the legislative, judicial, and executive departments, no doubt in order that the power of the government to pursue, caprice, and ruinous persons considered obnoxious may be done away with finally. This unjust system was the ideal of the late Elvich, who was always in fact prosecutor and judge, trying his opponents under regulations passed by himself, and imprisoning them, or sending them to Siberia or the Arctic shores. No greater abuse than this common exercise of judicial and executive function can well be conceived; and the reformers have done well to set it forward prominently among the evils to be removed.

Two very weighty clauses in the same programme recommended the better training and payment of the clergy, and the better education of the masses. Both strike at the root of long-established wrongs. For centuries, the priests have been so sure that they have been driven to all kinds of expedients to keep soul and body together; and as the Russian priest must be a married man, they are compelled to make provision for their families out of a pitifully slender income. The result has been a lamentable system of petty ecclesiastical extortion, which has brought the whole clerical body into unscrupulous inequality, and any improvement of their position will react favorably on the whole nation. As to the need of reeducating the illiterate of the masses, there can be no two opinions. The sad, dense, ignorant ignorance of the peasant has been the unpardonable jungle in which lurk all kinds of abuses and dangers, and it is time that the jungle should be cleared away. This meeting of the nobles of the metropolis further insisted on greater responsibility of the ministers, and more assured freedom of speech and of the press.

To a different class belongs M. Shipoff, who bids fair to be the host of the monarchists in Russia, and is already "more royalist than the king." He came forward, some six years ago, when a proposal was made to lay certain agricultural questions before the zemstvo, and these bodies took advantage of the occasion to read the government a lecture on administrative abuses, and to demand the summoning of a zemstvo congress. The fight raged fiercely in the dark for months; but the forces of reaction prevailed, and no congress was called. M. Shipoff was then in favor of such an assembly, but seems since to have somewhat changed his mind. He took part in the representative movement fifteen months ago, but was not elected to the zemstvo congress of last summer because of his reactionary views. He was invited to be present and was asked to speak, though not a member. M. Shipoff pleaded with the assembly not to appoint for popular representation, but to leave the whole question to the Tsar, acting under Providence. He was heard with tolerance, but without accord to his views. This is not the M. Shipoff to whom Count Witte offered a portfolio.

Doubtless recent royalist upholders have named the moderate parliamentary leaders that all the forces of order must stand together, if Russia is to be saved from anarchy.

How New York Met High-Priced Meat

By F. W. Hewes

IN the second year of the twentieth century the price of meat made its memorable "push," and in the following year met its "Waterloo." Beginning with January, 1902, the price of beef was steadily advanced, and in April it was ten per cent. above the December price. Then came the great May lift, of about twenty-five per cent. more, making an increase of thirty-five per cent. in five months (see price chart).

The people—except vegetarians—were by this time grumbling hard. Other meats kept company with beef in a large advance of price, and although the cost of meat-eating had much increased, the meat-eaters had so far done nothing but grumble and buy meat. However, grumbling did not affect the market price. Dealers were pocketing their "cent per cent." right along, and the people were paying it (see cost chart).

The wholesale price halted at the May (1902) level for several months, yet the cost to the people went on increasing, for by this time the retailers were reaching out for additional profits to make up for their very small margins in the beginning of the battle.

May, June, July, August, the cost to the people crept steadily up. Then something happened. Although the price remained just as high, yet the average cost to consumers decreased over ten per cent. in a single month. The people had come to the point of action.

Month by month they "cut it out" of the bill of fare, steadily decreasing their meat cost. In December (1902) the wholesalers made another upward push (see price chart). If the people would persist in eating a small amount of meat they must pay a higher price. But the people had the game in their own hands. They held the winning cards, and they proceeded to play them. They had found out a thing or two, in a very practical way, about their own needs. There were other sorts of food, so they kept right on cutting down on the meat bill, until in February, 1903, they had brought their average meat cost back to normal again (see cost chart).

They did not, however, see fit to stop there, except for a three months' respite when they again began to "cut it out." The cost for the first six months of 1904 fairly represents the range of cost

since that date, and it is considerably below the normal range, before the "lattle royal" began.

The effect on the wholesale market is very clearly pictured in the price chart.

Beginning with February, 1903, wholesalers began to reduce the price, but it was not so far as drawing money from the pockets of the people was concerned. It will likely continue so, for the action as a whole has been gradually abandoning real meat foods for fifty years. The experience of 1902 and 1903 simply crowded ten years into two for the time being.

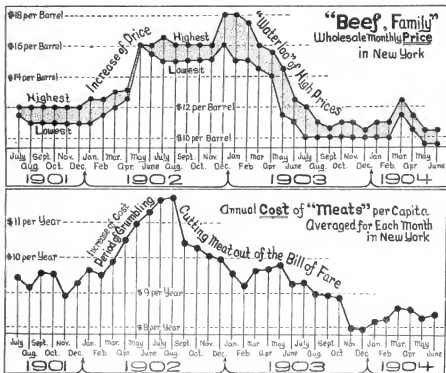
It took just about as many months (August, 1902, to February, 1903) to whip the meat-market as it did in 1898 to whip the Spanish, but it was done with little noise and no politics.

Not less interesting than the cutting down of the cost of meat are the records of the increased eating of other foods. As bread-stuffs were also high in price during a part of this period, the pocketbook naturally went marketing for eggs, fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, and fish. For a few months the preference went strongly to one class of foods, then to another. Finally, it seems to have apportioned a small increase to bread-stuffs and a larger one to dairy products, fruits, and vegetables.

The railroads and refrigerator-cars, the canning industry and cold storage, are more and more bringing the great growing city markets to the door, to the convenience of the fruit and vegetable grower wherever he may be between the two wonderful ocean boundaries that at once limit and expand our national activities. The table-habit of providing an increase of fruits and vegetables has made astonishing progress within twenty years, and shows no sign of decrease.

Some idea of the stupendous progress of this country, not only in grain production but in consuming power, can be got when it is said that whereas we raised in 1913, 2,223,648,312 bushels of corn, and consumed 2,447,640,470 bushels; in the same year we raised 670,000,000 bushels of wheat and consumed 466,975,913 bushels.

Both production and consumption have tripled in thirty years.



Authority:—Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance, Apr 1905—U.S. Dept. of Commerce and Labor

The Fluctuations in the Value of Meat in New York during Four Years

William Rainey Harper

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

IN a report made to the National Council of Education at Minneapolis in July, 1902, on the educational progress of the year of 1901-1902, President Harper, speaking of Colonel Francis W. Parker, who had recently died, said: "That he should be taken away at the very moment when he was about to enjoy the fruition of a lifetime's work, and that he should not be permitted to enter the buildings on whose plans he had spent so much time and energy, was indeed pathetic; but that he had built foundations broad and strong for future work in the field of elementary education; that he had made noteworthy contributions to the cause of public-school education; that, indeed, he was one of the great leaders of the last quarter of a century—in everywhere acknowledged." With certain obvious and simple changes, the words which President Harper wrote of his colleague could be applied to himself. For he has "built foundations broad and strong for future work"; he has "made noteworthy contributions" to the cause of education; he has come to be acknowledged as one of "the great leaders" in education; and that he has not been permitted to enter into the full fruition of the work of a lifetime is "indeed pathetic."

William Rainey Harper was known as president of the University of Chicago. Yet, he was not an executive by his own choice. Years ago he made to me the remark, with much emphasis, that he would gladly lay down his office as president if it were possible. He would vastly prefer, he said, the work of a teacher. This remark is of great significance. For the evidence indicates that, great as he was as a college president, he was yet greater as a teacher. In him apparently lay the cause of a great educational result. But there were put into his hand magnificent materials, and he was surrounded by conditions which made the era-time, under his guidance, natural and inevitable. For, several years previous to the foundation of the University of Chicago in 1880, members of the Baptist Church had discussed with much thoroughness the question of the foundation of a university. At one time it seemed that the foundation would be laid in, or near, New York city. Suggestions were offered respecting the removal of the University of Rochester and making this most honorable and historic school the cornerstone of a great foundation. It was finally decided to make the beginning in Chicago. In these preliminary investigations, Mr. John D. Rockefeller bore, either actively or through others standing for him, an important part. The conditions inevitably pointed to William Rainey Harper as the active administrator of the undertaking.

In this undertaking, he and Mr. Rockefeller have worked together from the beginning. The personal respect which each has had for the other was, apparently, exceeded only by the effectiveness of their official relationship. On the tenth anniversary of the university, Mr. Rockefeller said, in an address, "The University of Chicago would not be in existence today had it not been for our honored president, William Rainey Harper. The friends of the university gave him their confidence and highest regard from the first. It is needless to say that he has shown himself entirely worthy of it, and that he has always proved himself eminently fitted for his high position. No words of mine can give you a more favorable impression of President Harper in respect in every quality that goes to make him what he is—one of the foremost leaders and founders of our time. Indeed, I do not know where we could have found another so well qualified for this important work. I am sure I express the wish of all present here today, and a multitude of friends throughout our land and other lands, that his life and health may long be spared to continue this great work which he has in this very brief period brought to such a high state of perfection, and which already ranks with the leading universities of our country and

the world. We, the friends of the university, assure President Harper of our continued cooperation and support." It is added that the founder of a university, in a material sense, is able to offer words so enthusiastic regarding his cofounder in a special intellectual and executive sense. At the same decennial, President Harper said of Mr. Rockefeller: "I shall therefore not say all that comes to my mind in acknowledging here on behalf of the board of trustees the special debt of gratitude which we owe to the founder of the university, Mr. John D. Rockefeller. We feel it deeply; the events of these last few days and all that has been said must have made this evident. We trust that it is equally evident to him that his great benefactions are doing the good which he hoped for them. I desire, however, to lay stress upon the fact that this is not merely a recognition of the original impulses given to our work; it does not confine itself to the material and so generously provided; it is inspired also by the moral encouragement which he has given at every onward step, and by the feeling that Mr. Rockefeller is not only the founder of the University of Chicago and its greatest benefactor, but also an earnest sympathizer with its highest aspirations."

It is also added that the president of a university is able to use words so enthusiastic of a founder and donor with whom he had been privileged to cooperate for a decade.

The result of the cooperation of President Harper with Mr. Rockefeller, and the result of the labors of the trustees and members of the faculty of the University of Chicago, are embodied in a great consummation. This consummation is the beginning of what is to be a very great university. As President Harper himself said, in a report made at the conclusion of the first decennial: "The first ten years have seen the foundations laid and the superstructure erected in the rough. The second ten years will witness the development of the æsthetic side of life and thought." In the ten years and five which have now practically elapsed, the university has proved to be an illustration of what, as President George H. Palmer's phrase, is "the glory of the imperfect." The development has been irregular, many methods of administration have been unwise, the general conditions of administration are distinguished by their complexity, elaborateness, and pecuniary expensiveness. If the value of the instruction, of both graduate and undergraduate, given in the various departments, represents extremes of worthlessness and of unworthiness. But, taken all in all, the consummate result is noble. In his decennial report, President Harper devoted a paragraph to the more important experiments, of which he assumed not less than ten. The most important of these experiments is, without doubt, the establishment of the summer quarter as an integral part of the university year. This experiment represents a useful addition and a wise method of the higher education. The instruction offered in it is usually better articulated and more academic than is found in most summer schools. A spirit of hard and persistent work prevails. The enrolment is largely made up of those who appreciate the advantages offered and who are denied them in the more ordinary terms. The consequent enrichment to American life made through the better education of teachers is great. The nine other experiments, as alluded to in the tenth annual report, do not approach in value the worth offered through the formal establishment of a fourth term.

It therefore seems to me evident that President Harper was greater as a teacher than as an executive. He was an interpreter, an expositor. In his special field of Semitics he was recognized by his colleagues not as a great scholar, but as a most impressive and inspiring teacher. Of the value of this profession of teaching he had a high estimate. I am sure that, great as he was as a president, he would prefer to be regarded as yet greater as a teacher.



The late William Rainey Harper, President of Chicago University

DEFECTS IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM

By HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor for the Post-office Department

The long experience of the author as Auditor of the Post-office Department at Washington qualifies him to speak with authority and from intimate knowledge of the defects to the equipment and management of the greatest business organization under Federal control. On this topic Mr. Castle has written five articles, of which this is the first; the others will appear in the next four issues of the "Weekly"

I.—Money-order Frauds, Forgeries, and Embezzlements

THE issue and payment of postal money-orders involve each transaction aggregating nearly \$1,000,000,000 per annum. This almost inconceivable sum is received and paid out by the postmasters of the country in amounts averaging less than eight dollars for each transaction. Innumerable mistakes necessarily occur in the performance of these operations. And human nature being weak, temptations strong, and opportunities numerous, a wide field is offered for the exercise of criminal propensities. Forgeries, false impersonations, thefts, and many other varieties of fraud are constantly perpetrated; defalcations and embezzlements of money-order funds by postmasters are of daily occurrence. It is believed that no other function undertaken by the national government opens so wide an avenue for pecuniary risks and losses.

Stealing money-order blanks from post-offices, filling them out and collecting them rapidly before detection, have been successfully tried by many adepts. Some years ago the assistant postmaster of a town in South Dakota, a man highly respected in the community, obtained a short leave of absence and failed to return. Reports soon came in that numerous money-orders of large denominations, purporting to be issued at that office, had been paid along a line of travel reaching to Chicago and eastward. No such orders had been regularly issued, but an examination disclosed that the absconding assistant had removed blank orders from the book, properly filled them out for the maximum sum (\$100 each), forwarded the advices marked "identification waived," stopped off at towns en route, and collected in all about \$25,000 without question. Inspectors sought the culprit in vain. All trace of him vanished, until, many months later, his remains were identified in the victim of an accident in Kansas—and that "jacketed case" was closed forever. His methods have been frequently followed by others, with less success in eluding pursuit.

Much more recently a swindler at Lima, Ohio, was captured by inspectors after an extended night vigil near his home. He had seduced merchants of Terre Haute, New Albany, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Elkhart, Shakapere, and other Indiana cities by means of money-orders which he raised from their original amounts to sums much larger. This man's peculiar game was to buy orders for twenty-five or thirty cents, or similar small amount, and so raise the figures as to make the orders read for \$50, \$75, or \$100. He was clever at this work of changing the amounts of the orders, using some chemical solutions to erase the original figures and give space for the fraudulent ones that he would put in their place.

He would not attempt, as a rule, to cash these money-orders at the post-offices, but would call at stores, saloons, or shops, where he would make some small purchase and then tender the orders in payment. This was always done after the post-office had closed for the day, and the persons getting the orders did not have them examined until next day. This allowed him time to get out of town and pass on to fresh victims in new postures. Very often he resorted to the sympathy dodge in order to get the fraudulent orders cashed, telling a piteous tale of distress, such as that some member of his family was dying or dead, that the money-order had been sent to him to pay his way home, and that it was important that he get to the bedside of the dying or dead by that night's train. His ruseful story secured victims counted by hundreds.

In August, 1903, Mrs. Annie E. Shurpaley, a criminal of similar propensities living in Philadelphia, was arrested by the general post-office at New York, charged with systematically "raising" postal orders. Numerous complaints had been made of the woman's operations during the preceding months, her method being, it is said, to purchase small orders, usually for twenty-five cents, erase the figures with acids, raising them from 50¢ to \$100, and inducing keepers or tradesmen to cash them. When arrested half a dozen such "raised" notes were found on her. Post-office inspectors who arrested the woman say she is the cleverest "raiser" of notes that the department has ever had to deal with. She is now five years old, and previously conducted an express business in Philadelphia.

Temptations to defalcation and embezzlement on the part of postmasters are enormously increased by the considerable amounts of money handled by them in connection with the money-order service. Postmasters are entitled to carry a reserve sufficient to meet any reasonable call for payment of orders drawn on them. This reserve is a sacred trust fund and should always be kept

intact and held ready for inspection. But among the 30,000 postmasters who sell orders are, of course, a due proportion of dishonest, improvident, or careless persons who, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the department, dissipate these funds, and when confronted with their fault must take the consequences. Here, again, comes almost certain loss to the government. If the bondsmen are insolvent the loss is total. If they are solvent, Congress is usually appealed to for relief, and seldom in vain.

The business of the money-order system is vastly swollen, and responsibilities of postmasters correspondingly increased, with the re-selling chances for embezzlement, by its employment in a channel widely divergent from its original purpose. This is the use of money-orders as a savings-bank. Of course, the patrons receive no interest on the deposits, but the investment is safe. The process is to purchase no order payable to one's self and hold until the money is wanted. Among those who use this method of saving funds are many theatrical people. The savings-bank does not appeal to those who leave New York, and do not expect to return for many weeks. Good companies get stranded, and it serves an actor or actress much better to write to a friend at home, enclosing a money-order, and ask the friend to get the money from the post-office, than to write to the same friend and ask to cash a sum of money.

At the New York post-office a short time since \$1200 was paid to Maggie Cline on orders drawn on herself while out on the road. Not long ago a juggler who had been out with Barnum's Circus presented orders payable to himself aggregating \$2700. He secured identification and said he could not prove his identity except by lithographs. He unveiled a poster, representing himself between two bull-dogs and endeavoring to look as fierce as possible. The clerk told him that if he could make himself look as he did in the lithographs he could have the money. The performer took off his hat, massed up his hair, and made a face. The clerk immediately counted out the money.

Congress and the Treasury Department are not always helpless in permitting an open door to fraud. There have been abuses sanctioned by law not long practiced by the accounting office, which gave facile opportunity for wholesale swindling by postmasters as some of those herein described give for operations against them. During several years the accounts of postmasters issuing money-orders were settled by checking their statements, not against the orders, but against the stub or coupon attached therefrom. Accounts aggregating probably, \$600,000,000 were passed upon by this free and easy process. It was the pleasant privilege of the writer to abolish this amazing procedure, hence a statement of its inception and operation will be specially appropriate here.

The so-called "Docket Act" of 1893, which reorganized the departmental service, materially changed the system of checking money-orders in the Auditor's office. This change was an incident of the bill, which provided that thereafter money-orders should be so printed that by detaching a coupon the amount of the order should appear automatically on said coupon, and though the requirement to use the coupon for checking purposes followed only by implication, it was plainly intended, and the coupon could serve no other possible purpose. In fact, the report accompanying the bill stated that the checking of money-order statements would be enormously expedited by using the coupon instead of voucher for that purpose. The auditor then in office adopted the system, and in more than one report claimed great saving of time by its use. Time, for more than three years the money-order accounts of the issuing postmasters were audited on the "stub" or coupon, and not on the money-order themselves, as had previously been done, and has been done since January 1, 1908. This process was equivalent to settling a customer's account at bank on his own list of checks used, verified only by the stubs of his check-book, and without scrutiny of the checks themselves.

The issuing postmaster sent in with his weekly or monthly report of money-orders sold what purported to be the coupon cut from each order, which coupon was supposed to represent by the process of cutting the exact amount of the order from which it had been detached. If the postmaster's account corresponded with what he claimed it was assumed to be correct, accepted and closed. The money-order itself was not checked by the issuing postmaster's

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In the Moon's Shadow

By Mabel Loomis Todd

The author who, as writer and investigator, holds a position of first rank among authorities on astronomical subjects, was sent to Tripoli last summer as a special representative of "Harpers" to view and record the results of the total eclipse of the sun. In the following article is given an account of the expedition, with a summary of the results based upon a long and careful study of the data, and photographic negatives obtained

TWICE in five years northern Africa has been traversed by shadow-paths. And, even more remarkable, both included Tripoli. Such repetition is rare in any city. The only one ever observed in New York city occurred in 1866, and London, in 1715, had not been visited by a total eclipse for six hundred years. It is safe to say that any astronomer, watching quietly beneath his domestic dome, and having the good fortune to witness a single total eclipse from his convenient shelter, would, speaking generally, sit there for more than three hundred years before another would darken the same landscape.

In general direction these two eclipse-tracks were not the same. That of 1866 beginning near New Orleans, passing northwesterly over Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina, leaving Asia at Norfolk for its rush across the Atlantic to Portugal and Spain.

Starting near Hudson Bay and Labrador, traversing ocean spaces southeasterly across Spain, the 1905 track followed its predecessor quite closely only from the Balearic Islands over the Mediterranean to Algeria, becoming almost identical in Tunisia and Tripoli. But where the former shadow-path swept somewhat out in the endless sands towards Cyrenaica, so dreaded of old, last August's darkening continued to Egypt and Arabia. Africa offered fifty-one seconds of totality in 1905; its latest darkening, one hundred and eighty-six, for which many nationalities dispatched expeditions and instruments. But more terror resulted from the first, if fewer photographs.

As his official residence the British consul-general has a fine old masonry pile, capable in days of primitive warfare of withstanding siege and assault, with thick walls, entrances full of safe angles and turns guarded by many resting convalescents, placed under white banners until a footstep approaches. Then, instantly erect, they usher in the entering visitor with much ceremony, or his business is challenged forthwith.

Within, an ample courtyard gives access to servants' rooms, kitchen, household offices; in the centre a low old stone rises far above galleries and roof-terrace into airy casbahs. A staircase of Maltese stone with wrought-iron railing leads at once, beneath the insignia of Great Britain, to a wide gallery, from which open the family apartments. Still above, the fine terrace overlooks city, sea, and desert; and here, as before, Arabent eclipse-expedition telescopes were mounted by courteous invitation, to await once more the moon's rushing shadow, as on August 30 it should pass over the gleaming city in westward flight.

A more nearly ideal eclipse station could hardly be imagined. Higher than most surrounding houses, the consulate commands a wide horizon; its telescopes swept the sky. Swifter monasteries rising into upper casbahs close by form background, five times a day, for white-robed muraizins, who faithfully emerge when their hour comes; and calls, monotonous if penetrating, nasal yet dignified, echo and reecho over the city, leading those who will to remember Allah.

Certain reasons make it highly desirable to multiply photographs of the corona during a single eclipse. Many must still be studied before coronal nature can be fully known, its problems entirely unsolved. When that day comes the whole story of the sun can perhaps be told. Moreover not only is it well to compare representations of many coronas of different years, which vary greatly in shape and size and evidences of solar activity, but to collect all these photographs taken during the swift progress of any one totality. Time for no change in this delicate halo of ethereal light has been detected during its few moments of visibility at any given locality, nor even between the observable beginning and the end of the track, separated by more than two hours of actual time.

How rapidly, then, do alterations in the corona take place which, from one eclipse to another, modify its whole appearance—once a smooth circle, again a broken and irregular ring; sometimes showing long and immensely extended streamers, at the next coronal a quiet petal-like development, without emphasis in any direction? No one has yet discovered.

A connection between sunspot epochs and coronal streamers has been hinted. Sometimes, as we know, rapid

changes occur in the spots, and probably the corona, likewise, may undergo similar fluctuations. If a hundred photographs of a single totality could be taken, extending from its first to its last second, not hopelessly changes might be detected, undeniably faint and slight, but no less significant, beginning the ripple's answer. But the one, two, or three minutes of most totalities are not enough for a single astronomer to take even twenty or thirty photographs by hand. Some mechanical means must be used to multiply them. This has been done successfully during several of our expeditions. Continuous chains of photographic plates, first used in our West African expedition of 1893, and again in Japan in 1896, are arranged in pass before each telescope camera; and in 1900 the motive power was gravity only, buckets of desert sand descending from terraces to counteract their speed regulated to expose the plates in succession at well-timed intervals.

For the eclipse of August last, preparatory weeks being fewer, all arrangements were simpler. The lenses employed were adapted to photographic use, optician and astronomer sacrificing their visual possibilities. The largest was of twelve inches diameter, with a chain of more than forty plates; the smallest—over four inches in length of but three inches diameter, suited to photographing all the stars surrounding the sun, to detect, if possible, the intra-Mercurian planet.

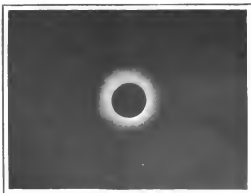
While automatic devices of previous expeditions were employed in changing plates, they were themselves operated by hand in the case of these ten main instruments; but in third and smaller was loaded with a multitude of plates, 200 or more, and taking entire care of itself during totality, simply gravity providing the power.

Practically the entire English colony as well as friends of other nationalities became volunteer assistants to the astronomer—an organized amateur force. Shortly before eclipse-day, rehearsals were inaugurated, and daily at totality-hour, out on the blindingly white roof-terrace, an armed company copied artificial coronas; watched for shadow-bands, to indicate their speed, with direction; looked for the moon's approaching shadow; made careful observation of sunlight disks (filtering through heavy foliage on the courtyard wall) to become crescents during partial eclipse; waited for Bully's Beards; while every fifteen seconds time was called and struck off on an ancient Arab bell. In other lines minor phenomena were anticipated, which thus should not find observers unfamiliar or unprepared.

Telescopes were adjusted, photographic plates in place, preliminary observations made, assistants trained, and the sun of August came, clear and hot. Sea winds did not, but in quite unusual; convulsive fits of several nations hung limply on their masts, then fluttered gently off—in the wrong direction. All night, in skies of limpid clearness, stars were observed and lost tests made, and eclipse morning dawned, dry and hot, with a light breeze, but that still from the south. At the consulate, in dark room, workshop, and courtyard, all was activity, with terrace and balcony ready for their observers. A disk on the flagpole was waiting to peer the bright inner corona, that the artist seated behind might be able to see whatever long extensions should appear; plumblers were hung to help in locating coronal rays for those who drew its entire circle, telescopes set for larger and more detailed drawings, lines painted on the shade "rain-catch" in a small shadow-band observers in devising the direction of these elusive appearances, and still the south wind blew.

By eleven o'clock the slight south wind had fallen flat. Flags were still, sea was still, and presently a faint breeze came from the north. Feebly, hesitatingly, they fluttered—away from the sea. Then more strongly. By noon each stood straight off from its mast, pointing proudly toward the land. A thousand sparkling ripples tossed a dark sea. White caps, speckled, gibbly was conquered.

In less than another hour the rising and falling back into its desert hills and ridges, once more the splendid sea was free of stain, horizons retreated clean cut, afternoon came on. Gradually all surrounding roofs filled. A few wise people had provided tentlike shelters from the blinding glare and heat, and all seemed to have acquired smolder



Photograph of the Corona of the Sun taken in Tripoli during the Total Eclipse of August 30, 1905

glass. Five years before an entire city watched us at eclipse-time, apparently oblivious of anything happening in the sky, but quite certain that any anticipated spectacle would take place on the Consulate terrace. They knew better this time. Arlio, Ferzani, Bedouins—all colors and conditions were gazing intently skyward.

Promptly at 1:21 first contact was announced. Already out of the shining disk a tiny section was sharply cut. Rapidly it enlarged. A stout crescent was sending down unaltered heat and brilliancy. The attention of natives and animals about the streets on both occasions were made by Mr. Reed, and showed, especially in 1903, that news of the eclipse was very general. In the open seat, or market, groups of men were sitting beside their camels in grave and serious, somewhat doubtful, expectation as the partial eclipse proceeded. At the open-air cafés men would speak quietly of its progress, their companions answering, "May God be gracious," when all lapsed into silence and a certain awe.

Minarets began to be encased. White-draped figures thronged on every minaret. Much more than half the disk was covered before the slightest change in light or temperature could be detected. Then suddenly, one found it comfortable to gaze abroad upon the curiously dulling landscape; the same drearily trose always seizing the world in its grasp during total eclipses seemed



One of the Minarets in Tripoli Photographed by Coronet Light

booming in air, ready to descend.

As from second to second, daylight grew more and more lifeless, a mountain emerged upon the nearest minaret, and fitfully, but with unusual resonance, gave insistent call to prayer. Darkness increasing, he left no intermission, and continuously for fifteen minutes a weird, minor exhortation flowed over a silent city. Sky and sea lost color—blue seemed merely to have been absorbed, leaving palely nameless tints. Enthusiasm vanished. Everything waited, expectant.

Ten minutes before the narrowing crescent vanished, strangely wavering lines of light and shade flitted across the white roofs, parallel to the direction of the wind, but moving rapidly at right angles to it. Five distinct times their intensity rose and fell. In waves of progress these narrow shadow-bands travelled, and the specially detailed observers made careful note of each circumstance.

A mere thread, the sunlight crescent now, breaking up for a second into glimmers of brightness, the last ray of real sunshine flashed away, but not for less than twenty seconds the corona had already begun to gleam tentatively forth, nearly around the dark moon to the falling east of light. Actually struggling to emerge it seemed to get into sight and man's knowledge even before totality. Frightful with some new message from the sun, mysterious, ever invisible save at these potent



Interior of the Dark Room, showing the endless Chain of Plates for Photographing the Eclipse at frequent intervals

yet dying moments, gladly would it tell the cosmic secret, could we but interpret.

As the pair, round, yet many-pointed halo grew softly to its full perfection of beauty in the limpid African firmament, one irresistible burst of applause, instantly hushed, rolled over the city and out to the silent desert like a single surge of astonished joy; then the utter stillness of awe, except for the uninterrupted cull to prayer, while the oriental flower hung above domes and minaret, its petals white with the vivid fire of moons, the struggle of unimaginable configurations, its centre the black moon-ball held by mighty forces to show for one brief instant its pregnant blossoming.

Where ostriches were gathered in numbers about markets and plazas (the moment of totality produced an immense impression. Nearly all stood up, while ejaculation and prayer arose from hundreds, even thousands, of voices. Many spread their hands to heaven, toward the sun, saying, "God is great," "What God willed came to pass," "May God be gracious to His servants," while calls to prayer arose from every minaret.

Considerable detail of letter-worn finements was evident, as my hurrying pencil drew, while I looked and drew again, and took one moment to glance off at the far Yarbuh mountains, nearly appearing into almost transparent relief and prominence; against the warm yellow of their background, at Venus emerging as if newly created from sky, not sea, depths; at the silent, gazing crowds, the waiting world. Inexorably the old bell in charge of Mr. Jannopoulos, of the *Crete*, struck its fifteen-second warnings. For three minutes and four seconds totality lasted; then a ray of startling sunshine struck the city, which turned white again, the sea blue. But still the fair corona gleamed, fading reluctantly into returning brilliance, while still hastening pearls, innocent cameras, eager telescopes, followed its disappearing beauty. And below in the dark room plate-chains accumulated records for development.



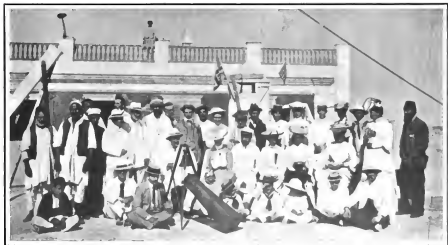
Crescents in shadows during the Eclipse—one of the best Photographs ever taken of this Phenomenon

Swiftly the crescent grew, the moon began to move about in streets and on terrace as if a spell had been raised to release them, common daylight returned.

And perfectly apparatus had worked, long days and nights of sleepless devotion were rewarded, the corona was caught for all time. Next day development began to appear. From the small instrument scores of fine negatives exhibit a wealth of detail in the intricate mazes of this complex corona.

Quite evenly developed all around, it was Sir George Alry who first described this type of full sun-spot corona in 1851, likening it to the compass-rose. There were startlingly long extensions, but all of nearly the same length, and astronomers guessed that the corona had to do with the sun, but with the moon. Already the next eclipse, in 1860, began to prove that they must guess again; and by 1849 not only was it certain that the moon had nothing whatever to do with the shape of the corona, but that this filmy radiance seemed to have a figure even more pronounced when sun-spots were fewest than when they were most abundant. Professor Langley in 1878 had first discovered these vast extensions from the sun's equator, and an old sketch of 1867 seemed to point in the same direction. The eclipse of 1890 rendered these oscillations almost sure, and the photographs of 1900 made the coincidence certain.

So, too, the splendid coronas of 1882, 1885, and 1903, at the maximum of sun-spots, now receive the necessary verification from the newest eclipse of 1905, and the law of fluctuation of the corona is fully established for epochs of abundant spots as firmly as for those when spots are not seen at all. Especially were all predictions taken at this eclipse to see the faintest outlying streamers—and none were detected, though watched for in the purest of air. But why this mysterious expansion of the corona at one season of the sun's activity and its drawing in at



Group of Eclipse Observers and Assistants on the Roof of the British Consulate at Tripoli

another, with a consequent ample development of short filaments all around, many of them straight and spinelike, and not at all radial to the sun!

Significant questions these, which it will take many a completely observed eclipse to answer, a word at a time. Even yet all scientific aspects of the new material garnered in August have not been fully discussed or digested. But it was a noble eclipse, giving freely of its riches to waiting astronomers under varied skies.

Eclipses only rarely bring discoveries of a sensational nature. Exceptions may be made in remembrance of 1808, when Janssen and Leckey found, independently, that the blood-red protuberances heretofore seen only during the moments of totality could be followed by a properly adjusted spectroscope after the eclipse was over, manifestly a revelation in research upon these impressive flames. Still, it has been shown that they exhibit marked differences when viewed at totality and in full sunlight, so that their study is still a part of complete eclipse programmes. Other marked results of these pragmatic but fleeting moments have been Professor Young's discovery in 1849 of a material termed coronium; of the same astronomer's discovery of the "reversing layer" in 1870 of enormously extended coronal streamers in 1878 by Professor Langley, and of the supposed finding of Valz at the same eclipse; the comet in 1882, and Professor Deslaur's announcement in 1893 that the coronal rotates with the sun—all these were in a way spectacular discoveries, made possible by the happening of eclipses. But, generally, expeditions return, bringing but a little more light on some large solar problem, the whole to be solved only after repeated attacks through many eagerly seized moments of eclipse.

To a truly scientific mind even a fraction of actual fact learned is to be held, debated, cherished; and if numberless expeditions should be required to complete the whole, astronomers would still feel well repaid. For what is so valuable, after all, as truth? And truth lies largely in fact, often painfully dug out by years of toil and devotion. The astronomer deals in cycles, and rarely expresses his periods in terms of years. As the practically inconceivable distance of the sun from earth is the foot-rule for one part of the universe, as the measure of astronomical time is groups of centuries—persistent patience the astronomer's first characteristic. So specialized has eclipse research of the present day become that no single party any longer attempts investigation in all lines. While all are not of equal significance, the instruments requisite for some forms of inquiry are especially bulky and difficult to carry to remote quarters of the globe.

Usually, however, if the eclipse path is in considerable part accessible, no department of research will fail of competent representation by some one or two or three of the companies that swarm the narrow belt from all the leading nations.

This last eclipse was no exception. Americans there always are, and English and French. But in August, Canada and Spain, Germany and Italy, even Russia, sent their astronomers. All the older methods of research, and some novel ones were attempted. Few eclipses have been more carefully watched or more successfully.

The Canadians, at the morning end of the track in Labrador,

had perhaps most misfortune, while the English and Americans in Tripoli and Egypt, toward the sunset regions of totality, were most favored. Tunisia and Algeria were next in importance, in point of clear skies, and Spain was intermediate in character, some of its stations being hampered by cloud, while others escaped disaster. First the lunar tables and concerns of the navigator were not lost sight of, and the contacts of the edges, or limbs of sun and moon, were carefully noted. Only a half century ago this simple observation was thought to be all that was worth recording. And it is as well worthy of attention to-day as ever, only its relative value seems reduced because of other things crowding to the front.

Among these are many by ways of eclipse investigation only remotely related to things astronomical—the minute attention in variations in electric conditions of the air; fluctuations in the magnetic currents of the earth, caused by the immediate interposition of the moon between us and the sun; a close watch upon the barometer and thermometer, to see what changes the temporary withdrawal of the sun's heat may have, especially on changes in the wind. All these were fully cared for at our Tripoli station.

This veering of the wind, too, is related to another curious phenomenon that a careful modern eclipse observer, and still more of the meteorologist who corroborates the observations—the oddly irresponsible shadow-bands already described.

Mr. Lawrence Kotich, Director of the Blue Hill Observatory, is making an exhaustive study of these elusive phenomena from data furnished by our Tripoli observations as well as from those obtained at other stations. We again attempted to photograph this singular appearance, but without success.

Quite different, however, was our fortune with photographing the dimly and beautiful crescents of the partial eclipse, as projected on the interior wall of the Conzuleta court through the foliage-intertices of the ancient tree rising in its midst. Here we had the advantage of precise beforehand on the days preceding the eclipse; and the opportunity of testing a lens of new and improved design, in the hands of our very efficient expedition photographer, M. Nemes-Vais, used in connection with specially manufactured plates of extra-sensitiveness. Earlier failures to get these crescents photographically has probably been due to overlooking the exceedingly weakened

actinic effect of the light near the sun's limb, caused by absorption of the violet rays in the sun's own atmosphere.

Of the strictly astronomical results of the eclipse, first in popular interest would be those relating to the search by photography for a suspected planet within the orbit of Mercury—a veritable Vulcan, that is. For this we had two specially constructed lenses, three inches in diameter, but with huge cameras twelve feet long. The action of these lenses is such that, even with very long exposures, the background of sky is not horrendously fogged on the plate until very faint stars have also impressed themselves upon it. Abundance of such stars we find on the plates, but no suspected planet; so the negative evidence of the 1905 eclipse is added to that of its predecessors, and the existence of such a planet is coming to be highly improbable. Few future expeditions are likely to search for it.

Coming to the corona itself, most significant of all the revelations

(Continued on page 137.)



Instrument projecting from the Dark Room on the Roof of the British Consulate for Observing and Photographically Recording the Eclipse

white sitting-room, it was with an anxious eye and an unsteady hand that he proffered his menus and asked the orders for the day. Mrs. Buchanan herself, heavy-eyed and pale, as if she had slept ill, took notice of nothing. She despatched the day's business quickly, with some impatience, and after that was finished she hesitated a moment.

"Tell Patterson to ask Mr. Buchanan if it will be convenient for him to come to me here presently," she said.

The butler drew a quick breath.

"Beg pardon, m'am!" said he, "I—I—!" He had bent a little towards his mistress and lowered his voice, but at just that moment the housekeeper came into the room. Mr. Powers made a little sign with his head, and the woman, who stood in terror of him, slipped out again, closing the door after her.

"Beg pardon, m'am!" said the butler once more, in a cautiously lowered tone. "Mr. Buchanan can't be found, m'am. The lights is 'on'—in 'other 'ome is ageing, but 's not there, m'am, nor yet in 'is bedroom, nor yet in the stables or gardens. We 'ave searched the place. 'E 'as gone in 'is evening clothes an' leavin' the lights on."

Mr. Powers delivered his final sentence in a thrilling and dramatic whisper. Then, dramatic still—very appreciative of the theatrical value of the moment—he drew back a step, leaving himself, as it were, and waited for the resultant outbreak.

But there was no outbreak. He had expected blank incredulity, even perhaps, perhaps tears—hysterics. None was forthcoming. His mistress sat perfectly still at her writing-table, her hands outstretched idly before her, for a rather long time. The butler began to wonder if she had heard him. Then, as he described it afterwards to the housekeeper, she turned her face up to him, "slow-like," not in astonishment, not even in surprise.

It would seem, but white, very white, and still, uncomfortably, and hollow-eyed.

"Dwibly," Mr. Powers said, searching for a word. And she said, "Yes—yes, I know," in a sort of whisper.

"Now 'ow in Gawd's name did she know? I ask you!" Thus the bewildered Powers.

And after another rather long time, during which she had stared fixedly across the room, she said,

"Send Horton!"

Horton was her maid.

Mr. Powers tipped out of the room, his pendulous cheeks puffing, his eyes protruding. These hysterics were beyond him. Entered, at his beck, the excellent Horton, inwardly aboil with curiosity, outwardly calm as a balm.

"Mrs. Crowley!" said the woman by the table, not looking up. "Ask her if she will be good enough to come to me here—at once!" The maid went on her errand, and Mrs. Buchanan sat by the table, still, her hands idly before her—"d'awbly," as Mr. Powers had it.

Old Arabella, thinking, in a dressing-gown, haled from her

bed and from the very midst of that last delicious hour of morning sleep, huddled in, rickling, after her fashion, resentment at this outrage upon her well-being, affection, curiosity, all in one incoherent and interrupted stream, Beatrice lifted her arms from the table in a strange outward gesture. Her great eyes burned from that white face, which was no longer still, and at the sight old Mrs. Crowley's chatter ceased with an audible click.

"Oh, dear child!" she cried. "What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"He's—gone!" said Beatrice Buchanan. "Herbert's gone—and he won't come back." Mrs. Crowley dropped into a chair, staring. It was some little time before words came to her.

"Dead?" she said, finally, in a whisper. But the other woman shook her head.

"No," she said. "I—think not. Just gone—disappeared during the night. They can find no trace of him. He went in his evening clothes, leaving the lights on. His 'saxan's toured. But, oh, Aunt Arabella, I knew it before they told me! I knew it all!" She hid her face, sobbing. "I had a terrible dream," she said.

"A hideous dream! I had it over and over again. I saw Herbert standing beside the big moonlit table down in his study. He was just starting away—I don't know how I knew that—but he looked at me with a—sneering grin, a nasty, sneering, malicious grin, and he said: 'I'm done with you and with all of them. Let them think what they like and do what they like. I'm done with them!'"

He said, "For once I shall be of interest to my friends—for the first time." Then he laughed, and went away.

That's what I dreamed—over and over again, and when I awoke this morning I knew it was true. I knew he had gone before Powers told me. Oh, Aunt Arabella, what shall I do?"

Another woman than Mrs. Crowley—one who had seen her and had suffered less, and, in consequence, believed less—would have laughed all this for the first time.

Then she would have said: "My dear child, you have had a bad night. Your nerves are all wrong. This is hysteria. Your husband has gone out for a stroll, or, at the most, he has left the house in a fit of temper, and will turn up, rather ashamed of himself, later in the day."

But old Arabella sat silent. There were very strange things abroad, and she knew it. They had touched her life before. So she sat silent, and allowed Beatrice Buchanan to weep for a little uncheckered. It was the best thing she could have done. But after a time, when the younger woman's fit of weakness had somewhat passed, she said:

"Dearest, I shall not waste time with explaining and protesting and such. I shall not try to soothe you. It seems not to be a time for that. So something strange has happened, evidently, and we must, as calmly as we may, get to the bottom of it. I have no doubt that it will prove simpler than you think, and that everything will right



Mr. Powers delivered his final sentence in a thrilling and dramatic whisper.

itself." To this small extent old Arabella allowed herself a gentle lie. In point of fact, she felt great doubt. "Now who," said she, "brought you the news of Herbert's disappearance?"

"Powers," said Beatrice Buchanan. And the old woman's sane practical bearing seemed to quiet her, for the fear went out of her eyes, slowly, and the trembling went from her hands.

"Read for Powers!" said Mrs. Crowley.

They had him up, and after his first violent, and the two men told what they knew—little enough. Mrs. Crowley heard them through in silence, but at the end she drew a sigh.

"The child's right!" she said in her soul. And her soul stood against. "She's right. He has gone—God knows how!—and he won't come back." She was given to premonitions. Mrs. Crowley, like most old women, she had an odd prophetic tendency. Sometimes her premonitions were wrong, but not often.

"Find out if M. Stambold and Mr. Faring are down," she said to the valet. "And if they are, ask them to come here."

They came at once, looking surprised and grave, and again the strange little story was gone over. It was characteristic of both men that they took it with perfect calm, without outcry or show of astonishment. Young Faring said nothing at all. Stambold made a single half-audible exclamation and nodded his head. He was thinking of the tired, dependent drop of Buchanan's shoulders as he had gone, alone, out of the drawing-room, on the night before, rebuffed by the only man he had counted upon to bear him company, and, it may be, sympathy, alone to his lonely vigil and—what?

It was also characteristic that, after the first little silence, it was Faring who squared his shoulders and proceeded to take command of the situation. Old Arabella Crowley, sitting by, nodded her white head, and had been there, Colonel Kervelay would have nodded too with satisfaction over a judgment proved sound. Faring was the one to lead a race. Stambold had been too long out of action. His armor was rusty and his hand had lost its quickness.

Young Faring turned to where Beatrice Buchanan sat still and white.

"It was I had been meaning to go away to-day, Beatrice," he said, "up to town, but, if you don't mind, I think I'll stay here to be of service." And the woman gave him a little smile, imploring glance.

"Oh yes, yes, Harry!" she said, under her breath. "Yes, you must stay on. I need you. I—You mustn't go now. You must help me."

"Right!" said he. "I stay." There was in his voice and in his manner no hint of the strain, the ill-hidden passion which had been there the evening before. There was something for him to do now, and action took possession of him, thrusting all else out of the way. He addressed to the butler, who was waiting just inside the door of the room.

"I want to have a look down below," he said, and, as he moved away, touched Stambold's arm, so that the older man followed him out and down the stairs.

He spoke again as they crossed the lower hall.

"Has the man done for himself?" he asked Stambold. "I've been thinking of last night and of what you said about his being near his rope's end. Has he gone beyond and done for himself?"

"Very much stranger things have happened," said the Russian. "Yes, if you ask me, I think he has. Of course it's first thoughts must be that he has simply gone off in a rage and will come back during the day or during the week, but—Eve as old saying that he won't. He was in a bad way, seriously, last night. Eh, poor old Buchanan! He was none too happy."

They reached the narrow passage which led to the outbuilding. Mr. Powers was ahead, opening doors.

"Have you also thought," said Stambold, gravely, "how singularly fortunate it would be for every one concerned if it should turn out to be true—that the man has done for himself?"

"Oh, for God's sake!" cried young Faring, and began to tremble. "For God's sake, don't talk about that! I don't want to think of it. Now, I mustn't think of it!"

So began that long and wholly futile search for Herbert Buchanan, dead or alive. None caring for it, and he never tired. No man could have done more. The staff of the household he set to work searching. The police of the neighboring town, pledged to secrecy, scoured the neighborhood. Picked men of a certain very famous detective agency came from far away to help. No stone was left unturned, no slightest clue neglected. At last, after a week of keen effort, when no trace of the missing man could be found, the race was publicly turned over to the police, and it was then that, over your morning coffee, the Buchanan mystery frowned you in his black letters, with a bad portrait of Buchanan, and behind him, one of an obscure theatrical lady—this purporting to represent the actress wife.

Of course early in the investigation the question of the man with the scarred face arose, and for a long time Faring's efforts were almost wholly directed to tracing this person's movements. But, after all, there seemed no good reason for believing that he had had anything to do with Buchanan's vanishing. After all, a tramp, a vagabond, even a possible misfactor, cannot pick out another human being, and, with his burden, disappear from the earth. Beyond that what motive could the man have had? The gardeners who in the first place had been set on watch testified to have seen the wanderer loitering along the highroad outside the gates. They said that they had warned him away, and he had gone, apparently without malice or resentment, stealing a lift upon the tail of a farmer's wagon bound for the nearest town. In explanation of the matter the gardeners had told the gardeners that on the day before the master had given him a

five-dollar bill. This, he said, was somewhat unique in his experience, so unique that he had wondered if the phenomenon might not, upon request, repeat itself—the lightning strike twice in the same spot.

Could the man have returned during the night and effected an entrance into Buchanan's outhouse? The gardeners as one man said, "Perish the thought!" It was quite impossible. The place and he were guarded, as it were a military camp well into the morning. Exit then, as a player in the tragedy, the man with the scar.

Remained what? It would seem nothing. Never was a disappearance so puzzling, so absolute.

CHAPTER VI

THE TWO WAYS OF LOVING

THIS day passed—wreck—a month dragged by, and the Buchanan mystery remained unsolved. You who knew of it only through the daily press had long ago tired and forgotten. A score of equally exciting sensations had thrilled your jaded ears since—and had been forgotten, too; but the little faithful circle which clung about Buchanan's wife—because it loved her—remembered still, only its last resources seemed to be exhausted, its last bolts shot.

The Kervelay had, of course, gone some time before this. Their many engagements had called them, and they had departed, breathing—good souls!—sympathy and sorrow; but old Arabella Crowley remained. Stambold, the man of secrets, remained, and little Almon, Trevor, and Harry Faring.

Faring and Beatrice Buchanan sat, one morning at the end of that month, in a certain open pavilion, a Japanese summer-house which perched upon a knoll beyond the gardens, looking seaward over a slope of moss to the broken cliffs where the tide sucked and pashed, and met its eternal noon. And they talked of what had been done during the past weeks, and—rather hopelessly—of what still must be done towards finding the man who was lost.

"And so, Harry," said Mrs. Buchanan, "so here we are—at a whole month's end, after all the work that has been done, all the skill that has been expended, not one step nearer to our goal. We know no more than we knew on that first dreadful morning. I suppose—if one could quite put aside one's personal feeling, if one could look at it all quite from the outside, as a— a case, a mystery, one would call it almost unparalleled. I suppose there have been very few mysteries so baffling."

"Oh," said young Faring, a bit doubtfully—"oh, hardly that. I should think. People disappear very often, really. Only, one seldom has any immediate interest in the case, and so one forgets. Oh, no, disappearances—complete ones—are not so rare, after all. He brooded on them so seriously at the woman's feet as she sat staring before her out to sea, for he was a bit surprised at her speech. It sounded to him almost railous, almost unfeeling. And as if she read his thought she turned her eyes at once and a bit of color came into her white cheeks.

"I—I expect that would almost hard, didn't it, Harry?" she said. "Well, somehow, all this horror has managed to make me hard—rather. It's as if I had been through all the feeling that one is capable of and had come into a sort of torpor. Now and then—just as a moment ago—I find myself thinking of what has happened in the most cold, impersonal fashion. Yes, it has dulled me a little." She looked away again for a little space, and when she spoke her face averted, as if she wished not to meet the man's eyes.

"There's no use in pretending, I suppose," she said. "Not to you, anyhow, Harry. I—don't love him, you know. I almost hated him. And now I should be a hypocrite to pretend that in loving him I have lost something that was dear to me, Harry!" She faced him, and her eyes burned with a strange, sudden fierceness. "Harry, he went away of his own accord. Wherever he went—wherever he has happened to him since he went deliberately. I'm as certain of that as that I'm alive and talking to you here. I feel it all through and through me. I'm as sure as if I had seen him. Indeed, I did see him in that awful dream. It came again and again and again all through that night, and I believe possibly that that led me to let me tell you of it. I was so sure of it, so sure, so sure that I should suffer less afterwards, as I do suffer less now—less, I swear, than as if I thought Herbert had been—had had something terrible happen to him, had been taken away against his will. He went of his own volition, Harry, as a bit stroke of malice. It was the cruelest thing he could do, and so he did it. Oh, I know him better than you did—better than any one. He has been nothing but malice for a long time—malice personified!"

"Betty! Betty!" cried young Faring, and laid a hand on her arm. "I know that. You—Harry, I don't like to think of you thinking things like that, even if they're true. It's—too much like reviling a dead man. You know, Betty, he—Buchanan may be—dead, you know."

The woman gave a quick sob.

"I know," she said after a while. "Don't—don't say any more, Harry. You—shame me!" She looked up into his eyes, and because her own eyes were wet and very full of pain and suffering and—much else, Faring looked quickly away. He had unusual powers of self-restraint, but he needed them all. "You are a better woman than I am," he said. "You are, and gave a little broken laugh at her words. "You're snare and juster and infinitely more generous. That's because you're a man. I expect. Women aren't fair—or generous either. And beyond that I fancy I'm not a very good woman as women go. Oh, I'm sure you are. I'm sure I am. I'm sure I am. I'm sure I am a bit strong, and—and steadfast and coloring like some women I

know. I'm rebellious, horribly, and I resent things. I resent them until I'd do almost anything to end my suffering. No, I'm not very good, but I haven't been very happy, either. You can't blame a woman for feeling bitter and resentful—for feeling that she's been cheated out of her life, when she has had to endure what I've endured. Oh! she cried, almost in anger, "a man's such a god! such a passionless judge! And you're such a man, Harry! sitting there with your lips shut tight and your brows down over your eyes! You're disapproving of me altogether. Aren't you? You're thinking that I'm nothing but a bundle of nerves and weakness and spite. Maybe I am. If so I can't help it. I'm a woman, you see, and—I wanted so to be happy! Harry, I want my happiness! They took it from me long ago and said, 'You mustn't have it any more!' and now it's farther and further away from me than ever, but I want it. I want to be happy!"

"I would to God, Betty," said the man who loved her—tooth and nail together, hands clenched, eyes turned steadfastly away—"I would to God you might have it. I would give all my life and any small hope I may have of a life to come if only I might bring your happiness back to you, for it seems to me the thing most worth doing of all the things there are."

Mrs. Buchanan wept for a moment with her hands over her face, but the man did not stir or turn towards her. He was a strong man.

"I want to be happy!" she said again, after a little time, but the vigor, the strength of feeling, was gone from her voice, leaving it very hopeless and weak. "And now," she said, "I never shall be. I never can be by any possibility. I'm chained, and the other end of the chain is lost somewhere in the dark. I can never be—"

She raised her head suddenly, and a change came over her face, an odd, startled look.

"Unless—" she said. "Unless," and stopped. She turned a swift glance at



"The love's not very kind. It takes no heed of tears"

Drawn by W.H. Good

chair with a tired sigh, and she shook her head, watching the man beside her with a certain miserable, unwilling admiration. He had wholly misunderstood, wholly lost the point of her thought, and, grudgingly, she loved him the better for it. As she had said in her poor little jest, he was a better man than she. That sudden blinding flash of hope and joy which had burst upon her had seemingly passed him quite by, even though he loved her. Watching his square face with a sort of dull, despairing curiosity, she wondered if it really had passed him quite by, or if that unreasonable sense of humor, that angel with the flaming sword which stood at the gate of his mind, had first recognized it, and then, untouched by temptation, had driven it away. Something which was almost like anger woke in her that she should be so frail, so torn with grief and bitterness and love, and be so coolly, unshakably sure of himself, so untouched by the storm which assailed her. Womanlike, she had a mad impulse to break him down, to drag him to the torment which she withheld, to make him like herself; but even as she thought of this she knew that one broken, once shown of his strength, she must spare him, and her last hope he gave. It was his great strength he loved, though she beat angry words against its bulwarks.

And his bitter things as she sat there watching. She said, "I said she said that he was a prig, but she knew that for young Faring was as far from a prig as any man had loved her more than most men ever loved her more than she had, up to this time, loved him. It will be summed up, she said to herself, and should turn suddenly and beg her to go on—

ended on page 121.

Music And The Opera

"PARSIFAL" AGAIN

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

WAGNER'S "Parsifal" is again an active factor in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, for the second time since its successful introduction to America in the season of 1903-4. Its fortunes at the Metropolitan have been of singular interest. The conditions attending its first performances here made it impossible to form any just estimate regarding its possibilities of intrinsic appeal to the opera-going public of New York. These were gals,

occasions, and the Metropolitan found itself harboring, for a time, a popular sensation of the first magnitude. During the next season the work occupied, naturally, a less artificial position in the repertoire; and this year there is abundant evidence to show that the music drama has attained to a normal level in the activities of the house. It is possible now for the public to regard it without hysteria; it is not likely that we shall hear in future any of the intemperate denunciation or the equally intemperate enthusiasm that marked its early appearances upon the Metropolitan stage. The average music-lover may now appraise its artistic value from a reasonably sane and unbiassed standpoint, and there seems little doubt that its unique excellences will make themselves felt with increasing persuasiveness.

As a production, it is the most admirable that the Metropolitan affords. Mr. Conrad has, on the whole, done nothing better. It would be difficult to imagine performances finer, in their essential, than those that may now be witnessed at the Metropolitan. There are, it is true, palpable deficiencies in the scenic and choral features—deficiencies that should not be permitted to exist; but in other respects the representations are satisfying and delightful. Miss Fremont is a superb Kundry—in the second act an ideal one; and Madame Nordica, also, is at her best in this part. Mr. Van Looy's *Isolde* is an impressive as is everything that this remarkable artist attempts; both Mr. Engelstaller and Mr. Dipoli make effective *Parsifals*, and Mr. Goritz as *Klingsor* and Mr. Bliss as the gnomes and somewhat trying *Gurnemanz* are very good indeed. In Mr. Heert's conducting one still misses, in the passages of elevation and solemnity, something of the requisite deliberation and repose; but elsewhere, as in most of the second act, he communicates the essential substance of this wonderful score with intense conviction and power of effect; no one that has heard, for example, his reading of the magnificent passage that accompanies the changing scene in the last act—some of the most overwhelming pages in all music—can doubt that he has listened to it precisely as it sounded in the imagination of Wagner. After "Tristan," "Parsifal" is Mr. Heert's finest achievement. One should not fail, moreover, to praise the beauty and atmosphere of many of the stage-pictures that Mr. Conrad has contrived for this production, notably that of the second act, scarcely a detail of which we

would wish to see altered, and the impressive tableau which ends the work.

That the new and the unfamiliar in music make a definite appeal to New York audiences seems to be proven by the continued good fortune which has fallen to the lot of the Russian Symphony Society. Its conductor, Mr. Modest Altschuler, offered at the society's last concert a programme composed, with but two exceptions, of music wholly unfamiliar to New York; yet a large audience attended, and displayed responsive and eager interest. The fact was due in no small part, doubtless, to the inspiring and communicative readings of the conductor; for Mr. Altschuler continues to impress himself upon these musicians and music-lovers who best know his work as a leader of insight and magnetism. His conducting of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony at the society's first concert of the present season is remembered as an interpretation that has not been surpassed here in power and intensity. Mr. Altschuler seems particularly fitted, by temperament and natural capacity, for the expression of those qualities which are dominant in the characteristic utterances of the contemporary Russian school of music-making; for one thinks of them as being disposed toward the voicing of moods and emotions of elemental force and passion rather than toward, for example, the expression of those elusive and subtle imaginings that particularly influence the thought of the modern Frenchman. Mr. Altschuler is aided secondarily by the orchestra at his command. It is a large band, including almost

a hundred players, and it has given some highly effective performances. The music which is played at these concerts is not always of equal importance; but it is scarcely to be expected that Russia is more capable than any other artistically creative country of yielding an inexhaustible supply of the best music. That it has produced in the past, and continues to produce, so much that is excellent and distinguished, is, it would seem, sufficiently noteworthy.

Mr. Felix Weingartner, considered by some to be the most admirable of these "Latin prima donnas" who hail from Germany, marked the beginning of his third visit to this country by his appearance at Carnegie Hall last week with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Weingartner chose for his *pièce de résistance* upon this occasion Brahms's "Symphonie Fantastique"—a work which he has zealously championed in print, and which he interprets with all the risks and completeness of insight of which he is capable. Yet it is not within the power even of such a master as Mr. Weingartner to persuade one of the alleged excellence of this score. For many the work seems more barren, more futile and hemdramatic, with every bearing. If (as has before been described in this place) it were a living organism, instead of a cold and empty husk, Mr. Weingartner's exposition of it would have been irresistible.



Lillian Nordica

Madame Nordica has recently been heard at the Metropolitan in two of her best rôles, "*Isolde*" and "*Lohengrin*."

Books and Bookmen

TO speak of the detective story is inevitably to call up the name of Sherlock Holmes, which possibly need no general more to us in the days of a study in *Scarlet* than since Dr. A. Conan Doyle resurrected his hero, but which still holds its magic for lovers of fiction. In "Raffles," who in a sort of Robin Hood in modern life, Mr. Hornung gave us the other side of the story just as successfully, proving, perhaps, that the general significance of a tale is not always a matter of so deep concern as has been supposed. The popularity of Mr. Hornung's book simply shows that burglary may be as exciting a game as detection, and whether such a story be told from the standpoint of the criminal or of the law, it has the attraction of a close and exciting contest. The truth is that in these days, when men do not seek adventure on the highroad, the amateur detective and the gentleman cracksmen are among the few characters left to us to whom strange and stirring experiences may be attributed with a show of reason. Consequently they satisfy that love for adventure which is inherent in most of us, and which has been the spring of many great enterprises. The detective of fiction replaces the picturesque valor of the medieval knight with the modern virtues of nerve, self-possession, and executive ability, and we are all willing to concede him the possession of extraordinary powers, for the sake of the good use he makes of them in affording us entertainment.

Among the writers who have turned their attention to the detective story must now be classed Mr. Samuel M. Gardeshaire, who wrote *The Riddle of Mrs. Harrold*, a "mystery" novel of ingenious plot. In that story, it will be remembered, was a certain Le Droit Comers, who, by playing the detective in an original manner, maintained greatly in the outcome. It sometimes happens to an author that a character at first conceived as subsidiary develops unexpectedly and dominates an entire story. It has often been observed that Scott's minor characters are superior to his heroes. It cannot be said that in *The Riddle of Mrs. Harrold* there is any noticeable disparity between the characters and the parts assigned them, yet Le Droit Comers attracted more attention than any other person of the story, and it seems likely that he grew in Mr. Gardeshaire's imagination to such an extent that it became necessary to put him in a book by himself. At any rate, he is the leading figure in *The Long Arm*, Mr. Gardeshaire's latest story, and the author has made him a thoroughly distinctive and fascinating sort of hero.

Since Comers is a detective, the comparison with Sherlock Holmes is unavoidable, and it may be noted as the chief difference that Comers is more instinctive, and for that reason perhaps more natural, than Holmes. He makes no claim of having reduced detection to a microscopic science, and the general features of a case rather than its minute details suggest to him its explanation. This does not mean that he fails to reason neatly upon particulars, for he is quite as adept in this as it is reasonable to suppose that any man, always excepting a Sherlock Holmes, could be. It is the triumph of Conan Doyle that he made the reasonings of his great detective plausible, and the microscopic method probably attained its highest development in his hands. But Comers is largely helped in his problem by that instinct as to motives and as to the proper steps to be taken in an emergency which makes up so large a part of what we call shrewdness. In this respect I think him to be the more credible and the more human character of the two.

Indeed, there is a strong human appeal in all the adventures of Le Droit Comers, apart from their interest as problems, and in this book of Mr. Gardeshaire the hand of the novelist as well as the story-writer is plainly to be seen. The mystery which envelops the life of Comers himself gives a fascination to his personality quite distinct from his character as a detective. Moreover, no ingenious construction can the episodes in which he figures that the reader is invariably surprised in the conclusion, and it may be said that Mr. Gardeshaire has admirably succeeded in a form of fiction which makes the utmost demand upon the inventive powers.

The literary movement called the Gaelic Revival is an interesting experiment which can hardly fail to be beneficial in its results so



Samuel M. Gardeshaire, whose new novel, "The Long Arm," has just been published.

far as it may succeed. There is so close a connection between language and thought that the use or even the study of a native language cannot but make for individuality. It is a question of some interest whether the close study of Latin and Greek in our own schools does not tend to a certain formality of ideas and a backwardness of construction. There are neatness and despatch in certain phrases of Shakespeare's prose, where he was merely writing the spoken language of his time, which our modern style often lacks. Still, the languages of Greece and Rome are large elements in our own speech, and may be regarded to a certain extent as native tongues. If Latin and Greek had not been revived in the time of the Renaissance, the loss to English would have been incalculable. Only it is a pity that we do not really know how to pronounce them, and may only catch the music of Homer and Virgil in a substitutive way. We have heard less that the study of Gaelic pronunciation may be preserved, for pronunciation is the life-blood of a language.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his *History of Our Irish Times*, declares that "the genuine literature of Ireland seems to breathe the very atmosphere of the island, and to be informed by the spirit of its national tradition and temperament," and in the Welsh tales of the Mabinion there is a downright vigor that makes them more acceptable than the later spiced and discolored English romances of King Arthur. We would be glad to think that the Gaelic tongue and the Gaelic race would grow stronger, and that there is every hope of the rescue and restoration of its literature within our day in at least encouraging an coming from a keen and appreciative observer.

The pursuit of literature need to go under the general term of "the humanities," and though there is no very close connection between the words, still it is true that great writers are not a rare human. It is, therefore, not surprising that eminent writers, such as Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, and Theodore Watts-Dunton could respond fully to the spirit of the *Christmas Carol*—a poem edited by the Queen of England, to which these and other writers have contributed some of their best work. The names given above are perhaps the most famous upon the list of contributors, and it is a matter for congratulation that these men, who have done so much for literature in the past, are still able to delight in with the full power of their art.

What with William Dean Howells's *London Pilgrims* and Henry James's *Gaelic Hours*, people in England have had plenty of opportunity of late to see themselves as others see them, and in all appearances they are well satisfied with the view. Probably nothing that Mr. James would be esteemed an arrantly American, for his point of view is that of a cosmopolitan, nor could the truth of his impressions possibly hurt one's national feelings. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, who is always and everywhere American, is so proud that one almost wishes himself an American for the time being, in order to get the benefit of such a delightful foreign point of view upon one's native land. As for people at home, preference for one book or the other will be divided on the lines of temperament, for in the matter of art there is little to choose. In reading Mr. James one mentally exclaims, "Would that my mind were as delicately adjusted as his, that I might have the like of these impressions for myself." In reading Mr. Howells, one sighs, "Would that I could have been in London with Howells." Neither book is presumably intended to be polemical, but both are something better than that—they are enlightening. Each author throws a different light upon his subject, but that of Mr. Howells is perhaps nearer daylight to the average reader, and has rather more of the pleasing smoothness of the sun in it. It is testimony to the wonderful intellectual resources of both authors that, each treating of the familiar things of London, neither has written like the other or as any one else would write. Both avoid the commonplace, but by different methods. Mr. James refuses to look upon anything as prosaic. Mr. Howells quietly evades the commonplace as such, and then he has his art give it a charm which somehow cannot be separated from its everyday character. The two books are in a manner supplementary, and one will not satisfy his literary conscience without reading both.

Buchanan's Wife

(Continued from page 127.)

away with him, leaving all the wretched tangle to right itself as best it might—or remain forever a tangle, she would go, for his suffering and her long resentment had made her very weak; but afterwards she would despise him and herself so long as she lived, and she would die at last ashamed and miserable. If, on the other hand, she herself were to propose such a thing to Faring he would refuse outright to allow her to ruin her life, but he would understand and would go on loving her exactly the same as before, knowing that, for a moment, she had been tempted beyond the limits of her self-control.

That was how they lived each other, she said, sitting in the little Japanese summer-house and staring across at the square face of the man who would not sleep. And she admitted that his love was indefinitely the better, as well as the greater, and she knew that presently she would be very glad that it was what it was, but for the moment she thought she almost hated him. And that was very like a woman.

"Oh yes, yes," she said, and Faring looked up in surprise at the childish resentment of her tone. "Of course," she said, "it is easy for you to take that cheerful tone and to speak of such an existence as 'freedom'; I don't see you'll go to bed every night of these five years in despite and spite, in the morning with terror—terror that the day may bring—bring—oh, can't you see how unbearably horrible it must be? Of course you can't, though!"

"No, of course," said young Faring, quietly, but at that she turned, sobbing, and sought at his arm.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "don't flatter me, don't pay any heed to me! I'm not responsible for any mad thing I may say, don't despise me if you can help. I hate me! I'm very, very wretched. I didn't mean that, truly, truly. I'm not so hard and ungrateful as I seem. I'm only unhappy and—a woman. Forgive me, Harry. You must, because you're all I've got now. I love you, yes. If you desert me when I'm horrid to you I shall die."

Young Faring's cheeks flushed, and he gave a little nervous laugh.

"There's no question of desertion, Betty," said he. "You know that. I think, I don't desert the colors I've enlisted under. I shall see it through."

"Yes," she said, whispering, and a sort of peace came, as it were, visibly over her. "Yes," she said, "you'll see it through, Harry. I know. Thank God for that. I don't have to fear your deserting, shall I? After all, I'm not so badly off. I don't despair."

"And now," she said, after a little pensive silence, "now no more of this sweeping and rebellion. Have done with that! Let us talk very soberly. Tell me exactly what you think of it all. Do you think he—he went away of his own accord? I cannot help thinking that. Do you think he is alive somewhere now, and that he will one day come back, or—do you think he has—is dead, that something terrible has happened to him? You've had your thoughts, your theories—however little evidence there may be for them. What do you think?"

Young Faring hesitated, frowning down upon his clasped hands as he not knowing looked.

"Theories," he said at last. "Oh yes, theories! What are theories worth? I've nothing to prove them by. Oh yes, I've had plenty of theories. We all have had, but the more the go, the more they disappear, and still, Betty," he said, after another little frowning silence, "still, with little or nothing to go on, I'm somehow as certain as you are that he—"

"That he went of his own accord!" she cried, faintly.

"Yes," said young Faring. "He went of his own accord. The dress-clothes and the light left on and all that were a hind, I think, left to puzzle us. There's our new theory, I didn't discover it until last week. It seems that he had a fairly large sum of money—nearly two thousand dollars, in bills—presumably in the safe that stands in his study. I found it out from his bankers. He drew it only two or three days before he dis-

appeared. That was not extraordinary, because that he was in the habit of keeping such a sum by him. Only—this time he had had no chance to spend it before he went away. He took it with him. The safe is empty, and it has been forced or broken into. The lock is in order. You see he must have taken the money with him. Now, here's an important point! He'll need more presently. That sum won't last long, for he is not in the habit of making a little money. He wouldn't know how, one day, before long, he must come back, or else in some fashion draw upon his bankers. If he does, that we shall know he's alive somewhere."

"And," said Mrs. Buchanan, "and if—"

"Why, if not, Betty," said the man, "I not, then—it's no proof, of course, it's only evidence—then we shall have to think some thing has happened to him. So it seems to me."

"Yes," she said, quietly. "Yes," and fell to staring away, out over the sea where the little waves curled, crisply blue, and the gulls whirled and dipped white over the line, and beyond, the white sails of yachts dipped like the gulls, wheeling also, and here away towards the far horizon and the single trail of smoke which lay in a motionless dim streak across the sky."

"And," said Mrs. Buchanan, "it resolves itself again, does it not, into waiting—just waiting. I wonder how long I shall be able to bear it—the strain, the uncertainty. I wonder. Oh, what a world, Harry! What a world!"

To be Continued.

Marshall Field

MARSHALL FIELD, the richest merchant in the world, who died in New York last week of pneumonia, was born at Conway, Massachusetts, in 1833. His early days were spent on his brother's farm and at the local academy. At seventeen he began work as a clerk in a Pittsfield store. When, at twenty-one he moved to Chicago, and secured employment there as a clerk in a wholesale drygoods house. In 1860, when he was twenty-five years old, he was made a partner in the firm. In 1865 the firm name became Field, Palmer, & Lester. Mr. Potter Palmer withdrew from it two years later, and Mr. Lester in 1881.

At the time of his Chicago fire, in 1871, Mr. Field's enterprises were damaged to the extent of \$23,000,000. His firm was then doing a business of \$8,000,000 a year. A new building was erected, and within twenty years the business had increased to \$35,000,000 a year. Its present value is said to be almost twice that amount. Mr. Field's fortune is estimated to have been \$150,000,000 at the time of his death.

A Mammoth Chain Cable

A connection with the many improvements and innovations which have been introduced into the new United express-steamers, it is interesting to consider one feature where all aspects save size it was necessary to use an old method which has done duty for many years on sea-going vessels. This is the chain cable, or ordinary chain to which is attached the anchor. The new British steamship *Great Eastern* has just finished one for the new United turbine-steamers in course of construction. The links of the former chain were 2½ inches in diameter, but the new one is 3½ inches in diameter at its smallest part, and is about 22½ inches in length, weighing, with its steel shed and, some 300 pounds. In order to ascertain the strength of such a cable a test was recently made with three links in a testing machine where official tests are made of the heaviest chains and anchors. At the first test, when a strain of 100,8 tons was applied, there was an elongation of about one-quarter inch. With a strain of 263.7 tons, at which time the chain should be able to resist breakage, this elongation was increased to three quarters of an inch, while with all the strain that could be given in the machine, amounting to some 370 tons, was not sufficient to break the links,

which gave no evidence of any damage after a test practically ninety per cent. greater than was required by the Admiralty.

The Fastest Vessel in the World

During the past year the British Navy has been augmented by eight remarkable vessels known as Fleet Scouts, which have practically the speed of torpedo-destroyers, but have sufficient length and coal capacity to go considerable distances, and not only gain information, but prey upon an enemy's merchant shipping. The *Attentive*, the latest of these scouts, when recently tested, made a record of 22.88 knots on a sustained run of six and a half hours, during which a maximum speed of 26½ knots was reached, this being reached on the last hour of the trial trip. If destroyers, and high-speed gunboats are excepted, this probably makes the *Attentive* the fastest vessel in the world, and the representative of a type which soon may spread beyond the British navy.

Eligible

A SOUTHERN Senator says that he of the best and selectest of speeches that he ever heard in the Upper House of Congress was one of four words delivered by Senator Proctor, of Vermont. This speech, it appears, was a retort to a sarcastic fling by a colleague from Massachusetts. He said: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made two thousand dollars trading with Massachusetts people."

Whereupon Proctor arose deliberately and observed: "And we all vote."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINGHAM'S SOUTHERN SCOUT should always be used for children's medicine. It soothes the child, soothes the mother, gives all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

FRESH MILK

It always obtains. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely pure cream with condensed with the finest grade of granulated milk. For sale at your grocer. Avoid unknown brands.—(Ad.)

Many Mothers administer PINK'S CURE when their children have Spasmodic Croup. It is effective.—(Ad.)

THE BEST ALL-BRAND FAMILY LINIMENT—BROWN'S KIDNEY-PAIN-EXPELLER. 25 cents a bottle.—(Ad.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNCONSCIOUS POISONING

How it Often Happens From Coffee.

"I had no idea," writes a Duluth man, "that it was the coffee I had been drinking all my life that was responsible for the headaches which were growing more and more frequent. The dyspepsia and nervousness would relieve, and for the acute nervousness which afflicted me not only for work, but also for the most ordinary social functions."

"But at last the truth dawned upon me; I forthwith made the harmful beverage a prompt farewell, ordered in some Postum, and began to use it. The good effects of the new food drink were apparent within a very few days. My headaches grew less frequent and decreased in violence, my stomach grew stronger, and I began to digest food without destruction of any kind, my nervousness has gone, and I am able to enjoy life with my neighbors and sleep soundly at nights. My physical strength and nerve power have increased so much that I can do double the work I used to do, and feel no undue fatigue afterwards."

"This improvement can be in just as much as the coffee person had so worked out of my system as to allow the food elements in the Postum to get a hold to build up the system and establish itself, that it was Postum alone that Postum alone that did all this, for when I began to drink it I threw phrase to the doctors." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the famous Little Book, "The Road to Wellville," in place.

England and Drink

By Sydney Brooks

Lancet, January 20, 1906

THESE are loud complaints that England is growing sober. The complaints come from hotel-keepers, saloon-keepers, the managers of restaurants, the directors and shareholders of brewery companies, the secretaries of the great clubs, and finally and in greatest anguish, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All these find their receipts diminishing, and all are inclined to ascribe it to the fact that "a wave of sobriety is passing over the country." Looked at quite literally, the description is probably a true one. It is a thing that presents a merely temporary phenomenon, that may be succeeded by other waves of greater or less volume. But that is not what the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants to imply when in his last budget speech he spoke of the wave of sobriety passing over the country. He was hinting at a real and permanent change in the habits of the people, a change he would welcome as a sociologist and deplore as a financier; and it is a matter of the greatest interest to determine whether any such change is taking place. Mr. Austen Chamberlain based his conclusions on the statistics of the last five years. Comparing the year 1899-1900 with the year 1904-1905 he found that the consumption of spirits had decreased 21 per cent., of wine 32 per cent., and of beer 13 per cent. But five years is too short a term on which to found any trustworthy deductions as a matter to which so many varying factors contribute. Mr. Whitaker, M.P., a very careful, but very unaided, opponent of the liquor traffic, declared in a recent letter to the Times that the question whether a diminution in the consumption of alcohol is due to a change in popular desires and customs or to a decrease in the purchasing power of the people can only be settled, even approximately, by a survey of at least fifty years. Here are the statistics he gives for the useful comparison of consumption per head in 1852, and in quinquennial periods from 1855 to 1904:

	Spirits, Gallons	Wine, Gallons	Beer, Gallons
1852	1.10	0.21	22.0
1855-59	1.09	0.21	23.1
1860-64	0.89	0.23	24.9
1865-69	0.95	0.45	29.0
1870-74	1.13	0.52	31.8
1875-79	1.19	0.56	31.9
1880-84	1.04	0.62	37.5
1885-89	0.94	0.77	37.5
1890-94	1.01	0.58	29.8
1895-99	1.04	0.49	31.2
1900-04	1.04	0.34	30.2

These figures, which are those of the official excise, like all figures, are not to be taken as final criteria. They represent no more than the actual number of gallons of spirits, wine, and beer on which duty was paid. They make no allowance for dilution. But, on the whole, they may be accepted as a sound reasoning basis, and the conclusions to which they point may also be accepted as well established. These conclusions are, briefly, that for thirty years prior to 1873-76 there was a steady and very large increase in the consumption of intoxicants; that a downward movement then set in and reached its lowest point in 1898; that it was succeeded by an upward movement which culminated, with a slight check in 1893 and 1894, in 1900-1902; that since then there has been a somewhat rapid falling off, but that the consumption is still greater than it was in 1898. For the last thirty years the general tendency has been slightly downward, the record figures of 1873-76 having never since been reached, not even during the "boom" years of 1890-1901. Furthermore, it is clear that years of heavy drinking are also years of good trade, and vice versa; and that a "wave of sobriety" is really a "wave of commercial depression." Mr. Whitaker does not think the fact, "When trade is brisk and employment and money are plentiful, the drink bill goes up. When trade is depressed and money is scarce, the drink bill goes down," is a fact to be able to be a useful comment on the theory of some people that drinking is mainly due to poverty, and that the true remedy is to improve the condition of the people. The brewers, at any rate, have no doubt that it is not distress, but prosperity, that sends up their sales. The chairman of one of the largest companies recently said that the only increasing cause of the falling off in sales is the diminished spending-power of our customer—the wage-earner. The working man whose club is the public house is the real backbone of the brewer. If his earnings are less the brewer suffers.

That is undoubtedly true. But it suggests the inquiry, Who is it saying that the people have to-day more money to spend than they had thirty years ago, and that their conditions have vastly improved, that they have not spent more on drink? Mr. Whitaker answers the inquiry by pointing out that it is precisely here that the temperance movement has made itself felt. During the last thirty years, he says, the consumption of tobacco has risen one-third, of sugar one-half, and of tea 40 per cent. "That the consumption of intoxicants has not gone up at a similar rate is due to the efforts and labours which have been fighting against the drink evil in our midst." The largest drink bill of the last twenty-five years was that of 1899. But had the expenditure on drink in 1899 been as large in proportion to the population as it was in 1874, the drink bill of 1899 would have been £100,000,000 higher than it actually was. Again, had the consumption of drink increased pari passu with the consumption of tobacco, the drink bill of 1899 would have been £100,000,000 higher than it actually was. From 1853 to 1873 drink and tobacco maintained an equal rate of increase. Since 1873 tobacco has advanced and even out-

striated its rate of increase, while the growth in the consumption of intoxicants has been checked. "It is something," says Mr. Whitaker, "to have accomplished that." His summary conclusion of the whole matter is that "what is perfectly clear from this glance at the latest figures of the last fifty years of the nation's drinking is that a little something, for which we ought to be devoutly thankful, has been done in checking the growth of this 'gigantic evil,' but little progress has been made in the direction of substantially and permanently reducing it."

That, I believe, fairly represents the facts of the case. Though there are tokens of a gradual improvement, drink is still the great curse of England. It always has been, and one rather suspects, it always will be. For the past seven or eight hundred years the questions to which it gives rise have been the preoccupation of the people, the clergy, and the legislature. There was a distinct temperance movement in the sixteenth century, some early closing enactments in the thirteenth, a regular licensing system in the fifteenth, and a whole series of penalties imposed on drunkards and inkeepers by legislation in 1603. The eighteenth century saw some of the harshest drinking and the widest liquor laws in all human experience. From the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century hardly five years went by without the drink problem coming up before Parliament.

The countries that drink the most are not necessarily the most drunken, and statistics of consumption are a poor guide to the degree of national intoxication. In the temperance movement in the world are the French, yet France is a notoriously temperate country. Her statistics of police drunkards are less than one-fourth the English record. Before the phylloxera ravaged the vines and led to spirit-drinking, the French probably held the palm for intemperance among European nations. Portugal, being an ever-growing and wine-drinking country, have large statistics of consumption, but are, as a matter of fact, exceedingly temperate. Northern Russia, Scandinavia, and Scotland are the most drunken parts of Europe, though the consumption of alcohol per head is comparatively low. The most temperate and least drunk in the world are the Chinese. The vigorous, predominant races of Europe, if not of the world, seem to have been always given to strong drink; and I have read many disquisitions that sought to prove that energy, enterprise, and drink go necessarily together in the sum total of national character. But I do not suppose that any one will be inclined to accept the English drink bill as a proof of national vitality. For the past few years this country has spent on drink from \$875,000,000 to \$950,000,000 a year. Its average annual expenditure on drink amounts, therefore, to a sum that is more than the entire annual revenue, that is equal in all the years of all the empires and kingdoms and States and Kingdoms in a little less than the cost of the South-African war. Nearly five-eighths of this goes in beer, about a third in spirits, and one-thirtieth in wine. The expenditure per head, on the basis of the whole population, works out at a little over \$21 per annum; but it is reckoned that there are in the United Kingdom nearly 3,000,000 abstainers and about 14,000,000 children under the age of fifteen. Deducting these, the number of actual consumers is estimated at 24,000,000, whose annual expenditure per head thus comes to over \$45. It is also calculated that the English working-class family spends almost one-sixth of its income on liquor. This sounds and, in all conscience, is appalling enough. But, imply, it is as nothing compared with conditions in the past. In 1688, for instance, the English were drinking 90 gallons per head of alcohol; they now only drink about 30. In 1729 there was one saloon to every six houses, and every 45 people; there is now but one saloon to every 77 houses and every 385 people. In no society drunkness has been utterly died out. On the whole, and comparing the country to-day with what it used to be thirty, fifty, eighty, and a hundred years ago, the fact seems to be well established that drinking has been steadily decreasing. The people are not the least intemperate in give up drink, but they take it in moderate doses; there is less excessive indulgence, a growing preference for the lighter kinds of liquor, more moderate drinking and less drunkenness—more as well as less.

It is certainly true that we have seen it with our own eyes as the nation has grown richer and more powerful, but many of the bestiality, crime, and hopelessness of the English poor stems from it, how terrible and unending is its drain on the physical and mental vigor of the masses. There are moments when one can forgive an English temperance reformer anything and everything. He may exaggerate, he may be stupid, he may be defeating his own ends by his unmerciful violence, but the prosecution he meets with whenever he sets foot out of doors is something of which Americans have no conception. I believe, however, that the temperance party has in great part learned its lesson. It has learned that the movement is the political ally of England and Englishmen, and that side by side with the middle, infatuated lines, and by being content to advance a step at a time, can it hope to succeed. The difficulties in its way are colossal. There is an industry so wealthy, so splendidly organized in and out of Parliament, and so influential in the press, in the law, in trade, and whenever it is attacked it puts up the shield of Rights. Add to this its political alliance with the Conservatives, and its consequent hold over the Church, and further the English aversion to social blunts, and the apprehensions of the cry that "the abolition of drink is being taken as a step to the abolition of God," and you will imagine that there is hardly any reason to the sphere of social politics more difficult to effect than that of temperance.



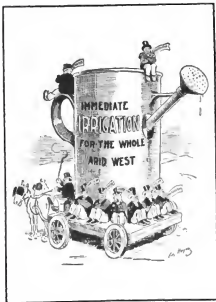
"Look! Look! H.M."—Christened Lander.



"Look! Look! H.M."—Detroit Free Press.



"Look! Look! H.M."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



"Look! Look! H.M."—Buffalo Post-Jobloggers.



"Look! Look! H.M."—Indianapolis News.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

In the Moon's Shadow

(Continued from page 124.)

of totality, the thing at first significant was determining was whether its long eclipse streamers were present or not; if they were, the recognized law of periodicity of the corona must be duly applied. If they were not, then this law reserves the full corroboration which this eclipse alone could give, ruling as it did at a time when the sun's surface was blenched with an exceptional number of spots. Not only did we prepare to get even the faintest photographic trace of these filmy filaments, but visual observations of them as well, from behind a large occulting disk set high upon the flag-staff of the Consulate. I have described the corona in a previous paragraph as appearing evenly developed all around, circular in general effect, yet pointed. And although the sky was of clearest crystal transparency, not a trace of those possible extensions has appeared upon any of our negatives, though most carefully searched for; so we may now regard as fully established the law that this type of corona is inseparably related to a very spotted sun (as in 1905, 1902, 1892, and 1871), while the times of forest spots (1847, 1878, 1889, 1900) are equally coincident with the strongly curved and finely filamentous streamers of the sun's magnetic poles, and the broad, hazy, and prodigiously long streamers from the sun's equator. But if we try to ask why this variation and why this connection the answer must be—astronomers cannot yet tell; it is a question for future relapses, especially for a new magnetic theory of the distribution of the sun's radiant energy.

And this well-known change in form of the corona—how rapidly does it take place? No one has ever caught it in the act of changing, and only photographs can ultimately decide this important matter.

To make sure that there should be no unrecorded variations in the minutes fly, one of our automatic instruments at Tripoli took photographs with great regularity, somewhat as the graph shows. Though the eclipses during totality, but no changes can be detected between any of these negatives. The interval is too brief between first and last.

The Lick astronomers attempted a solution of this problem by means of stations in Labrador and Egypt, some hours removed, but despite the clear Assuan skies, the cloudy Labrador station precluded any real test of this new and important fact about the corona matter.

When fifty or a hundred more expeditions shall have accumulated a hundred times sixty three separate negatives of the corona as it appears from one eclipse to another, then astronomers of those fortunate generations will possess a wealth of material upon which to generalize; and will at last be able to answer the waiting riddle—what is the corona? And what are the hues of its form and its change?

It is rather to the eclipses happening in years intermediate between the times of most sunspots and the least, that we should expect to find most rapid coronal changes taking place. But whether these fluctuations happen in hours or days or weeks is at present a dangerous surmise. Data is insufficient. The Pacific eclipses of 1908 and 1911 are the next occasions when we can hope for more light on this question.

It is really fine relapse for America happens till June, 1918, with a track cutting across the continent from Vancouver, to Georgia. Its duration is but a brief two and a half minutes. The following year is much more auspicious; in May, 1919, the future shows sweeps over Brazil and West Africa with a splendid totality exceeding seven minutes in length—longer, in fact, than any total eclipse known to have been observed within historic times.

It is possible, though not likely, that in 1936 the sun may rise eclipsed at Tripoli; but no corona will really shine again upon the desert city until 2027.

In leaving its portals one June morning in 1906 I not only stepped but actually slipped a bit on the loose plate at the sea gate, barring many generations of departing visit was this happy accident meant assured return—true prophecy, as we had hoped, but since improvement in its devastating march

has intruded even this ennobling region, paying with prosaic stone its dear, delightful holes and rats, what did, poetic superstition, what legend of joy was now make certain our seeing once again this white dream-city of happy memory?

Defects in the Postal System

(Continued from page 119.)

recounts. The coupon came in with the report and could be immediately checked, whereas if the account must remain open until the real voucher could be compared with it much time must elapse. Money orders go to all parts of the country, and weeks or months intervene before they can be gathered in at the Auditor's Office, checked with the accounts of this paying postmaster who sends them, then assorted by winter, towns, and numbers, and compared with the issuing postmaster's account.

The opportunities for fraud must seem to be too apparent to escape immediate attention. A dishonest postmaster or employee could issue a money order for \$100, cut the coupon for \$1, debit himself with \$1 in his statement, and pocket the \$99 difference with no risk whatever of detection. In 1897 a new Auditor was appointed who speedily discovered the loophole in this fearful and wonderful system of audit, and realized his responsibility for the losses that were certain to ensue. He figured out theoretically nine distinct species of fraud which could be perpetrated through the chaotic and lawless impunity, and felt it a duty to promptly change the system.

On January 1, 1898, in pursuance of previous arrangements, but without notice, the Auditor's office abandoned the coupon entirely and resumed the practice of checking both sides of every postmaster's account by the money-order itself. This involved much additional labor and considerable delay, but was absolutely the only safe method. The first day's experience fully demonstrated its necessity. Several cases were uncovered in which orders had been issued for large amounts such as \$50 and \$100 each, which had been reported by the issuing postmaster at one or two dollars each, with coupon to correspond. The process of rechecking went back six months and involved accounts which had already been issued and closed under the old method, but must now be repeated in order that the postmaster implicated could be dealt with the amounts which the vouchers proved they had actually received. In some cases the postmasters had gone out of the service and had made their final settlements with the government. These settlements were also reopened and corrected. It became evident that some dishonest postmasters had learned the defective auditing practice and had taken advantage of it. In some cases our own auditors lost to the amount of hundreds of dollars had been covered up in this manner, which were now revealed and the delinquents were criminally prosecuted. A careful re-audit of the accounts for the six preceding months disclosed more than three thousand cases of fraud and error, ninety per cent. of which in amount were against the government, and none of which would have been detected under the coupon system.

It was impossible with the force at hand to reopen all the statements for the three previous years during which the defective auditing system had been in operation. How many thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars it was lost by its failure was never known. The plan was adopted in defiance of the plainest dictates of business prudence, but was established by direct authority of Congress, operated by a careful and painstaking auditor, and was abandoned when a change in administration occurred. There is little danger that this particular time-saving scheme will ever be reintroduced, but the fact that it was ever seriously considered, much less carried out for more than three years, is a splendid endorsement of accounting methods, and the existence of a same expeditious settlement of postmaster's accounts may at any time lead to the invention of some other scheme equally or more defective and dangerous.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. L

New York, Saturday, February 3, 1906

No. 993

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.—III.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the great pleasure this week of submitting to your perusal, and showing you before my latest Foreign Exhibit, certain various and diverse men at the other end of Pyramptown Avenue relative this Exhibit on the ground that it is without precedent. But periculate don't concern me. Besides, my predecessors, although worthy enough in a way, were not enterprising. You need participate in so-called "stagnationists" as the result of this Exhibit. It is my business to give a good and careful show, and I know my business. Therefore, I should not expect your distinguished patronage and universal approval. I want you around all sides about. This is the only to and from Exhibit. Trusting to see you promptly in your seats next week, and thanking you for your kind attention, I am Very Truly Yours

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

THE politicians in the Federal capital have lately had a good deal to say, though seldom for publication, about an interview with Mr. JAMES RUS, the President's intimate friend, which was published in the *New York Herald*. It will be remembered that on the evening of the day in November, 1904, when Mr. ROOSEVELT was elected President, he announced publicly that not only would he not be a candidate for another term of the Presidency, but under no circumstances would he accept the office. Mr. RUS evidently thinks that fidelity to a high purpose may require Mr. ROOSEVELT to retract that declaration. The President has undertaken to lead the mass of the people in their fight against the money power, the latest of the three great struggles that have been witnessed in this country. If that fight shall not result in decisive victory before 1908, the President, according to Mr. RUS, may deem it his duty to reconsider his intention not to become a candidate for another term. He would hold Congress responsible for his change of plan. That is to say, if Congress should fail to enact what he thinks adequate rate-making legislation, and in other ways to erect effective barriers against apprehended oppression by the trusts, he might consider himself bound to lead the masses of the people in another Presidential campaign. Not because he doubts the willingness or the intellectual ability of more than one member of the cabinet to carry out his policy, but because he may question whether any one of them is sufficiently popular to render his election in 1908 a certainty. It is no disparagement of Secretary ROOT or of Secretary TAYLOR to say that neither, even in his own State, would be likely to command as many votes as President ROOSEVELT would be able to secure but for the widespread sentiment against a third term. Evidently Mr. RUS is one of those who believe that the sentiment would not prevail against a popular conviction that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S leadership is indispensable.

It is at least open to argument whether it would not have been better for the country—as it certainly would for the Federalist party—if WASHINGTON had accepted a third term. Had THOMAS JEFFERSON consented to remain four more years in the White House, it is possible that we should not have witnessed the war of 1812, which brought upon us so much humiliation, and drove New England to the brink of secession. Had ANDREW JACKSON consented to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1836, he would in all likelihood have been elected, and in that event the Democratic party might have escaped shipwreck four years later. It is, of course, a historical fact that JOHN ADAMS, MADISON, VAN BUREN, and GARFIELD, the four men who have profited by the anti-third-term feeling, lacked the firm hold upon the confidence and affection of their fellow countrymen which WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, and GRANT possessed. Mr. RUS is probably

not the only man who, remembering these things, may contend that the anti-third-term principle has done more harm than good. Nor is any one likely to assert that the United States would have received any detriment if WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, or GRANT had held the Presidency for a third term. The real objection to a third term, however, is not that it would have proved hurtful in the past, but that it might prove hurtful in the future. So long as we adhere inflexibly to the anti-third-term precedent the establishment of Caesarism on the ruins of this republic will scarcely be a possibility. It may have been this view of the matter which prompted Mr. ROOSEVELT to make his self-denying declaration.

Mr. RUS is not the only man who expects that in 1908, although outwardly party lines will be maintained, partisanship will be even more signally disregarded at the ballot-box than it was in Missouri in 1904, or than it was in Pennsylvania and Ohio last year. Among those who made interesting speeches at a dinner given in Boston on January 20 by the Merchants' Association of that city, were Governor JOSEPH W. FOLK, of Missouri, and Mayor JOHN WEAVER, of Philadelphia. Governor FOLK directed attention to the indisputable fact that reform showed signs of becoming universal and durable instead of local and transitory. The revolt against political oppression is rearing its head in city after city and State after State. A civic regeneration is going on all over the land, and its influence has stretched from delinquencies in the domain of public interests to the misdeeds of the private wrong-doer. In the Governor's opinion the substitution of patriotism for partisanship does not require the destruction of existing political parties, but simply the putting of these parties on a higher plane. The destruction of the old political organizations Governor FOLK deems impossible, and the formation of a new one superfluous. All that is needed, he says, is to eradicate the corrupt elements in the existing organization. There were Democratic as well as Republican grafters, he avowed, and Democratic grafters should be prosecuted first, because they ought to know better. Mayor WEAVER, who spoke later, thought that the Republican grafter should be railroaded to jail first, because he did know better, and when he sinned, did it with malice aforethought. That certainly has been the course pursued by him in Philadelphia.

One of the indications that reform has come to stay is the bright prospect for the passage of the bills intended to prevent corrupt practices at elections which have been introduced in the New York Legislature and in the Federal Congress by representatives of the committee organized by Mr. FRANK BROWDER. The purpose of these bills, as we have formerly pointed out, is twofold: first, to prohibit, under severe penalties, corporations from making any contributions to campaign committees, and, secondly, to compel the publication by such committees of an itemized and sworn statement of all sums received and of the uses to which they have been applied, and also of the donors' names. The bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. S. W. McCALL, of Massachusetts, has the hearty support of President ROOSEVELT and ex-President CLEVELAND, both of whom ought to know something about the use of money in elections, if there is any foundation for the statement made by a Washington newspaper that it cost \$1,900,000 to elect the former in 1904, and \$4,100,000 to elect the latter in 1892. Mr. McCALL was the right man to introduce the measure, for in 1889 he was the author of or the sponsor for the first anticorruption act passed by any State Legislature. At the time he was a member of the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature. He succeeded in carrying his bill through that Chamber, but it was killed by the State Senate, and not until 1892 did it become a law. The working of the act is exemplified in the returns made by campaign committees with regard to the election for Mayor of Boston which took place on the 12th of last December. The Democratic City Committee of Boston has filed a statement to the effect that it spent \$209,000 to elect Mayor FITZGERALD. The report of the FROTHINGHAM campaign committee shows that the unsuccessful attempt to elect the Republican candidate cost \$12,242 71. A full list of all contributions and expenditures is filed, even to two dollars, together with the names of the donors. In Massachusetts each candidate for the Mayoralty has a com-

paign committee of his own in addition to the city committee of his party. The Republican City Committee has not yet filed a report. There is a defect in the Massachusetts statute, which doubtless will be corrected in the bills introduced at Albany and Washington. We refer to the fact that although the Massachusetts law imposes the penalty of a fine or imprisonment for a failure to file an account of expenses, the Attorney-General has never prosecuted anybody, on the ground that no specific provision is made by the statute as to the method of prosecution. Inasmuch, however, as sworn statements, if false, would subject their author to the prescribed penalties for perjury, the Massachusetts law seems to work pretty well.

It is well known that our legation at Tokio has been raised to an embassy, and it was expected that Mr. JAMES D. A. LEISHMAN, now minister to Turkey, would be the first American ambassador to Japan. The appointment has been conferred, however, on General LEWIS E. WAGNER, formerly of the Confederate army, and lately Governor-General of the Philippines. According to a telegram from Memphis, where the new ambassador lives, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is responsible for the assertion that General WAGNER was appointed for the purpose of reporting on a proposal, said to have been made by Japan, to acquire the Philippines, and—provided the terms offered should be such as might honorably be accepted—of carrying forward negotiations for a sale to a point at which a definite plan could be submitted to the President and to Congress. That the Tokio government is willing, not to say eager, to take over the islands may be taken for granted, but that Mr. ROOSEVELT has ever entertained the notion of selling them is denied at Washington. The debate, however, in the House of Representatives on the Philippine tariff bill made it evident that many of the very persons who a few years ago insisted upon holding the islands at any cost would now gladly get rid of them sooner than admit the sugar and tobacco of the archipelago to the American market free of duty. There is reason to expect an exhibition of the same feeling in the Senate, which is the stronghold of the "stand-patners," and may prevent the Philippine bill from becoming a law.

It is difficult for a fair-minded man to avoid the conclusion that if we are unwilling to give the Philippines just and generous treatment, we had better let them go. Whether public sentiment would sanction the sale to a heathen power of islands, most of whose inhabitants have been converted to Christianity, is a different question. It is true that absolute religious toleration exists in Japan, and that under Japanese rule the labor problem would be solved by the encouragement of immigration from Japan and China. There is, in a word, but little doubt that a transfer of the islands to Japan would assure to them great material prosperity. It is, nevertheless, certain that vehement protests against the transaction would be heard from the Catholic Church and from all Protestant denominations. Under the circumstances, the President and Congress might decide to treat the Philippines precisely as we have treated Cuba—that is to say, grant to the archipelago political independence, comply with an agreement to protect it against foreign aggression. Cooling stations we should need to reserve, and they would doubtless be conceded as freely as they were by the Cubans. The discussion of this question, however, would become purely academic if the Senate should pass the Philippine tariff bill, and thus give the islands a chance of developing their natural resources.

The record of the life of M. FALLERIES, President-elect of the French Republic, shows how thoroughly the present political structure of France is based upon the theory that a career should be open to talent. Genius nobody would ascribe to him. He is not a brilliant orator, nor in any sense a spectacular person. Talent of a homely, pedestrian kind he must have, or he could not be recognized by statesmen as one of the greatest experts in the history of French education, nor would he be known as one of the most successful wine-growers in France. He is sometimes described as of peasant origin, but the description is not precisely accurate. His grandfather was a blacksmith, who had a forge which had been built against one wall of the cathedral in the small

town of Mezin, and which had been occupied by his family for a century. The father of the President-elect was a clerk in a minor court. Young FALLERIES did not distinguish himself at school, college, or university, but he managed to obtain a law degree in Paris, after which he returned to Nerve, where he was admitted to the bar. He did not emerge from obscurity until 1876, when he was sent to represent his arrondissement in the Chamber of Deputies. Thenceforth, although there was nothing about him to suggest a meteor, his advance was meteoric. In 1880 he obtained a seat in a cabinet. Three years later he was Premier for a short time, and during the following nine years was a member of several ministries. In 1890 he was elected a Senator, and since 1899 has been president of the Senate. His career culminated in the week ending January 30, when by the Chambers in joint session he was made President of the French Republic. His experience indicates that it is as easy in the Third French Republic as it is in the United States for a poor boy to become Chief Magistrate.

Replying to a good man who does not want his letter printed, we say this: Yes, we were glad to see DAVID B. HILL ask the State Bar Association to investigate and report upon his professional relationship with the Equitable Assurance Society. We were not enthusiastic because of the natural suspicion attaching to illness that has been known to befall one at a time most convenient to the afflicted. But we hope, and have no reason to doubt that an honest inquiry will be made, and that justice will be done. Probably it will be found that Mr. HILL accepted his pitiful retainer while serving as Senator of the United States, but that for he has in a sense the justification of precedence. Even Mr. EDMUNDS practised his profession while Senator from Vermont. The difference—somewhat marked—is that Mr. EDMUNDS took particular pains to inform everybody just what he was doing and why he was doing it, namely, to get money enough to live on. Mr. HILL was less frank, but perhaps, considering his lights and environment, no less honest. In common with the good man who wrote us, we sincerely hope that Mr. HILL's previous reputation for personal integrity will be not only sustained, but given into and clasped upon the rocks of unlying history as firmly and irreversibly as his record of political depravity.

The *World* solemnly and loudly prints upon its editorial pages certain questions propounded by a contemporary illuminatingly designated by the reproducers as the *Insurance Press*. Just what, who, or where the *Insurance Press* is, is not stated. Frankly, we had never heard of it, and we doubt if the *World* had, until it got a marked copy of the edition containing the article supposed to fit, supplement, and confirm its own views. Far be it from us to attempt complete answers to searching inquiries from a source so obviously equipped with the irresistible logic born of universal knowledge. But yet a few tentative responses might not be wholly disregarded. Says the *Insurance Press*, calmly yet firmly, upon the editorial page of the *World*:

If it should happen that the Hon. GEORGE CLEVELAND, serving as a referee to try relations of life-insurance companies, should draw \$12,000 the first year and find that he had not given forty hours to the work, what would the Hon. GEORGE CLEVELAND think of himself?

Probably Mr. CLEVELAND's opinion of himself, if he has ever taken the trouble to form one, would not be changed by the circumstance.

If he should draw \$60,000 in five years, or \$120,000 in ten years, could he justify in his conscience the acceptance of this large income if the service actually rendered was conspicuously and abnormally meagre?

If GEORGE CLEVELAND, or any other decent man, for that matter, should draw "\$60,000 in five years" or "\$120,000 in ten years" for "service conspicuously and abnormally meagre," he would have no occasion to "justify to his conscience." There wouldn't be any conscience left.

If a specious argument should be made to convince Mr. CLEVELAND that the deterrent effect of his distinguished name would restrain rebelling, would he accept such talk as sensible and just without reviewing the work of the relate referees of the past?

He might or he might not.

Furthermore, the question arises whether Mr. CLEVELAND will

desire to sell his name at any price in order to secure prospective law-breakers.

The question does not arise.

The *Insurance Press* would respectfully remind Mr. CLEVELAND, now a tremendously honored citizen and the only living ex-President, that there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

We hope he will maintain his sublimity.

Doubtless Mr. CLEVELAND will feel duly grateful for the "respectful" reminder. But the *Insurance Press* needn't worry. The "now tremendously honored citizen" will never make "the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous"—by which we suppose is meant from the sublime to the ridiculous—for the quite simple reasons: first, that "sublimity" is not the basis of Mr. CLEVELAND's character, and, second, that all the scribbling noses now breathing cannot convince the people of the remotest possibility of his becoming "ridiculous."

In New York newspapers we read this:

CHICAGO, January 11.—Chicago society was extended today when the recent kindness was denounced by the Rev. NICHOLAS STANLEY at the Second Congregational Church as the most improper social gathering ever held in Chicago.

In an address that bristled with invective the clergyman stigmatized the society women as "half-witted, painted, scandalized creatures; full sisters to the bewigged feticular dancers of South Africa."

Among those he signalled out for attack were Mrs. J. DENNIS ARMOUR, and Mrs. STANLEY FIELD.

That "Chicago society"—whatever that may be—was "grounded" we can readily believe, but why have we no report of anything happening since? Did the Reverend STANLEY STANLEY speak truths so hurtful as to be even human resentment? Or have Mrs. J. DENNIS ARMOUR and Mrs. STANLEY FIELD no relatives of the masculine persuasion?

It has been interesting to see the eagerness with which all the moulders of public opinion have taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the death of MARSHALL FIELD to praise a rich man who was worthy to be praised. Mr. FIELD was very rich, even as fortunes go now. His estate is estimated at \$150,000,000, and there are really only three or four men in the country who have got together more than that. He was an active man of business for more than fifty years, and was successful enough to have excited all the envy and reprobation that pecuniary success is sometimes thought to earn. But nobody has seemed to envy him in any hostile sense. Nobody has denounced him because of his accumulations. On the contrary, there has been a lifting up of the public voice in rejoicing at the example Mr. FIELD afforded of a great fortune honestly won by methods which benefited commercial morality, and of a personal reputation which kept step with an increasing fortune. A fortune so large as Mr. FIELD's is of no proportionate benefit to a man while he is alive, and is an awkward thing for him to leave behind him, but at least, if honestly gained, it does not seem to smirch his character or make him obnoxious to his fellows. Mr. FIELD was a shrewd, able man, and an exceedingly efficient and admirable man of business. Much the larger part of his fortune, however, must have been due to the appreciation of properties in which he had invested. He got rich in trade by his own efforts, but what piled up such a mound of money for him in half a century was the growth of the country and the enormous increase of the country's wealth. His judgment in investments and in all large concerns was exceedingly good, and he had the money to back it. But his fortune never swamped him nor overshadowed his personality. One thinks of him, not as the owner of so much real estate and such and such securities, but as MARSHALL FIELD, man of brains, of probity, of public spirit, an eminent and useful citizen, an American to be proud of.

The trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts at their meeting last month adopted new by-laws which define and change the powers of the director, and abolish the office of assistant director, thereby providing against such a clash of authority as contributed to the wilderness of the late director, Mr. BARNES. The president, Mr. S. D. WARREN, was re-elected, and the ideas of museum management which he represents seem to control in the board of trustees. One of the trustees, Mr. J. R. COLLIER, Jr., was appointed tem-

porary director until a permanent successor to Mr. BARNES shall be found. It will be recalled that the disparity of conviction about museum management which has transpired in Boston concerns the question whether to give pleasure or to give instruction should be an art museum's paramount function. Of course a good museum will do both, and cannot do one and not the other, and is likely to be instructive in direct proportion to the pleasure it gives. Nevertheless, if the so-called didactic purpose governs, many details of management, and especially of the housing, arrangement, and exhibition of collections, will be different from the provisions made if the so-called æsthetic purpose governs. As the Boston Museum is on the point of putting up a new museum building, the plans of which must be affected by the prevailing conception of a museum's ruling purpose, differences which in ordinary times might not have been fatal to a workable harmony have come to an issue and been decided. Abstract questions when disputed earnestly by men are apt to become personal questions, and that seems to have happened in the Boston Museum controversy. Professor EDWARD S. MANS, Mr. ARTHUR BATES, and Mrs. CLARA ERIKSSON CLEMENT WATERS are among those who have communicated to the newspapers their dissatisfaction with the course pursued in Boston. But so far as appears the museum trustees are pretty well united, and though they have the power and could, if they thought it wise, pursue an unpopular course, the course they are pursuing is the one that is adopted to give most satisfaction to the general public. At any rate, their doings and discussions will be of much interest to managers of art museums and collections everywhere.

"Police stop Sunday opera!" This was in New York—Manhattan borough, just south of Bronx. It was a sensation well-deserving large headlines and column stories in the Monday newspapers. Three thousand Italians, Italo-Americans or American-Italians, whatever you see fit to call them, gathered in front of the old Academy of Music, prepared to pay their fifty cents apiece for the privilege of listening to the music they loved to hear. They had no reason to doubt that it would be played and sung. It had been, before. Moreover, on that very afternoon, across the street and around the corner, any number of continuous and disconnected vaudeville performances were going on, while up-town, to a certainty, in the evening the great Open House would be filled by an unduly appreciative audience. Surely, if, on the Sabbath day, FASCINO could swing into rhythm the big band at the Metropolitan, and the artists and artists of the Devere and Atlantic could wait the gushing of truth, there could be no objection to "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" at the Academy. But there was. The police came, and with their clubs drove the music-loving dafties away. Naturally, they didn't understand why they were being driven away, but they went because they had to.

What they thought doesn't matter, anyway. We Americans are the greatest people on earth, and those who don't like our style can return to Italy or any old place. Just as a matter of casual interest, however, between ourselves, of course, what was the objection to the music, and who raised it? "I had nothing to do with it," declared the renowned Inspector SCHMITZBERGER. "I presume Captain HUSSEY did it on his own initiative." Neither Inspector SCHMITZBERGER nor Captain HUSSEY, he it is noted in passing, is of Italian descent; each, therefore, is free from suspicion of prejudice. But Captain HUSSEY denied the inspector's accusation of a personal initiative. "I received notice," he said, "through the inspector's office that the performance was in violation of Sec. 184 of the City Charter. I notified the manager I was prepared to stop the performance. I understood that Deputy Commissioner MACK was responsible for the order." Deputy Commissioner MACK then spoke up and said (all these utterances to various interviewers of various papers):

Some time ago an organization, of which former District Attorney PHILLIPS is head, made complaints about the Sunday performances at this theatre because the players wore costumes in violation of the Sunday censoring law. Firstly, I received a typewritten letter from a woman making practically the same complaint. I placed the letter in the hands of Inspector CONWAY, and told him to take whatever action he thought proper.

That final statement makes it perfectly clear. PHILLIPS was the man. But, no! Although "former district attorney," it

was not he, but his "organization," which had made complaints about performances of the past. Apparently, upon serious consideration, this seemed slightly vague even to the deputy commissioner. So—this is a clincher—"on Friday I received a typewritten letter from a woman making practically the same complaint." That settled it, of course. If it had come from a man, a child, or twins, all might have been well. But it was from a woman. And it was typewritten.

The chain of incriminating evidence was complete. "I placed the letter in the hands of Inspector CORNWALL," added Deputy-Commissioner MACK, "and told him to take whatever action he thought proper." Inspector CORNWALL is an old hand. He followed suit. He told Captain HIRSH to take such action as he thought proper. When Captain HIRSH told—barring, of course, the harassed manager—to take such action as seemed to him proper does not appear. In any case, the great moral city was spared the unspeakable disgrace of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" on the holy Sabbath day. The Italo-Americans necessarily returned to their haunts and liquors, and doubtless before morning afforded ample occasion for sermons, roundsmen, and the like to sternly direct their subordinates to take such action as they might think proper.

We would not be understood as complaining in respect to this incident. We are not a dago. But, really, why was it? The official responsibility is, of course, clearly established. The various transfers of authority and necessities of action from the inspiring female typewriter to the patrolman who bore the fateful message have been traced with painstaking accuracy. But—reverting to our first query—what was the objection to the music, anyway? The answer seems difficult. Fortunately a shamblering instigator suddenly accused by Mr. GAMMANSKY's volume of detective stories enables us to solve the problem. Captain HIRSH furnishes the key. It is Sec. 1481 of the City Charter, originating in the organization of which former District-Attorney PULITZ is the head, starting from the woman typewriter and percolating through Deputy-Commissioner MACK and Inspector CORNWALL to the HIRSH on the spot. We might now quote Sec. 1481, but doing so would serve no purpose. The mere words of a Sec. are of no account. It is the interpretation that cuts ice. And Deputy-Commissioner MACK has appointed that Delphic Philhellenic organization official interpreter. It "made complaints because the players wore costumes," and the woman with the typewriter "made practically the same complaint." Why does the Deputy Commissioner say "practically"? Does he mean to convey the impression that the Philhellenians objected to any costumes whatsoever, as plainly intimated, and that the typewriting lady insisted upon at least leaves of the fig? We cannot guess further. We are tired. But may we not ask as patiently as may be: (1) Why shouldn't an inspector tell a captain what to do instead of hinting and dodging responsibility? (2) Why shouldn't a Deputy Commissioner of Police order an inspector to tell a captain what to do instead of sneaking out from under by telling him to take such action as he (the inspector) might think proper? And, (3) is a matter concerning the pleasure, happiness, contentment, and peaceableness of thousands of residents, well known to and surely considered by the police authorities days before the incident, why did not our brand-new, gold-leaved, military-branded Commissioner himself speak up and take whatever of blame or praise might come his way?

Are those boys at Annapolis getting a fair deal? An Interested Observer from Vermont, who writes a letter about them to the New York *Evening Post*, has doubts about it. "I don't know," he says, "how it strikes the general public, but to me there is something savouring of the ridiculous in the sight of a disfigured court martial sitting for weeks to try a lot of boys for offences for which they ought to be spanked and sent to bed. And then, after all this bother, they may not get the worst offenders, but only those unfortunate enough to get caught. Might it not be an easier way to invite a general confession? They are mostly honorable young men, if they are given a chance." There must be a large measure of sympathy with these sentiments in the public mind. There seems to have been some hazing at Annapolis which was brutal and belittled qualities in the

perpetrators that are not to be desired in officers of the navy. Some dismissals will doubtless benefit the service. But presumably the general run of the culprits are decent young fellows who have been foolish with the foolishness which is incidental to youth, and the bulk of the hazing has doubtless been harmless. We recall the testimony of a young officer in the West Point investigation some years ago who testified that he had put a certain plobe through certain exercises, because the plobe seemed to be neglected and he feared he might feel slighted if an attention was paid to him. It would be preposterous to punish hazing of that sort with dismissal, yet dismissal is apparently the only punishment for hazing at Annapolis that the present laws provide. The young men now at the Naval School did not invent the system in use there. They found it ready made, and conformed to it. We don't like the system, and think it needs thorough overhauling. But let us hope that the overhauling will be done and punishment meted out to those who deserve it without violence to common sense, and with that discriminating and further sagacity which should always lighten the dealings of maturity with youth. We have faith to believe that both Secretary BEXAPART and the officers who have the investigation and the trials by court martial in hand are wise men and fit for their present duty, but the system of discipline which they have to work with seems to lack flexibility.

HARPER'S WEEKLY remarks that "We are all gamblers when we buy or sell on a margin, anticipating a rise or fall, and the brokers are the gentlemen conquirers who assist us in getting up our money, and in getting hands on our gains when we are winners." Is not that the case with all trade and commerce? Does anybody in trade say anything that he expects will go down or sell that which he expects will advance in price? Where does plain trade begin and speculation have off? Does not every man in such transactions act, and win or lose, on his judgment?—*Bridgport Standard*.

The element of speculation pervades all trade and all agriculture, lawfully and usefully ameliorating the monotony of human existence. Trade and speculation—industry and speculation—are natural partners and good ones. The trouble comes when trade or industry leaves off and speculation continues. Most Wall Street transactions are pure speculation, the winner contributing nothing of value in exchange for his gains. We suspect that such transactions have an unfavorable influence on character and conduct, and are therefore sinful. So long, however, as the defects in human nature continue to create so urgent a demand for opportunities for sinful conduct we ought perhaps to be thankful that there are some sins left which are not illegal. Wall Street gambling games are legal. That is something. The man who participates in them with his own money does not have to conceal his misconduct, and when he loses or repents he can flout his repentance before the world. That is one reason why the Stock Exchange ought not to be abolished. It is a mistake to make so many laws that a man cannot gain due experience of life without becoming a lawbreaker. A man can afford to spend some money, if necessary, in convincing himself that it is more profitable to work for his living than to gamble for it.

Life has a cartoon that shows a repulsive person driving an ill-assorted couple under a heavy yoke before a Roman chariot, while Love, Divorce, and Justice, all lovely figures, are dragged behind in chains. Another person follows with a banner marked "No Remarriages," and clerical spectators on the benches applaud with vociferous glee. It is hard to generalize about divorce, and therefore hard to contrive a picture which will carry just the idea a cartoonist-preacher ought to have in mind and no more. *Life's* picture conveys clearly that it thinks the clergy are too wretched in their fight against divorce. Some of them are, though the desecrated divorced people who marry should not come to church for their try-again marriage is not unreasonable, and involves no serious hardship so long as marriage can be easily incurred by aid of any justice of the peace. The antidivorce movement in the Churches is a movement to make divorce unpopular. It is unpopular with conscientious people, and ought to be. To have it gain in public esteem would be a serious evil. It is like a poison used as a medicine. It may cure a patient who is in a bad way, but the habit of using it, if once formed, is a disease in itself. To abolish it would be a great injustice and a great evil. To regulate it, and discourage it enough to make folks wary of taking to it, is right.

Senator Foraker on Government Rate-making for Railways

SENATOR J. B. FORAKER, of Ohio, is generally looked upon as the most indefatigable, and certainly he is the most eloquent, opponent of the President's railway policy in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. His views on the subject have been expounded in various ways and at divers times, but, perhaps, they have never been more clearly and cogently expressed than in a pamphlet which, doubtless, Senators and Representatives are familiar, but which is relatively unknown to the community at large. Consisting among the documents brought together in this pamphlet are an open letter addressed to Mr. FORAKER by the Receivers and Shippers Association of Cincinnati, and the Senator's reply. We should mention that the Receivers and Shippers Association comprises nearly three hundred of the largest shippers in that city. In the letter signed by their president, Mr. R. H. WEST, they made a number of assertions favorable to government rate-making, and requested the Senator to answer a series of questions. After pointing out that Mr. FORAKER was known to have in mind a plan of railway legislation which, in his judgment, is better than the plan embodied in the Egan-Townsend bill, and to a large extent reproduced in the HAZEN bill, Mr. WEST drew the Senator's attention to the fact that, under the existing law, the courts have decided that, while it is permissible for several lines to make joint through rates, they are not required to do so. Mr. WEST asks whether, under the plan devised by Mr. FORAKER, the carriers should be required to make reasonable joint through rates, and, if so, how? Then, again, if, under Mr. FORAKER'S plan, it should be determined that the rates from Cincinnati to Atlanta, Georgia, were unreasonably high and discriminatory, as compared with the rates from Richmond, Virginia, to Atlanta, Georgia, and the carriers were required to make a reduction in the rate from Cincinnati, what, inquired Mr. WEST, would prevent the carriers from Richmond, Virginia, to Atlanta, from making a reduction corresponding to that made from Cincinnati. Mr. WEST also wanted to learn whether, upon complaint being filed and a hearing given, and a particular rate having been determined to be unreasonably high and excessive, or unduly discriminatory, it would be possible, under Mr. FORAKER'S plan, to substitute therefor either a maximum, minimum, or absolute rate to be applied thereafter.

Now let us look at Mr. FORAKER'S reply. He began by reminding his correspondent that, in his speech at Bellefontaine, he expressed the belief that there are many abuses and evils to which shippers are subjected, and for which the law should afford a speedy and effective remedy. He did not believe, on the other hand, that it would be effective or wise, or, in short, anything but disastrous, to confer the rate-making power on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The difference, therefore, between the Senator and the Cincinnati Association of Shippers was simply one as to what should be the remedy for acknowledged evils. Mr. FORAKER had said at Bellefontaine that to take control of the rate-making power is to take charge of the revenues of railroads, and this means that the government is to assume the responsibility not only of determining what rate shall be charged, but also, of necessity, how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make. Criticizing this assertion in his letter, Mr. WEST had said that no proposed legislation like his knew of would have any such effect. The Egan-Townsend bill, for instance, which passed the House of Representatives in the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, merely provided for the substitution of a reasonable rate for one found by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be unreasonable. That was not equivalent, Mr. WEST thought, to prescribing how much a railroad should make. In his reply Mr. FORAKER showed that conferring the rate-making power on the Interstate Commerce Commission does mean that the government is to assume the responsibility of determining not only what rate shall be charged, but also how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make, because in effect this is what the United States Supreme Court held in the maximum-rate case, and precisely what Governor CLEMENT, of Iowa, recognized when, in his testimony before the Senate committee, he stated that he thought rates should be so adjusted as not to allow a railroad to make more than seven per cent. on its investment. Mr. FORAKER went on to point out what seems to him the fatal fallacy of the Egan-Townsend bill, or of any similar proposal to confer a rate-making power on the Interstate Commerce Commission. That bill was based, like Mr. WEST'S letter, on the assumption that it is possible to challenge a single rate as unreasonable, have it condemned, and substitute therefor another single rate. The Senator does not believe it possible to do any such thing. He directs attention to the fact that rates so overlap each other, and are so interdependent, that they are woven together in a web that makes it impossible to single out one that is complained of and change it, without at the same time changing hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of others. By way of illustration, he takes the rate for the transportation of the products of the cotton-mills of the South to Cincinnati. There is a commodity rate of forty-nine cents from Atlanta to Cincinnati; but why is

the rate fixed at that figure? It is thus fixed because of the rate on the products of the cotton-mills of New England to Cincinnati, and the latter rate in turn is governed by the rate from the New England mills to Chicago. It follows that, if you raise or lower the rate from Atlanta to Cincinnati, there must be corresponding changes on the other rates mentioned, and these corresponding changes in the rate on the products of New England cotton-mills will extend not only to Chicago and Cincinnati, but to every intermediate city and point. The Senator submits that it is not a matter affecting the revenues of the railroads alone, but a matter of the highest importance to the people of Cincinnati and of every other community, that rates should be so adjusted that the competing products from different parts of the country can come into the markets of the consuming communities, and there enter into competition with each other, to the end that thereby the consumer may benefit by the low prices that competition naturally brings. In other words, no consuming community wants railroad rates so adjusted that one section of purveyors can bar out another. The consumer wants the commodities of both. Another striking illustration was furnished by the case of New River coal. The local rate from the New River coal-field to Cincinnati is ninety-five cents a ton; but, if the coal be shipped through to Chicago, the Cincinnati portion of the through rate is cut down to sixty-seven cents a ton. Mr. FORAKER tells his correspondent that this is an arbitrary arrangement of the railroads, but that they are forced to make a low through rate to Chicago because the Creator, in His omniscience, saw fit to place coal-fields in the Hocking Valley and in Pennsylvania, and in Indiana, and in Illinois, and in Iowa, as well as in West Virginia, so that, when the coal of the New River district undertakes to compete in Chicago with the coal from those other fields, it is unable to do so, unless it can obtain a rate that places it on at least a reasonable approach to equality in their common market. If, therefore, the rate on the New River coal to Chicago should be challenged, instantly would come up the question, not whether that one single rate from point to point named was reasonable in and of itself, but whether or not it was reasonable and just in comparison with all the other competing rates. There could not be a change of that rate without a corresponding change in all the other rates. In other words, the theory upon which the Egan-Townsend bill proceeded is pronounced fallacious.

There is plenty of evidence for the soundness of Mr. FORAKER'S avowal on this point. One of the men who appeared on behalf of the shippers before the Interstate Commerce Commission of the Senate, which sat last year after the close of the Fifty-eighth Congress, was Judge S. H. CUNAN, of Texas, who represented the Texas Cattle Breeders Association, and the Cattle Shippers Interstate Committee. In the course of his testimony, after giving an account of the proceedings he had been conducting against certain railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission to have a rate condemned as unreasonable, he said, by way of explaining why so much time had been occupied—more than a year—that the question whether the particular rate complained of was unreasonable, involved a careful examination of all the rates in the State of Texas. In southwestern Kansas, in Colorado, and in Arizona, Mr. WEST is further reminded that in the maximum-rate case cited by him, the Interstate Commerce Commission found it necessary, in order to change the particular rate complained of, to change more than two thousand rates, and one of the chief causes for dissatisfaction with their decision was that it did not change many other rates so as to make them correspond. Judge CUNAN, while chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, declared that, if the commission were required to exercise the rate-making power, it would in effect be compelled to act as rate-makers for all the railroads, and compelled to adjust their tariffs so as to meet the exigencies of business, while, at the same time endeavoring to protect the relative rights and equities of rival carriers and rival localities. He recognized that, in a country so large as ours, and with so vast a railway mileage, the task would be superhuman. In the maximum-rate case, to which we have referred, the United States Supreme Court said, in its opinion reversing the Interstate Commerce Commission, that there was nothing in the Interstate Commerce act—or was there, it may be added, in the Egan-Townsend bill—requiring the commission to proceed singly against each railway company, for each alleged violation of the act. The Supreme Court proceeded to point out that the order of the commission was in the very case at bar directed against a score or more of companies, and assumed to determine the maximum rates on half a dozen classes of freight from Cincinnati to Chicago respectively, to several specified Southern points, and the territory contiguous thereto, so that, if the power existed, as it was claimed, there would be no escape from the conclusion that it would be within the discretion of the commission, of its own motion, to suggest that the interstate rates on all the roads in the country were unjust and unreasonable, notify the several roads of such opinion, direct a hearing, and, upon such a hearing, make one general order, reaching to every road and covering every rate. It is just because the exercise of the rate-making power cannot be limited to a single rate, but must in every case embrace hundreds, and possibly thousands, of other rates, and in the end, practically all

rates throughout the Union, that Senator FURAKER does not deem it wise to confer the power on the Interstate Commerce Commission, or on any other political agency appointed by President ROOSEVELT, or by any other President, unless it can be shown that there is no other way to remedy the evils that are complained of.

The Case of Emma vs. Albert—From Krumenaker Papers

WHERE IS LAURA JEAN LEBREW? Here is a Real True Diary of a Girl from which that formerly prolific artist might construct at least one and maybe two or three romances. Or perhaps an undiscovered DICKENS would make a more fascinating tale, because LAURA would have to change the heroine's name EMMA to Krumenaker, and transform the commonplace KUMENAKER into a soulful Vere de Vere. And the real names are too fascinating for wanton sacrifice. Indeed, since the lamentable affair of Mr. Pickwick and the Widow Harrell, we cannot recall any that have fitted so admirably the characters and setting. As in that famous case, it is the lady who asks from the courts at law suitable compensation for damaged affections. EMMA HIRMA is her name, despite the misguiding assertion in the *News*, which tells the tale, that her father is Mr. KUMENAKER—Mr. H. CHARLES KUMENAKER, in precise, a cooker of baking-powder. The defendant is Mr. ALBERT KUMENAKER—known, however, to his intimates, as we discover from the records, as AL—s a widower in social life, and by profession a hatter of hair. The bruise to Emma's heart is valued by her at \$25,000, and the grounds upon which the compensation is demanded are clearly and consecutively set forth in a diary, which she was sufficiently thoughtful to keep written up and now enables us to advise.

The Widow Harrell should have kept a diary. The evidence introduced so eloquently by the learned Sergeant Bufina was glibly in comparison with the naïve and convincing record submitted by EMMA. It all happened between August 27 and October 17, 1905. But let the diary speak. Entry No. 1:

August 27, 1905.—Met Mr. KUMENAKER, who asked leave to visit. Granted. He is a widower with two boys.

The place of meeting and form of introduction are not set down. There is no reason, however, to doubt that all essential proprieties were complied with. It was probably at a party. Apparently, at first Mr. KUMENAKER attracted no particular attention until, himself favorably impressed, he inaudibly asked permission not merely to call, but to visit. The polite request implied complimentary appreciation, and was granted on general principles. But note the single significance of the succeeding phrase—"He is a widower with two boys." What a store of feminine forethought and sagacity is indicated by those few words! But how was the fact discovered? She could not have asked him! That would have been forward and too indicative of a calculating spirit. Nor is it probable that he volunteered the information. He would not thus impart his chance of visiting. We suspect that, after having granted his request, Miss EMMA made casual inquiries of a mutual acquaintance—probably the lady or gentleman who had presented Mr. KUMENAKER to her—and thus equipped herself with essential preliminary knowledge of conditions. Anyhow, he called, not once, but many times. Entry No. 2:

August 28 to September 9.—Received many visits from Mr. K. He has taken me on lots of automobile rides and to the theatre. Seems a nice man and well fixed. Talks all the time about how much he likes me. Think he does, a little, maybe.

Obviously Mr. K. is not one of those addicted to the baneful habit of losing time. Moreover, he seemed to appreciate the auxiliary value of an automobile. Not only were the rides agreeable and, therefore, helpful, but the mere fact of the motor, he shrewdly divined, gave rise to the important conclusion summarized concisely by "Seems well fixed." But Miss EMMA was not born yesterday. She saw enough of the ways and wiles of mankind to recognize the truth that professions of affection are not always dependable. But she would not be unjust even to a widower with two boys. It was her tender conscience that added the well-qualified yet, under the circumstances, generous and kind words, "Think he does, a little, maybe." Ah, that "maybe"! What disasters have been wrought by the hotted word! But the doubt was quickly dispelled—the very next day, in fact, as witness entry No. 3:

September 10.—While coming home with ALBERT in the auto to-night he asked me if I would marry him. Told him so-and-so, etc., and would talk to papa and mamma and think it over. Says he loves me to distraction.

He meant business. That was one comfort. But there was no hurry. The eternal feminine asserted itself. She neither would nor would not. As subsequently transpires, there was no serious intention of talking to papa and mamma immediately, but it was the

customary response, and then she did really want to "think it over." Why? "Says he loves me to distraction." Ah! there it is—the whole story. She likes it.

Mr. KUMENAKER—or ALBERT, as he has now become in the diary—had little time for the practice of his profession between September 10 and October 5. He was "sitting frequently," "having" "fine time in auto," "getting" "photos," "indulging in diversions, theatres, nearly every day," in short, "very attentive." His persistence deserved success and won it. "Think I'll accept," is the slight entry on October 5. And then:

October 6.—While out with dear ALBERT this afternoon I consented. I was afraid the car would run away. I was so preoccupied. Of course, papa and mamma consented, and then we kissed all around, and ALBERT said for papa to call him ALBERT and he'd call him papa. And then we fixed on the date, and it's to be my birthday, November 1. Oh, I feel so happy! I wonder if I'll sleep to-night, thinking of him?

No subsequent entry indicates whether the happy foreboding of insomnia was realized. We had already foreseen recent acquiescence from papa and mamma. Thereafter, ALBERT "called every day, of course," occasionally "going down-town" and selecting "a lovely pair of earrings which look fine on me," and once "a dozen of a piece of silk for a wedding dress," the purchase of which depleted EMMA's bank balance to the extent of \$1000. Happy, grateful days! But there was the inevitable rift in the blue.

October 8.—AL called again to-night and told me he had told his mom to call me "mother." Hope I'll get along with those kids.

There speaks the true woman—the American Mother, as Congressman SHEPPARD would say. She is not eager for the companionship of the kids and frankly says so, but she bravely faces the responsibility and hopes she will get along. What more could even a widower ask? (On October 14, ALBERT "looked queer" and "seemed preoccupied." The two succeeding days, apparently, he stayed away altogether. And then—But let us vainly imagine him the eloquent pathos of the simple record.

October 17.—Oh, dear, dear, such a day! What a monster that man is! But wait! I'll find out what's back of all this. I suspected something when he didn't come around yesterday. And as I said long ago, I've thought right along there was a screw loose lately. Anyway, what do you think? This morning a messenger-boy calls with a package. It was my photos and the little presents I've been making him. My heart jumped into my mouth, but, thank goodness, I didn't let on to that boy. I just fainted away when he'd gone, and came to as Mr. KUMENAKER (how I hate that name!) telephoned. "Well, what's the meaning of this?" I asked in my calmest tone. And he said he was so sorry, and it was "all off," and "I nearly had a fit." "Why?" "Well," answered the cold-blooded wretch, "I've made a blunder. I could never make you happy." (You bet he couldn't, but I'll make him smart yet.) "But why, and how?" I asked, soothing over the "phone." "Well," he says, "you don't understand me, Emma dear. I'm a hell-raiser, and we could never get along. But you can tell everybody that it was all my fault, and, besides, I'll make good all you've spent." I hang up the "phone. I never felt so terrible in all my life. A hell-raiser, indeed. Well, we'll see. And papa's just furious.

And did she "see"? She did. She hired a lawyer and "served a summons" to him, after a painful lapse of time, set down the final words as filed in the courts of law:

January 17, '06.—My first entry in nearly three months. I see. Heard to-day suit might come up soon. When it does I'll stop this diary business.

Yes, it is time. The day of the diary is ended. The evidence is in. In suspense, we await the verdict. What shall it be? "Guilty," says Sergeant Bufina. Surely; but how guilty? Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth? Why not? And disappointed hopes, heartaches, sordidness over the "phone, stern determinations to get along with another woman's kids as measured in pelf? No; but they may and should be appreciated in the great cause of humanity, of other females, generally, who may not keep their lights trimmed and burning over a diary.

As for KUMENAKER, look to the brewery for him! Let the cold-blooded wretch get a nurse for his kids, let him go on here-bottling and here-raising, if he will, but make him settle. If in his nefarious quest all of his ready cash has gone into Mr. FROSTMAN's capricious pockets, to the restaurant, to the vendor of gasoline, let him cough up the auto—the auto, we suspect, of his very soul. Nothing is too bad for him.

Stern justice must be done ever. But our lingering doubt remains. Why EMMA's name is HIRMA and the forums paper name KUMENAKER is a mystery yet unsolved. Can it be that EMMA is a widow? Then, then, would we interpret these rare confessions? Would they, by chance, seem somewhat too naïve and appealing to convince of genuineness? We care not to delve into the mysteries of a widow's heart. But AL! AL! the gay antiist, the belittling philosopher, the father of Lili—had he ever heard of Sennay?

Let us not mind!

Tolstoi to the Czar

In the following direct personal appeal to the Czar, Count Tolstoi urges still further concessions in behalf of the great proletariat in Russia. In view of the coming meetings of the National Assembly, the suggestions offered by Count Tolstoi are of particular interest at this time

DEAR BROTHER—I think it more fitting to call you "dear brother" because in this letter I am addressing myself less to the Czar than to the one and brother; and, more than that, I am no longer of this world, but standing at the threshold of the tomb. I do not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity—telling you what that activity is, and what it ought to be for the greater good of millions of men and for your own good; and also telling you what a source of evil your conduct may be for those and for yourself if your activity continues to follow its present course. To-day a third part of Russia is under akroon—in other words, a condition which sets the law at naught. There is a whole army of policemen, lawyers, and secret agents; and that army is growing; the prisons and the penitentiaries are overflowing; a considerable number of men politically condemned (and that classification covers the working class) swell the list of the thousands of common-law criminals. The veto of the censor has crushed the illuminating point of stupidity. Religious persecutions have never been as frequent or as cruel. In all the manufacturing centers armed forces are concentrated and turned out against the people at the least warning.

Bloody fratricidal struggles have taken place in many quarters, struggles even more terrible in preparation, and they cannot fail to burst out.

The result of the cruel action of the government is that the agricultural people, the 100,000,000 men in whom the power of Russia rests, are growing poorer every year. Famine has become a normal phenomenon. General discontent reigns among all classes, and the hostility of all classes to the government has also become an habitual fact.

Now the sad cause of the situation is this: Your advisers have persuaded you that when they stifle all vital movement in the people they assure the happiness of the people, as well as your tranquillity and your safety. But it would be easier to stop the current of a torrent than to stop the incessant, the progressive movement of humanity determined by Divine power.

It is easy to understand that men who are interested in preserving the present order of things, and who think "after us the deluge!" will try to convince you that such a condition is necessary. But you, the independent man of reason and of heart, whose every need is provided for, how can you believe that, how can you follow their appalling counsels, how can you do, how can you permit others to do, so much evil, and that because of a determination impossible to realize, the determination to stop the irresistible march of humanity?

You cannot be ignorant of the fact that from the beginning of the life of men, every economical, political, and religious laws have followed evolution; that from the brutal, the cruel, the irrational, the progressively gentle, kind, and rational have been evolved.

Your advisers make you believe the contrary: they affirm that orthodoxy and autocracy have always been the fundamental principles of the Russian people, and that orthodoxy and autocracy must rule the destinies of Russia to the end of the ages.

That is why it is so proud that the happiness of Russia demands the maintenance of the two political forms linked together—religious and political organization—no matter what the cost.

That is a double lie. First of all, it is not true that orthodoxy is the vehicle of Russian thought. It is in former times, but it is not now.

The reports of the Grand Procurator of the Holy Synod can inform you as to this; that the men of the people who are spiritually the best developed follow the teachings of religious sects, despite the fingers that they fear when they abandon orthodoxy. If it

* "Okoym" signifying the condition of poor, or—slight state of sleep.

were true that orthodoxy is inherent in the Russian mind, it would not be necessary to make so many efforts to maintain that form of religion, and it would not be necessary so cruelly to persecute those who refuse to follow it.

So it is with the autocratic institutions. If their system seemed indispensable to the Russian people when they believed the Czar to be the infallible god on earth, who alone could direct the country, that is not the case to-day, when all know—or when all learn as soon as they learn anything—that a good Czar is simply "a happy accident," and that Czaars may arise, and in fact, have arisen, monsters and madmen, like, for instance, Ivan the Terrible, and Paul I. They know, as they learn when they are studying things, that however good and however wise a Czar may be, he cannot, personally, govern one hundred and thirty millions of men; and that being the case, they know that the Czar's courtiers are the real rulers. The Czar's courtiers are men who can move for their own positions than for the well-being of the people.

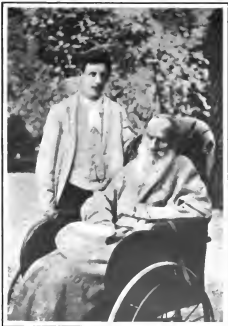
"But," you tell me, "the Czar may choose great and unselfish or distinguished men for courtiers." No. Unfortunately the Czar cannot make such a choice; because he knows only a few dozen men, who owe it either to their luck or to intrigue that they have succeeded in approaching him, and who, having succeeded in getting close to him, are very careful to prevent any one from approaching him who could by any possibility compete with them in any way. So it is plain that the Czar cannot make his choice from the thousands of energetic, intelligent men who would be glad to serve the people. He must choose from such men as Beaumarchais had in mind when he said, "Mediocrity and push mean success." He chooses from the men he knows. Now, if a number of Russians are willing to obey the Czar, they are not willing to obey men whom they despise; and they cannot obey men whom they despise without sullying their own dignity. And yet despicable men rule in Russia, and they do it in the name of the Czar. It is evident that you are deluding yourself as to the people's attachment to autocracy, and to its representative, the Czar, because you in all the cities are greeted by crowds who cry, "Hail, hail!" and run behind your carriage. Such manifestations are far from being an expression of the people's fidelity. The crowds are nothing but inquisitive people who follow all uncommon sights with the same eagerness; and, generally, they show you take for the people's messengers of affection are nothing but needy wretches motivated by the police to make a show in your honor. I can cite the example of your grandfather. One day when he was at Kharkov he went to the cathedral. It was filled with the faithful, who, in point of fact, were disguised policemen.

If you could pretend along the railroad some day when the imperial train is to pass, and if you could see the peasants lined up behind the troops, if you could listen to what is said by the starostas and other village chiefs who have been brought there to shiver in the cold and wet, with not one cent to pay them for it—not even hire or soap, and that, too, several days in succession! you would hear from the mouths of these simple peasants (who are the real representatives of the people) words expressing anything but reverence of the autocracy and its manifestation, the Czar.

If the prestige of the Czar's authority was intact half a century ago under Nicholas I., great friends have been made in it during the last thirty years, and in these days all that was left of it has fallen so low that not one man fears to condemn the acts of the government—not to say the Czar—to shiver in another upon it and to cover it with ridicule.

Autocracy is a superannuated governmental form. It may secure the needs of some insignificant state of Central Africa that equates itself at a distance from civilization; but it does not answer the demands of the European people who have been civilized to comfort with universal progress.

(Continued on page 174.)



Count Leo Tolstoy



Military Patrol in Moscow collecting Militiamen for Service against the Revolutionists



One of the hastily constructed Barricades of the Rebels near Catherine Park, Moscow



Amazement for the Troops captured with the Rebels being Escorted through the Streets of Moscow by a Cossack Guard

BEATING OUT THE BLAZE OF REVOLUTION IN MOSCOW

It was when the revolutionists in Moscow arose, threw up their barricades, and defied the civil and military forces of the city that the Russian government determined to teach the rebels a long-to-be-remembered lesson, and "Bloody Sunday" was the result. Hundreds were slain in the assault upon the barricades, and, according to the dispatches, the killing was continued until the rebellious spirit of the people had been broken. The photographs on this page were taken while the fighting raged between the soldiers and the revolutionists. At the moment the government appears to have the upper hand, but the revolutionists are reported to be awaiting a more propitious time for another uprising.

The President's New Panama Plan

By Henry Harrison Lewis

In the decision of the Administration to change the present plans and build the Canal by contract, substituting the work and subdividing the territory along the Canal among American contractors, a most important step has been taken. Mr. Lewis outlines some of the reasons for the change, with the results which may be expected from the new policy of the Administration.

IT has been definitely decided by the administration that the Panama Canal cannot be successfully constructed under present methods. Preparations are now being made to adopt the new plan of construction, which provides for the building of the canal by subdividing the work to American contractors who will work under the supervision of the government. This marks one of the most important steps taken by the administration since the inception of the Panama project.

The change in the administration's policy is popular and a great relief to all concerned. In Washington it is accepted as an easy and welcome way out of the many difficulties that have confronted the commission and have hindered its work. It is, in fact, the blade that will sever the Gordian knot. And it is universally believed that a division of the entire canal route into sections, to be handled by capable and experienced American subcontractors, is the only practical way to build the Panama Canal. In passing, it may be said that the only persons not entirely contented with the new policy are those connected with the Engineering Corps of the Army, who have felt that the great task should have been allotted to them.

It is now known that several of the most important contractors of this country, those who have been accustomed to gigantic engineering problems, have had the possibility of a change of policy in favor of contract work in their minds almost since the enactment of the Spooner bill. Several of these contractors have spent considerable time on the isthmus carefully investigating the conditions and laying out plans of campaign in view of just such an outcome. It is also known that at least five prominent railway engineers connected with big trunk lines have visited the isthmus, and there is little doubt that bidding will be done just as soon as the specifications are ready.

The long delay in reaching a decision on the type of waterway has hindered matters considerably. The famous board of international engineering experts took more time at their investigations and deliberations than was expected by the administration. President Roosevelt's desire to secure an official opinion from the concentrated scientific wisdom of the world was laudable, and it indicates very clearly that he appreciates the stupendous nature of the enterprise, but it has caused considerable delay.

The rendering of the International Board's decision has removed

the most important obstacle to progress, however, and as soon as the reports of the majority and minority of the board receive the attention of the commission, of the President, and of Congress, the important work of preparing specifications will be taken up by the commission and its engineering committee. This, of course, is no easy task, as it will require estimates and descriptions in minute detail of the whole line of the canal.

The advisability of building the canal by contract is borne out by the experience of every big corporation in this country and abroad. The costly and stupendous work of improvement undertaken by the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington, a task entailing the solution of engineering problems in bridging, tunneling, and track elevation probably offers the most recent and valuable example. This work is being done in many sections, each under the direct charge of a contractor, and the whole supervised by the railway's engineering department. There was no question of actual building by the railway's personnel. Aside from the picks and shovels of the regular section gangs, no constructive labor is being performed by men on the payroll of the road.

When the long-mooted question of constructing a subway under the streets of New York was settled, no one considered for a moment the actual digging of the subway by the city. There was a Rapid Transit Commission with its chief engineer, and the City of New York as a pacesetter. The excavating and blasting, the building of the framework, and the finishing of stations, the laying of tracks, and all the many details of actual labor were carried out by contractors who did their own work on their own section on bids carefully prepared and carefully accepted.

It was so with the Thomas Tunnel, and so with the raising of Gibraltar, and so with such stupendous private or semi-government enterprises as the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, and all the important achievements of modern times. Evidence is in favor of contract work on the Panama Canal are so overwhelming that it is strange that any other plan ever received consideration.

The decision of the administration to sublet the work means many things. In the first place, it offers the immensely important advantages of economy in time and cost. In one of his official speeches, Chairman Shreve has this to say:

"I wish to repeat and to emphasize the opinions I have



An Exhibition Drill of the Panama Post Department

expressed in regard to the application of the eight-hour law. The present wage on the isthmus varies from 80 cents to \$1.04 per day, in gold. As compared with the best common labor in the United States, its efficiency is rated at from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. Over eighty per cent. of the employees of the canal are now and will continue to be alien laborers. A majority of the other twenty per cent. employed will be in a clerical, a supervisory, or in some other capacity to which the various labor laws of the United States are not applicable. It is in this kind of labor we are compelled to apply the eight-hour law—that is, to aliens who know nothing of the law's existence until they arrive on the isthmus.

Work application will increase the labor cost of canal construction at least twenty-five per cent. It is obvious that by forcing the eight-hour day upon us, millions of dollars will be added to the cost of construction. American labor in this country will have to pay its share in the consequent increase of taxation. The chief difficulty with which we have to contend is the employment of Oriental labor, for instance, lies in the laws which hedge about its use. A government like the United States must protect itself against the charge of forcing involuntary servitude, and hence it can adopt no safeguards which will prevent the labor from leaving the isthmus the day after arrival, thus losing the money to get it there, with an immense whatever.

"The West-Indian negro that we are using has but little life and ambition in him. We are practically trying to weld an inert mass, with the result that we are not getting over twenty-five per cent., or, from a most liberal point of view, thirty-three and one-third per cent., of the efficiency of the most ordinary labor of the United States."

Mr. Shonts, in the above quotation, outlines only one of the troubles connected with purely government work. It is hardly to be supposed that private contractors will be so susceptible to the restrictions of an eight-hour law as a government. Nor is it to be supposed that up-to-date practical American contractors will be content with a claim of labor characterized as "an inert mass." It is not the habit of the private contractor who has had long experience in handling men, and who is working at his profession for the profit there is in it, to permit labor to remain inert at his expense.

This statement is made with all due respect to Mr. Shonts, the members of the commission, and Chief Engineer Stevens. They are all practical men with extended experience, but their hands have been wound round and round with a very tenacious quality of governmental red tape which, as everybody knows, is detrimental to rapid work.

It is the consensus of opinion among practical engineers, including many who are not connected with contracting, and therefore have no axe to grind, that the Panama Canal can be constructed to far bet-



Station-house of the Canal Zone Police at Esquipa

ter advantage through the medium of private contractors than through the medium of government officials employed for this special work.

In the first place, in order to secure adequate services, the government must necessarily attract successful engineers from the field of individual endeavor. To do this, salary and other inducements must be offered which in many cases may be out of proportion to the value of the work done. When an adequate staff has been thus secured, the many and conflicting forces must be organized, and

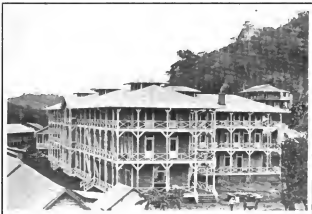
the work must be so planned as to secure the maximum returns from the minimum expenditure of effort and money.

The disadvantages under which such a force must work are obvious, as contrasted to the work of individual contractors and builders whose forces are permanently organized and prepared to undertake large contracts at short notice. The value of such organizations, whose elasticity enables them to gather to themselves expert and unskilled labor and supplies, and to apply those forces when and where needed, is apparent.

From the view-point of actual economy in time and cost, the saving which may be effected by subletting the work on the canal to private contractors offers very material advantages. In the first place, the government is thus enabled to avail itself immediately of the services of trained and systematized organizations. If the contractors work on the comparatively new and important system known as the "cost-plus-a-fixed-sum contract," the workers on the canal, under the direction of private contractors, are brought into the same relation to the government as though in the government employ.

The builders under this form of contract are given no incentive for effecting economies to the detriment of the work, and are thus practically brought into the government employ on the same basis as the present government engineers, although they are enabled to bring to their work advantages which are impossible in a comparatively unorganized body. In this way every detail of cost and the quality and quantity of the work are constantly under the government's supervision. The government will be kept informed of the expenses which are being incurred, and it can take advantage of every fortunate circumstance which may tend to reduce costs through the organization of the contractors.

If further argument is favor of building the Panama Canal by contract is necessary, it is well to understand that the plan embodies all the advantages derived from the use of organizations whose actual existence depends on the practice of economy, and the use of every systematic detail discovered through practical experience. These include the benefits of cash discounts for material and the advantages of expert buying of labor through contractors whose business it is to keep down the costs, and who are in a position to make pur-



Hotel built at Vubba for Canal Employees

chases to greater advantage: the plan secures the benefits of the lists which these contractors have on file for materials which the various dealers carry in stock ready for immediate delivery; it has the use of purchasing departments which are constantly in touch with the best class of subcontractors and material dealers throughout the country; it has the benefit of the economy occasioned by the use of plans which comprise all kinds of labor-saving devices; it can mass on short notice any number of skilled and carefully trained mechanics; it can bring into service engineering machinery without the delay and cost of securing new material, and the plan provides for the completion of the work at a minimum cost, and as rapidly as is consistent with good workmanship.

Another great advantage to the government in letting out the work to contractors will be the saving resulting from competitive bids. The work will be given in almost every case to the lowest bidder if the first bidding is considered capable of carrying out its task to the satisfaction of the government. The possibility of combinations formed for the purpose of maintaining a high price is remote. It will be clearly understood that the government is in possession of a valuable working plant now on the isthmus, or in process of assembling, and any attempt to combine will result in the administration continuing under its present plan.



The Main Building of the General Hospital at Colon

ments, such as diplomatic, sanitary, and law protection, and it is doubtful if any change will be made in the present personnel. The great and important transformation will be in the method of actual execution and construction.

In preparing the specifications from which the various contractors will draw up their bids, extreme care will be taken to limit the bidding on the work to American contracting firms. It is the sense of the administration that the Panama Canal shall be an American enterprise pure and simple. It will be constructed by Americans employing American capital, and no opportunity will be given foreign firms or foreign money to share in the great work.

This does not afford any obstacle whatever to the speedy and economical completion of the waterway. The efficiency of the

Although the new organization is hardly completed, there is little question that the present commission will be retained to supervise the work for the government, or a new commission created under Chairman Shonts and retaining the most competent members of the present commission. The duties of the commission will not be changed in any extent, and the present chief engineer, Mr. Stevens, will continue to have direct charge on the isthmus.

It will be necessary, of course, to maintain governmental control of the Canal Zone, with all its various depart-



Dam of the Reservoir which supplies Panama with Pure Water

American contractor is known and acknowledged throughout the world. The great railways of the country and the innumerable gigantic achievements in engineering and construction scattered broadcast through the United States offer ample testimony to the capabilities of the American contractor. The building of the Canadian Pacific, with its marvelous feats of engineering skill, was the work of Sir William Van Horne, an American by birth and breeding. And it was on that road that the present chief engineer of the Panama Canal, John F. Stevens, obtained a goodly part of his practical experience. Theodore P. Shonts was selected by the President to act as supervising head of the commission because of his record as a builder of railways in the Middle West. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Shonts could construct the Panama Canal economically and quickly if he could be free from the cumbersome and annoying details connected with governmental methods. There is, in truth, no dearth of American enterprise and energy at the disposal of the administration.

The extent of the work to be allotted has not yet been decided, but it is probable that the entire length of the canal will be included in the estimates. The work will be divided into classes, such as plain excavation, rock excavation, dredging, lock-building, dam-construction, and the building of wharves and sea-walls.



The United States Court-house at Ancon, the first to be opened in the Canal Zone.

time. Owing to the nature of the work and the comparatively restricted space, it will be considered best to give the task to only two contractors. As recent borings have discovered a substratum of rock, the work will be largely blasting and quarrying. In a recent report Chief Engineer Stevens says of this section, which extends from Bos Obispo to Pedro Miguel, a distance of about nine miles:

"Under whatever plan or type of canal is finally adopted, an enormously heavy land or dry cutting, so called, must be executed. And to successfully carry out this great project necessitates not only the employment of the most effective and modern machinery, but also as nearly perfect an organization as can be devised. The material framed in the proposed cutting, as shown by actual work

Beginning on the Pacific side, the task of dredging the La Boca entrance will, in all probability, be allotted to one contractor. Between La Boca and Miraflores extends an almost level stretch of eight miles, which offers few, if any, engineering problems. This work will probably be given to two or three contractors.

The mile-and-one-third stretch between the Miraflores lock and the Pedro Miguel locks, known as the Pedro Miguel-Miraflores lock, will be handled by one contractor. Now we come to the famous Culebra Cut, which will set the pace in the matter of



Cottages Erected at Cristobal for Canal Employees who are Married

performed, and by numerous borings and pits, is very much mixed in character, ranging from a red and yellow clay, through several varieties of rock of different degrees of hardness, to a hard trap-rock. Altogether the cut is what would be called a rock cut, inasmuch as a very large percentage of it must be hewn by blasting—in fact, about all of it—to enable economical handling.

From the line, thence to Colon, a distance of about thirty miles, the work will consist almost altogether of ordinary excavation, in which the steam-shovel will play a prominent part. This length of the canal will be divided into a number of sections, and as the greater part of it is within easy distance of Colon, the Gulf port, the successful bidders will find their work greatly facilitated.

The building of the great locks will call for exceptional skill. In all probability the locks will be allotted to separate contractors, although that is a question for future consideration. The work will include deep excavation and a large amount of concrete placing, and also the hanging of the great gates. In addition to this there will be the reconstruction of several income dams, and a number of other important tasks requiring efficient organizations on the part of contractors.

Some of the most important questions to be considered by the contracting firms desiring to bid on the work are connected with the transportation of men and material, and the housing and feeding of the men employed on the canal. It will not be like contracting in New York, or Chicago, or even in the Rocky Mountains, where transportation by rail is an easy matter. Panama is two thousand miles distant from a base of supplies, and the greater part of the work will necessarily be done in a jungle under severe climatic conditions. This question is not difficult of solution, however.

It is well known that the government has been awarding a valuable plant on the isthmus during the past two years, and to-day the entire length of the canal route presents the spectacle of a territory reedy and waiting for the signal to begin work. Everything necessary for the efficient care of an army of men has been done. In the matter of shelter there are almost one thousand houses, including hotels, cottages for married employees, and bachelor quarters. These are scattered along the line of the canal in such manner that each section will have its quota.

A practical and efficient commissary system is now in working order. This consists of a series of local commissary stores at every important labor camp, and groceries where food, either cooked or uncooked, can be obtained at cost. Food is brought direct from the north in refrigerator plants installed on the commission's steamers, and is distributed along the line of the railway in refrigerator-cars. The hotels previously existing in the canal zone have been purchased by the commission and added to the commissary system. Ordinary laborers are fed for thirty cents a day, and the better class of employees at nearly twice a day.

In the matter of transportation it is estimated that the men and material required by the contractors will be brought from the United States at cost. The commission is in control, through the Panama Railroad Company, of the vessels formerly belonging to that corporation, and also the two well-equipped vessels, the *Merano* and *Buenos*, purchased from the Ward line. This fleet will be utilized in the transportation of men and equipment. On the isthmus the contractors will be given at cost the facilities offered by the Panama Railroad, which is now being thoroughly equipped for the work.

The important question of the repairing of equipment and of tools will find a solution in the fact that the present commission has established and now has in working order three large construction and repair shops at Bar Matarich, Engruer, and Cristobal. A force of more than 1200 men is employed in these shops. The principal plant is at Bar Matarich, and includes machine-shops, with locomotive pits, boiler shop, blacksmith-shop, car-shop, planing mill, carpenter and pattern shop, foundry, and stores. An estimate has been made and preparations placed under way to complete an organization necessary to meet all requirements for the maintenance of our hundred steam-shovels, with the locomotives and cars required for operating them.

In addition to the old French plant left on the isthmus by De Lesseps, there has been purchased by the American government material costing approximately \$9,000,000. This material includes in part: Two ocean steamships, 11 steam shovels, 120 locomotives, 1300 flat-cars, 324 dump-cars, 12 rapid railroads, 22 winding ploughs, 13 earth-spreaders, 2 dipper dredges, 11 steel barges, 2 stone-crushing plants, 5000 tons of steel rails, 200 switch-stands, 200 split switches, 125,000 cross-ties, 14 air compressing machines, 3 cranes, 132 rock-drills, 30 portable deep-drilling machines, and a quantity of explosives.

All of this material will be placed at the service of the contractors whose bids are accepted, and at a price not exceeding the actual cost, with due regard for deterioration. It will be seen, therefore, that American contracting firms desiring to bid on the work will find practically an entire equipment on the ground.

The question of health will have an important bearing, inasmuch as the reputation of the isthmus in that respect has not been good, at least prior to the sanitary work accomplished under Dr. Duggan. In its last report the Isthmian Canal Commission said on this subject: "In view of the gratifying conditions shown by recent statistics, it may be safely said that the problem of sanitation need no longer be considered a formidable obstacle to the construction of the canal." This question of health on the isthmus has been the bugbear set up from the beginning by sensationalists and enemies of the administration. While sanitary conditions are still far from perfect, the work of Dr. Duggan and his associates deserves the highest praise and encouragement.



The Enforcing Corps of the Sanitary Force at Panama

DEFECTS IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM

By HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor for the Post-office Department

The long experience of the author as Auditor of the Post-office Department at Washington qualifies him to speak with authority and from intimate knowledge of the defects in the equipment and management of the greatest business organization under Federal control. On this topic Mr. Castle has written five articles, of which this is the second; the others will appear in the next three issues of the "Weekly"

II.—Perversions and Perils of the System

COMPLAINTS of enthusiasts, varying in numbers and influence, advocate diverse schemes of socialistic paternalism, to be attached to the postal service, but in the end they must stand or fall together, for in purpose as in principle they are one. When we have postal railroads and telegraphs, it will be high time to set up postal savings-banks and life-insurance. It will also be time for public ownership of farms and mines and factories. In short, as one writer prophesies, it will be time "to inaugurate the commune, usher in chaos, and wind up our experiment in government with a grand explosion."

The extensions and ramifications which have been grafted on the simple original scheme have brought into play conditions which the attentive observer cannot fail to regard with apprehension. The whole enterprise is one of a purely business or commercial nature, outside the ordinary domain of governmental functions, carrying with it all the doubtful elements of a commercial institution conducted under public auspices. It is one of the penalties of such a venture that private interests come in contact with it at all points solidly to grapple with it and with each other for an increasing share of its benefits.

Suppose the United States government were grinding flour for the people and insisted on monopolizing that industry. Had the bakers of bread managed at an early day to secure patron for the brands of flour they use, fixed at one-eighth of its cost, while the baker-bakers paid one-half cost for their brands and the pastry-men or macaroni-makers paid three times cost for theirs, there would be friction and controversy and recrimination without end.

Yet this is substantially what is being done in the matter of carrying and delivering mail to the public. Discriminations are made as to the different "classes" of service, with little logic or consistency; several of these "classes" are carried at a loss, and there is an irrepressible conflict between those who are benefited and those who feel that they are wronged.

It was formerly an accepted principle of government that the individual should be encouraged to be self-reliant and personally ambitious. There are many who now seem to believe that the individual should sink his ambitions in the state, and rely on government to conduct many business operations, even to supply him with employment and protect him from the consequences of his own indiscretions. These are not only the socialists proper, who hold that they own and manage all productive enterprises, but others, who would repudiate the tenets of socialism, yet loudly call on the government to step in and shield them from the oppression of "monopolies," by running lines of business, even at a loss, for their special benefit.

For example—express charges are high, therefore we must have the parcel-post; savings-banks sometimes fail, hence a postal savings-bank should be provided; life-insurance companies are under a cloud, and post-offices should be made branches of a grand life-insurance system, supported by the national treasury; telegraph tolls are sometimes excessive, and the government should attach the telegraphs to the mail system.

Those who hope to gain by additional paternalistic features, and those who favor every proposed experiment on paternal principles, combine to exploit their ill-considered demands. The present agitator who declaims most vehemently against government by injunction is hottest in advocating innovations that would soon lead to government in the hands of a receiver. There are strenuous demands for the postal telegraph, postal savings-banks, and a postal life-insurance bureau. There are wild wage rises for the absorption of all railways under government ownership and Post-office Department management.

It may be true that the government could send our telegrams at reduced rates and pay expenses, but little compact England has lost \$3,500,000 per annum trying to do it, and is very weary of the experiment. It may be that we could pay three per cent. interest on savings deposits, fund them in two-per-cent. bonds at a premium, and earn profits after paying an army of employees to keep the accounts, but it is hard to convince an unbiased intellect that this is feasible.

Some problems would be solved and certain inconveniences minimized if the national authority would engage in certain lines of manufacturing and sell the products below cost; it would manifestly be pleasant, for a time at least, to be in a nation which would protect us against losses by bad investments, guarantee

liberal returns from all enterprises, and pay regular dividends to all citizens regardless of race, color, or previous inactivity.

An example of managing private enterprises under public auspices is seen in the "personally conducted" post-office, run specially to accommodate the business and for the sole profit of their promoters, which is a common experience of the department. A manufacturing or patent medicine firm, with large outlays for advertising through almanacs, catalogues, etc., secures the establishment of a four-story suburban or rural post-office. The proprietor of an enterprise is made postmaster; all advertising matter sent out goes through the office; the postmaster gets all or a major part of the revenue as his compensation, and thus the postage practically costs nothing, while the government is defrauded to the extent of hundreds of dollars—until the scheme is exposed and suppressed.

Co-partnerships with the government in postal affairs are frequently proposed. A bill was favorably reported during the last Congress by a majority of the post-office committee, under the provision of which an outside corporation would share profits and losses with the government on a scheme for return postal cards. The corporation offers to furnish its customers all over the country with these return cards, which are to be mailed to the correspondents of its patrons. In case the cards ever come back through the mail, this corporation agrees to redeem them from a fund previously deposited somewhere for that purpose. Every postmaster would, under the law, be working jointly for the government and a business concern—a phase of socialism severely contemplated by the founders of the Republic.

The communistic scheme of absorbing all the railways under governmental control, and attaching the entire transportation business of the country to our already oversaturated postal system, is still persistently urged in and out of Congress. There are about 1,800,000 employees now engaged in this business, and it is estimated that to purchase all our railways would involve an outlay of more than \$10,000,000,000. An increase of this inconvertible amount to our diminishing national debt does not stagger the advocates of this social measure. Neither does the addition of this tremendous army of salaried officials to the political ramifications now existing excite the least degree of dissent. But thinking people will ponder long and anxiously before consenting to a proposition which thus subverts all our ideas of popular government.

There is enough of complication and menace in present postal conditions, defects hidden to the public but fully revealed in expert testimony to suggest extreme caution as to venturing on additional and still more dangerous features. The post-office business, even on a legitimate basis, has grown so vast that the personal oversight of the head of the department is impossible. That chief executive and all his principal assistants, being political appointees, are removed at brief intervals, and have little opportunity to become familiar with their duties. The laws under which the mail service operates are a mass of inconsistencies—never systematically codified, but growing up year after year by hasty "provisions" attached to the annual appropriation bills, adding new features, modifying existing statutes, repealing and re-enacting, with an intelligent attention to coherence or effective operation.

Above all, the accounting system, upon which so much depends, is fatally defective. Of financial transactions aggregating a billion and a quarter dollars annually in accounts settled, less than ten per cent. have the administrative audit or the review required by law, owing to inadequate clerical force in the auditor's office. There is not the independence of scrutiny and report that correct accounting principles require. There is no intelligible system, such as prevails in banking and railroad offices where the complications and responsibilities are not as hundredfold more as great. "Take the service as it now is, without any additional branches, its business and labor are growing so much more rapidly than any other element of our social economy that we may well pause to inquire, whether does all this lead—where will it end? There is somewhere a limit to safety in the process of expansion, even on its present lines. It must be mastered by any careful thinker that this danger line will be reached soon enough without undue stimulus."

Thompson of the doctrine of government management of all so-called "public utilities," argue illegitimately from a basis of (Continued on page 111.)



The Man-carrying Aeroplane which Flies in Tow of a Motor-car, and from which Charles Hamilton, the Acrobat, has done some fair and lofty Tumbling



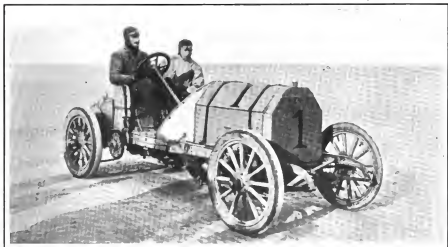
Run-upshot of the "Flying Dutchman," one of the Entries in the Ormond Beach Races



Lancia in his 110-horse-power "Pist," which is entered in eleven of the twenty-seven contests



Clifford Emp, holder of the English kilometre Record of 21 2-5 seconds



George W. Young's 110-horse-power P.D.A.T. Race, with Fletcher at the Wheel. This Car was driven by Lancia in the Vanderbilt Cup Race of 1903

THE AUTOMOBILE RACES AT ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA

The fourth annual speed tournament at Ormond Beach began January 22, and will last six weeks. There is a total entry of 106 cars in the twenty-seven different events on the program, representing the five great auto-bathing nations—America, Germany, France, Great Britain, and Italy. Among the entries are two cars of greater horse power than have ever before been constructed—the 250-horse-power machine built by I. G. Vanderbilt, and the 200-horse-power Daimler in which Henry made his 20 3-5 seconds kilometre record. George W. Young makes his first bid for automobile-racing honors in entering his recently purchased "Pist" car which was driven by Lancia in the Vanderbilt cup race last year.



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Herbert Buchanan, a man of wealth with a selfish and repellent nature, whom his beautiful wife, Beatriz, has been induced to marry for his money, disappears one night from his country place, Buchanan Lodge, with a bagful of money he has caught entering the house. Buchanan gives the man a thousand dollars as compensation for being allowed to share his reckless existence, for he is weary of his own way of life, and anxiously desires to escape anxiety to those whom he loves behind. Stopping as a guest at Buchanan Lodge is a young

explorer, Henry Faring. He and Beatriz have had a love-affair prior to her marriage, and they now discover that they mean more to each other than ever before. An exhaustive search reveals no trace of Buchanan, who is supposed to have been murdered.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

THE TWO WAYS OF LOVING.

"MRS. CROWLEY is coming down from the house," said Faring. Beatriz looked up the long green slope of lawn to where, among the flowering shrubs, old Arabella stood in slow majesty, the tail of her dress caught safely up over one arm, the other arm pressing to a capacious bosom three small books bound in bright yellow paper. Several paces to the rear a maid followed her under a burden of rugs and pillows. Still behind marched a footman bearing drinkables on a large tray.

Mrs. Buchanan began to laugh.

"Observe the procession!" said she. "It is only too evident that Aunt Arabella meditates a debauch. Cushions, things to drink, and yellow paper novels. Oh, dreadful! The laugh died and she drew a little sigh. "Dear old Aunt Arabella!" she said. "What should I do without her—without all of you? You're much too good for me, you know. I fancy I'm not worth it. No, no! Don't protest, Harry! Dash! Here's Aunt Arabella."

Mrs. Crowley came to a ponderous halt outside the Japanese summer-house, and with disfavor regarded the two who sat within. "Oh!" she said. "You two here! And I had promised myself a long afternoon of lonely and vicious ease." She displayed the three yellow-covered books.

"These," she boasted, "are new, and of a singular and unparalleled wickedness. I have it on the word of Jacqueline de Courcy, who sent them to me, and Jacqueline never lies. Now you have spoiled my day."

"We might read them aloud," suggested young Faring; but old Arabella scouted the idea.

"Never," she said. "Never! You are much too young. I, on the contrary, am ancient, and my novels can no longer be destroyed. The books must wait, poor dears! Yes!—to the maid—" put those cushions in the big chair. I will at last be comfortable. What! Yes, yes, you will have to bring more glasses, I expect. Dear, dear, all my plans upset! This is a cruel, cruel world."

With much assistance and many groans and protests she was packed into the big willow chair, and the yellow books were stowed away under the cushions. Then she lay back and closed her eyes, panting greatly and waving a large palm-leaf fan.

"That," she said after a time, pointing a vague hand towards the landscape, without opening her eyes, "that is champagne cup. You shall have some of it when the other glasses come. As for me, really, I think I must have a nip at one. I am very warm. Yes, thanks, straw. Two straws. One is always broken. Ah, that is truly delicious! Who invented champagne cup? Does any one know? Not that it matters at all. The result is with us. I dare say the man who invented it was never able to afford champagne, poor wretch. I expect he drank beer, and dressed about inventing some wonderful mixture of that which never held at the same time agreeable and cheap. Why are things never

both agreeable and cheap? Can any one tell me?"

Old Arabella closed her eyes again absently.

"Why does not that man bring the other glasses? You should be wiser than him, Beatriz ought." She opened one eye.

"Oh, they are here already," she said. "How quick of him! Tell me, is it not delicious? You might even have some more brought. I'm sure we shall all be very thirsty, because the day is so warm. There, I have dropped my fan! Oh, thank you! Another glass of champagne cup? How clever you are to have felt that I wanted it. I wish, dear me, both of these straws are broken somewhere. They won't work. I have never known more than one to be spoilt before. One always is. I wonder why?"

Old Arabella pensively drank the second glass of champagne cup and thereafter appeared to fall asleep. But one never could be sure of Arabella. She usually did the unexpected thing. And in this instance talk flowed from her at intervals apparently out of a profound slumber like bubbles for lava from a quiet volcano.

"I left Ellen Trevor and Stanchoff on the east veranda of the house," she said. "As usual, the child had been stalking him for some hours, and had at last cornered him there. She seemed very tremulous and very happy over running the poor man to earth. I couldn't bear it, so I came away. They were talking about her soul when I left—at least she was. It appears that it is a most unusual soul—a sad, sweet, unappreciated one. Poor Stanchoff! He looked like some large solemn dog—a Boral, for choice—being annoyed by a kitten."

Beatriz Buchanan laughed.

"You shan't abuse Almon Trevor!" she protested. "She's a sweet child, Aunt Arabella, and I love her very dearly."

"Quite so, angel," said the old woman, still apparently deep in slumber. "So do I! And I will not quarrel with you. No heap insult and calumny upon my ancient head, as you will. I shall not strike you—nor isn't calumny the word I want? Just what does calumny mean? Can no one tell me? Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, then shalt not escape calumny." As what?—this name so cleverly said. Can one be chaste as ice and pure as snow if one reads wicked yellow-covered books? I wonder. Thank you, dear Harry! The third sip more. You are so kind."

Almon's going at the end of the week," said the other woman.

"She doesn't know it yet, but she's going. Three different people, to my knowledge, want her at Newport and two at other places. She's staying on here for my sake, but I won't hope it any longer. I won't begrudge her here when she ought to be away having a good time."

"Inhabitable busy!" rumbled old Arabella from the depths of her chair.

"And you're going too, Aunt Arabella," pursued Mrs. Buchanan. And Stanchoff. He really has to go. He told me this morning. And Harry. I'm going to turn you all out."

Arabella Crowley sat up among her cushions, in wrathful astonishment.

"Well of all that—the absurd nonsense!" she cried. "You're mad—quite mad. I go? I shan't stir a step. Why should I go?"

"Because you're making a thousand things and people to be here," said the young woman. "You're leaving everything at Red Rose and in town at lower ends just to hear me company. All of you are giving up things that you might not do, every day, and I won't have it any longer. No, it's quite serious! I mean it. You must go and leave me alone. I shall do well enough. It's—it's only waiting now. We can do no more, neither you nor I. We can only wait. I've been thinking it over very seriously. I shall stay here for a month or two longer—winter and if there is no news, if no change comes, I shall go abroad for the autumn



and winter. No! Don't argue, please. I'm quite determined, really. It's the best thing to do. I'll come to you for a while at Red Rose later on if you want me, Aunt Arabelia. But just now I rather want to be alone. I don't know just why. Maybe I want to think. Maybe it's that. I've never done much thinking. It will amuse me, I expect. Yes, you must go at the end of the week when Alliance goes."

CHAPTER VII

BEATRICE CONTENTS WITH DEVILS

AND they went, as Beatrice insisted. They went—all but Little Alliance Terror—fairly driven from the place. Stanslof left on the next day, for he was called over to London on affairs of some importance, and had to have a day or two in New York before sailing. Mrs. Crowley and Faring went at the end of the week, and Arabelia to her country-place on the Sound at Baychester, and Faring to town, whence he meant to go to the upper Adirondacks and join some people on Mt. Regis.

He had no more talk with Beatrice alone in those last two or three days. She seemed to avoid all opportunities for a tête-à-tête, and, in a way, he was not sorry, for he was determined to betray no feeling to her beyond the rather intimate friendship which the two had tacitly adopted, and this was not only difficult, but was, he felt, growing more difficult as time went on and he saw more of her and grew more and more to count upon her presence near him.

He was an uncommonly simple man—which is not in the least to say that he was stupid or dull. His mind moved without the indications of more complex and imaginative people's, and he had, therefore, fewer refuges, fewer safety-vents into which to draw back from his own impulses or from the world. There was something refreshingly primitive about him—primitive without being either cruel or rough. He knew quite well that his love for Beatrice Buchanan was the one very great and overwhelming thing in his career, and that it would never under any conceivable circumstances die. He had frankly to face the fact, for that elemental simplicity of his would not allow him to hide it from himself. Many men, and most women become adept at lying to themselves (though they may be eventually truthful to others), because it often saves their self-esteem and always makes their march through life easier. But men of Faring's type are denied such comfort.

And knowing the strength and endurance of this love in him, young Faring was in constant terror lest, in an unguarded moment, the love should away him beyond his control, and another verse like that of the evening of his arrival at Buchanan Lodge occur. He held his honor exceedingly high, higher than anything else conceivable save the honor of Beatrice Buchanan, and that is why he was glad to leave the place, though it was like rattling a limb from his body to look ahead into the days when he would no longer see her moving before him or hear her voice or know that she was near.

The night before the morning on which he was to leave he remained downstairs some time after the three women had gone up. He was alone, of course, since Stanslof was no longer there. And he went out upon the terrace and so down to the broad stretch of lawn which lay alongside the west wing of the Lodge. He knew which of the windows above him were Mrs. Buchanan's, and he walked up and down in the dark watching them, where they glowed yellow with their drawn blinds and curtains. He watched till the lights went out. It was a boyish thing to do—a foolish, over-romantic act for this sober century. Another sort of man might have done it, but it must have been with an inward, half-shamed grin, with the tongue in the cheek. Young Faring, however, whose sense of humor was, in the big things of life at least, none too keen, took it quite seriously. It did not occur to him that what he did was at all ridiculous.

When the lights were out he found a stone seat near and sat there, staring up at the darkened windows. He pictured the woman whom he loved lying there in her bed, her eyes wide, fronting the dark, hopeless, shrinking, fearing, dreading the morning's light, and the thought that he could not comfort her or lighten her burden weighed him to a sort of fury of bitterness and protest. Of what value was his love, his faithfulness, his strength, if he could do no more than sit by while she suffered. It came to him that to-morrow night and untold nights thereafter he could not even sit by—could not even bestow the poor comfort of a sympathetic eye and hand, and his face twisted suddenly in a swift spasm that might have been physical pain.

"If I could only do something, Betty!" he groaned in the dark. "If I could only help, somehow!"

The blind of one of the windows above him ran up, and some one in white came to the window and stood there a moment, dim in the moonlight, looking out into the gloom. Faring's heart leaped, his hand pressed against the shadows below, held his breath. It was Beatrice Buchanan. He knew so well her little trick of pose or of movement that even at that distance and in that faint light he could not mistake her.

She stood in the window for only an instant, then turned back once more into the inner gloom. But the man in the night below stretched out shaking arms towards her, and the velvet heart and throated at his temples.

"Betty!" he cried, whispering. "Betty! Oh, what's in become of you and me, Betty? How's all this horror going to end?"

And then—
"Good night, child! Oh, sleep well! For the last time, Betty, good night!"

In the morning, while the trap was waiting for him outside, he had a moment alone with her. She was very white, he thought, and hollow-eyed. She had not slept well, it would seem, in spite of his prayer.

"And so good-by, Betty dear!" he said. "You know where I am to be. When you need me or want me I'll come. Remember that. I shall never be far away. I'm still—under the colors, you know. And he tried to smile.

Mrs. Buchanan's eyes were upon his, tender and burning, with an old strain in them. She nodded. "I know, Harry," she said, under her breath. "And—and it's more of a com-



Mrs. Crowley came to a position half outside the Japanese summer house

fort to me than I could even try to tell you, but—for a while I must be alone. I need to think. Oh go, Harry, go quickly, quickly!"

He went without a word, but his eyes were blind. He groped for the seat of the cart with his two hands.

Little Miss Trevor would not go with the others. She refused to be driven forth.

"Please let me stay on," she begged. "I don't want to go to those people at Newport, I don't want to go anywhere where it's gay and they're having a noisy good time. I want to be entirely quiet. If you won't let me stay here with you I shall go down to the Mannerings or some place like that, and ask them to take me in. Please let me stay on, Beatrice!" Mrs. Huchans took the girl in her arms and held her off a little, looking curiously into her face. It suddenly occurred to her that Miss Trevor looked rather queer—that she was a trifle affected and a trifle odd, with something like a distemper in her face. Also she was thinner, the elder woman thought, and rather than usual.

"Baby dear!" she cried—little Miss Trevor was one of those girls who are foredoomed to be called "baby" by their friends—"what in the world has come over you? What do you want to hide yourself for? It's not like you at all. One might think you in love—". And then suddenly she paused, and certain half-noticed, half-forgotten things flashed through her mind, and she caught the girl up to her and held her close, stroking the yellow hair and murmuring over her as a mother comforts and cradles to a little child.

"Oh, yes, my dear baby!" she said, "you blessed infant! I didn't know. Truly, I didn't know. Oh, baby, I'm in a fool, a blind, blemished fool! I've been so drowned in my own woes! I might have seen! Yes, you shall stay! I wanted you frightfully all the while, but I thought I should be imprisoning you. You shall stay, dear! You must stay. We're two weary women whom God hasn't been very good to. There isn't much comfort for us, so we must comfort each other. Oh, child, child, my need you so have been hurt! Wasn't I enough in me house?" And then the two wept a little on each other's shoulders, and, womanlike, secret

"Does he know, dear?" demanded Mrs. Buchanan when they were sitting together afterwards. The girl raised a startled, horrified face.

(Oh, no, no!) she cried. "He—doesn't grieve at all. No. He must never know. It would only hurt him, despair, and that mustn't be. Oh, no, he must never guess. He—he has had enough sorrow and tragedy in his life. I don't want to add to it. I cannot drive out of my mind a thing that horrid (coughs) Kveryday. I don't want to think of it again, after dinner, when I'm alone. I believe's a sort of walking torment. I never think of Stanislaw doing anything nowadays," he said. "He's done it all. He's waiting to die." It was a horrible thing to say. It made me shiver, but I can't forget it, because it's—oh, dearest, it's true! He doesn't really live any more, because his heart is dead, long dead."

"I know," said Beatrice Buchanan, gently. "I know. It's true. And those men who have had tremendous tragedies in their lives, and have died, all but physically, are always loved by women afterwards. There's something about them, I don't know what it is, but it's fatal to our poor little hearts. Baby, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the girl. "I don't know. I've never known any one like him—and I never shall. Probably I shall never see him again, but I'm—sayhow, I'm glad. Oh yes, I'm glad. I'm glad it has happened."

"Ay, child," said Beatrix Buchanan, smiling wistfully out across the girl's head. "We love the fire that burns us—being women."

[illegible]

They had, Miss Trevor says, many long and intimate talks, and in these talks, however, or upon whatever subject they may have begun, Mrs. Buchanan managed always to come to the man who was lost and, for all they knew, dead. She spoke of him at first hesitatingly, a bit timidly, and contrived to make his introduction into the talk seem accidental, but later she spoke with a freedom that was almost eagerness. It seemed, now the talk was gone,

that she could for the first time approach their relationship—their life together (nay, rather apart!) with calmness, with a fair mind. It seemed that for the first time she could sit, as it were, in judgment, laying aside that bitter resentment which had so long clouded her, and ascribe blame where blame was due, credit where credit belonged.

And I would have said, "fair to him," she would say. "He had so much within himself to contend with, and I never realized that. I was too wretched and bitter and resentful to realize anything but my own misery. No, I wasn't fair to him. I never helped him. I never gave him any encouragement or support. I was only sorry for him too, but it never occurred to me. That must have been because I didn't love him, I suppose. Never you marry anybody you don't love. Oh, how triste and banal of me! And so," she said, "I must feel free to feel angry at him any more—now, for all that time. That was my fault, I know. I was so tired, in the last, the going away, I can never forgive. That's beyond me, and it always will be. No, I can't forgive him that—not even if he's dead. That was deliberate malice—I'm sure of it, just as the noxiousness of the air was. I can't forgive him that. I can't forgive him that I believe God expects us to forgive things like that, belly. Anyhow, I can't. I expect I'm not a forgiving sort of person in big things. Only very strong people can forgive, and I'm not strong, you

This sort of thing Miss Trevor says she would say over and over again, with a sort of ferocity as if she were arguing with herself. The subject seemed to have a morbid fascination for her. She seemed to have a sort of passion for laying bare, so far as she might, all that she had felt for and done in her life during their marriage, for picking out and examining all her old motives, not so much by way of self-justification as to determine where lay the preponderance of blame. It seemed that she must determine where lay the blame for those two spoiled lives—in herself or in the man who was gone.

And Miss Trevor says that her husband used to leave the house for hours together, spending whole mornings or afternoons alone in that little Japanese pavilion which sat upon the slope, or walking along the crest of the cliff above the sea, or on the beach at low tide. And she says that she came in from these hours of solitary drooping, pale in spite of the sun, and with a look mysteriously tired. Miss Trevor realized, she says, that the woman was undergoing a great struggle, was passing through a crisis which was vital to her, but as in spite of the intimacy which had come between them she dared not ask questions or seem to pry into anything, so she left Mrs. Buchanan to pass hers. And a later day came when she had heard her longed-for release. The day of August, when they had been living in this fashion for nearly two months, Mrs. Buchanan seemed to fall into a calm. The pallor went from her cheeks and the haunted, strained look went out of her eyes. It was as if she had been for a long time suffer-

Quite of her own accord she spoke of it one day as the two sat together on the terrace after their dinner.

again, and then groping in the darkness, she said, "staggering and fighting for peace of soul, and thank Heaven, it has at last come to me—in some measure at least. I expect that if I were like some women—oh, most women, I dare say—I should not have had to go through all this. Most women have such a store of patience and endurance, I think, that they can stand anything, and suffer a cruel person, baby dear. Truly I am. I resent injury more bitterly than any man I ever knew, and I have always felt that my marriage and—and this latter horror were injuries; that they were inflicted upon me by other people. I've always felt that I was wronged, and I've always felt that I was wronged. I'm less sure. Probably it isn't quite all base burnt out of me—the bitterness, I mean—but—dear, it would threaten and ally—I believe I'm a better woman. Indeed I do. Please don't laugh at me, child! If you laugh I shall cry. This is how I feel about my marriage, baby dear. I don't know how to feel about it, but for his—Herbert's. I wasn't very kind to him. I didn't love him, and so I didn't try to come near him, ever. I let us grow farther and farther apart, instead of doing my best to draw him to me. I let him grow into the sort of man he was towards the last. I let him be selfish, I let him be cruel. I don't know how to feel about that. Anyhow, up to that last night, I knew I was at fault. For his going I hold myself blameless. That I was unlovable, and I cannot forgive it. It is odd, is it not, how perfectly sure I am—always have been—that he was of his own free will, that he went to the end of his way, and that my own sin was simply mine. I want to say quite mysteriously and inimplable fashion, So I've purged up of bitterness and resentment, and I've done more than that. I've done what was more difficult still, and that is I've come to a sort of resignation over the present and the future. That wasn't very dear, it has wrong me sorely, but I've been brought to this. I've been brought to this."

"Ah, I know, dearest! I know!" said the girl. "That's the cruel part. I know!"

Yes," she said, nodding, "that's the cruel part. It means that I must put the thoughts of—of the happiness that I—of that sort of happiness quite from me. It means that I must look upon a life alone as inevitable. I'm a thousand times worse off than a widow—worse off even than an unhappy wife, for she has a reason for her grief. I have no reason. I have no one to turn to. I've made myself free and I grow familiar with it and I resigned to it. There are many levels of happiness, child. The upper levels are beyond my reach, it seems. The mountain peaks I shall never climb, but I suppose one may live some sort of a plodding life on the valleys where the—shadowy are. At the worst, there's no one there."

"But," said the girl, "they may yet find—Mr. Hutchinson. He

may yet come back, or they may find proof that he is—dead. There's always that possibility." The elder woman shook her head. "I have put that out of my mind," she said. "I—dare not think of it, and I do not expect it to come. It is three months now, and there has been found no trace of him. He won't come back. I think he is—dead some where. But we shall never know."

"And beyond that," persisted little Miss Trevor, "there's another thing. The law presumes him dead after a number of years."

"Five years!" said Beatrice Buchanan. "Is five years, child. I shall be thirty—middle-aged. In five years where will Harry Farley be?"

"Wherever he is," cried the girl, indignantly, "he will be as faithful to you as he is to-day, and you know it. He will love you as long as he lives, whether it's five years or forty or fifty!"

"I know, I know!" she said, gently, and a little smile came to her lips and trembled there, a sad little smile. "Oh, yes," she said, "he will be faithful. He doesn't forget. He's not the sort to forget—

but five years! Shall I keep a man bound to me for five long, empty, hopeless years? Ah, no, no! I couldn't bear that. And I wouldn't have him bear it, either. It would be too cruel for us both. Besides—you know him a little—do you suppose he would—marry me without positive proof that Herbert is dead? Do you? I might do it. I'm not so strong as he is. I might steal my happiness and take the risk, but Harry—Harry's

trix Buchanan gave a sudden little shiver, drawing her shoulders together as if she felt cold.

"The air is chilly here," she said, quaintly. "I shudder in it. Perhaps, dear, the sun will shine brightly on the other side of the sea."

To be Continued.



"Does he know, dear?" demanded Mrs. Buchanan

Drawn by Will Gould

The Lake in Winter

By Louise Morgan Sill

THEY beauty in remembrance wrings my heart.—

Then art more fair than ever women were,
Though their proud fair were blazoned in all art.

And when I think of winter's cruel hand
Laid hard upon thee, and thy beauty dim,
And frozen in his grasp, where all the land
Lies pale and silent is the fear of him.

My soul rebels, and I long for thee
A miracle! That melts the snow there be
A magic circle drawn about thy form—
That all the trees upon thy lovely margin
Be left forever green, forever fair!
That thy soft serious waters ever bear

Beneath perpetual summer, spire-warm,
The vision of an Orient metemorphosis
Shine flouting greatly through checkered days.
Then may the timorous, frost-affrighted deer
Steal silent to thy rim, released from fear,
To nibble at their will the coltsfoot—
And thy pale, there may the hungry fox
And shivering squirrel come on thy delight
Mischance, from out the frozen night,
And in their wake may all wild creatures roam,
That shiver by the icy birch and pine,
And come into thy summer, as to home,
No may'st thou lose them, lovely lake of mine!



Miss Sarah Truax, who will play "Princess Ivra"



Miss Julie Howe, who will play "Lail"



J. E. Dodson, who will play the title part in "The Prince of India," rehearsing a scene from the play

GENERAL WALLACE'S "THE PRINCE OF INDIA" ON THE STAGE

Henry Lee Wallace's famous work, "The Prince of India," has been dramatized by Mr. J. I. C. Clark, and will be produced as a play on February 7 at the Colonial Theater, Chicago. Brewster W. Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, has written a successful score for the production, and the principal parts in the drama will be taken by a suitable cast, including J. E. Dodson as "The Prince of India," William Foxworth as "Prince Videmant," Joseph Lawrence as "Mira," Sarah Truax as "Princess Ivra," and Julie Howe as "Lail." The photograph on the lower half of this page shows a scene at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, during a rehearsal of one of the scenes of the play.



Photograph by Louis A. Jarry

**S. SEYMOUR THOMAS'S PAINTING OF GENERAL LEW WALLACE,
WHOSE "PRINCE OF INDIA" HAS JUST BEEN DRAMATIZED**

General Wallace's famous novel "The Prince of India" has been dramatized, and will be produced in Chicago early this month. The reader is referred to the opposite page for information concerning the new play and its production. The portrait, of which this photograph is a reproduction, was painted not long before General Wallace's death, and is considered one of the best likenesses of him in existence.

Correspondence

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS IN THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860

January 26, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read in the WEEKLY for December 30 Mr. Addison G. Prentiss's very interesting recollections of the National Republican Convention of 1860 that nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. Probably no party convention that ever assembled in America is of greater historic interest than that one. The scene described by Mr. Prentiss, of Mr. Giddings's attempt to secure the insertion in the platform of a passage from the Declaration of Independence, and the notable speech of Mr. George William Curtis, called forth by the reluctant and conservative temper of the convention, have been frequently described, with variations. It may be that many of your readers would be interested in a contribution to this subject in the form of the subjoined unpublished letter from Mr. Curtis which he kindly wrote a number of years ago in response to an inquiry relating to this event:

"West Hill, Bayside, Great Neck, N. Y., January 26, 1897."

"MY DEAR SIR:

"The incident to which you allude is very simple. The platform had been read, and it was so generally acceptable that there was a general desire to accept it without taking the risk of any change. But Mr. Giddings moved to insert, in the first clause, I think, some words of the Declaration of Independence. There was a murmur of dissent, and Mr. Cortis, also from Ohio, and afterwards Judge of the City Court in Washington, said impatiently that we might as well insert the golden rule as the Declaration of Independence, and the proposal of Mr. Giddings was rejected. He then arose and was evidently leaving the convention; as he passed by me I put out my hand, although he did not know me, and asked him where he was going. He replied, 'I see that I am out of place here.' It seemed to me that the original impulse of the party was leaving the convention in his person, and I begged him to sit down, saying that I would try to get in the amendment. He seated himself, and as soon as possible, standing upon my seat, I caught the eye of the president, who gave me the floor, and I moved my amendment. There was applause and opposition, and Judge Curtis made the point of order that the convention had substantially rejected the amendment. The president, Mr. Ashmun, who was evidently displeased with the motion, promptly sustained the point of order. Instantly Frank Blair, whom I did not know and who sat across the aisle just in front of me, loudly exclaiming 'obscene joke,' was on his feet, and so energetically addressing the president that he was obliged to see him. Blair made the point that my amendment was to the second clause of the platform and therefore in order. Ashmun reluctantly acknowledged it, and said that the gentleman from Missouri was correct, and gave me the floor. I said a few words, the amendment was adopted without opposition, and Mr. Giddings returned to his seat.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

Mr. Isaac N. Arnold in his *Life of Lincoln* describes the "few words," to which Mr. Curtis so modestly refers, as a "speech (improperly, but vehement and eloquent beyond description). It was received with deafening applause, and he carried with him the convention. No speaker ever achieved a more brilliant immediate triumph than young Curtis. It was touching to see Mr. Giddings as he went up to Curtis, and throwing his arms around his neck exclaimed: 'God bless you, my boy. You have saved the Republican party. God bless you!'"

Mr. Murat Halstead in his *Political Conversations of 1860* gives a fuller account of this event. It is to be regretted that more detailed and more accurate official accounts of all the great national conventions of the past have not been preserved.

I am sir,

JAMES ALBERT WOODRUS.

THE POOR MAN AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 27, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your automobile number must have given interest to would-be motorists, but Mr. Sangster's article on "The Poor Man and the Motor" does not treat that subject fairly. Permit me to quote my own experience. My expense account for 1903 was:

Fuel (kerosene).....	\$17 59
Lubricating oil.....	6 39
Accessories.....	16 33
Repairs.....	83 63
Total.....	\$118 16

I bought it in April a 7½-horse-power steam-car, in which I ran until November 15, 1903. It was then burned and sold. My car carries four people comfortably, runs readily twenty miles per hour over decently good roads, and speeds up to thirty miles for short distances. I act as my own chauffeur, but being an indifferent mechanic, do not let the simplest repairs myself, patronizing

a local garage when anything goes wrong. Living in the suburbs, my car is kept in my own carriage-house, which cost me between \$50 and \$60, and is entirely adequate. From the repair store might be deducted my first bill, \$31 74, occasioned at the outset by a misunderstanding as to the capacity of my cylinder oil-tank, resulting in ruined cylinders, something that will probably never occur again. Omitting this bill, the year's expenses would run under ninety dollars.

My kerosene consumption is somewhat high in proportion to mileage, on account of my habit of frequently leaving the car standing all day with pilot-light on.

Mr. Sangster quite fails to explain that while the heavy, high-powered car, driven at high speed, costs heavily for tires, the moderate-weight car, driven at a reasonable speed, is quite inexpensive in that respect. I have owned three light steam-cars in five years, have driven over ten thousand miles, and though I have had repeated punctures, have never bought a tire other than those with which cars were originally equipped. My present car weighs fourteen hundred pounds; I drive usually with four people, at an average of fifteen to twenty miles (a little faster than the law allows). I am positive that my expense closely corresponds with that of many other drivers of similar cars in the vicinity of Boston. I claim that a man of moderate means can enjoy the pleasure of motoring, in moderation, at an average expense of one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per year. This, of course, means a moderate but not excessive car, and my car at the close of the first year, so far as running qualities are concerned, is a better machine than when it started. My repair bills, too, came very largely at the outset.

I am, sir,

GEORGE L. ADAMS.

SENATORIAL REPRESENTATION

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 25, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Why does HARPER'S WEEKLY begrudge the less populous States their quota of Representatives or Senators in Congress? You are usually so fair-minded and impartial, but I can't help calling your attention to an editorial in the WEEKLY of January 6 in which you state "We want no more States like Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada, which with an aggregate population of less than 500,000 offset in the Federal Senate the huge congressional delegations of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio."

They were admitted into the Union in due form, and the Constitution allows them two Senators and why not cheerfully concede them their representatives in both branches of our Federal legislature? How would you remedy the matter? Change the Constitution so as to give New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty Senators?

We of the South have fared badly in respect to national representation, but I hope we may so conduct ourselves that you can see your way clear to give your support to a Southern man for President before many years roll by.

I am, sir,

WALTER L. BRIDGEMAN.

SENATOR: FILES IN DEFENCE OF SPOKANE.

WASCO, WASH., D. C., December 22, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—My attention has been called to an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of your paper in reference to the lack of attractiveness of several Western cities to the traveler for pleasure. I am unable to name the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY in which the article appeared, as the clipping which has been sent to me is one which was taken from the Spokane-Evening of Spokane, Washington, which quoted the article at length on December 10, 1903.

The article referred to in does the city of Spokane an injustice, and I have been requested by the chairman of the Publicity and Promotion Committee of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce to ask you to retract it.

"The intending traveler," says the writer, "can go to Blaine or Spokane on business, but could he go to those places for pleasure?" Would he be satisfied? Would he get anything to eat? As to Blaine, I am not in a position to speak with authority; but in regard to Spokane, I can testify from personal knowledge that the intending traveler be after pleasure, education, or something to eat, he can find each and all of these in unlimited variety and abundance, and I know of no place with the peculiar and characteristic charm of our Western inland cities—a charm so real and well recognized that it brings men passed into literature—is better exemplified than in the beautiful and highly civilized city of Spokane. There are probably no cities even of more than twice the size of Spokane, which can boast of the splendid hotels and resorts provided by that city.

While I have no desire to appear in print on this subject, I would be grateful if you would correct the erroneous impression which your article conveys.

I am, sir,

S. H. PHILLIPS.

Music And The Opera

MR. LOEFFLER'S MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



A CURIOUS and interesting phenomenon of the times, so far as they relate to matters of musical taste, is the undoubted and increasing response which is being made, both here and abroad, to the art of that most unkind of contemporary composer, Charles Martin Loeffler. The matter seems thus far to have escaped the attention of professional observers, or at least not to have evoked comment; yet it is both significant and suggestive. To demonstrate the fact, it may be pointed out that Mr.

"La Mort de Tintagiles" has been twice performed in New York, by the New York Symphony Orchestra, since the first of the year; his two new "Rhapsodies" for oboe, viola, and piano were performed here last week by the Kiesel Quartet; his choral setting of the 15th Psalm is to be given in March by the Musical Art Society; the orchestral score of "La Mort de Tintagiles" and of his fantasy after Rollinat, "La Villanelle du Diable," have been published, as well as the music of his new "Rhapsodie"; and here are songs, to words by Poe, Rossetti, and Loebler, are in press. This takes account of the present season only; last year and the year before saw the publication of Mr. Loeffler's four songs, with viola obligato, to words by Verlaine and Maeterlinck, and his four songs after Gustave Kahn, as well as a number of public representations of certain of his later works. In Europe, various eminent conductors are busy over his orchestral scores, and meanwhile Mr. Loeffler himself, in his Massachusetts home town—but not too near—Boston, is busily engaged upon the composition of new music, enjoying the fortunate and unknown situation of a musician assured of contemporary recognition.

The matter is, as has been observed, worthy of comment and inquiry. It need not be insisted upon that the spectacle of a composer bent upon the accomplishment of artistic results that are totally opposed to the general course of musical taste, and that often defy accepted and sanctified traditions regarding musical procedure, is not one that is usually associated with the thought of an immediate popular response. Yet Mr. Loeffler appears to occupy some such unique position.

He is utterly indifferent to that which in music is fairly sure of acceptance and applause. With effects that may be fairly achieved, with the familiar order of musical "eloquence," he has no concern whatsoever. A compulsion in predisposition and temperament, and a spiritual son of France, he is an unswerving seeker after the inner symbols of musical thought—and that without affectation of pose and without apparent anxiety. Thus after time he does things in his art which offend and perplex the formalists, and which, ac-

cording to all precedent, should repel and confound the average auditor, who is generally supposed to cling to the accepted and the familiar with an almost pathetic tenacity. He is fond of exotic and unusual words, of a harmonic structure that is as audacious as it is individual, and the poetic and dramatic subjects that arouse his imagination and serve as the basis of much of his music are often fantastic, sinister, ironic,—always remote from the territory familiar to the popular understanding. He is an intellectual musician of such poets and dramatists as Maeterlinck, Verlaine, Rollinat, Kahn, and Poe; and in music the vibrancy of Strauss, no less than the unimpeachable propriety of Brahms, are foreign to his temper and predilections.

Here is one to account for the acceptance of such a music-maker by a not inconsiderable number of a public habituated to the ways of such comfortably approachable moderns as Liszt and Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Debussy, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and Grieg? A satisfactory answer does not immediately present itself, but the fact itself is surely one to command a surprised if not the less gratified recognition.

The most recent phases of Mr. Loeffler's activity invite particular comment. His two "Rhapsodies" for oboe, viola, and piano, transcriptions of poems by Maurice Rollinat, were performed here last week at a Kiesel Quartet concert, for the first time in public, by Mr. Longy (oboe), Mr. Gehlhard (viola), and Mr. Loebler himself, who plays the viola quite as well as he composes.

The poetic substance of the "Rhapsodies" is woven equally of needs of melancholy and dread. They are full of the grotesque and the spiritual not less with which so much of his music is informed; yet they do not suffer these needs with so sharp a poignancy as do, for example, the four songs, with viola obligato, which were published last year. Despite their not infrequent bounties, their extraordinary vitality, and their extraordinary ingenuity which restrained them, they seem to signify a less assured and confident creative impulse than is disclosed in much else that we have already had from him. I understand that they were, in fact, composed in advance of the viola songs of last year.

Mr. Loeffler's latest completed work, his four songs in English words now in course of publication, will, it may be ventured, prove somewhat of a surprise to those who know him only as the composer of "La Mort de Tintagiles," the "Villanelle du Diable," and the viola songs after Verlaine and Maeterlinck. For in them he has turned from those musical far-reaching and terror that have so often emboldened his imagination, to a region of inspiration which has yielded at once a nobler impulse and a deeper beauty.



A new Portrait of Olive Fremstad

One Fremstad, one of the principal interpretations at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been heard recently at "Siegfried," "Bianchi's," "In a Dream," and "Randy."

Cured

A poor mother, in despair of breaking her little boy of swearing, at last threatened that the next time he used a bad word she would banish him from home. The very next day he exploded a big D.

"I am very sorry, Thomas," said the mother "but I have never broken my word to you, so now you must leave home."

The man was instructed to pack Thomas's little boy out east, and he, without a word, told his mother good-bye and departed. After a stay at Thomas set his burdens on the ground, and, perched solemnly on the rock, chin in hands, fell into deep thought. The spectacle was too much for the good mother who was watching him from a dis-

Very quietly she started down the stairs and slipped up behind Master Thomas. & she was hovering on the point of surprising him with a kiss, a pensive old woman appeared.

"Child," he said, "will you—hans—tell
me where Mr. Franklin lives?"

“ You go to —, I have troubles of my own.”

The Intelligence of Ants

The testing of the intelligence of ants is a favorite study of naturalists, and recently few have been published accounts of some surprising experiments to determine the exactness of their responses. It is well known that ants are able to find their way out of any complexity of the maze species, and able to recognize one another, while to some extent they imitate or respond to one another. In the following interesting study the author rejects the theory that the ant follows in a "language race" in the antenae and claims that these organs are employed in the same manner as the human nose and tongue. In the experiments of all kinds, both in the laboratory and in the field, the author has shown that the antenae have some sense of smell and accordingly are avoided ants of the same species, and are refused ants from the forest and bee. The antenae are also used by the bee to feel and taste, and are used by the beetle as a bag in the infirmity of the leg. In the further construction of the antenae it was found that when an ant has derived of its food and when an ant has been fed and without disapproval.

Racial Discrimination

A small French-Italian mousting-steamers was proceeding on its way. The passengers were of various nationalities: English, American, French, Italian, and one large German. Most of the male passengers were gathered in the smoking-room, when the steward appeared at the door, and with a smile announced: "Dinner is served!"

...and started toward the dining saloon. He seemed aware that his announcement had not been understood by all, continued: "However, first serve!" and as a portion of the passengers still remained.

The French and Italians followed the British and Americans, leaving the large

... he muttered, hungry-
ly. "Is it hot in Germany now? Is some-
thing to eat on the list, please?"

Wireless Telegraphy in Mexico

Photography has been maintained by several teams across the Gulf of California and now the Mexican government has issued contracts for a plant that will afford communication over a distance of about 100 miles not only between the various corners of the system but with shipping. The Mexican government has a trained staff of radio operators, and it is thought likely that this method of communication will serve an important extension through that country.



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"collective ownership of all means of production and distribution," and the Provisional Department runs everything. "There will be no money in the present understanding of that term. The capitalist's gold and bonds will have no more purchasing value than beaten paper and iron. He must produce certificates of labor done in order to buy the simplest things which he needs. Profit, interest, and rent, the means by which he is now able so snugly to live in idleness, will disappear, and he must work as all men must work, or starve."

Upon the whole, then, and in conclusion, we have consolidated into one governmental structure an institution covering all the aspects, containing all the defects, subject to all the abuse of a private or corporate enterprise, and we are, as a body politic, more fully equipped for dealing with these evils than would be a corporation animated solely by business instincts and capable of acting strictly on business principles. The apparent success of this venture inspires no inherent demands for substantial legislative additions to its already overburdened and dangerous functions.

There is enough in present conditions and current tendencies to give a loud warning against unwarmed expansion.

Tolstoi to the Czar

(Continued from page 128.)

That is why it is not possible to apply this system to Orthodoxy without treating it as oppression in all its forms. Siege, harshment by the administration, religious persecutions, excommunications, interdictions of books and newspapers, and other bad and cruel action.

If such a character has been all the conduct of your reign. When you ascended the throne, your manner in the delegation from the government of Tver taxed its most legitimate appeals as "insane dreams," that answer provoked the indignation of Russian society.

All your evilnesses concerning Finland, the grasping of Chinese territory, your revocation of the conference of The Hague (is this inconspicuous of an increase in your military strength?), the gradual but general limitation of electoral assemblies, and the growth of arbitrary administration, the religious persecutions that you encourage, your appropriation of the monopoly of alcohol (in other words, government-trading in poison), and last of all the maintenance of the system of corporal punishment, despite the incessant appeals and demands all directed to you for the abolition of that stupid, useless, and humiliating custom, you could not have accomplished all that if you had not been able to the suggestions of your counselors, and taken upon yourself the visionary task of assuming the life of the people, and settling them even further back than they were in the older times.

Violent measures are excellent to oppress a people, but they are not good to govern it. In our day, the only means of really governing would be to place yourself at the head of the popular movement, which, rising from the evil to the good, from the shadows to the light, is to lead the people forward, naming by the means that we wish in reach of all. In order to be in condition to do that it is necessary before all else to make it possible for the people to tell what they need—to give them the possibility of making their wants known, and then having given them that possibility and having listened to them, it is necessary to answer their desires, and to accord what they require for the necessities not only of our class, but for all the needs of the majority of the people—the working classes.

Now, as to what the Russian people would ask were they free to claim what they wish: in my opinion, first of all, they would demand to be disembarrassed of the heavy exactions, which have put them in the condition of a parish; then they would ask the right to circulate freely; to go and to come, according to their own will and to be subject to their own conscience; and then the people—our hundred millions of men—could not as one man and more than for all, for the right to enjoy the ground, for the



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. L

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.-IV.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Returning now to American scenes, I have the pleasure of presenting an interesting, indeed somewhat amusing, illustration of the triumph of Wind over Matter. As I predicted, when directing your attention to the straits of the super, it was only a question of time when path persuasion, supplemented by my magic wand, would prevail. Kindly note that the performers in the side show at my right were once branches of the olive tree to indicate their complete submission. This fact has given rise to dispute in the so-called Russian exhibit at my left. For the present it pleases us to let the heathen sleep. But their time will come shortly. Adieu! Thanking you, etc., I am Very Truly Yours

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COMMENT

We discuss elsewhere some of the details of the HERRAN bill, embodying the method of government rate-making for railways which is understood to be approved by the ROOSEVELT administration, and which, having been reported unanimously by the committee, may be expected to be sanctioned in the House of Representatives by a majority no less overwhelming than that which was obtained last year by the EICHENBERG project. All that we wish here to consider is the chance of its becoming a law. There is reason to believe that the opposition which the proposed measure will encounter in the Senate will prove much more serious than that which the Philippine tariff bill and the Satchel bill met with in the House. The insurrection against the administration in the last-named body was imperfectly organized. The Republican members who voted against the Philippine tariff bill were by no means the same as those who voted against the Satchel bill. An analysis of the names recorded shows that if the log-rolling process had been applied to those Republicans on the one hand who opposed the Philippine tariff bill, and to those on the other who were unfriendly to the Satchel bill, and if all of both seceding bodies could have been persuaded to "pool their votes," the former measure could have been thrown out, and the latter brought within a few votes of defeat.

If all Republican opponents of Mr. ROOSEVELT's policies in the Senate should issue warning from the failure of the revolt in the House, and agree to act together on the ground-take principle, they might be able to defeat no fewer than five administrative measures. We refer to the government rate-making bill, the Philippine tariff bill, the Satchel bill, the Isle of Pines treaty, and the Santo Domingo treaty. The last-named measure, which will require a two-thirds vote for ratification, could, of course, most easily be defeated, because, even if every Republican Senator should vote to confirm the treaty—this is scarcely expected—the assistance of four Democratic Senators would be indispensable. As almost all of the Democratic Senators deprecate the interposition of the United States between the Dominican Republic and its foreign creditors, they are expected to hold a caucus on the question, in which event the administration might find it difficult to secure any Democratic votes, except, possibly, those of Senator McKENRY, of Louisiana, and Senator CANNON, of Arkansas. To get the Isle of Pines treaty ratified will, of course, be a much less difficult task, because there is no reason to apprehend that the Democrats would caucus on the subject. We point out the merits of the treaty in another paragraph. All that Senator MONTAGUE and a few of his Democratic colleagues seem to desire is that the treaty shall be so amended as to provide additional guarantees that

American residents on the Isle of Pines shall preserve intact their civil rights and vested interests.

That the Senate will pass without amendment the Philippine tariff bill is by no means certain, although, as we have often pointed out, our plain duty to the islanders prescribes the enactment of the measure. The Porto-Ricans and the Hawaiians enjoy free trade with the United States, but under the bill now before the Senate the Filipinos will not obtain the same privilege until 1909, so far as their sugar and tobacco are concerned. On the contrary, those commodities must pay twenty-five per cent. of the DUTY rates in order to secure admission to the United States. In other words, for three years longer the Philippine Archipelago is to be treated as a foreign country, while at the same time we impose upon it the same restrictions with reference to coastwise commerce to which the States in the Union are subjected. Equity is one thing. The fact remains that the "stand-patters" are even stronger in the Senate than they are in the House, where they have shown themselves sufficiently powerful to extinguish the hopes of revision. Alive to this fact, the spokesmen of our domestic cane-sugar, beet-sugar, and tobacco interests are now more vehement than ever in opposition to the Philippine tariff bill. They warn Senators not to be beguiled by Secretary TAYLOR's assurance that the exports of Philippine sugar and tobacco to the United States would always be as insignificant as they are to-day. The champions of the beet-sugar interests assert that the sugar industry of the Philippines is capable of indefinite expansion, and that within ten years, should the bill now pending become a law, Philippine sugar will become a formidable competitor of beet-sugar and of Louisiana cane-sugar in the American market.

Our tobacco-growers are equally vehement. On January 27 the president of the American Tobacco League Association, speaking before the Senate Committee on the Philippines, pointed out that seven and a half billion cigars are now manufactured annually in the United States, and that every cigar brought into the country from the Philippines under the proposed law would mean the displacement of a cigar made by American labor. He explained that under present conditions no Philippine tobacco comes into the United States, because the tariff keeps the price beyond that which consumers will pay. Under present conditions it is unprofitable to sell Philippine cigars for less than ten cents. Consequently such cigars as might now be imported from the Philippines would come into competition not with our native product, but with Havana cigars. Were the duty on Philippine tobacco removed, the price on Manila cigars would be reduced to five cents, and they would forthwith become rivals to the domestic commodity. The argument of the sugar and tobacco men may be put in a nutshell, thus: Charity begins at home. We may owe a duty to the Filipinos, but we also owe a duty to those American citizens who are engaged in growing and refining sugar, or in growing or manufacturing tobacco. If the two duties cannot be reconciled, do that which comes nearest to your hand, and let the islanders go. We do not pretend to assert that the question is not full of difficulty. Justice we owe to the islanders unquestionably; but we as clearly owe a duty to our own citizens, whom by our protective policy we have encouraged to invest their savings and their labor in producing sugar and tobacco.

Public opinion at the Federal capital and all over the United States is gradually becoming aroused in favor of the measure, intended to purify elections, which has been introduced in Congress by the National Publicity Bill Organization, and a counterpart of which will, we hope, be enacted at Albany during the present session of the New York Legislature. As we have formerly pointed out, the purpose of these bills is twofold: first, to prohibit, under adequate penalties, the contribution of money by corporations for political purposes; secondly, to compel the disclosure under oath, not only by candidates, but by campaign committees, of every contribution or promise of money made during campaigns, effectual precautions against evasions being taken by provisions for detection, exposure, and punishment. It is well known that a similar law has been for some time in opera-

tion in Great Britain, and that the working of it has been highly satisfactory. A like measure in Massachusetts has had gratifying results. In an address issued on January 25 by the National Publicity Bill Organization, signed by the president, Mr. HENRY BELMONT, of New York, and the secretary, Mr. F. K. FOSTER, of Massachusetts, we are informed that the central association will not confine itself to the bills already introduced at Washington and Albany, but proposes to promote the formation of branch societies in every State of the Union, in order that the proposed national law may be supplemented by State legislation of a purport as nearly uniform as possible. That this movement has the support of representative men in both political parties, and also of organized labor will be evident to those who note the composition of the committees which Mr. BELMONT has recently announced. On the Executive Committee, for example, we mark the names of President J. G. SETHUMAS, of Cornell University, of General JAMES H. WILSON, of Delaware, of ex-Senator WILLIAM E. CHAMBLER, of New Hampshire, of Mr. JOHN E. LAMM, of Indiana, Mr. CHARLES W. KNAPP, of Missouri, Mr. F. K. FOSTER, of Massachusetts, delegate of the American Federation of Labor to the British Trade Union Congress, Mr. JAMES M. JENCKE, of Indiana, president of the Typographical Union, and Mr. JAMES WILSON, of Indiana, president of the Pattern-makers' National League. The Law Committee presents such well-known names as those of JOHN M. THURSTON, of Nebraska, JOHN T. McGUIRE, of West Virginia, LOUIS E. MCCORMICK, of Maryland, and HANNAH TAYLOR, of Alabama. This movement deserves success, and will command it.

It is interesting to learn that a law providing for the nomination of candidates of all political parties at primary elections may be passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature in the week ending February 3, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Wisconsin already have similar laws. In the New York Legislature the other day a bill was introduced providing that all nominations, State and local, shall be made directly by the enrolled members of parties at party primaries, and that there shall be no State conventions except those called to amend the State Constitution. If this bill becomes a law in the present form, the system of party enrollment now operative in the cities of New York State will, with some modifications, be applied to the rural districts also. The annual primary day will be the fifth Tuesday before the day of general election, and in a year when a President and a Vice-President are to be chosen there will be an additional primary held on the last Tuesday in March, to elect delegates and alternates to a national convention. The bill further provides that all parties shall hold their primary elections at the same time and place, and under the direction of the same bipartisan board that officiates on election day. Last year Governor HENCKES advocated similar legislation in Ohio, and Governor WARFIELD has since taken a like position. A primary-election bill has also been introduced in Virginia. It is well known that in several States nominations for seats in the United States Senate are made at primary elections, and the popular will thus revealed is invariably obeyed by the Legislature, just as Presidential electors carry out the wishes of national conventions. It is obvious that if United States Senators are nominated at primaries, an amendment of the clause of the Federal Constitution which prescribes the method of electing them would be superfluous. It begins to look as if the twentieth century would witness the complete suppression of the system of nominating by conventions, which rapidly tended to become universal after 1824, when the old method of nominating the candidates of the several parties for the Presidency in Congressional caucuses was practised for the last time. The last that could be said of the caucus candidate that year—WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, of Georgia—was that he "also ran." The candidate who got the most electoral votes in 1825—ANDREW JACKSON—had been nominated in a convention, which, however, was not national, but sectional.

The American residents in the Isle of Pines seem undismayed by the distinct refusal of the Secretary of State to countenance their assertion that the island should be regarded as belonging to the United States. In a letter dated November 27, and addressed to Mr. CHARLES REYNARD, president of the

American Club of the Isle of Pines, Mr. ROSS declared that the island is lawfully subject to the control and government of the Republic of Cuba. He added that in his opinion Cuba would never consent to give up the Isle of Pines, and that the United States would never try to compel her to give it up against her will. The Secretary further pointed out that the Isle of Pines has long been looked upon as an inseparable part of Cuba's political entity. To all of these statements Mr. REYNARD takes exception in a letter addressed to the head of the State Department. The writer insists that the Cuban Republic exists solely by virtue of the Cuban Constitution, which was ratified, promulgated, and put in force by the authority of the United States. He submits that the Cuban Republic possesses no powers except those conferred by that constitution. He goes on to point out that, by the very terms of that constitution, the Isle of Pines is expressly excluded from the constitutional boundaries of Cuba, and he argues that, until that constitutional limitation is removed, the government of the Cuban Republic can no more exercise lawful control over the Isle of Pines than it can over Key West or the peninsulas of Florida itself. It is also asserted that, by that section of the Act of Congress approved March 2, 1801, which is commonly called the FLATT amendment, the Isle of Pines was expressly excluded from Cuban territory, and that, until the provisions of that act shall have been repealed or modified by Congress, or in some other lawful way, they have the force of law. We observe, however, that Mr. REYNARD admits that under the Spanish régime, which came to an end in 1898, the Isle of Pines was treated as a part of Cuba from an administrative point of view. It seems to us that this admission leaves the American residents of the island without a case. If the Isle of Pines was treated administratively as a part of Cuba at the time of the cession made by Spain, we have no more right to detach the smaller from the larger island than we should have to set up a claim to the province of Santiago. It may be that, for technical reasons, a treaty is needed to settle definitely the status of the Isle of Pines, in which event our Senate is morally bound to ratify such an agreement. We know of no Senator who has shown any inclination to keep the smaller island, or at least to concede the possession of certain equities therein by American settlers, except Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama.

American citizens, who are accustomed to direct election by universal and equal suffrage, can hardly fail to sympathize with the demand of the Prussian Social-Democrats—that these are not by any means all Socialists—for a drastic reform of the electoral system prescribed by the Prussian Constitution for elections to the Prussian House of Representatives. It is well known that the election of members to the Reichstag, as the Lower House of the German Imperial Parliament is called, is direct, and that the suffrage is universal. The result is that the Socialists have been able to return more members to the Reichstag than can be mustered by any other single party, except the Centrist. They would have many more if to Berlin and other large cities, which have grown amazingly in forty years, were allotted the number of seats to which they are entitled by virtue of their population. On the other hand, in the Prussian House of Representatives the Socialists have not at this time, we believe, a single member. Their lack of representation, which, not unreasonably, they denounce as an iniquity, is due to two facts: first, that the Representatives are not chosen directly, but through the intervention of secondary electors, corresponding to our Presidential electors; secondly, the primary voters are distributed, according to the taxes they pay, into three classes, each of which is entitled to the same number of secondary electors. The practical effect of this system is that in some electoral districts, as, notably, at Elberfeld-Barmen, the highest of the three classes may consist of only a very few rich men, whereas the lowest class may comprise tens of thousands of operatives. Under these conditions it is easy for a few rich men, by winning over a little more than half of the electors chosen by the middle class, to fill the seat pertaining to their district. The Socialists want to see the same methods applied to elections for the Prussian House of Representatives which have been followed for nearly forty years in elections for the Reichstag. Many of the Liberals and Centrists are inclined to support the demand, and it is conceivable that they might pass a bill in the Prussian House of Representatives to that

effect. That the Prussian House of Peers (Herrenhaus) would concur is doubtful. If both Houses would agree, however, nothing but the signature of the sovereign would be needed to make the desired change in the Constitution, for in Prussia constitutional amendments may be enacted as easily as statutes, except that both Houses of Parliament have to record their wishes twice instead of once.

The French government justly considers itself insulted by President Castro's treatment of M. TANNY, its chargé d'affaires, and is determined to exact reparation. As we go to press, it is unknown just what course France will pursue, but a definite plan is said to have been formed and to have been stamped with the approval of our State Department. There is a report that instead of blockading Venezuelan ports, the French government may proclaim an embargo which would bar Venezuelan products out of France. The situation is more complicated than that with which Germany, Great Britain, and Italy had to deal in 1902. A third of the customs revenue of Venezuela's principal seaports, La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, has since been set apart for the payment of debts due to German, British, and Italian subjects. Their interests would be prejudiced, at least temporarily, if France should occupy or blockade those particular seaports. If, on the other hand, France should confine her coercive demonstrations to ports other than those named, it is obvious that the commerce of the places occupied or blockaded would be diverted to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the customs revenues of which would be correspondingly increased. That would be a positive benefit to German, British, and Italian creditors. Just at this time, while the Morocco conference is proceeding, it is of much moment to France to reconcile Germany and to retain the good-will of Great Britain and Italy. We incline to think, therefore, that her Venezuela programme has been submitted not only to the United States, but also to the three European powers which took part in the blockade of 1902.

That soon or late, and in one way or another, President Castro will be made to suffer for the indignities to which the French envoy was subjected may be taken for granted. Why the latest proclamation should have been offered is hard to understand, except upon the theory that President Castro is not altogether sane. At the time when he gave offence to France, by refusing to permit M. TANNY to disembark from a steamer which he had visited, Venezuela's international position had been materially improved. Our government had decided not to enforce the claim of the asphalt company, and there was reason to believe that the French Republic would follow our example as regards the claim of the French Cable Company. It is, we understand, unserviceable of proof that the cable company as well as the asphalt company rendered pecuniary assistance to the leaders of the Maracaibo rebellion, and that, consequently, their franchises were rightfully annulled by the Venezuelan tribunals. But just as things were going very well for Castro, his temper ran away with him, and led him to commit an act which no self-respecting government like that of France could be expected to overlook.

One outcome of the *entente cordiale* established between France and England is a revival of the project to construct a tunnel under the British Channel. The project was started nearly a generation ago, and long since would have been buried out had not the fear of an invasion produced so much excitement in England that the government ordered work on the English end to be stopped. The southern terminus of the tunnel was to be near the village of Sangatte, which is about six miles from Calais, and the northern at the South Foreland, close to Dover. The shortest distance under the strait is about twenty miles, but, including the approaches at each extremity, the tunnel would have been about twenty-three and a half miles, or about twice as long as the Simpson Tunnel. When the work was stopped in 1881, a length of about one and one-eighth miles had already been pierced at each end. The work of cutting under the sea was proceeding at the rate of eighty-two feet a day. The greatest depth of the British Channel between Dover and Calais at low water is about one hundred and eighty feet. It is computed that the Channel tunnel might be constructed in two years, provided

no large fissures are found in the chalk which forms the bed of the Channel, and which is considered the best material through which a tunnel can be driven. There is good reason to expect continuity and compactness in the chalk. When the tunnel is in operation, it will be possible to travel entirely by rail from London to Vladivostok. Lord LANSOWNE, who was a member of the joint committee of the two Houses of Parliament which examined the project in 1883, signed a minority report in favor of it. The success of the opposition was attributed mainly to General Lord WALDESEY, who at the time was chief military adviser to the crown. There seems to be now scarcely any solitary opposition to the tunnel, and there is no doubt that the company which desires to prosecute the work has sufficient capital to overcome the engineering difficulties, which, as we have intimated, are expected to prove materially less than those of the Simpson Tunnel.

The physical effects of mental causes have had striking illustration within the last six months in the cases of several of our fellow townsmen. The heads of the chief insurance companies which were investigated went successively to bed as though they had been poisoned with a slow poison. Mr. HYDE is still young, and the vigor of youth brought him through all distresses without any obvious impairment of vitality, but it went hard with the older men. Mr. ALEXANDER broke down completely under the strain, and his fellow presidents both in turn took sick, though they have since got better. So it has been with Justice DYALL, who went down before the exposures of the *Torn Topic's* trial as though he had been struck with a club. The firing-line is not considered a healthy place, but it is plenty enough healthier to be there than to be the target.

The late King CHRISTIAN of Denmark was an honest gentleman, a good king on a small scale, and the most successful parent of modern times. In all particulars that any one knows of his example was good, for he was a careful, upright, kindly, democratic king, who lived a good life and a long one, and paid his bills as they came due. But his kingship was not a very great place, and though he carried it off exceedingly well, it was as a husband and a father that he made his great reputation. Born in 1818, the fourth son of the German Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, he married in 1842 Louise, the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. CHRISTIAN was then an officer in the Danish army and very poor. Nevertheless he and his wife were as daring as to have six children. To help with their education and maintenance the father gave lessons in drawing and the mother in music. It happened that at their head to be chosen for old King FREDERICK of Denmark. The wife of CHRISTIAN had an hereditary claim on the place, and in 1852 the powers settled at London that CHRISTIAN was the proper man to be FREDERICK's successor. He was then named heir-apparent of Denmark with an increase of pay, and came to the throne in 1863. The Dimes had a prejudice against him, and did not welcome him at first, but when they came to know him and his family, they liked them, and it was not long before the royal family of Denmark was exceedingly popular at home. Very soon, too, the family got the reputation of being the best-looking and best-natured and best-behaved royal family in Europe. The children were well-born and well brought up, and the demand for them quickly distanced the supply. The eldest daughter married the Prince of Wales; the next daughter, the Czarevitch of Russia. A son became King GEORGE of Greece; another son has just succeeded his father as King of Denmark; another married an heiress of the house of Orleans; and the youngest daughter is Duchess of Cumberland. As for the grand-children, the tale of their preferment is too long to give here. The last to get a new throne was King HAAV of Norway. For nearly sixty-four years King CHRISTIAN and Queen LOUISE lived happily together, honored by all Europe, beloved by all their children, adored by subjects who were proud to have such tenants living such a life in their simple palace at Copenhagen. It is like a fairy-story this tale of CHRISTIAN and LOUISE; a very simple, pleasant story of love and good manners and honest living and a happy life.

Mr. CHRISTIAN invited to address the New York State Medical Society on January 30 at Albany, suggested to the

doctors that they should take their patients more into their confidence. Speaking as a patient, he said, "We do not claim that we should be called into consultation in all our illnesses, but we would be glad to have a little more explanation of the things done to us." So we should. Mr. CHESTNUT spoke a sound and timely sentiment. There are many cases in which it is very helpful to an intelligent patient to know the wherefore of the treatment prescribed for him. One of the most important duties of physicians is to instruct their clients in the care of their health. Doctors of medicine—old-fashioned family doctors—still perform this most useful duty. Doctors of Mystery slight it.

The bill introduced into the Ohio Legislature to authorize physicians to put an end to the sufferings of patients who have no perceptible chance of recovery and who wish for release touches upon an interesting subject for newspaper discussion, and is probably getting more attention than its legislative prospects warrant. Surely so much bill could become a law through the action of an American Legislature. Doctors ought to know when to let a suffering and hopeless patient die, and when, by anesthetics, to ease severe pains of dissolution, as well as when to put forth every effort and use every wile of science to keep the breath of life in a tormented body. Sometimes one course is right, sometimes the other. If the doctor does not know his business, no Legislature will help him. The law suggested is not needed by wise physicians, and would give to unwise ones a very dangerous power of life and death. All physicians have that power as it is, in a greater or less degree, and the less wise ones already have a larger measure of it than they are fit to handle. A discussion of this detail of medical duty may be worth while, but no legislation about it is needed.

If King HAKON of Norway has a robust sense of humor and his salary is paid punctually, he may hold his job with satisfaction to himself. That it is a very curious job. We read that his subjects and employers address him not as "Your Majesty," but as "Mr. King," just as we address our President as "Mr. President." The Norwegians, as will be remembered, were not quite sure whether they preferred to set up a republic or a monarchy, and when they finally chose the latter they evidently determined that their King should not be enough of King to hurt. There are advantages to subjects about having such a king as HAKON. A pleasant and good-looking young man with a suitable wife, and guaranteed not to meddle officiously with affairs of state, makes a serviceable and convenient social figurehead. For that use alone he is worth a fair salary and his reasonable expenses. So far as actual power goes, the King of England is not much more than that, but behind the English royal family are the traditions of a thousand years and very substantial accumulations of money. Moreover, the hereditary figurehead of a great empire has an influence and opportunities of political service which are by no means limited to the dimensions of his legal power. Kings are still useful in Europe, and King HAKON will doubtless be useful to Norway, provided he is the right sort of young man, and provided the Norwegian fathers do not make him too absurd by putting him on the head and calling him "Mr. King." The simple life can be overdone for kings as for other folks. Nevertheless it is popular with kings who do not get too much of it, as was exemplified in the case of the late King CHRISTIAN of Denmark, grandfather to HAKON, whose many royal children and grandchildren loved to visit him, as they did every year, because royal life as he practised it in Copenhagen rested their nerves.

After a year's deliberation the regents of the Smithsonian Institution have accepted the offer of Mr. CHARLES L. FARRER, of Detroit, to give them his art collections and to provide a suitable building to hold them. Why they took so long does not appear, but it is better to be a little too slow in accepting such an offer than overprecipitate. Very few art collections would be desirable acquisitions for our government under the terms which Mr. FARRER suggested, but Mr. FARRER's collection is one of the few, and it is a relief to know that his generous offer has been accepted. Mr. FARRER is to keep his collections during his lifetime, and his executors are to retain them after his death until the building for which he

agrees to make provision is completed. Once housed in Washington, they pass into the control of the Smithsonian, which agrees to provide for their care as a separate collection, and for the maintenance of the building that holds them. The estimated cost of such care and maintenance is \$10,000 a year. As will be remembered, Mr. FARRER's acquisitions include remarkable pictures by Chinese and Japanese artists, many admirable works of American artists, and by far the best lot of WHISTLERS in the possession of any single owner. The present market value of the collection is estimated at \$600,000, and the cost of the building will bring the total value of Mr. FARRER's gift up to a million dollars.

Mr. MARSHALL FIELD, by his will, left eight million dollars to the Columbian Art Museum of Chicago, which puts that institution in a position to compete in the art market with all the great museums in the world.

The "Big Nine" colleges of the West—Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and Purdue—took action on January 20 to relieve the game of football of its present disrepute. Through their representatives they abandoned the present game in favor of an amended game, still to be worked out, which shall be free from brutality and unnecessary danger. Further and even more important, they recommended shorter seasons from the opening of the fall term to the middle of November, no preliminary training, only five intercollegiate games, no professional coaching, no training-table, and the limitation of the price of admission to fifty cents. They barred out all graduate players, and urged that freshmen should also be barred out from intercollegiate games, thus restricting players to three years on a team. The "Big Nine" people seem to have a clear idea both of what is wanted and how to get it. It is to be noted that though several universities or groups of universities are taking action about football on their own account, they are all concerned in the action of the American Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee, which is trying to work out rules for a better game. Chicago and Minnesota of the "Big Nine," and Harvard, have representatives on this new Rules Committee, though the "Big Nine" are abstaining for themselves, and though Harvard has stipulated that she will not play the amended game the Rules Committee devises unless it suits her.

All the friends of liberty of speech owe gratitude to Professor LEONHARD of Yale for his defence in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of the use of "none" as the subject of a plural verb. What idiot precisionist it was that started the movement to schoolmaster that use of "none" out of existence we do not know, but his effort has had a deplorable degree of success. An awful example ought to be made of some of the grammarians who try to make language conform to rules instead of making rules conform to language. It will take years to untwist the tongues of worthy people who have compelled themselves to learn to say "none is" when their congenial impulse was to say "none are."

The most effective comments upon divorce are to be found in the news columns of the daily papers. Yesterday it was a story of a young girl in New Jersey, desperate over the failure of her struggle to reconcile her parents, who shot her father through the neck, and was barely saved by him from self-murder. To-day it is a story of a sixteen-year-old boy who gets word that his lately divorced parents can never be reconciled, and turns the gas on in his sleeping-room at boarding-school at Newburgh. Why should not the laws provide that the children of a marriage shall have power to veto the legal dissolution of that marriage? If anybody has vested rights in anything, the children of a marriage have vested rights in that marriage. To dissolve it without their consent—well, is it justice? Was it fair to the suicide schoolboy that his parents—BLAKESLEY, of Waterbury—should have got themselves divorced without his consent?

The Army Board on Coast Defence reports that the defences of New York are as nearly perfect as possible. That is well. Carefully, however, the town has something still to seek in the way of defence from boatings from within.

The Hepburn Rate-making Bill

On Saturday, January 27, the bill which is believed to embody the views and wishes of the Roosevelt administration with regard to government rate-making for railways was unanimously reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. HERRMAN, Chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The measure, as reported, comprises parts of no fewer than nineteen bills, together with suggestions derived from five large volumes of testimony given at various times before the committee, and it represents the distended outcome of several years of study. As it meets with the approval of eighteen men, Republicans and Democrats, composing the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, it is, necessarily, a compromise. The same accommodating and harmonious spirit which is evinced in the report is expected to characterize subsequent proceedings in the House. No attempt will be made to "jam" the bill through. On the contrary, an agreement has been reached that it shall be taken up and debated for two weeks with all bars down. There is to be no rule cutting off speeches, no restriction against amendment. The aim is to send the measure to the Senate with the endorsement of every Republican and every Democratic vote in the House, thus throwing upon the Senators the whole responsibility for its rejection or mutilation.

What are the main features of a bill destined apparently to be clothed with all the authority possessed by the House of Representatives? Confining ourselves, in the first place, to certain things which it does not do, we observe that the initiative in rate-making is not given by it to the Interstate Commerce Commission. No attempt is made to give the commission power to readjust freight classification, for the exercise of such a power would have involved the assumption of the initiative. We should next mention that the bill provides broader definitions of the words "railroad" and "transportation," so as to include within the jurisdiction of the commission the regulation of waterways, private cars, and terminal charges. Refrigerating charges are required to be included in the public tariff schedules, and thirty days' notice must be given by a railway before changes in these schedules are made. The purpose of this requirement is to do away with the grievance known as "the midnight tariff."

It is the fourth section of the bill which empowers the Interstate Commerce Commission to determine and prescribe, after a complaint of a particular rate has been made, and a hearing thereon has taken place—what will, in its judgment, be a "just and reasonable and fairly remunerative" rate or rates, charge or charges, to be thereafter observed in such cases as the "maximum" to be charged, and what regulation or practice in respect to the transportation in question is "just, fair, and reasonable," and must, therefore, thereafter be followed. The commission's order goes into effect thirty days after notice to the carrier, and remains in force, unless suspended, modified, or set aside by the commission, or by a court. Unless suspended, the order remains binding for three years after the same has been obeyed by the carrier. We should further note that the bill secures the expediting of rate cases in the courts. Additional requirements and restrictions are provided in the matter of awarding damages, receiving complaints, and giving notices of hearings. When an appeal is taken to the courts from a maximum rate, the commission, with the consent of the Attorney-General, may employ counsel. A penalty of five thousand dollars is to be imposed for violation or disobedience of the commission's order. We note, also, that two members are to be added to the Interstate Commerce Commission: the term of office is to be extended to seven years; and the pay is to be raised from \$2500 to \$3000 a year. We should, likewise, the reasons given in the report for the employment of the term "maximum." The word was used, we are told, in order that some flexibility might be given to the rate, and that the carrier ought, should he so choose, charge a lower sum than that fixed by the commission.

We have said that, in order to secure the unanimous approval of a large committee, a bill must, of course, be a compromise. The fact is recognized in the report itself, which acknowledges that an member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce believes that the provisions of this bill will be satisfactory to all persons who may be affected by it, or that it will be satisfactory even to those who desire legislation upon the same general lines. It is, at the same time, pointed out that the bill involves questions of vast magnitude, involving property valued at thousands of millions of dollars, and interests measured by hundreds of millions every year, and with which all sections of the country are concerned. Under the circumstances, complete agreement of sentiment or opinion was not to be expected. The utmost that the committee have hoped to attain has been the formulation of a project that, in their judgment, would at least afford considerable relief from evils that are widely deemed major and grievous.

Assuming that the bill will pass the House of Representatives by a vote substantially unanimous, we are confronted with the question, What reception will it meet with in the Senate? The Senate can seldom be stampeded. It is apt to resent an effort on the part of the House to do so. A careful inquiry has been insti-

tuted, and it is alleged on good authority that the views of nearly every Republican Senator have been ascertained. It appears that only two or three of them are in favor of the HERRMAN bill as it has been reported to the House. Many of them assert that the HERRMAN measure does not afford the carriers adequate protection against hasty or incompetent interference with rates. These critics insist that a rate fixed by the commission, from which the carrier affected by it desires to appeal to a court, might not go into effect until the proper court shall have rendered a decision. The Democratic Senators, on the other hand, will undoubtedly concur with the House of Representatives in holding that the commission's rate should become immediately operative. Its application should not be retarded, they will maintain, by the law's delay. The disagreement of the two Chambers is likely to pivot on this point, and, unless the House yields to the Senate, the enactment of any railroad-making bill this year seems improbable.

The Outcome of the British Election

As we go to press, nearly all of the 670 seats in the House of Commons have been filled, and the Conservatives have secured only 159, while those who, for the moment at all events, concur in supporting the BANSERMAN ministry have obtained about 500, thus mustering already an aggregate majority of 340. Of course the majority is not homogeneous, comprising, as it does, 84 Nationalists and 45 Laborites, as well as 206 Liberals. It will be observed, however, that the Liberal majority over all other elements combined is about 50. As, at the outset, however, the Laborites can be counted upon to vote with the Liberals, Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANSERMAN will have a majority of much more than a hundred over Conservatives and Nationalists put together. It is likely, in any case, to foresee any circumstances under which a coalition of the Laborites and Nationalists with the Conservatives could be brought about, although if Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN lives he may manage to hit upon a basis of agreement for destructive purposes. Any B. is, say, Sir; devilish sly. We assume, however, that the coming Parliament can count upon at least six years of life. Among the innovations which the Laborites are expected to demand are the payment of members of the House of Commons, an amendment of the law concerning associations, and an eight-hour day. Of these the first two will almost certainly be granted. The Nationalists, although, for the effect of such a demonstration on their constituents in Ireland and their friends in the United States, they may ask for a reintroduction of Mr. GLADSTONE's second Home Rule Bill, or for some equivalent measure, do not expect the request to be complied with, for the BANSERMAN ministry cannot be expected to waste time in passing bills which the House of Lords is certain to throw out. On the other hand, the House of Lords might be persuaded to concur in other substantial concessions to the Home Rule party, such as the establishment of a Catholic university in Ireland, an amendment to the WYNDHAM Land Purchase Act, and the creation of an administrative board in Dublin composed of delegates from the county councils. The Nationalists know that the new Premier can be relied upon to give them anything for which there is a fair chance of procuring the sanction of the Upper House. Under the circumstances, it is hard to comprehend what the Nationalists would have to gain by joining in an attempt to upset the present government. If there is anywhere a cloud in the ministerial sky, it is raised by the possibility of discussion in the ranks of the Liberals themselves. The leader of the Welsh members, and also of the advanced Radicals, Mr. LEWIS GOMM, will doubtless insist upon the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales, unless he can be convinced that to carry such a bill through the House of Lords would be hopeless. Even to introduce such a measure in the House of Commons would alienate from Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANSERMAN many of his Anglican supporters. Thus, again, the English Non-conformists, who everywhere, except at Birmingham, seem to have deserted the Conservatives in a body, will regard themselves as betrayed by the present ministry unless a resolute attempt is made to repeal the last education act, or subject it to drastic modification. We say attempt, because here again a project which might be driven through the Commons might be wrecked in the House of Lords, the political stronghold of the Church of England, which, it will be remembered, secured a memorable advantage in the new education law, because the Non-conformists, already taxed to support the national or board schools, are now taxed a second time for the maintenance of the Anglican schools. From an American point of view such an imposition is monstrous. The Anglicans, in their part, say, however, that it is no greater hardship for a Non-conformist to pay rates for the maintenance of Church of England schools, which his children do not attend, than it is for Anglicans to pay rates for the support of the national or board schools, to which, as being secular, they are reluctant to send their children.

From the viewpoint of foreign politics, the political revolution disclosed by the present election has no great significance. The new government will be as friendly as the last to the United States, to France, to Italy, and to Russia. It is likely to show itself more

conciliatory towards Germany, and, perhaps, a little less enthusiastic about Japan. On the whole, in other words, Mr EDWARD GREY will probably follow closely in the footsteps of Lord LANSDOWNE; and, surely, he could do no better. It is with regard to colonial and Indian policy that the change of government will be felt most distinctly. Chinese labor will be barred out of the Rand, and the Boers of the Transvaal and former Orange Free State will have forthwith an elective legislature. The new Secretary of State for India is certain to come with Lord Curzon, as against Lord Kitchener, in holding that the military must be subordinated to the civil element in the Calcutta administration. Above all, the tremendous victory won at the polls by the BANSERMAN ministry threatens imperialism with a long eclipse, and postpones for a number of years, if not to the Greek kalends, the concession of a tariff preference to the colonies. Having no longer a prospect of securing a monopoly of the British market for broadstuffs, the development of the Canadian Northwest is likely to be checked. Not yet are Englishmen ready to abandon free trade, though what view the Laborites may ultimately take of protection is by no means predictable. They do not want more costly bread, but they do want higher wages, and the former might be made the pretext for the latter. It is conceivable that a dozen years hence, when the labor-unions have two or three hundred spokesmen in the House of Commons, they may adopt Mr CHAMBERLAIN'S ideas, but we do not believe that he will live to see it.

Electing a President of France

OUR neighbor, the *Quarrier des Etats-Unis*, says that the seventh Presidential election in France, which took place on January 17, "shows once more that the French Constitution, though less democratic than the Constitution of the United States, has nevertheless created a mode of election which possesses decided advantages. The election of the First Magistrate of the Republic is accomplished with greater tranquillity and rapidly in France than that of a petty official in America. It does not disturb the country for weeks at a time, as is the case in the United States; it does not measure the commercial and industrial interests; it does not occasion the periodical crisis which attends the Presidential election here." Let us consider this assertion for a moment in connection with a few facts.

In this recent French contest, M. CLEMENT-REMY, a Radical, president of the Senate, a good bourgeois, a rich man, a Moderate Republican, defeated M. DORMER, president of the Chamber of Deputies, a man who has risen from the ranks of the people, an anti-clerical, and "authentically" radical person. The voters were the members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, who decided, less than two hours after they came together, which of these two familiar presiding officers should be the chief executive officer over all the people of France. The business of electing a President has become, in France, the business of a very small class, and the powers of the President are small, compared with those exercised by a President of the United States. Moreover, the Radical and Socialist members of the National Assembly did not cast their votes for the authentically radical M. DORMER who has risen from the ranks of the people. On the contrary, they voted for, and elected on the very first ballot, the Moderate Republican, M. FALLIERES. The Republican *progressives* (the minority party), opposing M. FALLIERES, voted for their unfortunate enemy and against their natural friend.

Reasons for this behavior are given in the *Quarrier*. The choice of a French President at the first session (and, indeed, it was all over so quickly that we have only a glimpse of the hall of congress in the old palace of Versailles, to which some hot people having tickets gained admission, "a large proportion being ladies whose envying tolerance reflected the monotony of the black coats" of the President-makers) is characterized as homage paid to the "honorable mediocrity" of the successful candidate. The Radical and Socialist legislators govern France at present. "The Radical and Socialist majority dominating the French Parliament desired that M. LORAIN should have as his successor another M. LORAIN—that is to say, a man incompetent enough to give no offense to the managers of the 'machine.'" They chose M. FALLIERES for this reason. The 428 voters for the Moderate Republican candidate would have been cast in favor of his antagonist if this had been a genuine election. In our sense of the word, it is a pleasure to know that our deputy, M. DE BATHURIA, Royalist, in France, did try at least to give expression to his real sentiments—though, to be sure, even he was prevented from delivering his speech from the tribune, and had to be content with crying aloud, "Long live the King!" Naturally there was "little animation in the streets," as a press despatch tells us, the president at the first session having nothing at all to do with the proceedings enacted in the palace of Louvre in XIV. And naturally the election of a petty official in America or anywhere else is accomplished with less tranquillity and rapidly, if it is a real election by the people.

Personal and Pertinent

THE Czar of Russia has a bed, a present from the Shah of Persia, which is made of crystal cut from a solid block. We are willing to wager that he has not slept in it for the last few months.

CONSUL MASTENSON, at Aden, reports the discovery, by Dr. LAGOS, of a new cure for snake-bite. It is a vermifuge of potassium. We anxiously await the verdict of the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina.

"Clubs are only a place for idle old men and wasteful young men."—RUSSELL SAGE.

What does Uncle RUSSELL know about clubs? A club is a more or less hygienic home maintained by many men who do not use it, for the benefit of a limited number of their fellows who have no better place to go.

The investigator is certainly abroad in the land. Now comes the announcement that many of the most highly prized antiquities in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the Metropolitan Museum at New York, the University of Pennsylvania collection, and the Chicago Art Institute, including gems, Greek terra-cottas, and ancient pottery, are apocryphal. But it will take a lot of expert archaeological testimony to shake faith in Uncle RUSSELL'S green serge suit.

The American who goes to Germany equipped with "flave you seen the fat dog of the old butcher's little boy?" and his companion, "No, but my aunt has some peas, some ink, and some paper," and experiences more or less difficulty in sustaining a conversation, will rejoice to learn that hereafter the employees on many of the German railroads are to be compelled to learn English. Special classes have already been formed at Nuremberg and Munich, and the oral lessons are going merrily forward. A staff of instructors is on hand to point out familiar objects and repeat their names until the prepping Germans learn them.

We wish to congratulate Mr. WALTER SCOTT, of Death Valley, that his picturesque light which he recently shed in the East was not snuffed out by the man on the "red rule" who followed him from Bardonia in the hope of discovering the location of "SCOTT'S" secret mine. The press dispatches say the "red rule" rider gave "SCOTT" a bullet in the leg. What "SCOTT" gave him in return is shrouded in a pregnant silence. "SCOTT'S" friends think the "red rule" man's present wares are limited to an ambulance or a handkerchief. Will "SCOTT" please take better care of himself? If CAL VIN JOHNSON is dead, as the papers say, "SCOTT" is the only famous living example of his type.

A boss like FLANNY goes to McKINLEY and compels him—it didn't require much compelling—to send a man like GOWDY to Paris, where he was a kind of roving jockey all through his term.—*The Evening Post*.

An Indiana politician who knew no French was not the man an idealist would pick to be consul-general at Paris. Mr. THOMAS'S appointment was heralded as a bad one when made; nevertheless, we never heard complaints that American interests suffered because of him. He is a man of sense, ability, and kindness. They liked him in Paris. Mr. WASHINGTON, our minister to France in 1879, did not speak French. Nevertheless, in war-torn he proved himself the most useful foreigner in France, not even excepting the late CALVIN BRYCE.

The late STEPHEN SALISBURY, of Worcester, who left that city three million dollars for an art museum, must have had tastes and qualities very much out of common. We read that since his death there has come to Worcester from Yucatan a series of resolutions, signed by the governors and others of the more distinguished men of that country, reciting the regard in which Mr. SALISBURY was held there. The memorial says of him:

He had a marked liking for our literature, and there was not a work on the history, geography, and statistics of our peninsula that came to his knowledge that he did not acquire for his library or for those of the societies and corporations he patronized. But the chief trait and tie he had on our affections was the hearty sympathy he felt for our habits, customs, peculiar social being, and our popular ways.

Would that we had many more citizens like Mr. SALISBURY, men with hearty sympathy for the habits, customs, peculiar social being, and popular ways of other peoples, including peoples of various complexions, and all dialects. From the Philippines, from Porto Rico, from all points where citizens of the United States came in compulsory touch with folks of other hues and habits, there comes the complaint of the strong prejudice of the United States Americans against most of the other varieties of human beings. There is danger—indeed, there is an ominous existing probability—that our leaning towards our neighbors, especially the dark-complected ones, will earn us as hearty dislike as ever was incurred by our blood-relatives, the English. Mr. SALISBURY'S example should be known and cherished. It is admirable, and very timely.

The Truth about Morocco

By Arthur Schneider

Illustrated from Sketches by the Author

In view of the conflicting interests and demands of the Powers in Morocco, the record of an eye-witness of the events leading to the conference at Algierae is of the highest importance. The author, as the instructor and personal friend of the Sultan at court, was ofered opportunities rarely given to a foreigner to observe and record the international complications which have made necessary the present conference

GREAT nations in search of some new country suitable for colonization are compelled nowadays to resort to stratagem and intrigue. For, as in the case of Morocco, the great achievement is not to conquer the country, but to obtain the consent to the conquest from the nations interested. A country of not very extensive area, ruled by an absolute monarch, is the one most easily subdued. Entangle a despot, and his people suffer with him.

When, a few years ago, Mulai Abd el Aziz, the Sultan of Morocco, emerged from the confinement of his palace, with its atmosphere of Mohammedan teachings, and announced to his assembled viziers his determination to take an active part in the government of Morocco, he had a not very distinct idea of his duties as a monarch.

Less than twenty years of age and possessed of all the enthusiasm and "recklessness" of youth, he entered a game, so solemn, so deep, that to be maintained required diplomatic cunning which would tax the powers of the most subtle and astute ambassador. Many of his predecessors had battled with the same problem—to hold off the powers striving to acquire Morocco. By intrigue these powers had been kept at odds with one another. The present Sultan supplanted them with the prospect of a liberal expenditure of gold for the purchase of European merchandise, believing such action would prove beneficial in gaining the good will of the powers.

To this end, then, the Sultan exchanged the resources of his treasury gradually for commodities of European manufacture, which he was led to believe were essential to the well-being of a monarch and his domain.

As each caravan tolled through the gates of the royal stables bearing the wares of European manufacture, he held himself as being particularly shrewd in adopting means which served not only to the end of pacification, but gratified as well the curiosity of an Oriental for the novelties which came and went the claimed world. His viziers freely encouraged this idea.

How clearly they saw, by cunning arrangement with the European agents, opportunities of swelling their already modest coffers! And each vizier made it his business to serve his own government. That is to say, each encouraged the Sultan to order his effects from the country through whose merchants the vizier himself filled his money-bags.

And through whose influence he hoped to obtain protection from the long-standing Moorish method of handling viziers who become too skilled and glib in collecting revenue from the Sultan. This method is, by the way, at once sudden and efficacious. It includes imprisonment and violence by the government of all property and hoarded coin. Notwithstanding the haunting sense of uncertainty which shrouds itself in the faces of many Moorish officials, as though the image of this climax was constantly before their minds, this fear by no means raised a barrier to success. As a check, however, it served admirably.

To accumulate wealth and elude justice is a thing much closer to the heart of a vizier, than to rid in overting a foreign invasion. Thus, in aiding one of the European powers commercially in line with the Sultan's policy, he rested on the belief that that country would protect him. His personal revenue would then increase in proportion as his fear decreased.

Thus these hopes were not visionary but recently been demonstrated.

Not long ago the Sultan attempted to enslave Moorish justice upon El Mouskhi, his late Minister of War, but he was soon brought to understand that however mighty his efforts they were not to be tolerated by the government in whose interest El Mouskhi had worked. It can be safely said I think, that the influential

viziers of the present day are some of them in the pay, and all of them under the protection of foreign governments.

This is extremely unfortunate, and is in violation of the treaty of Madrid. And I can conceive of nothing more singular in the affairs of state than the lack of a measure to restrain or punish those who take advantage of civilian opportunities of gain. It is neither barbaric justice nor civilized law.

All Moorish officials are endowed with palms so notoriously adhesive to a certain per cent. of any government monies which may pass through their hands, that no matter how trifling the amount, it emerges diminished in bulk. For ages this has been so, the amount clinging to the palm of the official being accepted, or taken, in place of salary. If the practice is egregiously abused, however, the punishment is, or was, an ample one. The haughty chief, the wily flash, the partly customs official, each has paid for his office in proportion to its lucrative possibilities.

Oriental traditions, supported from generation to generation, are not easily upset. Consequently, when the Sultan, under European pressure, attempted the salary system, no self-respecting official could conceive of this save as a gift foolishly given.

I recall one day when the Sultan, so very telling him that I had sent in Tangier for various household necessities, remarked: "I will do as the viziers. When the goods arrive give me one of each article—that will be my commission." Of course he was joking, but it shows how the system is part of the Moor, and not contrary to his law.

The Sultan's treasury-emptying method of paying the powers met with disfavor among the natives. The Moors have at all times a simile upon their lips. "They are treating our Sultan just like a chicken about to be cooked—pulling his feathers," said a native to me.

Four or two European members of court were supposed to be mouthpieces of their governments, and fortunes were made by taking advantage of the Sultan's efforts at retaining their aid. The royal slaves were not above accepting tips. Upon giving one a small piece of silver he said: "You are a merchant and could give more." "Tell me what makes you think so," I replied. "The people say that thou receivest five hundred dollars a day besides plenty of commissions."

This was news indeed, and I came to the conclusion that some one had circulated that report to shield himself.

And just here it might be well to say that the only time I did play the part of a merchant was when the Sultan told me to order the furniture and materials for a studio, and further specified "from America."

From that moment, those influential at court, both European and Moorish, changed their attitude towards me. The Europeans were afraid this would be followed by a flood of American goods at court, thus reducing their profits, while the vizier to whom I carried the order was furious, because I had not arranged with him for his commission.

After that my path was uphill. A Christian at the Moorish court, no matter in what capacity, is supposed to be there for some political purpose, and the less obvious this purpose, the deeper it is supposed to be.

In addition to being the Sultan's artist, the doubtful honor of being a French spy fell to my lot, as I had already discovered.

As was intended, this report came to the Sultan's ears, and explains why, during my first few months at court, the Sultan asked me repeatedly if I could not speak French, looking at me with a rather peculiar expression when I answered that I could not, he finally ceased to ask, probably believing me.

At all events the money in

Sid Mohammed Turren, the Representative of the Sultan of Morocco at the Algierae Conference





THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, PAINTED FROM LIFE AT THE COURT AT FEZ, BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER

The illustration is reproduced from a painting of the Sultan made by Arthur Schneider, the author of the article beginning on page 186 of this issue of the "Weekly." Mr. Schneider spent considerable time at the Moroccan Court as a personal friend and instructor of the Sultan. At court Mr. Schneider was at first suspected of being a French spy, and had some difficulty in convincing his royal host that he was what he claimed to be.

the treasury was dwindling, which irritated the natives. And in time the rebellion started. It could have been easily put down had it not been fostered by France. But this country negotiated a loan with the Sultan. French customs officials appeared and opened offices at the custom-houses ostensibly to collect this loan. It was all a part of the game, which was to treat the Sultan as a bull in the ring and embarrass him on all sides.

In the European newspapers a great deal of space was devoted to this rebellion, yet at the time it was at its height I travelled seven days with a caravan, carrying sixty thousand dollars in silver. There were about six unarmed men, and two soldiers and myself armed. During my stay at Fez, nothing but the slightest skirmishes occurred, still the European press was busy reporting terrible engagements. The pretender's claim for taking arms against the Sultan was that God had sent him to save Morocco from the hands of invading Europeans. Yet, with the signing of the Anglo-French treaty—a treaty which gave France control of Morocco—the pretender ceased hostilities. The revolution was settled in Europe. Supplies and munition ceased to cross the Algerian border.

The kidnapping of Mr. Perdicaris was an exceptional affair, and was effected by Raisuli because of a grievance against the Moorish government, which, as the bandit had anticipated, paid the ransom.

As I have already mentioned, the outcome of the political up-roar was the signing of the Anglo-French treaty, and the birth of the expression "Pacific penetration," this being indicative of the supposed method of invading Morocco. The term is a silly one, and has been obsolete since the Kaiser's visit to Tangier last



The Sultan's Body-guard of the Sultan at Fez

spring. There is in this world no country whose natives will stand by in silence, while a swarm of foreigners calmly enter and appropriate the offices of government.

Another impression which seems to prevail in America, and is constantly exploited in the newspapers, is that the Moors take kindly to the French. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Do not fancy for an instant that the Sultan or any of his people are at all anxious to have the help or advice of any European country.

When a man is at the mercy of a powerful antagonist he must either submit or call for help, and pray for a deliverer to be within hailing distance. That was the position of the Sultan at Fez. When pushed to the wall by France, he implored help of Germany. The Kaiser then paid his memorable visit to Tangier. This visit created the most intense excitement I have ever witnessed in Morocco. Walls and buildings were newly whitewashed, triumphal arches were built, and the Kaiser advanced in great pomp and ceremony to the deep wall of the royal Moorish band. Although ashore for only one and one-half hours, it was long enough for him to greet the German colony, and make the memorable speech in which he declared that he would uphold the merchants' trade and the independence of Morocco. This saved Morocco, for the time at least, from the tightening grip of France.

From that moment "pacific penetration" vanished, and in time developed into a "pacific conference." The smuggling of arms into Morocco, the first thing taken up by the peace conference, was a common topic in the country, and it was an open secret that the Moorish authorities in Tangier were, in some cases, silent partners. And some of the supposedly respectable European merchants were not above participation in the plot. In former years this



The Sultan of Morocco coming from Prege at the Mosque after starting from Fez, in accordance with the Moorish Custom



The Kaiser escorted by Moorish Officials on his Way to the German Legation in Tangier

contraband trade was not very great, but now that the danger comes from a foreign shore, the customs official and only winks at the enterprising smuggler, as he tucks back and forth from Spain in his innocent appearing felucca, but collects what he is pleased to term his share of the proceeds.

The export trade from Morocco to Morocco is large, and the Sultan, who he spent a good round sum in giving an exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition, seemingly attempted to interest the United States in Morocco, knowing that if commerce could be established between these two countries, it would strengthen the independence of his empire.

As yet there are no vessels from the States which touch at Moroccan ports, but merchants, who are accustomed to Oriental trade, would do well to look into the matter, as it might prove more worthy of attention than trade in reseller regions. Those who supply the Moors with goods have nothing to do but give them what they are accustomed to, and at a cheap price. Patterned goods must have a certain design. Sugar must come soukled in conical form a few pounds in weight, and wrapped in a certain shade of blue paper. There is but one style of trapezoid used all over the land—a little squat shawl affair, with a black handle. It is generally accepted that President Roosevelt does not look with favor upon the automobile; he prefers the horse. The Moors hold the same opinion. A magazine rifle is the only invention acceptable to them. Since the era of civilization has begun in Morocco, the demand for spirituous liquors has increased.

In Morocco so barbaric as to require European intervention? No, emphatically no. The Moors know full well that an effort is being made to overpower them, and, although resenting it deeply, they are sufficiently civilized not to raise arms.

There are many evils in Morocco, but it is not, as many suppose, a lawless country. In case a Christian is robbed or killed, the Moorish authorities know that this will be used as evidence to show how loosely the country is governed; they know also that they will be compelled to pay indemnity. Their law to safeguard the travel of Christians is a good one. It is that the Sultan holds his chiefs responsible, and will compel them to pay that indemnity. The chief in whose district a crime against a foreigner has occurred displaces the Sultan, and his tribe pays dearly for it.

A few years ago, a Tangier Jew—under American protection—was killed in the streets of Fez. The American government demanded and received an indemnity. This money, plus commissions, was collected from the shop-keepers in the vicinity of the crime, who had ample time to save the man, but made no effort to do so.

There are elements of good breeding in every Moor, and the average native has a better knowledge of America than the average American of Morocco. He will at least tell you that America is a large country, has railways, and plenty of money.

Let Europe first attend to a lurly member of her own family, follow the line of thought suggested by this question of Mohammed Turrel: "Why do the European powers not hold a peace conference over Russia?"

Quaint Customs of the House of Commons

By Thomas P. Hughes, LL.D.

"HOW can I learn the rules of the House?" was a question put by an Irish member to Mr. Parnell. "By breaking them," replied the unrepentant King of Ireland.

The rules that for centuries have regulated the proceedings of the British House of Commons are both perplexing and amusing. Lord Palmerston admitted that he had never learned them, and Mr. Gladstone was a frequent offender against the "rules of the House."

Every sitting of the House is opened with prayer by the chaplain. The "front benches" of both the ministry and the opposition are always empty. But on the occasion of a great debate, there is sure to be "a large congregation," and for this reason, the House consists of six hundred and seventy members, but only half of this number can be accommodated with seats in the chamber. A member present at prayers has the right to

put in his hat a card is which is inscribed "at prayers," and then secures his seat for the whole sitting of the afternoon or evening. It is in this way that piety in Parliament meets with an immediate reward. No unseemly seat can be retained after prayers as a matter of right. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill there was a mad rush of members to secure seats, even "at prayers." Several honorable gentlemen were knocked down and trampled upon.

The hat plays an important part in the customs of the House. On one occasion the Speaker was informed that an Irish member had brought a dozen wolf hats, with which he had secured a dozen seats for his colleagues. No incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member who, after an eloquent oration, plumps down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new

(Continued on page 208.)



DEFECTS IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM

By HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor for the Post-office Department

The long experience of the author as Auditor of the Post-office Department at Washington qualifies him to speak with authority and from intimate knowledge of the defects in the equipment and management of the greatest business organization under Federal control. On this topic Mr. Castle has written five articles, of which this is the third; the others will appear in the next two issues of the "Weekly"

III.—Mistakes in Management and Organization

THAT protracted, but by no means exhaustive, postal investigations of 1903 revealed to thinking men the disquieting fact that our national mail system, which is now the greatest business enterprise in the world, is entirely destitute of a logical, coherent, business-like organization. In this day of trusts, the Post office Department may be called the most gigantic trust on the face of the earth. It tolerates no opposition or interference with its affairs; it has established rules and regulations which all people must obey. It even has a small army of inspectors to arrest and prosecute any violators of its regulations. Its affairs are so conducted that all, whether rich or poor, no matter how remote from centers of civilization, receive its benefits. But it is full of inconsistencies, largely due to hasty and incoherent legislation which has, from time to time, been engrafted upon the simple original scheme.

The administration of this great department is conducted by a few responsible heads in Washington, supported by a great army of assistants. The department has grown up, stone by stone, as the builders saw fit to put these in—mostly by means of clauses in appropriation bills. A number of the post-office committee were searching that ought to be added—he thinks that new cords ought to be tied about the wrists of the Postmaster-General. He invests his views in the next appropriation bill by means of short, ill-digested "provisions" and they become postal law, without reference to their agreement or disagreement with existing enactments.

For example: the "Docket Act" of 1893, which reorganized the whole national accounting system, created a side line, providing with much detail a fund of postal money-order, and made its own regulatory. The form was unsatisfactory, and about 1899, to the appropriation for printing money-order blanks was attached this sentence: "Provided that hereafter the Postmaster-General shall have power to prescribe money-order forms." This led to a prompt change of form, but the unregulated section of the Act of 1893 still stands in the compiled statutes, and under it every money-order issued since 1899 is technically illegal.

Again, vast and expensive postal features are created, without any formal recognition, with no framework or restrictions, and left to grow haphazard into all manner of complicated inconsistencies. Rural free delivery is a case in point. It originated in the appropriation of a few thousand dollars for "experimental" work. Increasing amounts in "lump" were voted, and the service was experimental, that is, wholly within the discretion of the department for three or four years. Then Congress simply appropriated the item, adopting fully the organization that had been built up and providing for its extension. Rural delivery now costs \$25,000,000 a year, but one may search in vain for a single line of general law giving its limits or regulating its functions.

Practically there are only two officials in Washington interested in the entire service, the Postmaster-General and the auditor. Each of the four assistant postmasters-general has a special bureau, and each chief looks after his own division. The Postmaster-General and the auditor have a general view over the whole system, but that is so vast, so ramifying, that if the Postmaster-General held office for life and studied the service diligently he would not know it in detail. And the auditor's office is much the same. The Postmaster-General, who, as a cabinet officer, is one of the President's general advisers, is never in office long enough to become an expert in the administration of his department. During the last twelve years we have had seven postmasters-general.

Thus, the business as a whole never centers in the hands of any strong man who understands it. There are four assistant postmasters-general, among whom the direction of the immense business of the department is divided in an illogical and arbitrary way. This prevents uniformity of method and makes for bad management.

Significantly as in the business each assistant postmaster-general is so transient, he seldom stays in his place long enough to know thoroughly his own quarter of the service, whereas it is not considered appropriate for him to know anything about the other three quarters.

Much is hoped by the friends of radical post-office reform from the present head of the department. If he will be content to retain the place long enough to do effective work, Mr. Cushman has the marked advantage of previous valuable experience in a subordinate position in one of the bureaus. He comes into office free from

political entanglements. He has the backing of a President zealous in correcting abuses and promoting efficiency. He will find plenty to do.

The American postal administration, which ought to be the best in the world because of the progress, wealth, and intelligence of our people, and the large use they make of the mail facilities, is falling behind that of many civilized countries. This is because the department has, at many points, lacked expert administration, as well as logical organization. Unfortunately the transportation interests that absorb one-third of the postal revenues are seemingly more influential at Washington than in the public domain, too freely voiced as yet, for a better service on a business basis.

There is an doubt that the present faulty organization accounts in some extent for the preponderance of irregularities. In conjunction with a lack in the enforcement of the letter and spirit of the law, the concentration of all responsibility in the heads of divisions at Washington has increased corruption, and has decreased the probability of discovery. With the business of the whole country passing through the department, devices and modifications of methods, whether demanded by the interest of the service or not, could be made applicable to the entire postal system. A contract has been made with so much, and the influence of the officials has been so valuable, that corruption naturally resulted. For with the enormous business piled on the shoulders of responsible officials, it was impossible to keep so closely in touch with all details as to insure the discovery of irregularities.

This is one difficulty now encountered. The whole department is subdivided into sections or divisions, each in charge of a chief or superintendent. Some chiefs are much more energetic than others in exploiting their specialty and adding to its importance. Hence, instead of symmetrical growth, one branch far outstrips others of equal or greater need, and the department has become lopsided, as it were, with unjustifiable preponderances.

Thus the postal money-order system was originally intended for the convenience of people who had no other safe method of remitting small amounts by mail. When it was established, the sensible idea prevailed that it should be the policy of the government not to interfere with legitimate private enterprises. The money-order service grew slowly and served its purpose.

But a wonderfully zealous and ambitious chief of the division was evolved. His side aim in life was to extend and "popularize" the money-order service, regardless of the public demand or the heavy losses incurred. He believed thoroughly in wiping out all private competition, such as small bank-drafts, express-orders, etc. He wanted Congress to prohibit them, but failing in that, continually reduced the fees until eighty per cent. of the \$3,000,000 postal orders sold annually yielded less than half the cost of some other services. He piled up an enormous business, the burden of which rested not on his own division, but on the auditor's office, in the Treasury Department, where nearly 500 clerks are required to handle the paid orders and settle the accounts.

It may be said that it is the duty of the head of the department to moderate the excessive energy or stimulate the haggard steps of his subordinates, as to keep the growth of all its functions necessarily uniform. And, theoretically, that is true. But going back during the long series of years in which this process of spasmodic development has been going on, we will find that comparatively few of our numerous postmasters-general have remained in office long enough to grasp the complex problem with which they have had to deal. The business "grows itself" on more or less antiquated lines held down by laws and rules dating as far back as 1794. Any attempt at reform by a postmaster-general or his lieutenants is pretty sure to be frowned upon by the real Post-office Department, which is the House Committee on post-office and postroads. Rates of postage are changed, service is rendered, contracts are made under regulations framed by men dead for generations.

An injurious effect of the lack of symmetry and proportion between the different parts of the postal system is the growth of intense jealousy between the heads thereof. This leads them to belittle all the other operations of the system, thwart the laudable efforts of rival chiefs, and obstruct the enterprising designs of the head of the department.

The men who surge to the front with their specialties soon begin

(Continued on page 292.)

Men of To-day

L.—Baron Rosen: Ambassador and Peacemaker

By Charles Johnston

BARON ROSEN has long held and expressed the view that every Russian statesman, before getting into harness, should be compelled to spend a year or two in England and the United States, so as to absorb, through the press, as it were, the theory and practice of free government. Perhaps Count Witte is to be held as a shining example of this theory; though in his case the cure was remarkably rapid. For when Russia's great finance minister landed in New York he was an ardent and convinced absolutist, and when he sailed down the bay, past the Statue of Liberty, he was already converted to the principle of constitutional liberty. What part his long conferences with his distinguished colleague had in this swift conversion is a matter on which history may one day shed more light; but this much we know, that Baron Rosen had already declared himself on the side of constitutional government in the days of the first Zemstvo Congress, in the fall of 1904. The collapse of the negotiations and the outbreak of the war with Japan had brought him home from Tokio, and during his long stay in St. Petersburg, in the terrible months of suspense and uncertainty when Russia still hoped for victory, Baron Rosen risked the wrath of the reactionaries by his frank and open advocacy of a Russian constitution, as the one way through a sea of troubles.

While his long sojourn in America and his visits to England may have contributed to this conviction, there is no doubt that rare character also had its share in forming Baron Rosen's views. He romps of Teutonic stock, and is by race a Scion. His admiration for English and American ideals is, therefore, firm, and it is entirely natural for him to attribute many of the evils which beset Russia to the communal and socialist principles of the Slavonic race. These principles and methods of communal living, in his view, weaken individuality, dwarf the power of the will, and sap the energy of the Slavs, so that a crisis finds them without dominant men. Baron Rosen was a very characteristic expression of this tendency in a sentence of one of our recent writers: "The Russian peasant has no respect for the successful man." Lacking the will and initiative to fight for success, he has no appreciation of will and energy in others, and no due regard for their results. Baron Rosen is, therefore, by race and conviction, an upholder of individual liberty and constitutional law,—a wise counsellor in the present turmoil of Russia's regeneration.

Coming from their ancestral home in Semya, the Rosens settled in Esthonia, a region lying on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, and in olden times a part of the ancient republic of Norgorod. The Rosens made themselves a name in Esthonian annals; and when Charles XII. was defeated by Peter the Great, one branch of the Rosens followed the fortunes of the retreating monarch, and found a new home in Sweden, where the Counts Rosens are prominent to-day. Baron Roman Rosen, the father of our ambassador, married a Georgian lady of distinguished family, sprung from a race famous throughout the Caucasus for personal beauty of the Oriental type. Their son, Baron Roman Romanovich Rosen (that is, last names of Rosent), was born fifty-seven years ago, and in due time began his studies in Riga, the Esthonian capital. He then went to the university of Dorpat, a historic city which has since borne its old Slavonic name of Yuriev; and from Dorpat proceeded to St. Petersburg. He studied in the Imperial Academy of Laws, where Baron Schillingenski, the well-known and very popular Russian Consul-General in Chicago, was his fellow pupil. They graduated on the same day, June 1, 1888. Baron Rosen entered the service of the government, in the Department of Justice, and was shortly sent to serve in the Caucasus among his mother's countrymen. He showed marked ability in matters relating for special but and political handling; and his gifts and success brought an early transfer from the Department of Justice to the Department of Foreign Affairs. He entered the Adalat section under Assistant Minister Strennevald, and was sent to Yokohama as Vice-Consul, and was presently promoted to be Secretary of Legation at Tokio. During the absence of the Russian minister, he acted for some time as *Charge d'Affaires*.



Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador to America

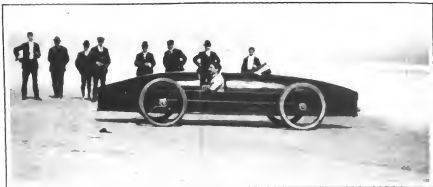
This was his first experience in Japanese diplomacy; and we may well believe that in those early days Baron Rosen began to gain that insight into the spirit and ambitions of the Japanese which enabled him at least in one that, in the negotiations before the late war, Japan was in earnest. Baron Rosen resolutely refuses to say anything on the subject, but from the position he held in the peace negotiations, when the war was ended, we may infer that the event showed that he had reasoned wisely.

From Tokio Baron Rosen was presently sent to the other shore of the Pacific Ocean, as Russian Consul-General at San Francisco. Here he had ample opportunity to come into touch with the American spirit, to gain his wonderful familiarity with the written and spoken idiom of the English-speaking races, and to watch a civilization in all things the polar opposite of bureaucratic and dreamy Russia. A large and ever-increasing part of modern politics is based on movements of commerce and trade, and the centre of gravity has been slowly but surely transferred from the noble and the soldier to the manufacturer and exporter. It behooves the diplomatist of our day thoroughly to master the new forces which govern the destinies of nations, to gain a complete insight into these legal and financial questions which lie at the root of modern statecraft. Baron Rosen had occasion to study this side of life and activity in San Francisco, and even more in New York, where he was appointed *consul-general*. From 1888 to 1899 there was a period of suspense in Russia's diplomatic relations with the United States, and no ambassador was appointed to Washington. All international relations were in the hands of a *Charge d'Affaires*, and for this very responsible and difficult position Baron Rosen was chosen, as in every way best qualified for the work. His conduct of affairs fully justified the choice, and after the interregnum in the Russian embassy he was permanently transferred from the consular to the diplomatic service. It is interesting to remember that during his first stay in Washington, Baron Rosen lived just opposite the new Russian Embassy in Ferragut Square. He was already married, Baroness Rosen having been a Mlle. Galimand, daughter of a former governor of Nijni Novgorod; and in the Washington house, close to her present abode, their daughter was born. After twice circling the world, this much-travelled young lady finds herself only a short block from her starting-point.

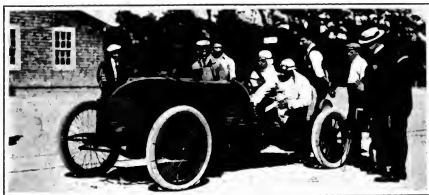
From Washington Baron Rosen was sent as Minister to Mexico, where, to quote his own phrase, he saw absolutism under the forms of democracy; a study which only strengthened his adherence to representative and constitutional government: for however great a genius Mexico may have in her autocratic President Porfirio Diaz, she will inevitably suffer the reaction when the time comes to choose his successor. M. Hanotaux, the secretary of the Russian Embassy at Washington, was in Mexico at the same time, so that Baron Rosen finds an old friend and fellow-worker in his chief assistant.

Then came a period of service in three of the minor kingdoms of Europe: Serbia, Rumania, and Greece, with an interval of duty in Japan. In Serbia the situation was difficult. A wave of enthusiasm for all things Russian had followed Alexander III.'s campaign of liberation in 1877 and 1878, which finally established Rumania and Montenegro, created Bulgaria into a practically independent principality, and made Serbia a kingdom. The Russian armies had also freed all Macedonia, but through the statecraft of Bismarck and Bismarck's helplessness Macedonia were thrust once more under the iron heel of the Turk, whose powers still freely and ineffectually make efforts to extricate them. But to this period of ardent enthusiasm came a shock of reaction. Stambuloff was in the ascendant. The refusal of Alexander III. to recognize the cession of Eastern Rumania to Bulgaria in 1885, as the result of a personal quarrel with Prince Alexander, turned gratitude into resentment, and Italian policies entered a phase which only recently been passed through by Bulgaria. Altogether, Baron Rosen probably enjoyed his stay at Munich least, where he found a

(Continued on page 263.)



The 50-horse power Stanley Steamer, which, driven by Macvitt, established the remarkable World Records of a Mile in 28 1/2 seconds, and a Kilometer in 18 2/5 seconds.



Clifford Eexp and the 100-horse-power Napier car, which won the 100-mile Race in the fast Time of 1 hour, 15 minutes, 40 2/3 seconds. During this Race he lost a rear tire, and drove the remaining fifty-two miles on the Rim.



Merwin in the 250-horse-power Van Dusen Race, which, although one of the most powerful Cars in the World, proved a great disappointment as a Racing Machine.



Lessem and the 110-horse-power F.I.A.T., which was making a great Run for the lead in the 100-mile Race when a broken Radiator forced him to withdraw.

THE AUTOMOBILE RACES ON ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

The establishment of a new world's record for a mile, 28 1/2 seconds, by the Stanley Steamer, was the most remarkable feature of this year's contest in Florida. Overtopping the car's performance one of the dispatches says: "Like a dove, red colored torpedo, the graceful steamer being broken in but not plied, where part of Macvitt's head protrudes, it travels at a speed which leaves and the impression of a red streak. It does not seem to touch the ground, nor does it fly. It simply skims along smoothly and gracefully."



The Start of the final Contest in the One-mile Championship for heavy-weight Cars



Guy Laughan and the 80-horse-power Darracq, which he drove a Mile in 30.2.5 Seconds, and a Kilometre in 25 Seconds, both World's Records in the middle-weight Class



"Cranking" the 250-horse-power Underhill Car, which had an estimated speed of 132 Miles an Hour, but failed to show it



The Official Texas stand, showing the Electric Apparatus used for starting and stopping the Watches to catch the Races to fifths of a Second

BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORDS FOR SPEED IN THE MOTOR-CAR RACES IN FLORIDA

The two-mile-a-minute speed contest on the Diamond-Brighton beach course which has aroused interest throughout the automobile world, resulted in the achievement of that great speed, with a few seconds to spare, by two racing machines. Victor Brenzon, in a 200-horse-power Darracq, established the record, making the two miles in 58.4.5 seconds, which is at the rate of 122.4.10 miles an hour. Fred Warratt, in the 24-horse-power Stanley Steamer, made the distance in 59.4.5 seconds. In the ten-mile open race Latania finished first, defeating the Stanley Steamer by nearly a mile. Latania's time was 6 minutes, 19.4.5 seconds. The record for the distance in 6 minutes, 15 seconds

Election Manners in England

By Sydney Brooks

London, January 21, 1910

EVERY election in England sees a goodly percentage of heads broken, platitudes uttered, speakers hushed down, and meetings turned into riots. In the campaign which has just ended, it was made quite clear that the spirit which was behind the cabbage and rotten eggs and dead rats that used to come flying like bewildering meteors round the candidate's head in the good old hustings days, is still alive and operative. It has changed its form of expressing somewhat, but its essence is the same. We still, however, calmly maintain that our crowds are the best humored and most chivalrous crowds in Europe, the least rebellious, and the most responsive in an appeal for "fair play." It may be so, of course. The election of an English Parliament may be more dignified and impressive than the election of the French or Italian chamber or the Reichstag or the Austrian Reichsrath. But I am very sure that in the United States the riotousness which we put up with as a matter of course would not be tolerated for one moment, and that our whole claim to be restrained and orderly conduct in the management of our political campaigns would be absolutely disputed.

For five years it was my good fortune to watch American politics and the machinery of American elections at close range. The longer I watched the firmer grew my conviction that in the way of quiet and subdued behavior the working-classes of America have a good deal to teach our own. The Presidential campaign of 1896 may be taken as a tale specimen. The excitement of it was greater than at the hitherto moments of the House Rule struggle, and for four solid months on end the most ingenious campaign managers in the world used every conceivable artifice to keep it up to boiling-point. Not a stimulus to passion and even to violence was wanting. In point of interest, the American continent was a magnified Ulster: the smallest village had its Bryan and McKinley clubs, its parades and torchlight processions, its mass-meetings, and its rival wire-pullers "to learn things right along." Yet wherever I travelled, along the Atlantic seaboard or two thousand miles inland, I found that speakers were listened to as courteously and meetings conducted as free from interruption as though nothing of greater moment were at hand than a gathering in aid of some local charity.

If America is the paradise, England is the purgatory, of the political speaker. He is very far from being allowed to England to have things all his own way. It is an unwritten law of the coun-

try that he is liable to contradiction. Any man in the audience may get up and dispute any statement he pleases, and the orator is not allowed to disregard the interruption, but has to stop and argue the matter out with his adversary. The heckler has a recognized standing, and all Englishmen are hecklers, and especially all English working men. In a company of six you have only to show an American that five are against him to convince him that he is wrong. That is just when an English working-man would become finally convinced that he was the only sane person in the room. If you have never watched an English working man heckling Mr. Balfour on the subject of Chinese labor, you have yet to learn of what a political meeting is capable. These contests are followed by the audience with supreme rest and good humor. If they threaten to become too protracted, the interrupter is pulled down in his seat by willing hands from behind, or simply thrown out of the hall. In the recent campaign, for the first time in the history of English electioneering, some ladies had to be forcibly removed from a meeting. They were earnest women's suffragists, and as the speaker of the occasion, who was no less than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, would not stop to pay any attention to them, they proceeded to hush a banner (upside down as it happened), and to address the audience in competition with the Prime Minister. After five minutes of uproarious confusion, the police and some of the officials of the meeting gently but very firmly half carried and half pushed them out of the hall.

These hecklers, though, often were a very useful purpose. You must remember that in England there are no primaries or conventions, and only the shadow of a machine. You must also remember that in England it is not necessary for a man to be born or to live in the constituency he wishes to represent. Indeed, it often happens that the electors are called upon to vote for a candidate whom they have never seen or heard of before his arrival in their district, and of whom they know nothing, except that he calls himself a Unionist or a Liberal. In America the platform adopted by the nominating convention covers all the party candidates. In England just the opposite system holds good. Each candidate draws up his own platform and runs on it to suit himself. Of course, in general principles—politicians being everywhere a gregarious race—it agrees with the common policy of the party; but in smaller matters, which are often the ones that appeal most to individual voters, it may differ completely. The heckler, therefore, serves a useful political end in extracting



One of the Liberal Party's Posters which were set up throughout London attacking Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist Party.

from a new and unknown candidate some statement of his views on particular measures; and a very pleasant and a very democratic sight it is to see him fly at even higher game, to watch him disputing with a cabinet minister as to England's policy in Macedonia, or the alliance with Japan, or the interminable intricacies of the fiscal question, or inquiring into his votes in the past session, or asking him to explain his absence from the House when such and such a bill—in which he had seemed so interested at the last election—was up before it. There is a real political value in meeting these inquiries frankly and in good part. A speaker with his wife about him can always score heavily if he knows how to emerge from these contests with credit and temper. Sometimes hecklers are silenced for the time being by being requested to reserve their remarks till the speech of the evening is over. Then papers and pencils are handed round, and the voters present are invited to write down any further points on which they would like to hear the candidate's opinions.

Taking it as a whole, this year the electioneering did not stray beyond the commonplace lines of canvassing, holding meetings, issuing pamphlets, and making the streets hideous with posters and placards. There were no parades or torchlight processions, or fireworks, or bands, or "straw" votes, or "wash" bets, or the mudslinging of rival houses—the election agent in England works altogether in the background, and the public rarely even hears his name—or hourly newspaper interviews with candidates. But in two particulars I observed an approach to American methods. The campaign pet was much more a feature than he used to be, and English audiences, instead of sitting in a more or less uncomfortable silence below the speaker of the evening has arrived, spent the time shouting campaign ditties



A Parliamentary Candidate who opposed Chamber Labor in the Transient and one of the Rock Chansons he Employed to Illustrate his Campaign. The "Chansons" were Robbed one Day and Bent

with an almost American fervor. Again the national flag has come into use as a party emblem. This is a new and not, in my mind, a very commendable development. It dates, I think, from the Boer war, and all parties in this campaign made use of it. But what for nearly a hundred years has been the overshadowing and distinctive characteristic of an English election still remains its greatest feature—I mean the extent to which women take part in it. In England there is no trained army of political workers such as exists in the United States. A parliamentary candidate has to rely on chance enthusiasts to get his canvassing done, and always among the first to volunteer for the work

are the wives, daughters, and sisters of his friends and supporters. No sooner is a candidate's banner hoisted than the fair enthusiasts for "The Cause" troop down to his headquarters and sit there from ten in the morning till six at night, mailing circulars, directing wrappers, doing the clerical work of the campaign. Numbers of them, too, push their political zeal even further. They go out canvassing, storming the voters in their homes and workshops, and simply refusing to depart until at least the promise of support is won. Society, for the moment, ceases to exist, except as a vast electioneering machine. Honorable members and would-be honorable members leave their town-houses and flee fearfully to their constituencies, taking with them their families and as many friends as they can lay hands on to give the British laborer and working-man one glorious fortnight of somewhat bewildering sovereignty. All institutions are governed by politics, and life is an endless political debate. If you are a devotee of The Cause and can make a speech, and know the arts wherewith the wives of rural butchers and urban mechanics are won over to guide their lords to the true faith, the fist of England is yours to feed on.



Another Liberal Poster which adorned Hundreds of London Billboards ridiculing Mr. Balfour's Policies



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Herbert Buchanan, a man of wealth with a selfish and repellent nature, whose life beautiful wife Beatrice has been induced to marry for his money, discovers one night from his country-place, Buchanan Lodge, with a burglar whom he has caught entering the house. Buchanan gives the man a thousand dollars in compensation for being allowed to share his wretched existence, for he is weary of his own way of life, and maliciously desires to cause anxiety to those whom he leaves behind. Stopping as a guest at Buchanan Lodge is a young explorer, Harry Faring.

He and Beatrice have had a love-affair prior to her marriage, and they now discover that they mean more to each other than ever before. An exhaustive search reveals no trace of Buchanan, who is supposed to have been murdered. Beatrice learns that the law requires her to wait five years before she can assume that her husband is dead, and so he tries to marry Faring. Faring leaves Buchanan Lodge for the Adirondacks, and Beatrice prepares to go abroad.

CHAPTER VIII IN SEARCH OF HUSBAND

THEY sailed from New York within the fortnight, for Beatrice Buchanan, once her mind had been made up, seemed ridden by a fever of restlessness and impatience. She could not wait to be gone.

"I cannot breathe here," she said again and again. "I want to be off. I want to have blue sea around me. I want to wake up each morning and say: 'America is three hundred and fifty miles farther away from me than it was four-and-twenty hours ago.' I tell you I cannot breathe here."

There was much to be done before the departure, but she hurried through with such duties as could not absolutely be neglected. Lesser things she left quite undone or consigned to the hands of others. She closed the Lodge, leaving there only the family of the head porter and by way of caretakers; and the few men who were still busy with watching for the improbable reappearance of Herbert Buchanan she left to the direction of a certain elderly and very faithful lawyer in whose hands lay her own property and affairs. It was this man who, upon the death, some eighteen months before this, of Beatrice's father, had taken in charge that gentleman's very badly involved estate, and to every one's surprise, had managed to evolve from what had been considered imminent bankruptcy a respectable fortune for the sole heir. As a result, Beatrice, who had expected nothing at all, found herself endowed with an assured income which, though by no means vast as American incomes go, was more than enough to maintain her, if ever she should come to depend upon it, in luxurious comfort. When she had first heard of this windfall the thing rushed in her as more than a bitter amusement, since she had at that time no prospect of ever having need of the money; Buchanan was not illiberal. She had but one thought. If this had come a few months before she need not have married, for what old Arabella Crowley had said to Stansholf about the marriage was sober truth. The girl's father had as nearly sold her to Buchanan as a man well may nowadays. It is small wonder that the sudden stroke of good fortune found no gratitude in her. She could have cursed it. But now, at this juncture, the curse was turned to blessings.

"I want you," she said to the lawyer. "To establish an account for me with some London or Paris bank upon which I can draw at will. I mean to use up my own money entirely."

She wrote a letter to Harry Faring, who was still in the Adirondacks. And this is what she wrote:

"I am sailing for Europe, Harry, on the 28th of September, and I am taking Almonde Trevor with me. We shall be gone a long time. I think—a year it may be, or even more. I feel that I can-

not bear it here any longer. The place had done me. I want a complete change of scene, and, as far as is possible, of thought too. That sounds as if I were still in the nervous, religious frame of mind in which you left me here, two months ago, doesn't it? I'm not, though. I've been thinking a great deal, Harry,—and, I believe, changing a great deal too. I'm not rebellious any more. I think I'm going to do. Almonde the other day—a better woman. Don't laugh! I mean it. I look forward now with no rage or resentment or dislike to the life I must live—and that is a change, you know."

"All this is, I fancy, by way of leading up to something which is difficult to say. However, don't count; it's this! I want to set you quite free. You said something long ago, while you were here, about 'never deserting the colors you'd enlisted under.' The colors are lowered, Harry, the army's disbanded, and you're free. Look! the thing is like this: I will not dodge or evade the truth. We two people love each other very dearly. I admit that, and I am proud of it. But here am I, a woman bound—as I said to you that day in the Japanese pavilion—by a chain, and the other end of my chain is lost in the dark. So our love is hopeless—oh, entirely hopeless. But because it still exists we must live, for both our sakes, see each other or be near each other. It would be too hard for us. That is, in fact, why I am going away, and it is also why I do not want you to go on giving up your life to me and to my service. What I do want is that you go back to your own chosen work—your exploring and all such—that you begin again to live your own life quite irrespective of me, and that my concerns cease altogether to occupy you. You understand, don't you, Harry? You see how miserable I should be to feel that I had wrecked you, bound you to my chaotic wheels, though you and I could never be anything more to each other. You understand, don't you, how glad and proud I shall be to know that you are doing the things, important things such as you have already done?"

"So I beg you, with all my strength and by the great love I bear you, put me and my troubles and cares aside! Go out and do your own man's work in the world, and let me drag upon you no more. Love me if you must—and I think you will, thank God!—but be free of me."

"So good-by, Harry! I shall not see you for a long time, for I don't want you to come to New York when I sail, and I forbid you to follow me. Good-by. If I thought God would listen I should pray for you daily. Perhaps He will. Anyhow, He'll guard you, I think, because you're strong and good. Heavens!"

They slipped away very quietly. "I don't want a shattering crowd of people with more and baskets of fruit," Beatrice said. "Let us tell no one that we're going." And so only Arabella Crowley and the elderly lawyer man, who edged with his eyeglasses and seemed to wonder why he was there, and Almonde Trevor's aunt, a frosty lady in uncomfortable black wear at the pier to see them off. Miss Trevor's aunt brought a large parcel with her in her baggage. It proved to be a new and amazing by ingenious sort of life-preserver which, when you had strapped it on, not only kept you triumphantly afloat in the worst of weather, but, from insusceptible recesses within its bowels, provided you with meat and drink. The dinner proffered to Beatrice Buchanan for not having provided two of these machines. It seemed thoughtless, she said, especially as Mrs. Buchanan was doing so much for dear Ellen, but the thing was so very expensive and one had so many calls upon one's means.

Old Arabella kissed Beatrice very affectionately, and her usually capricious box of nonsense seemed to desert her.

"I think you are very wise, dear child, to go away," she said. "I think it is far the best thing you could do, though I shall miss

you. Stay a long time, and try to amuse yourself. You're had no amusement for years. If anything turns up here—if you're needed—we shall let you know at once. Now go on board. This waiting about is so silly! And don't expect me to stand on the pier-head and wave a handkerchief, because I shall not do it. I'm going to take Mr. Althorpe home with me and give him some tea."

And two hours later, when the steamship slowed down outside Sandy Hook to drop the pilot and gathered way again, Mrs. Buchanan sank into her deck-chair with a great sigh of relief that was almost a sob.

"There's the last of America, thank Heaven!" she said. "It's shockingly unpatriotic in me, isn't it, but I'm glad, oh, I'm glad to be off! Bely dear, maybe the sun shines brighter where we're going. It's child here."

The Rue de Luxembourg borders the quiet westward boundary of the Luxembourg garden from the Rue Vaugrand at their foot to the Rue d'Assas at the top. It is a quiet street, asphalt paved, never racked by a din of traffic—the longer, more direct Rue Mazarine behind, takes that,—and since buildings line it on both sides their windows look across into the delicious green of the garden. There is, in the street's short length, but one detached house—"hotel" (this is the town house of a certain ancient French family once of note in history); the remainder is occupied by the intensely respectable and dignified apartment and flat houses which are characteristic of the better quarters of Paris.

Here, towards the end of October, Mrs. Buchanan and Alliance Trevor established themselves in a high, roomy flat, whose front windows looked across to the public gardens and whose rear windows gave upon a tiny private garden wherein grew three chestnut-trees and a row of lilacs. And here came often Stangsted and old Lord Stroppe, bringing certain friends, both men and women, who he knew would prove congenial to the two Americans, and who indeed quickly, formed a habit of dropping in quite informally at that hour of the day which is consecrated to tea and gossip.

In Madame de Monigny lunched there whenever she was in town for the day. Mrs. Buchanan and Alliance Trevor had, prior to installing themselves, spent a week out at Chateau Monigny, which is near Versailles, and between the elder woman and the famous beauty had sprung up one of those sudden and intimate friendships which often occur among women with no apparent cause and are afterwards, as circumstances fall, broken off with scarcely a pang; though this is not to say that they are not perfectly genuine and unselfish while they endure. Indeed, they are often of a surprising intimacy.

So in this quiet fashion the win-

ter wore on and spring came, but their events must not be set down here, because, although this is the story of Beatrice Buchanan and of certain of those whose lives were for a time involved in hers, it is rather of the things which happened afterwards that the chronicler must concern himself—the bigger and stranger things. This year abroad was a year of waiting.

Still, the very waiting, the quiet, pleasant life among congenial friends, the absence of anything dramatic or tragic, all these influences had their value as affecting Mrs. Buchanan's mind. It is the real growth of character in her which must be established here, the growth out of a bewildered, a resentful, a terror-stricken, and, finally, an exhausted girl into a woman whose calm soul looked upon life from a hilltop, who knew at last that happiness is not just freedom from care, who weighed her motives and her actions with severity, and, in the end, was able to choose the way she should go, not perhaps wisely or very righteously, but at least with a mind unclouded by fear or bewilderment—knowing the cost and the reward.

In August Mrs. Buchanan and Alliance Trevor went to Lord Stroppe's Breton castle near Anderne, but mid-September brought them once more back to Paris and to the apartment in the Rue de Luxembourg.

Just then, before they had fairly settled themselves, Beatrice had a letter from Harry Faring. He was in London, he said, just landed from Buenos Ayres—she had known that he was in South America, somewhere on the upper Orinoco, with an exploring party, but this was all she knew, for they did not write to each

other,—and he asked, without any expression of tenderness or such—rather formally, indeed—if he might come over to Paris and see her.

She had been for a long time quiet and sheltered, distracted by pleasant occupation from too much brooding. And with her newly acquired self strength she had been successful in forcing out of her thoughts Harry Faring and what he meant to her, as well as the tragedy which had driven her from her home. She had unconsciously connected them in her mind—Faring and the events which had nearly wrecked her, and, for this reason perhaps, it had been the easier to keep her thoughts from him.

But now, with his short, formally worded letter shaking in her hand, she felt a sudden overwhelming flood of emotion which she repressed and frightened her. It was her first experience with the truth that a great thing may, for a long time— even years—be quite dormant in a man's or a woman's mind, subconscious, as it were, and at last, through some trivial occasion, burst forth in all its old tremendous strength. She stood locked in her own room, bewildered and shaken, for an hour or more,



Drawn by Will Lowry

"That's the last of America, thank Heaven!"

Then she began to write letters to Faring. She wrote six, all very different and most of them absurd. Some told him to come, and some begged him, as he loved her, to stay away. Towards evening she tore them all up and sent a servant out to the nearest bureau de poste with a telegram.

It was a message of one word, and said, "Come!"

He came by that night's train, reaching Paris at five in the morning, but it was not until afternoon—a little before the formal hour—that he presented himself.

Beatrice had rehearsed with elaboration and care just how she was to meet him and what she was to say, for she was still very much disturbed and a bit frightened—by no means sure of herself. According to rehearsals she was to be exceedingly friendly—just that. She was to profess a great interest in what he had been doing this past year, and she was to be voluble over her own wanderings. By the time they had finished with these topics other callers were sure to have dropped in, and the situation would, from that point, take care of itself.

But when, as she sat waiting and playing with one of her

knobs—she never knew what look—in the long front salon which overlooked the gardens, he was at last announced—"Monsieur Varang," the servant had brought her karee gave suddenly under her when she tried to rise, and she began a little nervous foolish laugh of sheer hysteria over the absurd sound of the name as rendered by a French tongue. Faring came quickly into the room, and somehow she got to her feet to meet him. The oft-rehearsed lines went quite from her mind, and she found herself saying only: "How—thin you are, Harry! Oh, how thin you are!" Indeed, he was alarmingly thin, and looked worn and ill. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes were like the eyes of a man who has suffered a long illness. They seemed much deeper set than usual, and they burned somberly from their sockets. He was tanned and weather-beaten almost to the color of leather, but under this tan a grayish pallor of ill-breath took the place of the blood's rich stain.

"Only a touch of fever," he said, and the woman thought that his voice went with his altered face, that it was tired and slack. "I had a fairly bad time of it a couple of months ago," he said—"just as we were finishing, luckily, but the sea voyage across from Buenos Ayres set me almost right again. I shall be fit as ever in a few weeks. You are looking amazingly well!" he said, conventionally. "I've never seen you look so well."

Mrs. Buchanan dropped into her chair and began pushing the things about on the tea-table beside her. She might well have broken them, for her eyes were blind.

"Oh, I!" she said, in the same tone of polite conversation, "I'm well. Yes, of course! I'm positively sleek, don't you think so? I'm growing fat and matronly. It's quite ridiculous. You see,



Faring took the crumpled, white paper from the woman's hand and read it

stooped for it at the same instant, and she found herself saying only: "How—thin you are, Harry! Oh, how thin you are!" Indeed, he was alarmingly thin, and looked worn and ill. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes were like the eyes of a man who has suffered a long illness. They seemed much deeper set than usual, and they burned somberly from their sockets. He was tanned and weather-beaten almost to the color of leather, but under this tan a grayish pallor of ill-breath took the place of the blood's rich stain.

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I've had such a quiet, lazy, powerful time of it. Just like a cow at pasture. I might say, if that weren't quite too insulting to my friends. Did you know that Alliance Trevor was here with me? And Stambold is here a great deal, and heaps of others who've taken us under their wings."

"Yes, yes!" he said, looking down between his clasped hands at the pattern of the rug. "Yes, to be sure!"

"Are you going to—stay abroad another year?" he asked, presently, when she did not speak.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I suppose so. There's nothing really to take me back to America. I've so few friends there!"

At that Arabella Crowley is the only one who truly counts. Dear old Aunt Arabella! She writes to me quite regularly once every fortnight and tells me all the scandal. I want to see her, of course, but—there's almost no one else, Aunt," she said, after a moment, looking away, "and no news."

"Yes, I know," said Faring.

Then those blindly groping hands of hers did at last push off one of the things on the tea-table—a silver strainer it was—so that it dropped to the floor. Beatrice

said, "Faring touched it was like an electrical contact between two charged wires. The woman began to tremble and, for a moment, she had not the strength to raise herself."

"Harry, Harry, Harry!" she said, in a shaking whisper. Young Faring drew a swift gasp which was like a sob, and his face went quite white.

What might have come of their sudden loss of control no one can say, for at that moment Alliance Trevor came into the room, and almost immediately after Stambold was announced.

CHAPTER IX

ARABELLA CROWLEY

THE correlation of striking events in the life of any individual is too familiar and too widely recognized to excite amazement. There is some mysterious law by which such events come to us grouped instead of singly, and we all recognize this law and express no criticism upon it.

And this same law, it would seem, must be held responsible for the bringing together of Harry Faring's visit to Paris and its consequent effect upon Mrs. Buchanan—it's setting at naught, at least for the hour, of all her long year of repression and powerlessness, and the coming of a message from far away which, infinitely more than the sight of the man she loved, uprooted her from her new world, and thrust her, trembling, face to face with Fate.

Faring and Stambold had risen to go. They had made their

adieux and had turned towards the door of the salon when a servant entered with a telegram. Mrs. Buchanan said:

"Oh, just a moment! We must arrange about the theatre. May I read this despatch?" She tore open the flimsy envelope, and Allison Trevor said: "Oh, it's not a *petit* bit. The paper is white. It must be a cablegram."

Then Mrs. Buchanan set down. After a moment she said, very low:

"Harry, Harry!" And Faring went quickly across the room to her. But first he said something to Stansford, and the Russian beamed little Miss Trevor out of the room to the iron balcony which ran the length of house outside the long windows. Faring took the crumpled white paper from the woman's slack hand and read it swiftly.

It was a short despatch, and it was signed by Arabella Crowley. It said:

"Body fossil resembling Herbert. Your identification necessary. Will preserve. Can you come New York immediately?"

Mrs. Buchanan sat in her chair, looking badly before her. Her hands picked and pulled at the lace handkerchief in her lap, but her face was absolutely without expression. Faring looked at her and went quickly across the room to a little table whereon stood several small liqueur decanters and glasses. He poured a glass of brandy and brought it back to the woman who sat staring.

"Drink this!" he said. "Drink it at once—all of it!" He spoke sharply in an old well-remembered tone, the tone of the man who directs a situation. He left the woman in her hand and stood for a moment thinking. It was good to see how his lassitude and illness—almost his pallor of cheek—had dropped from him like a cast-off garment.

There was another, larger table in a corner with books and magazines and daily papers. He searched among these, and took up the day's edition of the *Paris Herald*. He turned to the shipping news.

"To-day is Thursday," he said. "Thursday, the sixteenth. Friday! No, nothing fast on Friday. Saturday, September the eighteenth! French and Americans. The *St. Louis* will do it!" He turned back into the room.

"Betty," he said, "the *St. Louis* of the American line sails from Cherbourg on Saturday. That is the day after to-morrow. You must be ready for the special steamer-train which leaves the Gare St. Lazare at nine o'clock in the morning. I will see to the tickets and all that, and Stansford will look after your affairs here. All you must do is be ready with your luggage at half past eight on Saturday morning. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Buchanan nodded slowly. "Yes, yes!" she said. "I understand." But she seemed uneasy in the morning. I will see to the tickets and all that, and Stansford will look after your affairs here. All you must do is be ready with your luggage at half past eight on Saturday morning. Do you understand?"

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When Mark Twain Lectured

By W. H. Merrill

BACK in the early seventies Mark Twain was engaged for a "star" lecture course in a thriving village in western New York. Arriving at the hotel, he was called upon by the secretary of the Lectures Association. After the usual courtesies of greeting, the distinguished lecturer asked:

"What am I billed to give here to-night?"

He was told that the lecture advertised was on "Artemus Ward."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a very face that attested the sincerity of his feeling. "I am so sick of that lecture! It makes me g-g to think of it."

"That is too bad," said the sympathetic secretary who tells the story. "Haven't you got a new lecture in your pocket, or your grip-sack, or somewhere about you?"

A new light came into the twinkling eyes. "I just have," he purred, demurely. "I've got a head-and-neck one that I pretty nearly finished in the car today. It is from my new book, *Roughing It*. But," he added, with the pucker of trouble wrinkling his forehead, "it ain't quite finished yet."

"But you have four hours before the time of the lecture," said the accommodating secretary. "I will stand guard at the door and see that you are not disturbed."

Still moving, Mark replied: "But I'm afraid I don't know it well enough. Suppose I should get stuck?"

"Never fear," was the reassuring response; "I have a dozen good young fellows in the association that I will scatter through the audience, each with a stout pair of boots and a ready hand. If you come to a hitch I will start the applause, and all the fellows will join in till you can find your place or pick up the lost thread of your discourse."

At once Mark brightened. "Will you do it?" he exclaimed. "Will you stand by and help me through?"

"Sure!" was the response; and the caller rose to go.

"Hold on a minute," said the lecturer. "Who is to introduce me to the congregation?"

The secretary modestly replied that the duty and pleasure would fall to his lot in the absence of the president of the association.

"All right," said Mark. "Would you mind, now, just to please

"Wait a moment!" he said, and went back to the *Herald* and its shipping news.

"Lascaris from Liverpool—Saturday," he said to himself. "Yes, better." And again turned to Mrs. Buchanan.

"No, Betty," he said, "I shan't go with you." She cried out at that, but he held up his hand to stop her.

"Wait! Let me explain," said he. "I shall cross the Channel to-morrow, after I've made your arrangements for you, and take the *Lascaris* from Liverpool, which sails on the same day as your ship. I shall probably be in New York at least a few hours before you. It—when you've had time to think it over, you will see that it's better so—better that I shouldn't go with you. You'll understand. Now I want a word with Stansford."

(He went out upon the iron balcony where Stansford and Allison Trevor were waiting and told them very briefly what the message had been and what he meant to do. Miss Trevor said at once that she would return to America with Beatrice, and promised to see to it that they were ready for the steamer-train on Saturday morning. Then Faring and Stansford went away together to make the necessary arrangements and left the two women alone.)

When they had gone Beatrice Buchanan seemed at last in waking from her stupor. The younger woman had dropped down beside her, perhaps upon the arm of her chair, and had drawn the still head against her breast, kissing it and stroking it in the tender way women have, and for a moment Mrs. Buchanan let it rest there. Then she freed herself gently and rose to her feet. She drew a deep breath and was seemingly herself once more.

"There will be a great deal to do, dearest," she said. "We must make our plans. We must, first of all, write to a number of people—to the Earl and to Isabella and—oh, yes, to Lady Sybil. The *Express* were coming over next week, were they not? There are so little time that we probably shall see some of them at all, save possibly Lord Stroppe to-morrow." Her eyes fell upon the thin crumpled paper of the telegram pasted with its narrow, typed strips of message, and she took it again and slowly read it through.

"Oh, lady," she said, at the end, "shall we find 'What's to come of this journey' our favorite?" And then as she stood there beside the table, wide-eyed and thoughtful, suddenly a crimson flush came up over her throat and face and she gave a little cry. It was as if it had only then come into her mind what this journey's end might mean. Indeed, probably would mean—the freedom she had so passionately longed for—freedom and something else.

She laid her two hands over her face, and moved blindly, stumblingly, across the room to one of the windows. And she stepped out on the balcony and stood there for a long time, her hands still over her face.

For a few moments little Allison Trevor watched and waited; then, as the elder woman showed no sign of stirring, she went quietly out of the room to her own chamber. There she locked the door and laid herself upon the white bed, face downward, and began to weep very bitterly.

To be Continued.

me, letting me introduce myself, as Artemus used to do? I'd kinder like to try the experiment."

The secretary gave ready assent, the door was locked, and the author began his work of "polishing up and getting acquainted with" the lecture from *Roughing It* which afterwards delighted thousands of hearers.

The momentous hour of seven arrived. The hall was packed with an intelligent and eager audience, suspenseful for a first night of the famous and favorite lecturer. The door at the back of the platform opened, but instead of the familiar figure of the president of the association, who was the member of Congress from that district, or of the secretary, who was the editor of the village paper, a stranger, with a keen, inquisitive face crowned with a mass of brown curls, encountered in a businessy manner, and surveying the astonished audience in a friendly manner, said, with an inimitable, hesitating drawl:

"Ladies and gentlemen, in the temporary and unavoidable absence of both the president and the secretary of the Lecture Association, I am deputed to introduce the lecturer of the evening. The lecturer of the evening, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, assuming a real orator's pose, "is well known to me. His great historical knowledge is equalled only by his vast and accurate scientific, linguistic, and geographical attainments. He comes of patriotic stock. His ancestors fit into the war of the Revolution. They were at the massacre of Bunker Hill. The ancestors of the lecturer of the evening, ladies and gentlemen," cried Mark, warming to his work, "were not persons to stand fooling around when a massacre was going on. One of them was wounded. He drove a baggage-wagon. He was killed by a man."

By this time the audience had become so excited that some of the men had by some means gained access to the platform, but their disconcerted looks and anxious glances at the door did not disturb the speaker. He started in with another paragraph on "the lecturer of the evening," raising his voice and gestulating earnestly, until all at once something in the way of a man came forward to strike him. Pausing suddenly in a flight of oratory, he walked to the

(Continued on page 269.)

The Man with the Magic Pen

By Charles Frohman

Within two seasons Mr. Frohman has made three productions of Mr. Barrie's play, "Peter Pan." In addition to the one now running at the Empire Theatre, New York, two other productions of the play have been brought out in London. The following article by Mr. Frohman is in response to a request for his opinion as to why a play so purely fanciful has taken such a hold upon both English people and Americans.

I CAN never think of J. M. Barrie merely as a playwright, except to contrast him with some of his contemporaries, Barrie, who has made the intangible palpable, clothed with reality the seemingly unreal, by whose genius cities are gifted with animation, the whole mystic realm of Fairyland given a local habitation and a name, the old as well as the young made boys again for a day, is the dramatist of us all. His distinctive note is humanity. There is rich human blood in everything he writes. He is a satirist whose arrows are never barbed with vitriol, but with the milk of human kindness; a humanist who never forfeits our smiles, but leaves much for our willing imagination; an optimist whose message is as compelling for its reasonableness as it is welcome for its gentleness. To me, it seems almost a miracle that such a man should produce in our day and generation such a work as "Peter Pan."

To us who are city dwellers, living in a world of flats, hotels, and restaurants, Barrie recalls, in the artless eloquence of "Peter Pan," the sweetness and the actual meaning of the word "home." To those mothers who are at times impatient with the burdens of the nursery he gently reminds the world-old maxims of a well-governed family. He suggests, but he never preaches. He hints, but he never reminds us of truths which once we knew well, but which we have allowed our environment to drive from our minds. In the drama, as in every other art, one shall not preach. There are more things accomplished by one persuasive appeal than by a dozen dry sermons.

"Peter Pan." I take it, is a plea under a new guise for the old, homely, incontrovertible truths of life. A man is as old as he feels. The merriest of companions is he who never grows old. Greater than the gathering of riches, than personal advancement, or than the esteem of our friends, as the boy Peter Pan thinks, is the sound mind in the sound body. An access of the imaginative is worth a pound of the practical.

I have been asked to account for the fact that while Barrie's "Peter Pan" has taken upon the affections of its audience here and abroad. The inquiry assumes that the American people are wanting in imagination. The assumption is unwarranted. The very success of such a play as "Peter Pan"—so completely in a class by itself as to defy comparison—proves that there exists in the American people a pound of the imaginative far every pound of the practical.

The shrewd observers of our social conditions point out as our impending peril not alone the menace of money-getting, but the danger of overcivilization and undercultivation, nor the least of the national ills solely towards national ends, but the combination of all these towards the despoiling of our imaginative faculty. Life in the big cities where huge buildings shut off from the child all contemplation of the open sky, and where dull grey streets have replaced green fields, where the lesson of the day is "getting on in the world" rather than being a child and enjoying the dreamworld of pirates, fairies, and hobgoblins—all these are pointed out as tendencies towards early self-consciousness, and the stagnation of the imagination. We are reminded that the whistling boy and the little girl singing her own improvised airs—those wistful little Peter Pans and Flodas of yesterday—are no longer with us. To-day they are lost rather upon among their elders. And it is asserted that with their disappearance will go that imaginative impulse which creates for a nation its great songs and lyrics.

As against these facts we know that men, women, and children have sincerely appreciated "Peter Pan"—a play which appeals to them because they crave of a people possessed of a healthy imagination. At every performance old hearts and old brains live over again the thrills and sensations of romantic youth. Its appeal is universal. There is joy in it for all classes and all ages. It is simply a matter of light attracting light. The pleasure taken by

the audience at "Peter Pan" has come, I think, from the fact that whatever is human and beautiful in thought or feeling in them has been touched by Barrie's humanity. Everybody who has been gripped by the charm of "Peter Pan" has only to thank himself that he has within him that to which the author has successfully appealed. Neither the skill of Miss Adams nor the power and graces of Barrie could have availed but for the responsive hearts and sympathetic feeling of the audience. It has fallen to Barrie to create what, in all my experience, the American stage has only now afforded—namely, an entertainment, creative of pure fancy in the city-bred child, and quickening to the imagination of the little people whose natural Fairyland we grown-ups have possessed—an illusion of a night during which the mother or father and child find abundant delights in common and realize new joys in being complete children.

So much for the message which Barrie brings us in "Peter Pan." On the other hand, his style is so intimately bound up with his personality that it eludes definition. I have often been asked whether Barrie will eventually bring about a new school of the drama. But with him the style is so much the man that while he may have his imitators, as Dickens had his, there can be none but another Barrie than another Dickens. Who but Barrie could express the natural with such definiteness and sweetness as to make it real? The Never, Never, Land has life and beauty beathed into it until we undoubtedly think of it as the Ever, Ever, Land. The incongruities of Peter Pan, Tootles, and his companions, are the counterbalancing of our own youth, and for any imagination but his would be impossible to describe.

I consider the simplicity of the story, for in its very simplicity lies its greatness. Mr. Barrie has not written down to the level of a child's understanding. By a trick of mental metamorphosis he has acquired the beautiful, optimistic vision of the youth who sees life clearly and sees it simply. Barrie's is the mind that will not grow old. He is the philosopher of simple speech come to persuade us that by the youth of the mind lives the youth of the body.

On the night of the first performance in London, where I first brought out the play, when the audience, vigorously called for by the author, the response was made in all seriousness by the child Liza, whom Mr. Barrie chose as his mouthpiece for the telling of this dreamworld in Fairyland. The little girl bowed her acknowledgment, and, with the statement that "her friend Mr. Barrie was not present," thanked the audience for their "cordial reception of her little piece."

It is well to keep Liza in memory for a thorough understanding of the play. She and the boy Peter Pan embody Barrie's great message to us all—that however old we may grow, physically, we must never grow old spiritually. The first outlook upon life is by that mind which neither wears out nor rusts out, but refines its eternal youth.

With a daring fancifulness, and presenting a view of the world through Liza's eyes, we are of a sudden in the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Darling, a human father and another with three quaint children. Mr. Darling is a possible being in this world of secret enchantment, but his wife is somewhat different. To her is given some perception of the fairy world. It is she who, having caught that merry spirit, Peter Pan, in her room one day, shut the window with the other ten children, in his hour in the Never, Never, Land. Away they all fly in the most delightful of adventures. One in the wonderful Never, Never, Land the children and Peter Pan pass through a succession of startling experiences. They encounter red



Miss Maude Adams as "Peter Pan"

Indians and pirates (led by one *Juan Plout*, a most bloodthirsty buccaner), and are fought for in approved story-book fashion. When *Wendy* and the children are carried off by the pirates they are in dreadful straits, but there is always *Peter* to fall back upon, and, as may be expected, he does not fail them. A formidable crocodile and some wonderfully ferocious wolves enter into the scheme, among other things. After the pirates have been overcome and driven overboard, and the children are free, the scene changes to the home of the *Barbings*, where the little wanderers meet the warmest of welcomes.

It would be interesting to know the inner workings of a mind that can snatch from Fairyland its very essence; that, giving free rein to a fanciful pen, can safely mingle reality with phantasy, melodrama with poetry, grotesquerie with idealism. But to analyze "*Peter Pan*" is to pick the petals from the wild rose, thinking thus to know what it is like. To talk to Barrie personally is to arrive at no more definite solution as to why and how he did it all. His is the wisdom that insists that the work must speak for the worker, and not the worker for the work.

On the second page of the manuscript, as Mr. Barrie delivered the play to me, are six notes under the caption: "On the Acting of a Fairy Play." They give us the key to Barrie's idea in writing "*Peter Pan*," and there is nothing comparable to them in the whole range of dramatic literature, except *Rinow's* advice to the players. Exactly as he wrote them, they are as follows:

The difference between a fairy play and a realistic one is that in the former all the characters are really children with a child's outlook on life. This applies to the so-called adults of the story as well as to the young people. Pull the beard off the Fairy King, and you would find the face of a child.

The actors in a fairy play should feel that it is written by a child in earnestness, and that they are children playing it in the same spirit. The scenic artist is another child in league with them.

In England the tendency is always to be too elaborate, to over-act. This is particularly offensive in a fairy piece, where all should be quick and spontaneous and should seem artless.

A great desire of the actor is to "get everything possible out of a line"—to squeeze it dry—to hit the audience a blow with it as



"*Peter Pan*" (Miss Adama) defying the Pirates

Pan sees them when he is sailing across the lake in the thrush's nest. A small part only of the Serpentine is in the garden, for it soon passes beneath a bridge to far away, where the island is on which all the birds are born that become luty boys and girls. No one who is human, except *Peter Pan* (and he is only half human), can land on the island, but you may write what you want (boy or girl, dark or fair) on a piece of paper, and then twist it into the shape of a boat, and slip it into the water, and it reaches *Peter Pan's* island after dark."

Every American city has its Kensington Gardens. Only here in New York we call it Central Park, but it is the playground of just as many *Peter Pans* and "lost boys"—the scene of as many Indian and pirate adventures—as any other spot on earth.

Through Barrie's eyes we see its beauty heightened and deepened—we know its true significance to the growing child—as we might never have known it but for this man's genius.



A Scene from "*Peter Pan*," showing "*Peter*" (Miss Adama), and the "*Barling* Children."

Correspondence

CHINA'S INDEMNITY DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES

November 2005, December 1, 2005

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The *Shen Bao* and *Harbin* are the two Hongkong newspapers that a bill would probably be introduced in Congress this session relieving the Chinese government from payment of some twenty millions of the Boxer indemnity. I deem it my duty to write this letter to you, feeling that its publication in *Harbin* or *Wenwei* will bring to the attention of the Chinese people the views of American writers and publicists that is printed in any other journal. A sojourn of some years in China, an extensive acquaintance among the better class of Chinese, a feeling of friendship for them and their country, and a patriotic desire that such a powerful means for their enlightenment should be put to use. Some of the points I have appreciated prompt this letter. The Chinese people would be benefited by such possible Congressional action almost as much as if you were to give a drunken sailor a handful of greenbacks and turn him loose in the slums. The Chinese government is drenched from top to bottom, while graft permeates the whole system. The Chinese people are ignorant. Some of the points requiring a check or interdependence, it is utterly impossible for any one official to be absolutely square unless those above him in his suit are likewise. Many thousands of the Chinese official class realize the rottenness of their government, but are powerless to do anything. My proposal is this: Do not release the Chinese government from the Boxer indemnity without dealing with the concept and cooperation of the Chinese government, appoint a commission of, say, three Americans, and the Chinese government an advisory council thereto of, say, seven members, composed of two Manchurians, one Mongol, one man from Chihli province, one from Szechuan, one from the provinces of the Hukien provinces, and one man from the Kwangtung provinces, all interest money paid upon this debt to be placed to the credit of the three commissioners, who are to expend same on the creation and maintenance of a public school system in China after the best American model; the Chinese government to allow the three hands of reform to be free to do as they see fit, to be controlled by the commission; in the primary preparation of schools half of the day to be devoted to instruction under American teachers in Western learning, and the other half to study under Chinese teachers in Chinese; the system to be applied by provincial schools in Peking, Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai, Nankai or Szechuan, and in the Chinese provinces; the Chinese government to send to the United States students first in agriculture, and then in their own language, history, and literature, and an Occidental education qualifying them for entrance to American universities; a university be started in Peking to receive those fitted; graduates of the various provincial preparatory and grammar schools to enter American universities or colleges; the Chinese high schools to be maintained by the commission; none of the funds of the commission to be used in assisting any sectarian school; a printing and publishing plant be erected at some central point to publish all school books as necessary, the same to be given to the Chinese government at first, and then to be gradually replaced by graduates of the public school system.

If this scheme be properly conducted on strictly non-sectarian lines, I feel certain that it will receive the sincere support of the Chinese, and that as it grows any deficiency in funds will be freely made up by them. An advantage that would appeal to the Chinese would be that this money is spent largely in China for the country's good. For the establishment of the university at Peking some of our wealthy American citizens could find no surer means of rendering their names revered and honored among our hundred millions of people, and of doing substantial and lasting good to humanity, than to provide the funds, thereby.

1 mm. elev.

THOMAS P. McANAY

UNCLE SAM AND POOR LITTLE GUAM

WILLOWTON, N.H., January 21, 1966.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:
SIR,—I have to criticise the tone of the paragraph in the issue of the WEEKLY for November 18, 1903, in which you refer to "our island of Cinnam" in a trifling way that is very unfair to ourselves, as well as to the people of this beautiful island.

Our Island of Guam stands in the position of a Territory of the Union, whether the ruling powers acknowledge it or not. It is an entirely separate political entity. It is neither a part of California, Hawaii, Samoa, nor of the Philippines. Here is a little colony of 16,000 people which has been under Christian influences for nearly a century and a half. It is the only Territory which was obtained from Spain and admitted as a Territory, and with an area six times as large as Manhattan Island; with a fine harbor, rich soil, mountains, plains and streams, lignite coal, hematite iron ore, lime-stone and clay, building-stones and timber; a climate suitable for coconuts, sugar, coffee, cocoa, rubber, vanilla, and other tropical products; a population of 16,000 people, of whom 10,000 are citizens, and awaiting only recognition by the American Congress and practically forgotten.

It is as if an eagle had swooped down upon a hummingbird and smothered it in its grasp and then forgotten it. I only ask you to read the report of Civil-Engineer Cox, U.S.N., in GUNN, 1905, issued by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and which report has this indorsement from Captain Seaton Schneider, U.S.N., formerly Governor of Gunn, and now Chief Intelligence Officer, Navy Department, Washington:

* Respectfully forwarded to the Navy Department, the Assistant Secretary's Office, approved as to both statements of facts and expression of views, "in which it is shown [see p. 17] that in the seven years which we have held the island we have done very badly for the people in comparison with the Spaniards; their property is confiscated, their money is taken away from them, their currency is not legal, their tariff is illegal; the appeals of each American governor for five years for the most necessary appropriations are ignored, their subsidized line of steamers to Manila discontinued, and the place of a fortnightly service furnished by the United States Navy is taken by a few small, fast, one schooner, for the American army transports will not take freight; the Postoffice Department even forces them to receive an answer from a friend in Manila and San Francisco, as the army transports, which carry the mail, do not stop there on their way to the Philippines. The Navy Department has no disposition to contract for better service."

Could you not at least say something in your paper to help remove the shame that any decent American must feel at the neglect practised by the leaders of Congress on this helpless people?

I 0120, 0160,

C. H. BARNSTON

THE SUMMER SUNDAY

December - January 26, 1968

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Now,—We still are here and these many well-meaning parents enforcing upon children the Puritan Sunday, which is as injurious to health as the raw lugs which the Puritans used as medicine. Save some children's lives by showing parents that the Puritan Sunday is alike repugnant to true religion and to common sense.

The Bible never pretends to be the perfect and the infallible. Says the Bible, "There is no man that is perfect." Then no creed contradicted by the Bible is perfect. In my opinion, the great defect in our creeds is the prohibition of Sunday. There is but one way in which the Bible against playing on Sunday, and it is not specifically forbidden by the creeds. But the creeds were made severe enough to cover it, because they were built by old men with one foot in the grave—nervous invalids upon whom the joys of youth passed, and who were unconsciously influenced by their own love of quiet. Quiet all day Sunday may be good for a few, but is bad for the mass.

The **sour Sunday** turns people against religion. It is one, perhaps chief, among the causes which produce so many sinners that in a so-called Christian country nine-tenths of the people are not Christians.

Millions of those who soon die when stricken by disease or accident would recover if endowed with the vitality they would have had if they had been encouraged to play eight hours every Sunday instead of being repressed. The most fortunate life saver of the season can save but a few lives a year, but a clergyman could annually save hundreds by teaching parents that their children should spend the greater part of Sunday in play.

The thoughtless Sabbathman, at present untrained by societies but the prevention of cruelty to children, destroys the only play-day of those who have to work six days of the week. Even among school-children there are millions who have to work mornings, evenings and nights. New England has no children's day.

Playing on Sunday is now Sabbathbreaking, and it is, and those who would prevent play every Sunday, or compel others to work for them. No one in America goes without fires or warm meals on Sunday. There we don't break the Sabbath with ourselves, hire others to drive carriages and cars, and feed them with meat, bread and polished apparel, and even furnish for them.

The creeds of a higher civilization than ours will brand the doleful Sunday as the long-faced enemy of God and man. They will not permit the weeping child's ball to be taken from him on Sunday, but will encourage him to be as playful as the squirrel that lives in the leaves, and the delusion that bolsters the foam.

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[illegible]

THE MARRIAGE RITE

Christiane Tassone et al.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly,

Sta.—Regarding the sacramental character of the marriage ceremony, your correspondence of January 4 should have gone back rather far, for only more than 500 years to the "first age of the church, but to the apostolic age, when the sacramental character of marriage was first given to the advent of Christianity there were four ages of marriage, and the Romans in which religion had no part, but that was because the influence of earlier beliefs was passing away. In the oldest known marriage, that of Isaac and Rebekah, marriage was a sacred rite, and the priestly character of the marriage ceremony was not lost. In the second age, the Latins and Egyptians whose worship was chiefly fatherhood, and in the third, the Emperor Theodosius in 392 A. D. the Christians, and in the fourth, the institution of sacred marriage was added in the Indo-European religions, and the marriage ceremony was made a sacrament to exist without the other. Let me forget, then, that this is a part of our inheritance from the past, and that we are not to be ashamed of the home and the hearth fire, which even now in its hours of loneliness and loneliness, and in its loneliness, and in its loneliness, the qualities which are the source of the world to-day.

I am, sir,

M. L. 100-100, M. L. 100-100-100

Practical Politics

A PRACTICAL politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roads, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year. As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is keen opposition, so that when this officer became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small place, as other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a great little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Hum," Ezekiel said, slowly, pulling his whisker. "Ver see, that offer only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$900 out to get the office, so I just bought me a little truck farm instead."

Nothing Doing

AN author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great Middle West" with a heart-throb in each, tells of an odd character he met in that region. This odd chap, who afterwards served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's care being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Sometimes the two shared to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook-books must," observed the old fellow, "but I couldn't do nuthin' with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author.

"Why, everything in the book began with, 'First take a clean dish.'"

Her Money's Worth

THE story is told of a young married woman in Philadelphia whose husband is always impressing upon her the importance, especially in written communications, of brevity and coherence. "Always keep to the matter in hand," the husband is fond of saying, with reference to the propensity of his wife to wander from the subject when she writes.

Recently the young wife received from her husband in Chicago, he being on the first trip away from her, a telegram reading: "Are you all right? Answer, Black Hotel, Chicago."

The youthful spouse, realizing that the situation called for an application of those principles of economy and directness of expression so frequently expatiated upon by her husband, was hard put to it for a while. The husband's intended movements were to be such that she could not write him a letter, so it must be a telegram that should answer his question. After a few moments in agitated thought she evolved the following, which exceeding not falling below the ten words she could despatch for twenty-five cents:

"Yes, yes, yes, I am very well, indeed, thank you."

Making Theatres Fire-proof

THE burning of a theatre or other public entertainment is likely to be attended with such loss of life that various municipal building departments aim to safeguard the construction in all possible ways. In order to study the matter more practically a committee of Austrian engineers has recently carried out a number of experiments with a model of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, which some years ago was destroyed by fire. The model was built, on a scale of one to ten, so that

its critical contents was one-thousandth of the actual building, and it was particularly valuable in showing what conditions of ventilation were least conducive to the spread of the flames. The most practical results reached were that it was absolutely necessary to have adequate smoke-vents over the stage, so the air when heated produced such a pressure that the gas-lights would be extinguished. Furthermore, this pressure is produced within an incredibly short space of time, but if once it was relieved the fire could be confined to the stage. The committee therefore recommended how dangerous it was to cover the ventilating shafts or smoke-vents with wire netting, as is required by the New York building law, for the draught is sufficient to carry up charred paper and canvas from the scenery, so that the shafts were completely closed. The provision of suitable and sufficient smoke-vents is the most necessary feature to retard a fire, as this alone can stop the outburst of flame and smoke into the auditorium. Without these safeguards fire-proof curtains and emergency exits will avail little. It was simply shown in the tests with the model, what has been experienced in great theatre fires, that the burning out of the flames in an rapid that escape is practically impossible.

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"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble, that made me very weak and unsteady. Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from those things can be better imagined than described."

"During all this time my husband realized more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop."

"Finally it was decided, a few months ago, to quit the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our last table drink. I had but little idea that it would help me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully, exactly according to directions, and was delighted with its delicious flavor and refreshing qualities."

"Just so soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and I am now fully recovered from all my nervousness, heart trouble, and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Music And The Opera

STRAUSS' "SALOME"

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



ACCORDING to rumor, it is possible that New York may have next winter the opportunity of hearing the most effectively advertised opera that has come into public notice since the production of "Pacifal" at Barenth, a score of years ago. The means, of course, Richard Strauss' "Salome," which was brought out in Dresden a few weeks ago, after having enjoyed the distinction of afflicting the sensibilities of various official guardians of public morality—notably

at Berlin, where it evoked Imperial disapproval. Strauss has held true to his lately developed predilection for unsuitable ambients. Not content, apparently, with his achievement in the "Dionysian" Symphony, in which he devoted his magnificent abilities to music's Symphony, in which he devoted the incidents of a day to a lady's the edifying purpose of depicting the incidents of a day to a lady's life, he has gone to the sufficiently violent extreme of writing music for Herodias and her inspired passion for John the Baptist. Like certain of the modern Italian opera-makers, he has developed, apparently, a flair for brutal and repellent themes. Those who have heard performances of the work in Dresden appear to be agreed upon the opinion that, so far as its dramatic substance is concerned, it is revolting, perverse, and artistically futile. The drama of Wilde inspires to Salome a ruthless and consuming passion for the Prophet; and those portions of the work which depict this motive in its climactic phases seem particularly to have stimulated Strauss' creative sense. One critic, Dr. Filtner, has noted that the music is most vivid, salient, and memorable in those episodes wherein the revolting elements of the play are most conspicuous. "He has written nothing more impressive," says another critic [of the London Times] "than Salome's final soliloquy over the severed head."

In the matter of nudity he has, if one may have a partial judgment upon the plans seen, surpassed himself. "The music," writes one of the German critics, "say that in this scene they themselves often do not know whether they are playing correctly or not. Some of the orchestral sections, for instance, play unconsciously in keys that are half a tone removed from the mode being used at the same time by other groups of the orchestra." It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that Mr. Curjel may bring about a production of this extraordinary work at the Metro politan.

That the Philharmonic Society has been the means of contributing to the current concert year a large part of its most memorable results is a fact which it is a pleasure to recognize. In pursuance of the liberal and enterprising policy which it inaugurated two years ago, the Society has imported this season, for the direction of its concerts, a number of European conductors whose performances have been observed with the sincerest interest. Perhaps it may be said, without invidious discrimination, that the most sympathetic impression have been made by Willem Mengelberg, of Amsterdam, and Wassili Salomeff, of Moscow—the former largely through his brilliant and eloquent reading of Strauss'

"Heldenleben," the latter by his wonderfully poignant exposition of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony. Mr. Salomeff has been, indeed,—as he has been before,—the hero of the Philharmonic season. A conductor of over-mastering emotional force, of compelling sincerity, and exerting a singular suggestion of personality, he has swayed his audiences with a sure and irresistible mastery.

It has been as persistently rumored as it has been officially denied that the Philharmonic Society has in view the engagement of Mr. Salomeff as its permanent conductor. Such a move would seem to come, from what is accurately called "the box-office point of view," a very substantial prospect. There is no doubt of Mr. Salomeff's individual hold upon a large portion of the concert-going public, especially in connection with the music of Tchaikovsky and those other masters whose appeal is of a kindred order. It has been said, with but little extravagance, that if the Philharmonic Society should choose to announce a series of concerts devoted exclusively to performances of the "Pathetic" Symphony under Mr. Salomeff's baton, it could count upon an unflinching popular response. That Mr. Salomeff would prove himself an equally authoritative interpreter of music fundamentally different in impulse and character need not be too positively affirmed. But at least one may say that there is small reason to doubt that whatever programmes the Philharmonic should arrange would receive at his hands a treatment at once dignified, suggestive, and vividly communicative. America does not at present possess its rightful share of the world's stock of greatly gifted conductors—which has yielded to France Mr. Colonne, to England Mr. Henry Wood, to Germany Messrs. Wiegand, Mottl, Niekisch, Mahler, and others of comparable ability. The acquisition of Mr. Salomeff would fill a place long vacant in our musical life.

The following verses, addressed to Salomeff, have been sent in us by Miss Ethel Dagwood Mason, with the request that their tribute be made public:

"Master of music, of men,
And of fate—
Priest who disenchants
To soul and to sense—
Poet with magical
Lure interior
Weathed in mysterious
Flame and with flowers—
Sculptor of shadows
That quicken and pass,
Yet pass as Immortals
Under thy touch—
Soul of a Man, royal,
Simple, and true
Return and abide:
We have need of thy powers.
—
We that are strong,
And yet falter at truth—
We that are young,
And yet die as though old—
We that aspire for light
And seek gold—
We who would love,
And whose love is a blight—
Thou, we entrust,
Know the cost, but alone!
Return and abide,
From this faded shrine
Tame visions and dreams
That call and inspire—
Breathe the chords that arouse
To the light!"



Wassili Salomeff

The sainted Russian conductor who has been heard this season with the Philharmonic Society

Men of To-Day

(Continued from page 191.)

spirit and civilization akin to his ancestral Scythian land, and where the military art of the Fatherland was within easy distance.

His tenure of the Tokio Legation began in sunshine. Rosen was carrying everything before her in the Far East. She had won immense prestige by the Shimomori treaty, which drove Japan out of Southern Manchuria. The Cassini convention had followed, giving Russia the lease of Queen-Tung and the right to build the Eastern Siberian Railroad, with "canceled areas" along its route, which were indisputable from Russian colonies. The part played by Admiral Alexeeff in the bombardment of the Taku forts, and by General Sissoeff and General Linvitch in the fighting around Taku, and the march to Peking had raised Russia's credit and power even higher. There came the reaction: protests against Russia's position in Manchuria; arrest, rapid increase of the Japanese fleet; the alliance between England and Japan.

Though Baron Rosen's long residence in Japan may have opened his eyes and embled him to see clearly the signs of the times, his home government was blind, it was overpersuaded by hopes and illusions, and the long-gathering clouds burst in a storm of war. Baron Komura handed his passports to Baron Rosen, and the great drama which changed the fate of the Asian Pacific began.

The Peace Conference at Portsmouth showed clearly that whatever view Baron Rosen may have taken during the negotiations between Tokio and St. Petersburg before the war, he had held and improved the confidence of his home government in his ability and sound judgment; and his association with M. Witte in that supremely difficult task was of high value. It would seem, not only to the Imperial Russian Government, but to future phases of M. Witte's policy and action.

As to present conditions in Russia, I am unfortunately able to give Baron Rosen's view in his own words: "Impartial history will pronounce judgment on these events, placing responsibilities where they belong. Impartial history will take into account that, in a time of great political upheaval, men's minds are apt to lose their balance, and that in the fever heat of political passions, long confined and at last unloosed, deeds will be done that will some day fill with burning shame the hearts of the very men who committed them. But severe will be the verdict of history on all those who, whether for selfish ends, or blinded by political fanaticism, have been inflaming the passions of the easily deceived, because politically and economically ignorant masses, thereby doing their best to delude the noble endeavors of the sovereign and his government to lead the country peacefully into the path of constitutional liberty based on the reign of law and order."

Discouraging Quest for Capital

One of Pittsburgh's bank presidents is a friend and most unassuming benefactor of ambitious young men. He is sympathetic when listening to cases which merit encouragement, but can not dissuade an interviewer with admirable abruptness.

A youth on one occasion entered the banker's office and jovially announced that he intended going to college. He intimated that a little assistance in the matter of obtaining a scholarship would be a most convenient start with which to start on his career.

"And to what profession do you aspire?" questioned the president, graciously.

"I won't give up," asserted the young man, boldly, "until I am privileged to share after my name the letters D.D., LL.D."

The banker turned in his chair and intimated that the interview was at an end by saying, tersely:

"A capital idea, sir, but one entirely beyond the resources of this bank."

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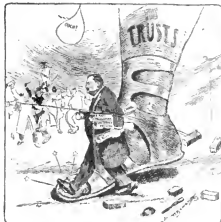
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American Sailor: "You, wasn't that a hum crop Re-patently put up against You?"—Tampa Daily Ledger.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Defects in the Postal System

(Continued from page 196.)

to clamor for an increase of salaries and an enlargement of dignity. They intrigue with congressmen who have influence, and exchange official favors. The chief of division blossoms out into the "superintendent" of a "system," and gets \$1000 added to his annual stipend. Then the other chiefs of divisions rear like hungry lions. Back-bittings and recriminations fill the air; burlesques are planted; cross purposes are installed; the cooperation and harmony so essential to success in the great interlocking postal enterprise are destroyed.

All this for the lack of coherent organization, restraining laws, and strong executive supervision.

It also encourages insubordination and "graft." The division chief, swollen into a superintendent, designed for approval by Senators and Representatives, soon begins to resent the intrusion of his bureau and department supervisors. He punishes surreptitiously in his own branch of the service, and intrenches himself against interference from above. Thus independent, he yields to the ever-present temptation. He accepts a share of the profits on contracts for patented articles, finding secure from observation by the isolation of his enclaves.

Politics, which still retains too much hold on the mail system, is one serious cause of its existence—a continuous source of weakness and peril. Criticism on this point is, however, to a certain extent modified by thankfulness that conditions are not worse. If our greatest railway systems were liable to have their ten or twelve leading officials changed every four years for purely political reasons, by which change new and entirely inexperienced persons were to be brought in, with all the risks incident thereto, it is probable that the decline in the market value of their securities would speedily reflect popular distrust of such methods. That the postal service is now so efficient is unquestionably due to the honest enforcement of civil-service principles among its vast army of subordinate employees and to the exceptionally able, devoted officials who have, in most cases, been evolved through the hazardous processes of political selection during recent years.

Can this good fortune be always relied on to furnish competent department and bureau chiefs? Whether it can or not, it is absolutely certain that to break down the merit system which now governs the selection and tenure of scores of thousands of postal subordinates would bring confusion and chaos.

It is a menacing defect in postal administration that some practicable form of the merit system has not been extended to the 70,000 postmasters of fourth-class offices. Their compensation is small, but their work is important. They should be required to show at least rudimentary clerical fitness for their work, which many of them now lack. And they should have that assurance of stability in office during good conduct which has stimulated efficiency in other lines.

We have thus sketched a few of the defective and dangerous elements of existing post-office conditions.

What are the remedies?

First, a revision of postal laws so as to eradicate much of the crudeness and inconsistency which has arisen from the pernicious habit of "paraphrase legislation" on annual supply bills. This will require an exercise of the highest statesmanship in the legislative branch of the government, aided by the disinterested advice and experience of the best attaining experts. It will never be attempted save in response to a aroused public opinion.

Second, a decentralization of some of the departmental functions, so that the overwhelming multitude of petty details which now delay or prevent the due consideration of more important matters by responsible officials in Washington may be eliminated. More power can safely be entrusted to city postmasters in the matters of local discipline of subordinates, passage upon trivial expenditures, oversight of local transportation and kindred propositions, all of which must now be referred to the department, where they are astutely decided by clerks who



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there had no practical training in real post-office work. And the country should be divided into six or more postal districts, each in charge of a trained superintendent, with general supervisory authority over all postal branches and power to decide many points which now entail delay by reference to Washington.

Third, the budget of more discretion in the postmaster-general as to minor features now tied down by extraordinary and injurious legislative restrictions.

Fourth, and perhaps most important, the creation of a permanent Board of Actuaries in the Post-office Department, with salaries sufficient to command and retain the best talent, to constitute a tribunal advisory to the head of the department in all matters relating to important purchases and contracts; to all proposed innovations and improvements; in any branch of the service; to all friction and conflicts between different bureaus and divisions—with a view to preventing harmony of purpose and stimulating the highest degree of efficiency.

Quaint Customs of the House of Commons

(Continued from page 189.)

silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediately arose and gravely said: "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it. This witty remark upon the dignity of the House, and the Speaker called 'Order, Order,' amidst roars of laughter.

Gladstone Out of Order

It is a curious custom that in Parliament members can wear their hats when they are seated on the benches, but when they rise from their seats, whether to address the House or to walk across the Chamber, they must uncover. A new member usually gets somewhat mixed up regarding this unusual custom, and he is frequently greeted with shouts of "Hat, hat." Mr. Gladstone never brought his hat into the House. But there are certain occasions when a member is obliged to put a question of order to the Chair seated with his hat on. One evening Mr. Gladstone had to address the Chair, and fearful of the rule rose in his seat instead of remaining seated with his hat on. A loud shout of "Order, Order," from all parts of the House forced him to his seat, and he was obliged to put on his head the hat of one of his lieutenants. The Grand Old Man's head was of abnormal size, and the comical effect of the hat drew forth loud laughter.

Forty members constitute a quorum. But the meetings of the House proceed uninterrupted even although there is but one member present. The Speaker himself cannot take notice of the absence of a quorum. When a member draws attention to the fact, an electric bell is rung, and the members rush in from the dining room, the smokers, and the lobbies, and then the House is counted. If there are less than forty, the Speaker leaves the chair in silence, and the sitting ceases to an end.

Ejecting a Future King

As every American visitor to the House of Commons knows strangers are only admitted on introduction in the "Strangers' Gallery." Women sit behind, perfumed with the odor of the nuptial end of the House from the men. If attention is drawn to the fact that "strangers are seated," the galleries must be cleared. In 1873 this unfortunate power was slightly modified, and now a resolution of the House to receive strangers is necessary. The occasion of the change was when the Prince of Wales (the present king) was present in the Strangers' Gallery, occupying a seat in the Peers' section of it. Mr. Joseph Stansfeld, the well-known Irish member, to the unpopularity as well as to the prominence of a crowded House, informed the Speaker that he "seated strangers." The strangers were immediately removed, including the future king of England.



PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVEY



THE
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~ WEDDING ~

FEBRUARY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. L

New York, Saturday, February 17, 1906

No. 995

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L.

No 2565

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COMMENT

MANKIND, in the large sense that includes womankind, is very much interested in the marriage of the President's daughter, which takes place at the White House this week. Even if there were no newspapers, and the news of the wedding had to get about by word of mouth, it would still excite interest, because to be interested in weddings is the habit of man. In all stages of civilization and also in the savage state it is customary to make as much fuss over weddings as is convenient, and to make a particularly large demonstration over weddings in high life. The higher the life the greater the stir—that is the rule of the world, and that the stir over Miss Roosevelt's wedding should be exceedingly penetrating merely accords with that rule. From Washington as the centre of disturbance the waves of it go out over the country, losing but little of their force until they reach the Pacific. The oceans check them a little, but they travel on, sweeping easterly and westerly in perceptible undulations until they meet somewhere in western Asia. Perhaps the President would prefer that they did not reach so far, but there is nothing for a President to do when his daughter is married except to take things as they come, including all the jeweller's boxes, and all the international offerings, and let the world have things a good deal its own way. We hope that, once the President's daughter is married, our enterprising press will not deny to her husband and herself that reasonable measure of neglect which even an Ohio Congressman is entitled to claim for himself and his bride. The woods at this season are inhospitable, and our young friends should not be compelled to take to them to escape the attention of the curious. Reporters ought not to dog them; snap-shooters ought not to persecute them; crowds ought not to gawk at them. The politest way to treat young married people is to abandon them to their fate. We hope this much civility will be shown to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth.

The resolution adopted on February 3 in a caucus of Democratic Senators to the effect that every Democratic Senator must vote against a ratification of the pending treaty with Santo Domingo has raised the interesting question whether such a resolution does not violate the spirit and intent of the Constitution. The section dealing with the subject provides that the President shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. That is to say, the Constitution gives the power of defining a treaty to one-third of the Senators present, plus one. The aim of the resolution passed in the Democratic caucus is to give the defeating power to a much smaller fraction. In fact, the drastic part of the resolution was carried by a vote of ten to four. It appears, then, that ten Senators arrogate to themselves the power of defeating a treaty, although more than the requisite

two-thirds of the Senate may be known to favor it. How can a conscientious Senator submit his private judgment to caucus action? How can he reconcile such an act with his oath of office? Is not his duty to the nation paramount to his duty to party? If he honestly believes that, from the viewpoint of the nation's welfare, a given treaty should be ratified, he ought to vote for it, and he cannot shift responsibility for failing to perform his duty upon a fraction of his colleagues because they have managed to control a party caucus. Of course this question has been mooted many a time during the hundred and ten years since the Jay treaty narrowly escaped defeat. Over and over again the caucus has failed to control some individual Senators, who have held that the national interests required the ratification of a treaty or the passage of a bill. It looks as if similar independence would be exhibited now, not only by Senator PATTERSON, of Colorado, and Senator CLARK, of Arkansas, but also by Senator McENARY, of Louisiana, and Senator TALAMON, of Florida. Their four votes, added to the full Republican strength, would just suffice to make up the fifty-nine votes required. We say fifty-nine, because one of the seats belonging to Delaware is unoccupied, and because Senator BURTON, of Kansas, is not expected to vote or to be paired. It is thought possible that, in addition to the four Senators named, two or three of their Democratic colleagues, who disapprove of the caucus resolution, may be found absent from the Senate-chamber when the voting takes place. In that event, of course, a smaller number than fifty-nine could ratify the treaty.

During the week ending February 3, conflicting reports came from Washington concerning the President's attitude toward the Hepburn bill. On the one hand, we were told that he had threatened the Senate with an extra session in the event of its failing to pass that measure. With equal positiveness we were informed that he was inclined to concur with the Senatorial opponents of the bill in thinking that a railway rate, fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, ought to be suspended pending an appeal to the courts. Three seemed to be as much authority for one report as for the other. Senator DOLLIVER, of Iowa, who has introduced in the Senate a bill corresponding to that brought forward by Mr. Hepburn in the House, has since denied earnestly that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been impressed with the argument imputed to Senator CRANE, of Massachusetts, that to make the commission's rate operative before it had been upheld by the courts might split the Republican party. Mr. JOHN S. WILLIAMS, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House, also refused to credit the alleged change of mind on the part of the President. He pointed out that Mr. ROOSEVELT had achieved a reputation for marching up a hill, but that there was no record of his marching down. He declared that the President could not, without dishonor, abandon an essential feature of the proposed rate-making legislation after all he has said and done, and after the Democrats, relying upon his steadfastness, have helped to report a bill expressing what were supposed to be his views. At the same time, Mr. WILLIAMS must know that the Hepburn bill's chance of passing the Senate without amendment is small. The fate of other administration measures—the Statehood bill, for instance—also remains uncertain, although Senator BAKERMAN is making a sturdy fight for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as one State.

It is well known that Mr. L. FAULETTE, of Wisconsin, was chosen a United States Senator at a time when he was holding the office of Governor. Mr. DAVID R. HILL, of New York, was sent to the Senate under similar circumstances. It is understood that Governor STOKES, of New Jersey, desires to follow their example, and to take that one of New Jersey's seats in the United States Senate which is now occupied by Mr. JOHN F. DUNN. In that event he would be elected Senator in January, 1907, and would take his seat on March 4 of that year, although his term as Governor does not expire until January, 1908. There is some doubt as to whether such a proceeding is authorized by the State Constitution of New Jersey, which provides that a Governor shall not be elected by the Legislature to any office under the government of the State of New Jersey or of the United States during the term for which he shall have been elected. The right of LYMAN THURMAN, of Illinois, and of CHARLES J. FAULKNER, of West Virginia, to take the seats in the Senate

to which they were chosen was challenged on the ground that they were occupying in their respective States judicial offices at the time of their election, and that their State Constitutions forbade them to be elected to any other office during the term for which they had been placed upon the bench. Both THOMAS and FULANER, however, were allowed by the Senate to take their seats on the ground that no State can prescribe any qualifications for the office of United States Senator in addition to those declared in the Constitution of the United States. We assume, then, that if the New Jersey Legislature shall see fit to elect Governor STOKES a Senator, he will be allowed to take his seat. There will also be a change in Alabama's representation in the Senate if the younger Democratic politicians of that State have their way. They have passed a law providing for the nomination of United States Senators at primaries to be held next August. A number of candidates have already entered the field against Senator MONROE, who is nearly eighty-two, and against his colleague, Senator PETTIS, who will soon be eighty-five. Notwithstanding their advanced age, both Senators are vigorous, and have recently delivered some remarkable speeches. Should Senator PETTIS be elected, and should he live out the term ending on March 3, 1915, he would then be almost ninety-four years old, but he would still be seven years younger than Senator DAVID WARR, of the Dominion Parliament, who died at the age of one hundred and one.

Attorney-General MOORE was in Chicago on February 4, and declared in an interview that Commissioner GARFIELD never gave the Department of Justice any evidence against the meat-packers. He says the commissioner told them he would not, and he is a man of his word. Attorney-General MOORE was also at much pains to dispel the current notion that there has been or is any friction between the Department of Justice and Commissioner GARFIELD, or that the department has any intention of making Mr. GARFIELD a respondent. Mr. MOORE is, at the same time, convinced that if the packers shall obtain immunity in consequence of the unsworn testimony that they gave Commissioner GARFIELD, it will be impossible for the government to proceed against any of the railroads of the country on rate cases, or other violations of the Interstate Commerce Act, because most of such proceedings have been taken after evidence had been obtained in a similar manner. Under the circumstances, it will be surprising if the Attorney-General does not return to Chicago to make the final argument before the case against the packers goes to Federal Judge HENRICKS.

There seems to be no longer any hope of averting the application, on March 1, of the maximum duties provided by the German tariff to imports from the United States. It has thus far proved impracticable to make, by Executive order, any changes in our customs regulations which would be accepted by the Berlin government as an equivalent for the desired concession of minimum duties. It is understood that our State Department was willing to agree that, as a basis for valuing imports from Germany, we would take, not the domestic consumption price in that country, but the export price, which is considerably lower. To this concession our Treasury Department is believed to have refused assent, on the ground that it could not be confined to Germany, and that, by its sweeping application, our customs revenue would be materially depleted. Assuming, then, that, after March 1, our exports to Germany will have to pay the maximum duties, we may well ask ourselves just what difference it will make. It is rather our prospective than our actual commerce with Germany that will be seriously affected. We shall not be able to increase our exports of manufactured goods to Germany, but these are relatively inconsiderable. Our total exports to Germany in 1904 were valued at about \$236,000,000, but to this sum nearly \$144,000,000 was contributed by raw materials, and by certain food-products which are, and, unless we retaliate, will remain on the German free list. The dutiable products, including cereals, lard, meat, and dried fruit, such raw materials as petroleum, lumber, and tobacco, were valued at rather less than \$92,000,000 put together. A considerable fraction of the dutiable raw materials and dutiable food-products will, in any event, have to be taken by Germany, so that the possible curtailment of our exports is still further reduced. It should be borne in mind, however, that

if we should undertake to retaliate against Germany by imposing twenty-five per cent. above the DINGLEY rates on goods coming from that country, the Berlin government would be authorized, under its tariff, to levy on American goods, which now figure on the free list, duties up to the amount of fifty per cent. *ad valorem*. It is just as well that Congress should remember that Germany holds this weapon in reserve, although, so far as the raw materials now on the free list are concerned, German manufacturers would, of course, protest vehemently against the use of it. On the whole, a review of the situation may lead to the conclusion that it is better to submit to the imposition of maximum duties on a fraction of our exports to Germany than provoke a suppression of the free list.

The Canal Commission has reported in favor of an 85-foot-level lock canal, instead of the sea-level canal recommended by the board of consulting engineers. There is reason to believe that the commission's report will be endorsed by both Secretary TART and by President ROOSEVELT. It is possible, however, that the artificial waterway will be constructed not by the commission, but by contract. It is certain that if the work of excavation had been entrusted to contractors, a decision as to the type of canal would have been reached long ago, and an immense amount of "dirt" would have been "dug." As it is, we have expended nearly twenty million dollars, and have little or nothing to show for it in the way of excavation, although undoubtedly the sanitary conditions of the isthmus have been slightly improved. That is demonstrated by the relatively low sick-rate among the whites, and by the fact that at present there is not a single case of yellow fever in the canal strip. It seems that there are now some 17,500 laborers in the canal zone, and that quarters have been prepared for 7000 more. No further attempt is to be made to secure a supply of labor from Jamaica, because the laws of that colony require a head-tax to be paid to the colonial government for every laborer exported, and the employer would have to pay for his transportation to and from the isthmus. The commission's intention is hereafter to procure workmen from Colombia, Cuba, Barbadoes, and Martinique. Should, however, the canal be built by contract, the contractors may insist upon being permitted to employ Chinese. It seems that \$20,000,000 more will be immediately needed in the course of some weeks, by which time the recent appropriation of \$11,000,000 will have been exhausted. That will make \$41,000,000 spent, or to be spent, in preparatory work.

Although, according to the latest reports from St. Petersburg, Count WITTE seems to have suffered some temporary loss of influence at Tsarskoe-Selo, the reactionists having for the moment realized the sovereign's ear, it is probable that he will not be dismissed from office until the National Assembly shall have met, and until the large loan of money required by Russia shall have been procured from France. European bankers, who do not forget what he accomplished as Minister of Finance, when he immensely increased Russia's revenue, have more confidence in Count WITTE than in any other of his countrymen. The budget for 1906 shows that Russia will need to borrow this year \$250,000,000 in order to make both ends meet, and that the additional expenditure imposed in 1907 by the completion of the evacuation of Manchuria will amount to many scores of millions. It is therefore about \$400,000,000 that Count WITTE has undertaken to borrow in France, and we are told that the French bankers have agreed to furnish the money on certain conditions—to wit, that the National Assembly shall meet promptly, and shall agree to recognize all former loans, as well as the new loan now requested. If Count WITTE remains Prime Minister, the conditions will in all likelihood be satisfied, and the money will be forthcoming. In any other event Russia will be threatened with bankruptcy.

Among the measures which are expected to be urged upon the National Assembly is the requirement by purchase of tracts of land valued in the aggregate at \$150,000,000, which are to be distributed among the peasants. As we have formerly pointed out, many of the allotments, made more than forty years ago at the time of the abolition

of serfdom, were too small, and even where they sufficed at first, they are no longer adequate to the support of the increased population. The date of the elections for the National Assembly has not yet been fixed, but it is settled that the method of choosing delegates to the State Duma will be indirect. The primary voters will designate a certain number of secondary electors. The latter, in their turn, will name a still smaller number of tertiary electors by whom the delegates will be chosen. This is an even more circuitous mode of expressing the popular will than is followed in Prussia, where the members of the Chamber of Deputies are selected by the secondary electors. It matters not much, however, how the first National Assembly is constituted. It will undoubtedly demand, and probably will be allowed to exercise, the right of remodelling the fundamental electoral law. That is what the French States-General did in 1789, although that body was even less representative of the mass of the people than will be the State Duma.

As we go to press, the Algeiras Conference has arrived at a harmonious settlement of certain minor questions; but an agreement between France and Germany on the crucial point,—to wit, the control of the semimilitary police to which it is to be entrusted the maintenance of order in the interior of Morocco,—seems still remote, if not improbable. France, on her part, desires to organize and direct the force that would be employed for the purpose, while Germany would prefer to place it under the supervision of some disinterested third power, or of an international board. A perfunctory suggestion has been made that the function should be delegated to Italy, but the suggestion was evidently unwelcome to the Italian representative, the Marquis VISCOTTI-VENOSTA, who made it clear that he would like to further the wishes of France, in consideration of the promise that his own country shall have a free hand in Tripoli. On its face, the international control advocated by Germany seems equitable, and, for this reason, it is expected to have the support of the United States. That a majority of votes can be secured for it, however, is not, at present, believed, and for this reason it seems not improbable that the conference will prove abortive. France would rather leave the Sultan to maintain internal order in Morocco as best he can, than see the task relegated to an international force. Even should the conference prove entirely futile, there is no longer any apprehension that the relations between France and Germany would become strained. Emperor WILLIAM will be satisfied with having taught the French government a lesson, which M. DELCASSÉ seemed to avoid,—the lesson,—namely, that the future of Morocco cannot be settled without Germany's consent.

It looks as if the Unionist party in the new House of Commons might be split into factions if ex-Premier BALFOUR persists in refusing to adopt Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S tariff programme. The two statesmen had a conference on Friday, February 2, but it came to nothing. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is understood to have declined, on the score of age, to act as leader of the Opposition, and to have suggested that another tariff reformer, Mr. WALTER H. H. LONG, formerly President of the Local Government Board, should undertake the function of ostensible leadership. To this arrangement also Mr. BALFOUR is said to be unwilling to consent. Almost all the Unionist newspapers seem to be on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S side, and there is little doubt that, as against Mr. BALFOUR, he could control the Conservative as well as the Liberal-Unionist Association. Mr. BALFOUR is to stand properly for one of the seats belonging to the City of London proper, which was carried at the recent election with an overwhelming majority by Mr. A. G. H. CHURCH, but which, out of deference to the ex-Premier, he has resigned. There is no doubt that Mr. BALFOUR can beat his Liberal competitor, provided he can rely on the support of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S friends. But suppose they should decide to oppose him, as they did the Conservative free-trader Lord HILTON CROMBIE. In that event Mr. BALFOUR might be subjected to the humiliation of exclusion from the House of Commons, and he would have to take refuge in the House of Lords. Much interest is felt in Britain concerning the course which Lord CROMBIE is likely to pursue. He is, of course, eligible to the House of Commons, because, like Lord PALMERSTON, he is an Irish peer.

In the *Sun* of February 4 was "A Last Word" from Dr. GEDDOW SMITH, about the present state of religious belief as he observes it. It is one of many letters from Dr. SMITH on that subject, and in spite of its title we cannot believe it is the last one, because the subject is just as good and just as interesting as it was when he began expounding it. He is sure to have plenty more to say about it, and we guess he will go on saying. In this latest letter from him occurs this passage:

In the ministries of the different churches are a number of men, dedicated to a spiritual calling, whose character and learning, if they were free, might be very helpful. But they are in bondage to tests under which many of them wriggle, treating in shifts of interpretation whereby they do more harm than good. It is surely the interest of all who desire the truth that clerical thought and speech should be set free.

This suggestion accords with a sentiment that grows more and more prevalent in all the churches, and of the existence of which in the Protestant Episcopal Church there has recently transpired an interesting bit of evidence. Last May, in England, seventeen hundred Church of England clergymen put their names to a document which sets forth that observing the present unsettled state of religious opinion, which, for the clergy especially, connects itself with the study of the New Testament, and observing also a tendency to treat the full discussion of any questions arising from such study as inadmissible for the Church of England, and to commit its clergy as a body to non-critical views of the New Testament Scriptures, the signers record their desire "that, as many of the clergy have already, with advantage to Christian faith and with a general assent on the part of their rulers, welcomed important results of a patient, reverent, and progressive criticism of the Old Testament, so the clergy, as Christian teachers, may now receive authoritative encouragement to face the critical problems of the New Testament with entire candor, reverence for God and His truth, and loyalty to the Church of Christ." The document has five paragraphs, all interesting, but the gist and practical significance of it is in the one quoted. This communication after receiving, as said, 1700 signatures of clergymen in England, has been brought to this country and circulated among the Episcopal clergy and laity. Among about seventy persons who have already signed it and whose names have been published, are such eminent laymen of this city as R. F. CUTTIS, E. H. CROSBY, BRAMM MATTHEWS, SEYMOUR LOW, G. F. PRAYNOR, E. P. WHEELER, E. M. SHEPARD, GEORGE H. SCHUMER, and SEYMOUR THAYER. Four or five New York clergymen have signed, and thirty or forty other clergymen—a most interesting list from all over the country. We take it that the gathering of signatures has only begun, and that the list of signers will presently be long and significant enough to carry much weight.

A chief incentive to the movement in England was (as expressed in the letter) the "few lost the door of ordination should be closed to men who patiently and reverently apply historical methods to the gospel records, and so an increasing number of men both spiritually and intellectually qualified should be lost to the high office of the ministry." It will hardly be questioned that many able men who would be naturally inclined to enter the Protestant ministry are kept out of it nowadays by the fear that, once ordained and settled in the ministry, they will not be free to think the thoughts and offer the conclusions that are suggested by contemporary scholarship. They are not willing to enter what for them might prove a jagged profession. It can hardly be hoped that the Protestant ministry will regain its vigor while this fear prevails. In time, creeds will adjust themselves so as to be in harmony with accepted knowledge. Meanwhile it goes hard with clergymen who are constrained to accept knowledge which is inharmonious with parts of the creeds to which they have subscribed.

It is to be noticed, however, that clergymen differ very much in the degree in which they are bothered by the new knowledge, so called, and its apparent conflict with parts of the existing creeds. It is not so much that some of them appreciate more than others the importance of the new knowledge and the new methods of criticism, so that individuals have different points of view. One says, "I see errors, and I must declare them." Another says, "I see errors, but they do not

affect my faith in the essential truth of the religion to which I am devoted. They will be righted in time. Meanwhile my work cannot wait, and I must do it." Still another says, "I hear of errors, but I do not believe what I hear." So noble and conscientious men leave his ministry or invite a trial for heresy, and another goes on with his ministry with a spirit very little disturbed. And meanwhile a vast deal of church work is done, and well done, as got notice last week when the retirement of Parson RAYMOND from the rectorship of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York was announced. When Dr. RAYMOND took charge of St. George's, in 1883, it was a flourishing church that seemed about to collapse. When the breakdown of his health in 1905 compelled him to leave it, it had 7000 members, and with its extraordinary system of parochial enterprises was one of the strongest and most notable and admirable churches in the country. There are at least two other Episcopal churches in New York whose progress and development have kept pace with St. George's, besides many others of that and other Protestant denominations that are active and prosperous, and this in spite of the disturbance of many minds in the effort to reconcile new knowledge with ancient tests of faith. In the end the tests will have to square with what contemporary piety and learning accepts as true. The slow process of adjusting tests to faith is now going on, and when it is accomplished there will be better times for young ministers, and probably more desirable young ministers will offer. Meanwhile, as Dr. SMITH says, it is to the interest of all who desire the truth that clerical thought and speech should be free.

Is Boston really, though not officially, the second city in the United States with regard to population? The question is answered in the affirmative by the *Boston Globe*, and the corroborative statistics furnished are certainly impressive. The *Globe* begins by propounding the principle, which seems reasonable enough, that the numerical importance of an urban nucleus is to be measured by the number of people residing in an area the radius of which is fifty miles from the hub of the wheel, a distance which can be traversed in about an hour. If this test of numerical importance be accepted, Boston undoubtedly ranks next to New York, which metropolis, however, it can never overtake, because within fifty miles west of the City Hall there are upwards of a million citizens in New Jersey. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that the suburban district surrounding Boston is more densely populated than is that which environs Chicago or Philadelphia. A fifty-mile circle drawn around the Boston State House would include not only Boston proper, but three other cities containing over 100,000 inhabitants each; ten cities containing more than 50,000 apiece; 25 comprising more than 25,000; 46 including more than 10,000; and 92 more than 5000 each. The total population encompassed within such a circle would be 3,080,159. Were the boundaries of Philadelphia thus expanded, there would be included four cities with more than 50,000 population each, 9 with 25,000, 17 with 10,000, and 44 with 5000. The aggregate population would be 2,707,644. Within a fifty-mile circuit of Chicago's City Hall, on the other hand, the population does not exceed 2,688,415, or, in other words, is considerably smaller than that of a similar area circumscribing Philadelphia. There is but little doubt that, comparatively, the whole population of eastern Massachusetts comprised within the fifty-mile radius will be incorporated with the city of Boston.

As the decades pass, however, Boston is sure to be left more and more behind by New York. The Borough of Richmond alone can accommodate millions of inhabitants more than the Borough of Manhattan, and there is no visible end to the growth of the Borough of Brooklyn, of Queens, and of the Bronx. Besides, it is only a question of time when the American metropolis will expand northward and westward. Westward expansion is legally impossible, but usually, socially, and economically a vast area in New Jersey contained within a fifty-mile radius will be incorporated with the city of New York. It seems to be as certain as anything prospective can be that by 1950 the City Hall of New York will be the centre of a larger urban population than the Tower of London. The whole of the region, however, really tributary to the Borough of Manhattan is nobody ever to be controlled by a single municipal government, because the State of New Jersey

will never consent to cede its most populous and opulent section to the Empire commonwealth. We may soon witness, nevertheless, a Greater Jersey City, which shall include not only Hoboken and Bayonne, but Paterson, Newark, and Elizabeth.

Young Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S Bible class is one of the most interesting institutions in the country. We are always glad when its leader seems to us to expound sound moral doctrine; always sorry when any detail of his views seems to lack validity. The papers reported that on February 4 he talked about temptation, using JOSHUA as an example of successful resistance to it. He counselled his hearers to avoid temptation. One paper quotes him as saying: "For my part, I believe that the ordinary every-day temptations that beset us are enough." So they are; enough and plenty. But did he quote, with sympathy, as another paper reports, the confession of a fallen youth who said his downward career began "when he drank his first glass of beer"? We should class glasses of beer among the ordinary every-day temptations that beset us, and which are rather to be dealt with with discretion than fearfully shunned. A lad whose first glass of beer sends him sliding towards Gehenna isn't sound stuff. The fall of such a one does not illustrate the dangers of temptation, but the dangers of ignorance and of a shielded inexperience. Don't teach a boy that beer is a deadly and wicked beverage which all good people should avoid. Teach him that beer is beer, and it behooves him to look sharp how he feeds on much with it. Without temptations there can hardly be manhood or character, but the ordinary temptations are enough. To avoid, as far as possible, the dangerous ones, to deal warily with the common ones, and to kick the mean ones out of the road—is not that, or something like it, the right way? Shield children from all possible evil; but as for men—what comfort is it possible to take with men who have to live cased in cotton-wool?

In last week's issue of this paper there was a letter inspired by a trifling editorial allusion to Guam, in which the writer set forth details of the ill case of that small and distant possession of our large and propinquacious country. He said we had neglected Guam; and he quoted the report of Civil-Engineer Cox, approved and published by the Navy Department, to the effect that in the seven years of our control of little Guam we had done much worse by it than Spain did. This report says that Guam's schools have been entirely closed for years, its laws are in chaos, its currency is not legal, its tariff is illegal, the appeals of its American governor are annually ignored, its steamer line to Manila has been discontinued, the transports that touch at it won't take freight, so that its trade depends upon haphazard schooners, and its letters from Manila have to come by way of San Francisco because the transports don't stop at Guam on their way back. This is a disgusting showing. We are sorry for Guam. Indeed, we are sorry for any speck in the sea, large or small, that depends for the common comforts of government on the attention of the American Congress.

There the carriage was dismissed, and a little later Miss ROBERTS, with Mrs. GORDON and the Misses MITCHELL, started to walk up Fifth Avenue to Mrs. Gordon's home. On their way up-town they were so much amused by men with cameras that Miss ROBERTS stopped and asked them to give up taking pictures of her. No attention was paid to her request.—*The Sun*, January 21.

One may not speak in the street to a lady whom one does not know, but it seems to be lawful to snap a camera at her. Is not that the more injurious impertinence of the two? The rights of the law-abiding citizen as against the snap-shooter seem in need of definition and adjustment. It is obvious that men with cameras who snap-shot ladies on the street against their will and even in spite of remonstrance should be promptly arrested. So much will hardly be disputed, but how much further should the protection of the most defenceless be carried? When the snap-shooter is a nuisance he is a nuisance that requires immediate abatement if he is to be abated at all. Would it be right to make a law classifying snap-shooters with moonshiners, as creatures that policemen must, and any citizen may, smash with the consent of the State the instant they begin to be annoying?

Trust Companies, and the Demand for Cash Reserves

It is a question of great importance not only to the City and State of New York, but to the American community at large, which is examined in the February number of the *North American Review* by a well-known financier, Mr. THOMAS W. YUTEN, who was for a number of years President of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, and who organized the Trust Companies Association of the State of New York, of which association he was the first President. The question is, Should trust companies, like banks, be required by law to maintain a definite "cash reserve," by which is meant an emergency fund, held in vault, independent and unavailable, except to meet unexpected demands by depositors upon an institution's resources? Unquestionably, trust companies, like banks and savings-banks, are financial institutions. Does it follow that the same methods of control and regulation should be applied indiscriminately to them all? It is certain that nobody would think of applying to savings-banks the rules for the conduct of business required of, or voluntarily adopted by, trust companies. Mr. YUTEN undertakes to prove that the distinctions between savings-banks and trust companies are not a whit more marked than those which exist between trust companies and banks.

Mr. YUTEN begins by asking: Where comes the demand that, as regards a "cash reserve," trust companies should be put upon the same footing as banks? Have their depositors complained? Does their record justify the demand, or does it, on the contrary, indicate that no additional protection to depositors is needed? Mr. YUTEN submits that the enormous increase of trust companies and trust deposits within the last few years amounts to an emphatic vote of public confidence such as has been rarely, if ever, paralleled in the financial history of the country. In the State of New York ten years ago there were but thirty-eight trust companies, with an aggregate capitalization of \$20,000,000, and with aggregate deposits of \$307,000,000. To-day there are eighty-one trust companies, with a collective capital of \$63,000,000, and with total deposits of \$1,137,000,000; the increase of deposits in ten years having been \$830,000,000, or approximately 270 per cent. In the City of New York alone the increase in deposits of trust companies during the decade has been nearly 247 per cent., as compared with a contemporaneous increase in the deposits of national banks within the same metropolis of only 136 per cent. Evidently, though they are not subjected to any legal restriction as to cash reserves, the trust companies are quite as solidly established in public confidence as are the national banks, for which reserves are compulsory.

This is a striking, but not the only, proof, that the agitation for the maintenance of cash reserves by trust companies is unwarranted and fictitious. If, in the methods of conducting the business of trust companies, there were any radical unsoundness, it is certain that, during a period extending over one-third of a century, and covering more than one financial crisis, the unsoundness would have received practical demonstration. One would say that many failures and disasters must have occurred. As a matter of fact, the record of the trust companies of New York shows that for a third of a century, during which they have handled millions upon millions of dollars, not a dollar has been lost by depositors. From 1871 to December 31, 1903, out of more than a hundred trust companies incorporated in the State of New York, only two have failed, and each of these paid every depositor every dollar of his deposits. In the same interval of time there were in the State of New York no fewer than seventy failures of national and State banks, involving losses of millions of dollars to depositors. These contrasting records do not indicate that trust companies afford less security to depositors than is afforded by banks, and that, consequently, additional legislation is needed to increase the safeguards.

Not yet have we discovered any ground for the demand that trust companies should be compelled by law to maintain a fixed cash reserve. Yet, obviously, there must be some motive for the demand. Mr. YUTEN suggests that we may find it in the fact that the banks have been forced by the competition of the trust companies to pay interest on deposits. We are reminded that, previously to the great growth of trust companies, the payment of such interest upon accounts was a lost unknown. The trust banks practically conferred power on the Interstate Commerce Commission to initiate rates, for it fails to report Section 13 of the old Interstate Commerce Act. Moreover, if a rate fixed by the commission is to become forthwith operative, and to remain so until pronounced unreasonable by a court, the function of initiative is unquestionably exercised. The Hepburn bill tends to provide, as its framers were twice recommended by the President to provide, for an immediate review of a rate-making order by a court. In the third place, it puts into the hands of seven men the power to determine whether or not they shall eliminate the preferential rate due to advantage of facilities intermedial with which preferential rate is the interest of every business between the 22d

stand the popularity of trust companies, and the dissatisfaction which an attempt to transmute their existing efficiency by legislation would provoke. That this dissatisfaction would find a potent talismanic value is evident when we consider that the trust company depositors in the State of New York now number 250,000, representing the productive element of one-eighth of the whole population of the State.

It is well known that in February, 1903, the clearing-house representing the banks of New York City undertook to dictate to the trust companies within the same area how they should conduct their business, by arrogating the power to fix the cash reserve to be carried by trust companies, making use of its clearing facilities, at not less than ten per cent., nor more than fifteen per cent. of their deposits. Thereupon, with few exceptions, the New York City trust companies withdrew from the clearing house, with no resulting embarrassment to themselves, or inconvenience to their depositors. Mr. YUTEN points out what would have been the practical result of submission on the part of the trust companies to the dictation of the clearing house. If the ten per cent. minimum had been applied, the trust companies would have tied up in their vaults on November 9, 1903, cash to the amount of more than \$101,000,000, although, as a matter of fact, they had less than \$250,000,000 tied up at that date. That is to say, had the trust companies submitted to the clearing-house rule, there would have been a withdrawal from circulation an additional amount of \$81,000,000. If, however, instead of the minimum, the maximum limit of fifteen per cent. of the gross trust company deposits had been enforced, the idle and unproductive cash lying in the vaults of the trust companies would have amounted to \$130,000,000. That is nearly one-tenth of the money in actual circulation in the United States—of the money, *i. e.*, which is not locked up in the vaults of either the United States Treasury, or in the national banks. That the withdrawal of nearly ten per cent. of the circulating medium, and the resultant curtailment of the loaning power, would have had a disastrous effect is evident from the rates at which money actually ruled in December.

The truth is that already the restrictions regarding trust company investments are of the most rigorous character. The law of the State requires that the capital shall be invested in bonds and mortgages on unencumbered New York State real estate to the extent of not over sixty per cent. of the value thereof, or in stocks and bonds of the State or of the United States, or of any county, or incorporated city in the State. A trust company may not hold stock in any private corporation in excess of ten per cent. of such trust company's capital, surplus, and undivided profits. In addition to such rigorous restrictions, regulations requiring trust companies are required to keep a deposit of securities with the State Superintendent of Banking, which, in the case of the trust companies of the City of New York alone represented in 1902 nearly \$6,000,000. No security of the kind is exacted of either national or State banks.

The further point is made by Mr. YUTEN that if the banks really feel that additional precautions are needed for the security of deposits in trust companies, and that the lack of a cash reserve in the trust companies' vaults is a menace to depositors, they have it in their own power to remedy the shortcoming. By the simple process of refusing to pay interest on trust company deposits, they could force back into the trust company vaults the cash reserve which, as they allege, it is so useful to keep there. No such step has ever been taken, nor, so far as we know, contemplated.

Representative Littlefield on the Hepburn Bill

THE most effective arraignment of government rate-making that has been heard during the session of Congress was made on Monday, February 3, in the House of Representatives, by Mr. CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD, of Maine, who, during his career in the Federal legislature, has achieved a high reputation for independence of thought and action. After denying that there was any genuine demand in the country for the proposed legislation, he accused the two parties in the House of entering into a race with each other to enact something in response to a purely factitious agitation. Prompted by emotion, they had, in agreeing on the Hepburn bill, actually gone beyond the suggestions of President HEOVER in three important particulars. In the first place, the bill practically confers power on the Interstate Commerce Commission to initiate rates, for it fails to report Section 13 of the old Interstate Commerce Act. Moreover, if a rate fixed by the commission is to become forthwith operative, and to remain so until pronounced unreasonable by a court, the function of initiative is unquestionably exercised. The Hepburn bill tends to provide, as its framers were twice recommended by the President to provide, for an immediate review of a rate-making order by a court. In the third place, it puts into the hands of seven men the power to determine whether or not they shall eliminate the preferential rate due to advantage of facilities intermedial with which preferential rate is the interest of every business between the 22d

hantic and the Pacific, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, and upon the maintenance of which the continuance of every business depends. A violent or incompetent commission, he declared, could so exercise that control as practically to destroy the agricultural, manufacturing, and mining interests of the country, and wipe flourishing communities from the face of the map.

Mr. LITTLEFIELD did not impute viciousness to the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the individual members of which, he said, he had much respect, but he did ascribe to it incompetence, and maintained that the record of its work bore out the charge. He recalled that in thirty-two cases of complaint of unjust discrimination, the verdict of the commission had been reversed by the courts. In eight cases the commission had been sustained, and in twenty-four cases not sustained. In other words, there is three times as great a possibility that the commission will be wrong as that it will be right. Is that an exhibit, he asks, on the strength of which Congress should be rallied upon to take the rate-making power from the thousands of men bred to railway administration, and confide it to a government commission, the members of which know and run nothing about either the railroad business, or the other great business interests of the country? Mr. LITTLEFIELD warned his fellow Representatives that if they turned over the railroad business to such inefficient hands, they would not only ruin the railroads, but all those other enormous business interests which had been developed and made possible by the railroads. He did not, of course, contend that the railroads themselves had never made mistakes, but he challenged dispute of his assertion that the commission had made incomparably more. He looked upon the term "reasonable rate," which the commission was to be authorized by the HERRICK bill to prescribe, as a delusion and a snare. As a lawyer he did not hesitate to aver that nowhere in all the realm of legal decision, Federal and State, did there exist a definite scientific rule by which a reasonable rate could be determined. He would not go so far, he said, as to allege that there are absolutely no precedents existing in the railroad business which call for regulation, but he would say that, were the present issue upon the subject fairly, effectively, and continuously enforced, and were the people to apply to the tribunals already provided for the enforcement of their rights, nine-tenths of the complaints upon which the HERRICK bill is based would disappear. Summing up his argument, Mr. LITTLEFIELD objected to making any tribunal at once a detective agency, a prosecuting attorney, and a law high executioner, even though railroads should happen to be the objects and the victims of their action. Finally, he laid his associates beware lest if the efforts of a few men to array the masses against the classes, against invested capital and corporate wealth, should prove successful, a fire might be kindled which the wisest might not be able to extinguish.

Personal and Pertinent

THOMAS FRANK have never appealed very strongly to the German press, and now instead of using "entente cordiale" the Berlin newspapers have translated it into German as "Annerkennungsbestätigung." The test of true friendship is the ability to pronounce it.

GEORGE ANN packed up one fine day recently and went off to Europe. As soon as the dust settled his friends "got busy." They named a town in Newton County, Indiana, for him, and they are now hot-foot after him to run for Congress. That's not the way in which to bury him back to his active health.

It is not generally known that Representative NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who marries Miss ROOSEVELT this week, has a most valuable collection of violins and is considered an expert in them. His collection includes a fine STRADIVARI, a GUTTAUERS formerly belonging to VIVANTI, and an AMATI, once the property of THOMAS THOMAS.

Three Representatives in Congress, Mr. HOFF, of Pennsylvania, Mr. HARRIS, of Vermont, and Mr. CHENON, of New York, look so much alike that it is sold only their intimate friends can distinguish them apart. Yet when any one of them looks at himself in the glass in the morning and thinks of the other two, he draws himself up and says, "The idea!"

A gramophone record of the voice of the Emperor of Germany has been obtained for preservation in the National Museum at Washington. The despatches announce that it will not be used in any public way during the lifetime of the Kaiser. A padded sound-proof cabinet will have to be designed for it, because report has it that it talks all the time.

We wish the late Mr. CHARLES YERKES had seen fit to write his autobiography, and leave that to the public as well as his fortune and his art collections. He must have had the materials to make a vastly interesting book as well as an instructive one. But the

great fortune-builders do not write autobiographies. That is a job by itself, which can rarely be successfully accomplished except by an experienced writer who is willing to tell all he knows.

The mound-bird, found in Australia, builds the biggest nest in the world. It makes mounds sometimes as great as 150 feet in circumference, in which it buries its eggs five feet deep.—*Indianapolis News*.

Mound Bird, Australia.

DEAN SWENSON—Congratulations; but if you want to see a really pretty bit of earthwork, come over to Pharoah and watch me scratch into the landscape.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

The editor of a newspaper in the western part of Kansas is in sore distress. He bore his tribulations in silence for a long time, and then cried out thus against fate with a list of articles which had been "harassed" from him:

One hatchet, one pair of pincers, one shoe last and stand, one office knife, one riding bridle, and a monkey wrench. A portion of the articles have been borrowed without the owner's knowledge or consent, but he needs them just the same. If you had consent to get them, bring them home; if you got them without our consent, just drop them in the back-yard and clear your conscience.

"R. W. H." of Charlottesville, Virginia, communicates to the New York Times a story told by the late Admiral MURRAY, about the much-lamented King CHRISTIAN, of Denmark. After the civil war a small fleet of American ships took Assistant-Secretary-of-the-Navy AUGUSTUS FOX to Europe on an international errand. The fleet visited Copenhagen, and the King invited the principal officers to dinner.

FROM MY seat at dinner [related Admiral MURRAY] I looked out on the pleasant lawn where the band was stationed. After the principal business of the dinner was over, at the invitation of King CHRISTIAN the glasses were filled, and, all the table being at attention, his Majesty arose and, with due formality, proposed "The President of the United States." Glasses were raised, but the King paused, glared over his shoulder, and abruptly left the dining hall. The guests, upon invitation of an aide, resented themselves. In a few minutes I saw the bandmaster come hurriedly into sight, followed by the king, who looked him across my field of view. Shortly after the King returned to the dining hall, took his place at the head of the table, and the guests having risen, again proposed "The President of the United States." As he raised his glass the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." With a satisfied smile his Majesty emptied his glass.

King CHRISTIAN was an amiable man and an easy king. Yet it seems—and Admiral MURRAY's story illustrates it usefully—that with all his amiability he did not lack capacity to set with unshakable vigor when occasion demanded.

A FABLE FOR TRAVELLERS.

Once upon a time there was a man called Smithereens who returned from Europe a mere financial fragment of his former self. With much difficulty, being sore, he putted himself upon the back and rejoiced that at least it had cost him nothing to limp down the steamer's gangplank, because aboard he had certainly fallen among them. No sooner did he rest the sole of his foot in his own home than a great horde of friends and almost-friends did descend upon him with clannishness in divers keys for the gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, cravats, pipes, and embroidered things which he had been requested to purchase for the hards during his brief sojourn in the camps of the peoples across the sea.

Of a truth did many rail, but few appeared to have been chosen, whereupon those unfortunate ones to whom Smithereens extended only the cold and empty hand and who cared not for their teeth set up a loud grashing until all the place was filled with the sound thereof.

In lowered words did Smithereens seek to square himself, but vocal honey was not what they wanted. Suddenly he saw a great white light, and summoning all before him mounted a table and lifted up his voice in this fashion:

"Friends, dear friends, when I set out upon my journeyings I provided myself with certain small slips of paper, and with the utmost care wrote thereon the commissions with which you had entrusted me, one slip to each of you. Upon a pleasant day I retired to a secluded part of the steamer's deck and there spread the slips before me to take account of my stewardship. Gazing deep into my clothes I drew forth the moneys you had given me to make the many and sundry purchases. I deposited the moneys upon the slips according to the amounts written thereon. When my task was finished I brandished the slips in the sunlight and gave myself up to the joys of contentment."

"Suddenly a great wind arose and hurled itself across the deck where I was sitting, and—and—all the slips which were not weighted down with moneys were blown away and strewn upon the face of the waters."

Smithereens ceased speaking and turned his palms upward, whereat a majority of those who had harkened unto him drew their mouths over their heads and didn't do a thing but snarl out,

This Week's Wedding at the White House

The Marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio

By Eleanor Vincent Howard

Washington, D. C., February 1, 1920

THE marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, which takes place in the White House on February 17, has aroused an unparallelled interest throughout the country. Aside from the distinction which attaches to a wedding in the Executive Mansion and the fact that very nearly twenty years have passed since the last marriage ceremony there, Miss Roosevelt's wide prominence and the more or less national rôle she played during her recent Eastern journeyings have just now turned all eyes toward her and her wedding.

A great deal of romance invests the wedding, although Mr. Longworth's courtship seems to have set at naught the old saw about the course of true love. From the time Mr. Longworth came to Washington from Cincinnati his attentions to Miss Roosevelt were sufficiently marked to conjure up all sorts of happy conjectures among their friends. Then came the memorable Philippine trip of Secretary Taft, and it would be fully to say that Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth were the least interesting of the Secretary of War's large golden opportunity for which Tom Unger had waited, and the President's daughter and her suitor did not reach their native shores one second sooner than the unofficial announcement of their engagement. The official statement of their betrothal was not made, however, by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt until December 13 last. But by that time, among their friends, it was an old story.

Representative Longworth also was a member of Secretary Taft's party, and, according to a recent interview, he evidently was as keenly conscious as the other of the courtship which was going on under their very noses. Of it he said:

"When we started on this Philippine trip we noticed Mr. Longworth's friendship for Miss Roosevelt. We also noticed that she apparently liked him, but it was not until we reached Japan that I saw there was something more than mere friendship between them. Some of it became known to us that they were engaged, but nothing was said. The time had not come for the announcement. The charming scenery of Japan is conducive to love-making, and I guess none of it was wasted."

So much has been written recently about Miss Roosevelt that any description of her must seem superfluous. Her popularity, her character, and her polished dignity upon occasions of ceremony are all sufficient to describe her. Mr. Longworth is a young man who, it is said, may expect a career in national politics. He was born at Cincinnati in 1870 and is a Harvard man, as is the President. After graduating law he entered Ohio politics, and served in both the Ohio Senate and the Ohio House of Representatives. In 1913 he was sent to Congress to represent the First Congressional District.

The last place in which the ceremony takes place is one of the most stately in the

*The President and Mrs. Roosevelt
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter
Alice Lee
to
Mr. Nicholas Longworth
on Saturday February seventeenth
at twelve o'clock*

An answer is requested

Facsimile of the invitation sent out for Miss Roosevelt's wedding

White House. It is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high. Until the Monroe administration it was not used for occasions of ceremony. Mrs. Madison made no use of it whatever. History says that Mrs. John Adams used it as a place in which to dry clothes when the weather was unfavorable. But in the Monroe administration furniture for it was purchased in Paris, and it was made ready for use when a chamber of such great size was necessary. Its size and the formal character of its appointments render it unsuited to anything save the largest and the stately functions. It is lighted by three enormous chandeliers, each one having twenty-seven burners, and being thickly encrusted with cut-glass pendants. The four mantels in the room are of black Italian marble picked out with gold, and over each is a tall French mirror elaborately framed. At each end of the room are two other mirrors, which accentuate the size of the chamber. It was in this room that General Grant's daughter Nellie was married to Algermon Charles Frederick Sartoris thirty-two years ago.

The Longworth-Roosevelt marriage is the tenth ceremony of its kind to occur in the White House. The first to be celebrated was that of Miss Todd, of Philadelphia, to Representative John H. Jackson, of Virginia, the great-uncle of General "Stonewall" Jackson. It was in the winter of 1811, during the Presidency of James Madison. Miss Todd was a cousin of Mrs. Madison. The wedding took place in the East Room and was one of the brilliant functions of the year, as Mrs. Madison was the social leader of her day.

In March, 1820, the second marriage in the White House was celebrated. The bride was Miss Maria Monroe, the second daughter of President Monroe. "She was known as the 'Blue Room' to Samuel L. Gouverneur, who was her first cousin on her mother's side. Mr. Gouverneur was at one time Postmaster of New York. This wedding was also a notable social function, although only relatives and a few intimate friends of the family were present. Commodore and Mrs. Stephen Decatur gave the bride the first ball of congratulation, and two mornings later, on March 22, 1820, Commodore Decatur went to Hadesburg, Maryland, to fight his duel with Commodore Barron. He was brought home mortally wounded that same night and died before dawn. The death of Commodore Decatur made it necessary to cancel a number of the entertainments which were to have been held in Washington in honor of Mrs. Gouverneur, and invitations which had been sent out were hastily recalled. A large hall was in haste been given Commodore Porter, the father of Admiral Porter, but this was promptly abandoned when news was received of the death of Commodore Decatur.

In 1820 another wedding was celebrated in the White House. It was that of Miss Helen Jackson and John Adams, the son and private secretary of President John Quincy Adams, and elder brother of Charles Francis



Representative Nicholas Longworth, Miss Roosevelt's future



Photograph supplied by Frances B. Johnston

**MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, WHO WILL BE MARRIED THIS
WEEK AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO REPRESENTATIVE
LONGWORTH, OF OHIO**

The reader is referred to the article beginning on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly," for an account of the coming wedding, and of the previous White House weddings, of which Miss Roosevelt's is the tenth.

Adams. The wedding is described as of a semiprivate character, and according to the accounts which have been handed down, President Adams "so far relaxed his usual austere dignity as to be the best talker at the table" during the weddingfeast. A series of great dinner-parties was given at the White House during the week following the nuptials.

The next wedding in the White House was that of Miss Mary Lewis, the daughter of Major Lewis, General Andrew Jackson's intimate friend and brother-in-arm. She was married to M. Alphons Joseph Voer Paget, of Martinique, who was secretary of the French Legation at Washington from 1836 to 1840. He was Minister from France to the United States from 1840 to 1848. Miss Lewis came from Tennessee, where her family were rich landowners. At the wedding the bride was given away by President Jackson, who presided over the elaborate entertainments given at the White House in honor of the bride. The international character of the wedding was accentuated somewhat by the gossip which was rife in Washington at the time. It was rumored that King Louis Philippe appointed M. Pageot Minister to United States in order that he might exercise supervision over his wife's valuable properties in Tennessee. Madame Pageot died in Montpelier, France, in 1865.

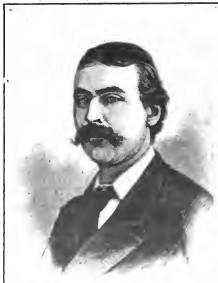
In President Jackson's administration there was another wedding in the White House. It was that of his niece, Miss Easton, who was from Tennessee also. She married Mr. Polk, of that State, after a very romantic courtship. Miss Easton was to have married Lieutenant Bolton Finch, of the United States Navy, who was, however, an Englishman by birth. In 1833 Lieutenant Finch had his name changed by Congress to Bolton, and when he died in 1849 he was known as Com-



A Photograph of Miss Roosevelt and Secretary Taft taken during their Far-Eastern Trip last Summer

modore William Compton Bolton. The social traditions of Washington account him as one of the beauty of his time, and quite a dandy. He had been engaged to be married to several young ladies before he proposed to Miss Easton and was accepted by her. At the time he was courting her his rival for the hand of Miss Easton was young Mr. Polk, whom she had rejected, much to the surprise of Washington society. At the last minute, however, for some reason or other which has not been very clearly handed down in the social annals of the capital, Miss Easton jilted Lieutenant Finch and accepted Mr. Polk, although the day of her marriage to the naval officer had been announced and the guests invited to the ceremony. Mr. Polk, who was an indomitable suitor and did not have the faint heart which loses the fair lady, determined not to relinquish Miss Easton, and posted at top speed in coach and four from Tennessee to Washington, to make another request of the young lady for her hand in marriage. He even appealed to President Jackson, who, it is said, encouraged him in his suit, saying to his niece with characteristic directness and force, "Take care, my dear; with love marriage is heaven, without it, hell." It is not known which influenced Miss Easton the more, Mr. Polk's protestations of love and his determination, or the President's emphatic advice. At all

events, Miss Easton and Mr. Polk were married. The sixth wedding in the White House occurred on January 31, 1842, when Miss Elizabeth Tyler, the third daughter of President Tyler, was married to William Waller, of Williamsburg, Virginia, in the East Room. According to the history of the time this wedding excelled in brilliancy any of those which preceded it. Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State at the time, and Mrs. James



Algernon C. F. Sartoris and Miss Nellie Grand, whose marriage at the White House, on May 21, 1871, was the seventh wedding in our history

From Harper's Weekly of June 6, 1890

Madison were among the distinguished guests at the wedding.

President Tyler's first wife died in 1842, and in June, 1844, he remarried, and although the wedding took place at Ascension Church, in New York city, on June 26, he held his wedding reception in the latter part of June in the East Room of the White House. The choice of that room was no doubt strongly prompted by sentiment, as it was in the East Room that he began his courtship with his second wife, Miss Julia Gardiner, of New York. He met her the preceding February at an evening reception on Washington's birthday. Miss Gardiner was a great beauty, and not more than twenty years old at the time of her marriage. At the wedding reception Senator John C. Calhoun escorted the bride to the supper-table and cut the wedding-cake for her. In describing the reception Miss Gardiner wrote:

"The company who waited upon me with their most respectful compliments comprised the infant and the highest station in the land. For two hours I remained upon my feet, receiving quite in queenlike state, I assure you.

"At six o'clock I had to appear on the balcony, it being music afternoon, and go through introductions. Throughout, everything has been very brilliant—brilliant to my heart's content, as such as as if I were actually to be the Presidentess for four more years to come.

"Crowds followed me whither I went. My high estate has been thus far altogether pleasant to me."

The "music afternoon" in which Mrs. Tyler refers was the con-



Exterior of the Washington House in which Mr. and Mrs. Longworth wait five

cert by the Marine Band in the south grounds of the White House, during which the President and his bride appeared on the portico, where a large crowd had gathered to do them honor.

It was not for thirty-two years after the Tyler-Waller wedding that another marriage was celebrated in the White House. This marriage was that of General Grant's daughter, Nellie, to Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, an Englishman, on May 21, 1874. This ceremony was one of marked brilliancy. The wedding-breakfast was served in the State Dining-room, with President Grant at the head of the table, the bride at his left, with Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, beside her, Mr. Sartoris and Mrs. Grant were at the President's right, as was Vice-President Wilson. When it came time for the bridal couple to leave the White House they did so in a carriage drawn by four horses, and at the railway station awaiting them was a new special car of elaborately luxurious type which had been made for the Vienna Exposition. It was decorated from end to end with American and English flags, flowers and evergreens.

Four years later, on June 10, 1878, the eighth wedding occurred in the White House. Miss Emily Platt, a niece of President Hayes, was married in the Blue Room on that day, to Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, the regiment of which President Hayes had been Colonel.

The wedding of President Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom was held in the White House on June 2, 1886. It was in no wise a large wedding, as the guests included only relatives of Mr. Cleve-



The marriage of President Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom at the White House, on June 2, 1886

(From "Harper's Weekly," at New York City)



Dining-room in the Washington House which will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Longworth

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land and his bride, the members of the cabinet and their wives, and Mr. Daniel Lamont, the President's private secretary, and Mrs. Lamont. The wedding occurred in the evening, the guests meeting in the Blue Room at seven o'clock. The Marine Band in the corridor played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom came down the western stairway. They were entirely unattended, and as soon as they entered the Blue Room the ceremony was begun. Mrs. Cleveland was hailed in the written accounts of the wedding as one of the most beautiful brides the White House had ever known. One writer referred to her as "beautiful in face and form . . . a vision of loveliness as she stood blushing before the audience of friends gathered about her." In the name of woman it may not be amiss to quote in part what was written by one chronicler who witnessed the ceremony. It refers, of course, to Mrs. Cleveland's wedding-gown, and gives the following detailed description of it:

"Her gown was of ivory satin, with trimmings of India silk, arranged in Grecian folds over the front of the high corsage and fastened in the folds of satin at the side. Orange blossoms and buds and leaves outlined this drapery and adorned the edge of the skirt.

"A coronet of orange blossoms fastened the veil, and garnitures of the same blossoms were artistically arranged throughout the costume.

"Her veil of silk tulle enveloped her form and softened the effect of the satin gown. It fell over the entire length of the long court train which lay about the feet of the bride in a glistening coil.

"She carried no flowers and wore no jewels except her engagement ring.

"Gloves reaching to the elbow completed the perfect toilet of the White House bride."



A view of the drawing room in the Washington House of the future Mrs. Longworth

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Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth on Shipboard during their Trip to the Philippines



Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth on Board the "Manchuria" approaching Manila



Secretary Taft and Miss Roosevelt returning from the Provincial Capital of Cebu, Island of Luzon



Miss Roosevelt at Honolulu

THE LONGWORTH-ROOSEVELT WEDDING—SCENES ON THE PHILIPPINE TRIP WHICH PRECEDED THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT

Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth were members of the party which went to the Far East last summer with Secretary Taft and the Congressional Commission which made an inspection tour of the Philippines. During this time many rumors of their engagement appeared in print, although the formal announcement from the White House of their approaching marriage was not made until December 13.

From photographs copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

An Eye-witness's Story of the Russian Revolution

By Albert Edwards

The author arrived in Moscow when the revolt of the people against the Czar and his troops was at its height. He was a spectator of the principal meetings, and under Russian guidance was enabled to take part in the actual fighting between the troops and the people. This is the first of a series of three articles which will appear in successive issues of the "Weekly"

Moscow, December 26, 1917

WHEN we arrived at Moscow the station was crowded— jammed to the doors with people trying to get out of the city: hundreds trying to leave and only five of us coming in. The man who took our bags was badly scared, and kept screaming: "They are shooting! they are shooting!"

I thought at first that this was his way of telling us that the city was disturbed, but Wilsky, my interpreter, talked with an official and found that the strikers had made an effort to capture the station about two hours before. They failed, for the station was well guarded; but we saw signs of the fray when we got outside.

Coming from Petersburg, which is fairly blanketed with Cosacks, it surprised me to hear the isochetnik (driver) say that he did not think he could take us to the Metropole. It seems that the revolutionists hold the cabs for ambulances whenever one is needed. They killed an isochetnik yesterday for refusing. The man was right, for when we had got within a block of the hotel we were turned back by a cordon of soldiers. Their guns were stacked in the streets and they were gathered around their camp-fires. The driver said he knew of another hotel that he thought we would be able to reach, and Wilsky told him to go ahead. He succeeded in getting us here, and I found it a good place for me, right in the heart of the Kremlin and not far from the storm center.

Moscow is full of barricades—there are hundreds of them, and the revolutionists are reviving on a systematic, scientific guerrilla warfare. Every morning there is fierce fighting along the barricades, but it is usually over and they are taken by nine o'clock. The rest of the day is spent in picking off officers and disarming small detachments. Barricades are built again in the night. But to-day the militia still hold the barricades—at 2 p.m. I have skirted the whole cordon and have not heard any firing.

I am reliably informed that the revolutionary militia consists of only about fifteen hundred chosen men. There are plenty more who are eager to fight, but they have no arms. The troops have not melted as the militia hoped, but they offer a sort of passive resistance—they lose their revolvers, fall off their horses, and fire into the air.

The government has taken possession of the telephone, although the revolutionists have done their best to destroy it; but there are groups of young men signalling in the streets, and the strikers seem to know of the approach of the soldiers about twenty minutes ahead of time. The storm center to-day is the Arbut Street. Field-guns have been stationed at the Smolensk market, at the other end of the Arbut Street, and have been firing along the Smolensk Boulevard and the Novinsk Boulevard and the Arbut.

We walked along the Arbut from dusk to dark. The revolutionists were hard at work building barricades. They use everything—iron gates, spring beds, newspaper kiosks—everything. The object seems to be to impede the cavalry. No actual defence of the

barricades is attempted. A red flag flies over each. Every side street is barricaded—I should say a dozen across the Arbut alone. Between are entanglements of wire. A cavalry charge is a bad thing, for it would take a regiment of horses an hour to traverse the street, even if it were not defended. I have visited two emergency hospitals. The nurses are young girls, every one of them a revolutionist. I should say.

Almost everybody, I think, would favor a successful uprising. But the place is paralyzed. No one comes from out of town in bus, and the store-keepers are afraid to keep open for local customers. As far as they are concerned, the strike doesn't seem to be much more successful than in St. Petersburg. The "Black Hundreds" are being converted into a militia by the government. They have revolvers of a much larger caliber than the Brownings used by the revolutionists. There was some shooting a few hundred yards away from us this afternoon. The "Black Hundreds" started it, and then there was a regular fusillade of shots. The "Black Hundreds" lost a member or two in the affair.

The general feeling is that the revolutionists have put up a good fight so far. Everybody says so; and when they were building the barricades this evening everybody about seemed to be in sympathy with them. The fellow who was bossing the work at one of the barricades called out: "Comrades, don't stand idle! Everybody ought to work for the Revolution!" I should say that half the crowd turned in to help. There were women, too, in many places—wives of the workmen, servant women, and young girls, working on the barricades beside the men. They saw off trees and telegraph-poles, pulled down kiosks, and turned over horse-cars to build the barricades and then defend them. During the day the streets seem quiet, normal. Everybody goes along examining the bullet holes, but as it gets dusk the streets are almost deserted. The Dragons are frightened: they go to their barracks and make no effort to suppress the building of barricades. In a few places there are big camp-fires and guards. The revolution is divided between "Black Hundreds" and the revolutionary militia. The militia must have immense popular sympathy. I don't see how they could disappear and mobilize so readily unless practically every householder was ready to give them refuge.

Wilsky and I drove past the military message this afternoon. An officer stopped us and made us take our hands out of our pockets. I have seen a number of people searched. There are revolutionary proclamations advising the citizens not to kill private soldiers until they have given them a chance to hand over their arms peacefully. The Governor-General has ordered orders to be closed at 8 p.m. The Revolutionary Committee says the doors must stay open and that they will kill the *dvorniki* who refuse to keep them open.

The first important engagement of the insurrection in Moscow took place in the Prekorski factory. This is a huge cable and cotton mill, with about six thousand employees, in the western outskirts of the city. There is a sort of combined park and cemetery in front of it, with a huge stone gateway from which three boulevards stretch out into the park like the ticks of a fan.

When the factory employees struck, they took possession of this gateway and the surrounding streets, and erected formidable barricades. These barricades were built on December 10 and 11, before I got here, but they are the only ones that have not yet been captured.

Early in the morning three *soviets* of Cosacks, with six field-guns, marched down the centre boulevard facing the park across the stone gateway. It was quiet enough at the time, but they didn't dare attack it in front, and so they sent thirty men and three officers around to the left, where another barricade stretched out behind the gateway, and started to tear it down. There were only two revolutionary sentries behind it, when the Cosacks attacked it. They succeeded in killing the three officers in the first four shots, and the other Cosacks fled.

Of course the sound of this firing brought out the *dvorniki* (militia) rushing from the factory. But they could find no traces of the Cosacks, except the three dead officers.

Then all was quiet until noon, when their sentries told them that a hundred Cosacks and six cannon were marching down the right boulevard to attack them again. Thirty of the militia forced their heads behind a corner of the great gateway, but



The Nizhny Novgorod Printing Works at Moscow, which were attacked by the soldiers. The proprietors was a well-known liberal

the Cossacks wheeled their guns into position and began to fire. They tore down sections of the wall and damaged the surrounding houses, and the revolutionists had to fall back behind a second barricade, and took up their position in the entry of the courtyard. Then they decided that thirty militia were too great a number to oppose a hundred Cossacks, and sent all but six back to wait as reserves. The Cossacks ransomed the position for nearly three hours, with the result that they killed one old man in a neighboring house, stunned the captain of the insurgents by a falling brick, demolished a number of houses, and knocked down several chimneys.

So many of the buildings around them were being blown to pieces that these six insurgents dodged out around four or five houses and took up a new position behind another of their barricades, forty, but to one side of the attacking Cossacks. As soon as they did so, however, the Cossacks directed their fire there at once, and it was evident that in some way or other, in spite of the protection of the barricades, they knew the position of the insurgents. Again they changed their position, and saw a government spy on the third story of a house above them signalling to the Cossacks. The lieutenant of the insurgents shot him with his Winchester, and the spy fell down into the street. The six men made another detour and sat down quietly behind another barricade while the Cossacks bombarded the empty house for an hour longer.

Late in the afternoon the Cossacks got up courage to come out into the open and march toward the empty barricade on which they had been firing. This brought them into a position where the six comatose insurgents were in their rear, and when they opened fire the Cossacks evidently thought that a new detachment had come up and rushed pell-mell to their own safe position down the boulevard. During their hasty retreat the insurgents, who were armed with the best modern repeating rifles, killed or wounded ten of them in their first volley.

Their fire, of course, betrayed their position to the Cossacks, and they turned their cannon on this new barricade, demolishing a great number of old barrels, fence-rails, overturned wagons, and sawed-off telegraph poles, but the men themselves had retreated to another courtyard and opened fire again.

One shell from the Cossack guns knocked a hole in the building near the insurgents and a falling brick stunned their captain, leaving him unconscious for more than an hour. When he recovered, he used this hole made by the shell to fire through at the Cossacks with such good effect that they limbered up their cannon and re-



Revolutionists building a Barricade of Street-rails

terated. This was the only injury inflicted on the insurgents. A woman in a house to the rear of the Cossacks' position counted thirty-seven men carried off on stretchers. How many of these were killed and how many only wounded, she could not tell. She had counted one hundred and fourteen cannon shots and had then lost count.

As a matter of fact, there was no energetic attack of the soldiers themselves. They were content to remain at a distance and throw shots of shrapnel into the barricades. On the fourteenth a very daring raid was made by six of the militia from this barricade. The lieutenant of the *drujinskis*, whom they called the "Arcangel," stole out with five comrades and entered the house of the Chief of the Secret Police.

One of the men told me the story of the raid.

"Two of us guarded the street door," he said. "Michel and I waited in the court, and the 'Arcangel' and a comrade went up to the Chief's apartment. They pretended to be members of the regular police, and when a servant admitted them they went through the regular police formulae."

"What is your business?" they said to the Chief.

"I am the Chief of the Secret Police," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"We are officers of the Free Russian People and we arrest you," they told him.

"They were up there for ten minutes, and we down below didn't know what was happening. We thought our comrades might have been killed, but we didn't hear any shots, and so we waited. Afterward they told us that they were letting him say good-by to his wife and children. Then we all formed around him and took him through the streets back to the factory."

"We organized a court, and he was regularly tried and sentenced, which was more than he would have done for any of us. We took away his keys and the six of us returned to his apartment; the others waited in the courtyard while the 'Arcangel' went through his papers. He found evidence enough to hang us all. We also found his bank-book, which showed monthly deposits of four thousand roubles (two thousand dollars), which I suppose was his salary."

"They shot him toward dusk, and in the night carried his body back again to his apartments. Three times we went to his house and back—twice in broad daylight, and this once at night with his body."

For sheer bravado I think this exploit has never been equalled.



A Sketch, made on the Spot, of the District of the Prokhoroff Factory, showing the Result of the terrific Cannonading



A fine type of English Bulldog.—Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's Champion, "La Roche"



A Group of Toy Spaniels, Blenheim, Ruby, and Prince Charming



Mrs. Cynthia Roche, with high-class Bull-terriers—the smaller one is a Toy Bull



Mr. William Le Cote, who will judge the



Mrs. James P. Keweenaw

THIS YEAR'S DOG SHOW AT MADISON

The annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club opened this year with an entry-list exceeding in numbers than last year. As this show may be said to set the fashions in dogs, it is interesting to note the numbers were to be in great favor, as 277 of them were benched. The second breed, numerically, was the cocker spaniel, of the latter. Other favorite breeds were bull-terriers, English setters, Irish terriers, and French bulldogs. See



...ch Bulldogs this Year, with his English Bulldogs



Type of English Bulldog,—The Champion, "Tynwood," of the Earlham Kennels, N. Y. C.



Type of St. Bernards,—Miss A. A. Mark's Champion, "Wiltshire Judge," and "Baby Beautiful"



... with her two Irish Terriers



Mr. Samuel Undermyer's Collies, several of which are worth \$2500 apiece

SQUARE GARDEN, FEBRUARY 12 TO 15

...nd class any of the preceding exhibitions. The number of canine contestants entered was 3013, nearly 300 more
 ...ed in some of the classes as indicative of the waxing or waning favor of certain breeds. Boston terriers appeared
 ...ith 236 entries. Collies and bulldogs were shown in large numbers, the lists including 195 of the former and 192
 ...veral new breeds were shown, among them the Rosencroft terriers and the Papillons, which are French toy dogs



A Meeting of Workmen in the Grounds of the Prokoff Factory

The men in and about the Prokoff factory represented only about one-third of the *drujenniks* in the city, and while this was going on they erected regular fortifications in some other parts of the city and captured cannon and machine-guns to put in them, and in one place resisted the troops for two days, and were not driven away until artillery was brought to bear on them from four directions at once.

They have made two unsuccessful attempts on the life of the Chief of Police and have attacked the railway station at St. Petersburg many times, but have always been driven back.

When I reached Moscow I had tried in vain to find the only two persons I knew in the city—two sisters whom I had met in Paris last spring.

One I knew to be a member of the Socialist Revolutionary party, and the other was active in the students' movement. On the morning of the 14th, the elder of the two, whom I will call Vera, came to the hotel.

I had last seen her six months before in the Jardin de Luxembourg in Paris, where she had argued earnestly against the tactics of the Socialist Revolutionary party, to which her sister, Pasha, belonged. We found a secluded spot in the reading-room, and she told me that she had just got my note that morning, as she had not been sleeping at home of late.

"What's the matter?" I said. "There hasn't been any shooting in your neighborhood, has there?"

"No," she said. "But I might be arrested at home."

"You!" I said, in surprise. "I thought you were peaceable enough."

"It's very different now," she replied.

"And what's Pasha doing?" I asked.

Her lips tightened a little and the corners of her eyes contracted. "She's one of the '*drujenniks*,'" she replied. "She's fighting in the Prokoff factory. She's been working there ever since she came back from Paris."

These Russian girls are a constant surprise to me. There is much talk of the "equality of the sexes" in America. But they don't talk about it here—it is an accepted fact.

I immediately said that she must help me get into the factory. It was the most interesting place in the city, for the revolutionists were still holding out against the Cossacks, and I had tried in vain to get in there by myself. Vera said that it would be "difficult." That, I find, is the Russian equivalent of "dangerous."

But she said that she was planning to go herself to take in some clothes to her sister and to make some arrangements for hiding her, in case the troops drove the insurgents out. And, as I insisted, she said that she would try to get me in with her.

To-morrow we hope to go to the Prokoff factory. I may get blockaded there for a day or so. But that seems to be the liveliest section of this exceedingly live village.

The soldiers are absolutely crazy. They have a habit of shooting a horse with field guns. I've had two or three close shaves, but always in broad daylight. I've learned the Russians for "throw up your hands," and sea do it very gracefully. I think I've been searched six times to-day.

(To be Continued.)



A Russian Cartoonist's Sketch of the "Bloody Cossack"



Keeping the Crowd of Chinese in Check after the Raid upon the Fire-house in Renshary Road



Government Officials in Shanghai being Escorted to their Offices by a Guard of British Warjackets



Body of a Chinese Looter who was Killed during the Mob's Raid upon a foreign Store in the Nanking Road

THE CHINESE ANTIFOREIGN RIOTING IN SHANGHAI

The *Mixed Court* affair, in which Mrs. Li, the widow of a mandarin from Canton, the allround kidnapper of western children, for a while, was made a prize for a recent raid in Shanghai, which was, in truth, a forcible expression of China's objection to foreign intrusion. The British and Chinese authorities who were sitting during the session of the court differed radically as to their jurisdiction over Mrs. Li, and the place in which she should be incarcerated. When the contention was at its height the rioting occurred. The German Consul was seized, and the American Vice-Consul and several other foreigners were attacked and injured. Carriages and motor cars were smashed, and looting followed in various parts of the city. More than a score of Chinese were killed. A detachment of British sailors was landed and quelled the disturbance.

Men of To-day

II.—Sir Mortimer Durand: British Ambassador to the United States

By Charles Johnston

SIR Mortimer Durand is peculiarly fitted to represent the English imperial idea. By a singular destiny his immediate ancestors played distinguished parts in the two most vital and formidable events which befell the British Empire during the last century: the Napoleonic wars and the Indian Mutiny. His grandfather fought through the Peninsular war as a cavalry officer under Wellington, and was laureate at Waterloo. His father, Sir Henry Marion Durand, spent forty years in the midst of wars and perils in India, and played a decisive part in the fighting in Central India during the great and sinister mutiny of 1857.

Born in India in 1850, Mortimer Durand went to an English school, and afterwards studied for the Indian civil service, rightly held to be the finest career in the British Empire. He entered the Bengal civil service in 1873, and was called to the bar about the same time. The Suez Canal had been opened to navigation some four years before, so he escaped the tedious voyage round the Cape. Arriving at Calcutta, he reported to the Bengal Secretariat, and was gazetted Assistant Magistrate and Collector at Howrah, just across the Hoogli from the Indian seaport.

At the Hoorah police court Mortimer Durand doubtless tried the usual petty assaults and thefts, empowered at first to impose only a month's imprisonment as his utmost penalty. In the cool of the evening he found respite in the cordial society of Calcutta, where his father's friends and admirers gave him, we may be certain, the warmest welcome. From November, 1873, to June, 1874, he was on special furlough duty, and saw the piteous and pitiable sights that it lay upon.

Every six months after his arrival in India, Mortimer Durand had to pass strict examinations in the vernaculars of his province: Bengali and Hindustani; in Indian law, in government accounts, and other technical matters connected with his service. He also studied Persian, he believed, and found it stand him in good stead at a later day. In olden days, under England's predecessors the Moguls, Persian was the diplomatic language of all southern Asia, just as French was in Europe, and even to-day many of the Moslem princes in India make it a point of honor to master the tongue of Firdous and Saadi as a polite accomplishment more than a diplomatic instrument. But Persian is still potent in Central Asia. Mortimer Durand studied hard and passed his examinations bravely, and as a result presently found himself in one of the coveted posts in the Secretariat, with prospects of further promotion stretching before him. Bengal civilists are separated by these examinations into two groups: the larger and less privileged carry on the heavy and grinding work of life in the remote country districts; the privileged few fit between Calcutta in the cold season and Simla in the hot season and the rains. They consider themselves the brain of the service, while their less fortunate brethren in the plains consider them mere glided pets of fortune, promoted over the heads of their really meritorious companions. Mortimer Durand was attached to the Foreign Office of the government of India, thus passing from under the wing of the Bengal provincial government to the larger sphere of the supreme imperial administration. He was presently sent on special duty to Mount Abu, the sacred seat of the ancient Jain religion, as Assistant to the Agent of the Government General in the semi-independent province of Rajputana. Here he came into contact with the greatest race in Indian history, a race not only renowned in war and administration, but which gave to ancient India its most famous philosophers and teachers, Rama and Krishna, esteemed avatars, or divine incarnations, none of this race, to which also belonged Prince Siddhartha, known to all nations as Gautama the Buddha, the Awakened.

In 1879 trouble once more broke out between the British Indian government and Afghanistan, and matters went on far that an expedition was decided on, and sent across the frontier under Sir Frederick Roberts. To this expedition Mortimer Durand was



Sir Mortimer Durand, British Ambassador to the United States

joined, as political secretary; and by a strange destiny he thus came to traverse the same roads that his father had followed in the first Afghan expedition just forty years before. Mortimer Durand served as a volunteer in this campaign; and, at the request of the Commander-in-Chief, the Afghan war medal with two clasps was awarded to him for conspicuous gallantry in action.

After the Afghan war, which gained for the commanding general the title of Lord Roberts of Kandahar, Mortimer Durand was appointed Under-Secretary and later Secretary in the Foreign Department of the government of India, and he acted for a time as private secretary to Lord Lytton, also known to fame as Viceroy. Here is a humorous vignette from *Lord Lytton's Reminiscences* in which Sir Mortimer records a scene of those Simla days: "There was little room for the crowd in the small uncomfortable Government House where Lord Lytton had to receive his subjects; but these things are well managed in India, and the *hoor* was soon over. The Englishmen went past with every sort of salute, one or two facing the Viceroy fairly and bowing, some making a deep reverence sideways, some nodding hastily over their shoulders, some giving a familiar smile, some looking as pale and frightened as if they were being led out for execution; most were in military dress, a few in plain evening dress." Lord Lytton was succeeded by the Marquis of Ripon, who opened up new paths in Indian administration, and made himself intensely unpopular with certain conservative elements by seeking to extend greater power and privileges to the natives of India, gradually opening to them the doors of political as well as military preferment. This movement has gone far, and every year Britain tries to carry a step further the training of the natives of India in the art of representative government; and all the wiser men look to see this principle extended indefinitely in days to come. One has heard very diverse criticisms of the British government in India; and I for one am not strongly in favor of the policy of military expansion beyond the frontiers. But in general an government in the world is better and more effective, given the conditions, than that now existing in India. It has raised that much-suffering land out of the valley of a thousand years of war and conquest, and has given absolute security of civil rights and of contract to three hundred millions of human beings. More than this, it has cherished the native spirit, the native tongue, the native literature of a dozen different provinces, and insists on the perfect toleration of all forms of religion: Hindu, Moslem, and pagan, as well as Christian and Jew. It has preserved the age-old monuments, and given to the whole world the priceless literature and philosophy of India, and has there done a work for which all posterity is in its debt.

In 1893 Mortimer Durand was sent on a special mission to Kabul to negotiate with the strong and subtle Amir of Afghanistan a treaty of amity and mutual security. It was then Foreign Secretary under the Marquis of Lansdowne. The mission was entirely successful, and Sir Mortimer Durand was awarded one of the knightly orders especially associated with distinguished service in India. The second of these two orders was later conferred on him, so that he is a knight of the orders of the Star of India and of the Indian Empire. To these was afterwards added the decoration of Grand Commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George. His contact with Lord Lansdowne was destined to bear fruit later on: the Governor-General and the Foreign Secretary formed very high opinions of each other's ability and force, to which they have testified decisively in recent years.

The mission to the Amir was Sir Mortimer's last great work in India. In 1904 he was appointed envoy and minister in Persia, and presently found himself at the court of the Shah Nasir-ud-Din, well known to the outer world by his various European trips. It was a difficult time for the English minister. Russian influences

(Continued on page 251.)



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Herbert Buchanan, a man of wealth with a selfish and egotistical nature, whom his beautiful wife Beatrix has been induced to marry for his money, disappears one night from his country-place, Buchanan Lodge, with a barge which he has engaged to deliver the boat. Buchanan gives the man a thousand dollars as compensation for doing it, and he is to share his valuable collection, for he is weary of his own way of life, and miserably desires to come out to those whom he loves best. Sleeping at a great



explorer, Harry Faring. He and Beatrix have had a love-affair prior to her marriage, and they now discover that they mean more to each other than ever before. An exhaustive search reveals an trace of Buchanan, who is supposed to have been ordered. Beatrix learns that the law requires her to wait five years before she can assume that her husband is dead, and so he tries to marry Faring. Faring leaves Buchanan Lodge for the Admiralty, and Beatrix prepares to go abroad. Some months after, while in Paris with her friend Miss Trevor, Beatrix receives a cablegram from her aunt, Miss Crowley, informing her that a body supposed to be her husband's has been found, and requesting her to return to New York and identify it.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

THEY arrived in New York Harbor on Sunday morning, for the gales had considerably delayed them. Old Arabella Crowley came down the bay on the boat of the customs officials and boarded the ship at Quarantine. She was entirely unexpected, and Mrs. Buchanan was not on deck to greet her, but Alanson Trevor was there to witness the inspiring sight of a large elderly lady of great dignity being pushed and hauled up a hatch-ladder to an accompaniment of cheers from the straggling passengers.

Old Arabella kissed Miss Trevor very warmly and told her how well she was looking. She asked for Beatrix, and the girl took her below to the cabin, where Mrs. Buchanan was superintending the packing of her bags. Beatrix gave a little cry when she saw the old woman in the doorway, and ran to her. But after the first few words of greeting she stood away, looking very anxiously into Mrs. Crowley's face.

"Is it—Herbert Buchanan, Aunt Arabella?" she asked, in a whisper.

"I think so, my dear," said old Arabella. "Every one thinks so, but we cannot be certain without your word. The servants of the Lodge are scattered since you closed the place, and we have been able to find only one or two whose opinion was worth anything."

The valet—Herbert's valet—has gone to England, and cannot be traced. There is one point which only you can settle. It all depends upon one point." Mrs. Crowley looked towards the maid, who was busy with her mistress's toilet things, and Beatrix sent the woman away.

Little Miss Trevor also made some excuse and left the cabin, so that the two were alone.

"The body," said old Arabella, "was found in the water, my dear, and—well—it is rather unpleasant to speak of, but it had been in the water a long time, you understand, so that decomposition is not so easy as one might think. But it looks very like Herbert, very like indeed. There is, however, one point, as I said before, which only you can settle. The body—this man whose body has been found—had an odd and conspicuous scar on the inside of one arm."

Mrs. Buchanan cried out sharply, and she began to tremble and, after a moment, to sob.

"The—right arm?" she sobbed. "The right arm?"

"Yes, dearest," said Arabella Crowley, "the right arm." And for a moment her own voice was a bit unsteady, so that she paused a moment before going on.

"It must be he," she sobbed at last. "That proves it positively."

Of course you will have to see for yourself. They will insist upon that, I expect. I am sorry. It will be very trying. But now there can be no doubt that it is he." She hesitated and looked doubtfully towards the younger woman as if she did not quite know what to say further—whether to express the satisfaction she really felt or the sorrow which conviction dictated, but Beatrix Buchanan, glancing up, caught the look, and smiled faintly back at her.

"Oh, no pretence of we, Aunt Arabella, please!" she said, and the fit of nervous shivering and of nothing had passed all in a moment, leaving her calm. "Let us not pretend what we don't feel," she said. "I am glad—frankly. I didn't love him, as you know, and I am glad to have all this dreadful strain over with. It sets me free, and before I was most cruelly bound. Oh yes, I am glad."

Then she asked if Harry Faring had arrived—he had, the night before—and when she would have to go through the ordeal which was before her, what arrangements had been made, and all such practical matters.

"Everything is arranged," Mrs. Crowley said. "As soon as the ship is berthed we will drive to the—where it is. They will be waiting for us, your lawyer man and the others. It will take only a few moments. Then we can go home. You're coming to me, of course, in Gramercy Park. Harry Faring will be there—at the house. He thought it would be best not to seem to be engaged in the thing at all, though he has been busy all this morning making the arrangements. For a man," said old Arabella, handsomely, "he has great tact and thoughtfulness, Harry has."

Beatrix Buchanan smiled softly to herself. "He has all that a man should have," she said under her breath. "He is all that a man should be. He's tender and strong and faithful and true, Aunt Arabella. I think there are no other men like him in this world. I should like him to know how good I think he is."

Old Arabella sniffed.

"I dare say he knows no much about it as is good for him," she said. "Never you praise a man, my dear! It spoils 'em. I know. They become quite insufferable. Discipline! That's what you need. They don't get half enough of it."

Then Mrs. Buchanan's mind came again to the door, and the two women went up on deck to allow her to finish her work.

At the pier the elderly lawyer man was waiting. He had procured a ticket permitting him to go inside the customs line, and greeted Mrs. Buchanan at the foot of the gangway. He was very nervous and excited, and he frisked about in an anxious fashion, saying over and over again:

"Now we must be perfectly calm—perfectly calm!"

Then the three—Mrs. Crowley, Beatrix, and the lawyer man—went at once to a carriage which was waiting for them, and drove away, leaving Alanson Trevor and the maid and one of Mrs. Crowley's men to pass the luggage through the customs and follow.

It was a wet, chill day, with howling skies and a fine driving rain—a November day come before its time. Beatrix sat back in the brougham and closed her eyes, and old Arabella noted that she was slowly growing paler and that her hands were again nervous and inquiet. The lawyer made a fine effort to manufacture cheerful conversation, but Mrs. Buchanan did not answer or seem to hear him at all, and presently old Arabella gave him a warning nod, and she subsided with a gasp. "Quite so! Quite so!"

It seemed to Mrs. Buchanan that they drove for hours—in fact it was not more twenty minutes or so—when—after a time she sat up and leaned forward to look through the rain-spattered window.

"We are going a very long distance," she said, in a fretful

to me. "Where are we? I don't recognize the neighborhood at all." And just then they drew up to the curb, and a man who had been standing in a doorway came out and opened the carriage before the footman was down from his seat.

The man said:

"Oh, it's you, is it? We was afraid you wouldn't be coming till afternoon. Come right along in!"

There was a little knot of men in the room which they entered, and the men all turned and stared curiously at the newcomers. One of them whispered something nodding towards Beatrice Buchanan, and two or three of the others took off their hats.

"We're all ready for you," said the man who had come out to the carriage. "Make a light in beyond there, Bill!" And one of the group said, "It's made already."

Then the man who seemed to be in authority looked towards Beatrice Buchanan.

"Shall we—shall I go in with you?" asked old Arabella. Mrs. Buchanan shook her head doubtfully.

"Better alone," she said after a moment. It seemed to be difficult for her to speak. She followed the man in charge, who had gone towards a door at the back of the room.

"Right in this way, ma'am!" he said, and she followed him through what seemed to be a tiny antechamber, and thence, upon the opening of a door, into a further room whose atmosphere smote her in the face with an almost palpable chill, for the temperature was below freezing. There seemed to be no windows, and the only light came from two flaring gas-jets which dropped from the centre of the ceiling, on a simple and unornamented T. Under them, stretched upon a plain trestle, rather like an operating-table which she had once seen, something long and still lay covered by a cloth.

The man in charge tipped across to the thing under those flaring gaslights, and Mrs. Buchanan wondered dutifully why he walked so. She decided that it was out of respect for her rather than for the dead, since his walking over a long slare have rubbed him of that. He turned back the cloth from the face of the dead man and from the right arm, which lay out at a slight angle from the side.

"Careful now!" he said, anxiously. "Don't you be afraid. There isn't nothing to be afraid of." He half held out his hands as if he expected Mrs. Buchanan to fall in a faint. Probably he had had unpleasant experiences with women who came there to identify friend or relation.

But this woman showed no sign of fainting. She turned up beside him, he said afterwards, with no evidence of fear or even of reluctance. And she looked down at the sorry thing which lay there. But the sight, after all, have been too much for her, for as she looked she gave a sudden scream, not very loud, and put her hands up over her face. Then, after a moment, she asked him, whispering, if he

would leave her alone for a little. He wondered at that, but women often asked queer things of him, and so, without comment, he went out, first jerking a chair from the other end of the room and setting it near her. He said that as he closed the door behind him Mrs. Buchanan was just sinking back into this chair, and he said she still held her hands over her face.

They left her alone with the dead man in that chill place, for it may have been, four or five minutes. Then Mrs. Crowley went to the door and knocked upon it. The elderly lawyer stood behind her. There was no answer, and so she knocked again and finally opened the door. Beatrice sat where the keeper had left her. Her arms had dropped to her sides and hung there, with the fingers nearly reaching the floor. Her eyes stared, uninking, at the thing which lay so long and still under the yellow gaslight. When Mrs. Crowley called out to her from the doorway she rose very slowly. Once on her feet, she averted as if she would fall, and put out a hand to save herself. But when the hand nearly touched the thing on the trestle she caught it swiftly back and gave a cry under her breath. The other two came forward into the room, and Mrs. Buchanan looked towards the lawyer. She seemed not to see old Arabella.

"It is—Herbert Buchanan," she said, in a dry voice. And she repeated it. "It is Herbert—Buchanan."

Then she let them lead her out of the place and to the carriage which was waiting at the curb.

CHAPTER X

BEFORE PARADISE GATES COMETH PUNISHMENT

It was about a week after this that young Faring, following his daily habit, turned into tinner's Park and saw up the steps of Arabella Crowley's old-fashioned house which stood at the foot of Lexington Avenue. The footman at the door said that Mrs. Crowley was in the drawing-room. He did not say that Mrs. Buchanan was there also, and Faring wondered why, for he knew that she must be expecting him at this hour. There were, however, so many simple and perfectly good reasons why she might not be below-stairs, or even in the house at just this moment, that, as he found himself wondering, he gave a short laugh and shook his head at his own egotism. It was rather like a boy, he thought, and he was no longer a boy in any way, but he was not in the least ashamed of being boyishly eager to see the woman he loved or boyishly disappointed if he was made to wait. The first sight of her after he had been away for twenty-four hours or even for a much shorter time always made his heart give a quick little leap and made it race for a few seconds. Also a sudden flush would come up over his cheeks and then die away. Possibly all this was because he had never been what is called a "lady's man," and so had pre-



She looked down at the sorry thing which lay there.

drawn by Rudolph

served a certain unusual shyness and a certain rare sensitiveness to that charm which a woman, and is particularly the woman one loves, spreads always about her like a palpable vapor. More probably it was because the man's whole face, simple nature was so charged with the great love he bore for Beatrice Buchanan that it was a sort of actual shock to come into her presence—a constantly repeated thrill which never grew less or turned commonplace or showed signs of cheapening itself to him.

In the big square drawing-room where the blinds were drawn down to shut out the sunshine Arabella Crowley laid down a book which she had been reading, and, without rising, held out her hand.

"Ah, it's you, Harry!" she said. "You'll hula and despise me, for I'm the bearer of evil tidings. Who was it used to kill bearers of evil tidings? I once had a picture about it. The bearers were all lying about the floor in an untidy heap, and the person who had been so annoyed by them was lying on an artist's couch thing with a sword in his hand, waiting for more tidings. A most depressing picture, I assure you. What? The tidings? Oh, she's gone! Beatrice has gone away."

Young Faring halted suddenly in the middle of the room. "What do you mean?" he said, in a still voice.

"Gone away!" repeated Arabella, crossly. And then, as he stood staring, she broke out in a half-sneering laugh.

"My good man," she protested, "do not stand there with that stricken-to-the-heart expression! There's nothing terrible in it. She's gone away for a few months, for decency's sake. I take it, you must remember that she's a newly made widow. I expect she's running away from you, if you should ask me. I expect you've been making love to her, and it's really not decent. Oh, bother the man! Here!" cried old Arabella, in a tone of exasperation. "Here! She's left you a letter. You may read it now if you like. I must talk to Haggins. There are people coming for dinner and I have not even seen the menu. Read your letter, lad! I shall be back in ten minutes." She lurched out of the room—a bit stiffly, for the autumn had brought on her rheumatism—but in the doorway she turned.

"If you want my opinion of this lost whim of Beatrice Buchanan's," she said, "I think it is too absurd to be patient over. Why in Heaven's name she could not have been contented to stay on here, through the winter, in peace and comfort with me, I cannot imagine. I'm very much out of temper with her. I told her so when she went this morning. Was she impressed? No! She laughed at me and kissed me on the tip of the nose. I wash my hands of her!" Old Arabella moved away, grumbling volubly to herself, and Faring tore open the envelope of his letter.

"Dearest," said Beatrice Buchanan—that "dearest" spung at him from the white paper with the same little thrilling shock he



The man still bent over his letter

Drawn by Will Gould

was wont to take from the first sight of her face after an absence. "I'm running away from you for a little while," she said. "I'm always running away from you. You will be thinking that it's a habit I've got. It isn't, though. This is why I am going—I cannot bear to stay where you are, to see you every day—and remain on the terms which are decent and necessary for us just now. It is too difficult for both of us, Harry. So I'm leaving you between two days. I had made up my mind about it before I saw you yesterday, but I said nothing because I hadn't the courage. I'm a frightful coward, you know. Truly I am. I was afraid that you would beg me to stay, and I knew that if you did I should stay on. And it really won't do. So I'm going away where you can't find me. Even Aunt Arabella doesn't know where I'm to be. Only my lawyer—a man known to me and he won't tell. So, Harry, do not try to find me. Wait a little time—only a few months. What are a few months out of a lifetime? This is the eighth of October. Six months from today it will be the eighth of April. On that day I shall let you know where I am, and then—then, if you want to, you may come to me. You see I'm still giving you your freedom. I say, 'you may come if you want to; not just 'come'! Ah, that's—very silly of me—a silly, pretending, make-believe. For I know you don't want your freedom any more than I want mine. I know that you will be coming the days just as I shall count them, and that you'll be very bitter at them because they go so slowly. We needn't pretend to each other, need we, Harry? We've already said too much for that. We know each other's hearts too well—do we? Do we, though? Ah, well, as well as is good for us, I expect."

"That's all I need say, I suppose. In April I shall write to you and you will come. Till then it's waiting. Oh, Harry, the waiting will be long for me as well as for you. You must believe that."

"Go and see Alliance Trevor sometimes. The poor child is not very happy, and she will be glad to have you to cheer her up. She says she is not going out at all this winter. I could never tell you what a comfort she was to me at the Lodge and abroad."

"Good-by, Harry! Don't call me names for all this—like Aunt Arabella, the blessed old termagant! Truly it's the only thing to do."

BEATRICE.

Mrs. Crowley, after what she considered a discreet interval, returned to the drawing-room. But the man still bent over his letter.

"You've had time to read that twice over," she said, deliberately.

"I have read it twice," said young Faring. "I'm reading it

(Continued on page 222.)



DEFECTS IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM

By HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor for the Post-office Department



The long experience of the author as Auditor of the Post-office Department at Washington qualifies him to speak with authority and from intimate knowledge of the defects in the equipment and management of the greatest business organization under Federal control. On this topic Mr. Castle has written five articles, of which this is the fourth; the last will appear in the next issue of the "Weekly"

IV.—Accounting for the Public's Money

THE functions of an auditor's office are unknown to the public at large, and are but dimly understood by students of political science. Yet three functions and the accounting system which they represent are interesting subjects of contemplation to all who stand for good citizenship, official integrity, and the permanence of republican institutions.

The American accounting system is the right arm of the law-making power, established for the avowed purpose of insuring faithful obedience to law in making disbursements of public funds. Corrupt and deceiving institutions have no such system; Turkey and China, Russia and Spain, know it not; its existence and vigorous operation are the criterion of the civilization of a people.

There are six auditors who are specially attached to the United States Treasury Department, each of whom is charged with the duty of auditing the accounts of one or more of the great departments of the government. The auditor for the Post-office Department is subject to special emoluments, and his bureau, in number of employees and magnitude of work performed, is larger than the other five combined. There are now seven hundred employees in that bureau. The appellate tribunal of the accounting system is the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury. When an auditor passes judicially upon a case or a question, appeal may be taken from his decision within one year to the Comptroller, whose decision is conclusive as to the government.

Although the office of auditor for the Post-office Department was created in 1836, on the report recommendation of President Andrew Jackson, and in consequence of serious scandals which had then recently been brought to light, correct theories of accounting have not yet been applied to all branches of the service. This is due partly to its rapidly multiplying ramifications, keeping pace with the progress of invention and the industrial revolution of America, and in consequence of the fact that at one time the clerical force here was available to cope with the immense labor involved. There are many candidacies and imperfections still existing in this vital function, which are a constant source of uneasiness to those responsible for its accurate operation.

In theory, the functions of the office are quasi-judicial, but in practice the duties of the auditor are almost wholly executive, since more than 450 of the 700 employees exercise the powers nominally vested in the head of the bureau. An average of 2000 accounts, representing \$4,000,000, are settled every working day, which are never brought to the auditor's personal notice.

Theoretically, the position is held to be independent of the Post-office Department, but in fact, as the law has been correctly interpreted, the auditor is the officer of both the Treasury and the Post-office Department, having parity of official relation with both.

Detestably the auditor for the Post-office Department has more power than any of the other auditors, since the Comptroller of the Treasury only reviews his settlements in rare and exceptional cases. But in reality, as to retain vital points of effective accounting, he is short of important prerogatives through the provision of law which permits the Postmaster-General, contrary to the practice in all the other departments, to prescribe "the form of keeping and rendering all the accounts" relating to this service.

Presumptively there is a "double audit" of all governmental receipts and disbursements; but, literally, under existing law and conditions, ninety per cent. of the postal transactions can have no examination whatever in the Post-office Department. The accounts come direct from the postmasters to the auditor's office, where, except for the fragmentary reviews recently introduced, they are never reexamined. Less than \$150,000,000 of the \$1,200,000,000 annual transactions can have the shadow of a "double audit."

As to matters which receive a preliminary administrative examination, it is a fundamental axiom of correct accounting that the auditor is entitled to all the information possessed by the department when the account was approved, but as to claims for railway mail transportation, aggregating about \$10,000,000 a year, the auditor must rely on the blind statements of the departmental authorities that the amounts certified are due and payable; no evidence is furnished.

A partnership or corporation always endeavors to keep its accounts in such a manner that the profit or losses of each branch of its business may be readily ascertained. After the facts are known good policy dictates that an effort be made to change losses

into profits. Unfortunately in many branches of the postal service heavy losses occur, but there is in the present accounting system no method of ascertaining exactly what those losses are. In other words, the different features are so interwoven that the profitable ones are made to carry the unprofitable, with little or no attempt to apply a remedy.

The entire volume of the public business of the country transmittal through the mail, including documents, correspondence, even heavy cases of freight, such as postal cards, postal supplies, typewriters, enrolling machines, printing presses, etc., is carried without any compensation, and at an absolute loss, amounting, an expert declares, to \$11,000,000 a year. No accounts are kept.

Weekly newspapers, mailed free in the counties where published, constitute another heavy item of total loss. Other newspapers and periodicals, and many wholly unrequiring kinds of second class matter, are carried for only a fractional part of the cost of transmission. Transportation alone costs six cents a pound, while the postage rate is one cent. Second-class matter constitutes sixty-five per cent. of the total weight of mails transported, while yielding only five per cent. of the revenues. The legitimate part of this loss is cheerfully borne by the public in view of the educational benefits derived from the circulation of the public prints. But this does not excuse the failure properly to compute and tabulate it.

The money-order system is conducted at a loss of at least two million dollars a year.

The registry system could show a great loss if all proper charges against it could be duly collected.

Rural free delivery causes a net loss of more than fifteen millions annually.

It is probably fair to assume that the rates of postage on third and fourth class matter (books, etc., at one cent for two ounces, and "newsletters" at one cent per ounce), as a whole, cover the actual cost of transmission and delivery, including their share of general expense of administration.

This throws the burden of seeking to make a profit upon letter postage alone. In other words, the writers of letters are taxed for the benefit of the patrons of the losing ventures in the existing system. The twenty-cent stamp runs the whole machine.

It is a lamentable defect in our method of accounting that no attempt has ever been made even to approximate a proper distribution of expense among the different branches. There is nothing to correspond with the system by which a railway company, for example, not only ascertains the profitable and unprofitable features of its traffic, but also determines the relative earning capacity of its various types of locomotives and freight-cars.

And there are wide gaps in the antiquated methods of book-keeping still adhered to, through which underpayment and defalcation are directly invited to enter and help themselves.

No account has ever been kept with the Post-office Department of the stamps and stamped paper furnished by the bureau of engraving and printing, or by outside contractors. This account should have been opened in the auditor's office when postage-stamps were first introduced sixty years ago, and continuously kept until this time. It would be the fundamental corrective check upon substantially the whole revenues of the Post-office Department, amounting yearly to \$10,000,000. That no such account has ever been opened or kept is an astonishing revelation of defective methods, all the more glaring because similar accounts have always been rightly kept by the auditor for the Treasury Department with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue wherever revenue stamps have been required by law. The Post-office Department does not furnish its auditor with the requisite data, and if that were supplied, the clerical force of the auditor's office, limited by a significantly Congressional policy, could not handle it. The first the auditor ever hears of the stamps, etc., is his notice to debit them to a postmaster. How many have vanished or are kept on one's estimate.

The compensation to fourth class postmasters is fixed by law at a certain percentage bearing inversely with the business done of the supposed "commutations" of their respective offices. By "commutations" is meant the money value of the postage-stamps on outgoing mails during a quarter. The postmaster reports his "commutations," and the auditor's bureau credits him with his compensation accordingly. His report may or may not be true;

(Continued on page 213.)



Music And The Opera

A GREAT CONDUCTOR

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



THE present American visit of Mr. Felix Weingartner, whom it is an exaggeration to call one of the greatest of living conductors, has contributed in large measure to the brilliancy of the current season of music, which even without his presence would have been unexampled. Mr. Weingartner has been heard with the New York Symphony Orchestra, whose leadership Mr. Walter Damrosch temporarily relinquished. To Mr. Weingartner's performance of Berlin's symphonic masterpiece a brief reference was made in this place a few weeks ago. He followed his remarkable achievement in the reading of that much-discussed score by noteworthy performances at the concerts of February 4 and 6, of Wagner's "Parsifal" overture, his "Siegfried Idyll," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Weingartner's distinguishing qualities as a conductor are too familiar to need elaborate description. His most conspicuous excellences were displayed at last week's concert in his reading of that impressive picture of the brooding and despairful soul whose moods are tolled with so "Tristan" like an eloquence—an eloquence that anticipated that of the greater work by almost a score of years. Mr. Weingartner, it was quite evident, loves and profoundly understands this music. He gave a superb performance of it; it may be doubted if even Mr. Sells's reading of it, could we hear it today, would seem more completely revealing. In the "Siegfried Idyll" Mr. Weingartner was less satisfying. Though he realized much of the beauty of that exquisite score, he did not quite succeed in making manifest the lovely serenity of spirit

in its entirety, for it is both witty and ardent. But it misapprehends, nevertheless, the quality of those whose position it deprecates. "There are American composers," says Mr. Hale, "who are sure that there is a common conspiracy to crush them. Mr. Zeiss T. Field cannot understand why Mr. Gerasko will not produce his tenor part, 'Lary ol Hockannum Ferry,' and Mr. Hale knows that there are air sinister and malignant influences against him, otherwise Mr. Walter Damrosch would look favorably on his great orchestral fantasia, 'The Springfield Arsenal.'" He does not believe, he says further, "in crowding a composer who has not learned the technique of his art, and is without fancy or imagination." We hate yet to encounter any one who would be disposed to disagree with Mr. Hale on this point. He is taking the unnecessary trouble of demolishing an imaginary opposition. It seems careful to insist that, for those who espouse such an attitude as that undertaken by the New Music Society of America, considerations of mere patriotism are quite beside the point. No one with any sense of the artistic terribles would make propaganda for music whose only claim to serious attention were its American origin. What is contended is that there exist a considerable number of orchestral works by American composers which do not reverse the attention to which their artistic quality entitles them. There can be little question that a sincere endeavor to bring these works into wider public notice will hasten the day when a score signed by an American will receive the same consideration that is accorded to music of European origin.

which lives in its earlier portions: here his pace was hurried and lacrimose. No one is likely to dispute Mr. Kroll's assertion that the "Idyll" is not a composition of serious import; and accordingly there should be "lightness and cheerfulness" in its exposition; but may there not also be the note of agitation and of tenderness? Mr. Weingartner's interpretation somewhat disturbs one's conviction that the "Idyll" is one of the most poetic of modern scores. His performance of the C minor Symphony was such as to make that painfully hackneyed work almost electrifying. It was a reading of immeasurable ability and fire—one does not realize, as does, recall a more powerful one it seems a pity, though, that Mr. Weingartner chooses to minimize the tragic significance of the exordium by ignoring the tradition which recommends its headlong delivery.

Our need, no excuse for resorting upon Mr. Weingartner's manner of interpreting these familiar works; for he is a remarkable figure in the musical art of our day, and his performances are no inoperative as they are stimulating and significant.

The plan made in this place a few weeks ago for a wider recognition of music by American means, together with the unanimous consent of the recently formed New Music Society of America, has called into Mr. Philip Hale the distinguished Boston music critic, a student that has been widely read. It would be a pleasure to quote Mr. Hale's argument



Miss Bessie Abott

The American Soprano who has recently joined the Metropolitan Opera Company

No observer who stops to discriminate would deny that, as Mr. Arthur Farned has recently observed, most of the mass of American music is the smaller horns is at best adapted only to purposes of ornamentation upon some yet unbuilt structure of the slender substance of human thought and feeling; and much in the larger forms, as well, is but "a futile expression of the faculties of those who have trained themselves in the American school of harmony."

But it is not so with all, either in the small or in the large forms. The appalling array of clever but insignificant American composition will doubtless remain with us always, through the effect of its considerable technical facility. But when the balladeers go, the gods arrive! With the first voice that possesses sufficient beauty or power to reach us, discrimination begins. And such voices, when they come, even in American music, it is vitally necessary to weed out much—not from the country, which would be impossible, but from the sphere of our own appreciation—if we would fit ourselves to perceive and to compel the recognition of that limited but increasing body of American music which values some ending reality of the human spirit. It is for this reason that any sincere and unprejudiced endeavor to discover and make known the extent and quality of our national musical art can scarcely fail to promote its ultimate ideal. The artist will reveal not a little that may justly claim to be both beauty and distinction in the belief of many.



Those Careless Times.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



Very Days about the White House.—Pittsburg Gazette.



You mark Bismarck.—Chicago Plate Dealer.



A Country Post-office according to a recent Dispatch.—Chicago Lateral Press.



Wade in, Throder, I'm with you.—Chicago Plate Dealer.



CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Defects in the Postal System

(Continued from page 228.)

the temptation to pad the returns is constant, innumerable frauds in this line have been detected; it is believed that immense losses occur, which are never discovered. Under the existing system, which only begins to be changed by Congress, there is no remedy.

The amount received by postmasters in payment of postage for second-class matter is collected in cash, and there is no sufficient check on their receipts of these receipts. In other words, this large item of revenue is never "collected." Not millions of dollars a year is accounted for; how much is unaccounted for—who knows?

The withdrawal of claims of railroad companies for transporting the mails involves the payment of more than forty million dollars annually. The only evidence upon which the amount is settled is a certificate from the Post-office Department that the service has been performed during the preceding quarter. There is no way for the Auditor's office to ascertain independently, as contemplated by law, whether the computations have been correctly made—or, in fact, whether any mail has been carried by the roads during the quarter. This practice has been severely condemned by the Comptroller of the Treasury, and the matter has been repeatedly called to the attention of Congress by the Auditor.

The clearing house which has been created can be mentioned as a sample of defective methods such as are liable to crop out in any direction under present conditions. For a period of more than four years the amounts of postmasters' losing money—orders were settled by checking their entries and against the order, but against a stub or coupon detached therefrom which was supposed correctly to state the amount. Amounts aggregating, probably, thousands, were passed upon by this free-and-easy method.

It was like settling a customer's account at bank on his own list of checks—no audit, no check by the bank, but without scrutiny of the checks themselves. Orders could be and were issued for \$100 entered on the coupon as \$1, and the difference pocketed by the postmaster without risk of detection. This device was authorized by Congress and the Auditor's office, in other defiance of the law for the prevention of business frauds. It was the pleasant privilege of the writer to check this amazing procedure. Thousands of checks and coupons were disclosed in reviewing the work for only six months of the four years it had been in operation. In many cases thousands of mistakes and losses amounting to millions were determined. But even with this kind of treatment, the work is the largest annual cash movement of the nation, involving over \$600,000,000 of money—money vouchers to be handled every year, much to be checked by the thousands of thousands of long columns of figures, notes, additions. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gained from the fact that the postmasters' statements—statements of lost mail, lost mail binders and thousand volumes, each of which is larger than the largest counting-house ledger, and single tenfold pounds. The money-orders, which are due in bank-notes, fill three million every year.

Between three hundred and four hundred clerks are employed on this important work, doing it under the industry and much genuine devotion. Many clerks are conscientious—"stick" the numbers mechanically, and do not add the long columns of figures in order to prevent dishonest postmaster's entries. All this work should be reviewed; the millions of dollars involved justify it and it is but the law requires it. Thus until about



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1860 no part of it was reviewed, and since then less than ten per cent. of it has been treated. This is regrettable, but the same, but Congress refuses the large additional clerical force required.

Serious inconveniences and possible divisions in the service—even a breakdown in the operation of some of its most necessary functions—may arise at any time through controversies between the Post-office Department and the Auditor's bureau, inasmuch as since such controversies have been in the past, the personal animosities, while known matter remains its present intensity, this is a menacing peril. The law which provided for the establishment and operation of the Auditor's office, providing and simplifying its functions in order for its independence, not contemplate that its functions should be carried in a spirit of antagonism. While obedience to law must be exacting and its penalties limited to the amounts granted, every effort should be made for a harmonious adjustment of relations between the bureau and the department. Happily this spirit has in recent years prevailed, and the public service has received no detriment.

On the other hand, the danger of collision is ever present, but in the nature of things scarcely so imminent. If the two offices could be more widely separated, this exposure to collision would be lessened. There is an esprit de corps in different departments, and even in different divisions in the same department, which throws the officials and employees thereof apart instead of bringing them together. Old clerks take a grim but foolish delight in "turning down" the rival institution. Except ordinary inadvertences may sometimes lead to avoidable collision between subordinates of the administration and accounting bureaus, but nothing serious would be difficult to avoid. The hand of the letter-giver seldom reaches into these avoided precincts.

Although the danger of collision has been exaggerated, the fact that the Auditor's bureau and the Post-office Department have always been tenants of the same building, and perform their work in one office, is a serious inducement to collisions. It is not in practice, which are contrary to sound principles of correct accounting. There has been too much intercommunication between the employees of the two departments, who have corresponding or interlocking duties connected with the adjustment of postal accounts. This practice is reprehensible and dangerous, leading to division of responsibility and other manifest complications, but is very hard to eradicate.

It will be apparent on reflection that postal deficits are revealed in the Auditor's office. That bureau in its settlement of accounts detects frauds and defalcations, with the attendant official prerogative of reporting criminals for prosecution, and attempting to collect delinquencies from delinquents in their households. It passes upon fraudulent and fictitious claims, of which only the closest scrutiny prevents allowance and payment in money cases. It handles all the multitudinous accounts of workers which have given opportunity for error, forgery, and fraud in their lapse or payment, besides constantly scrutinizing as to how the work is done, and, if necessary, the number of postmasters with their standing temptation to embezzlement. It is forever inspired with the difficulty of enforcing the government's just demands against defaulting postmasters, filling contractors, and other wrong doers, through the severity of judges and juries and law-bagges of the law. Above all, it is conscious of numerous defects in its own machinery, many of which are apparently impossible of adequate correction.

Earned efforts to cure these defects are constantly made by the officials and employees of the office, but the obstacles are insurmountable. Congress closes its eyes to all representations of the danger involved, and gradually appropriates barely sufficient clerical force to keep the clock approximately in current in its present broken mechanism for taking no additional work which year adds more new failures in the vast postal system, leading to its final complications, defects and perplexities, with no sufficient means to handle them.



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EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVEY



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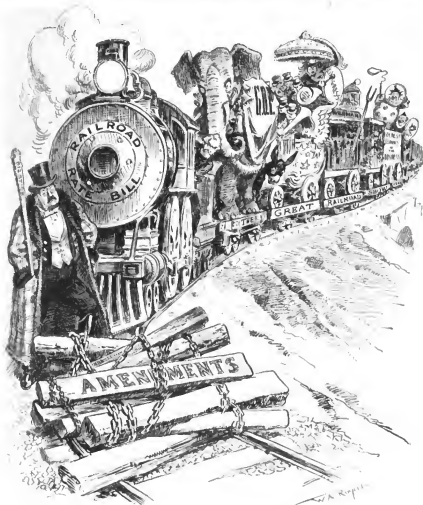


Vol. L

New York, Saturday, February 24, 1906

No. 196

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.—VI.

Index and title-page: Here is the whole show held up again. The trainmen still pursue their dusty trade. But they no longer, I shall permit forthwith to cause, the obstructions with us are strong ones. Release men and us and the tramp, I suggest that I shall have to take a few of them for no board. But never mind! I will hold these men in the caboose and they the bill and put on steam, and the People will witness another great Triumph of Unfettered Right over Shrinking Wrong. Thinking you again, I remain, as ever, Very Truly Yours!

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L.

No. 2560

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 24, 1906

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COMMENT

We discuss elsewhere the probable fate in the Senate of the HERRIN bill, which passed the House of Representatives by a majority even more overwhelming than that which was secured by the EAST-TOWNSHIP bill last year. Meanwhile we note that neither of two other measures known to be favored by the ROOSEVELT administration, the Steward bill and the Philippine tariff bill, seems likely to obtain the approval of the Senate in their present form. We are told that a considerable number of Republicans have announced a willingness to cooperate with the Democrats in defeating the former project, unless it is saddled with an amendment providing that the inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico shall vote separately on the question whether they desire the union of the two Territories in a single State. If in either Territory a majority shall reply in the negative, the fusion will not take place. We do not mean that Senator HERRIN, who has the bill in charge, confesses a loss of hope, and we have no doubt that if his scheme be doomed to shipwreck, he will go down with all sails set and flags flying. One thing is certain, namely, that if Arizona and New Mexico do not come into the Union as one State, they must both resign themselves to occupying a Territorial status for an indefinite period. We do not understand that there is any serious opposition in the Senate to the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a single State, and we presume that in one way or another their part of the Steward bill will be carried out. As we expected, the stand-patners seem strong enough in the Senate to throw out the Philippine tariff bill, unless it be amended so that the customs duties imposed on insular sugar and tobacco shall be fifty per cent. of the DUTY rates, instead of twenty-five. Whether the Panama Canal problem will be solved in conformity with the President's views depends apparently on his acceptance of a compromise in the matter of railway rate-making. As the Santo Domingo treaty is also threatened with rejection, the triumphs of the administration in the Fifty-ninth Congress promise to be few and far between. It is evident that, owing to a considerable change in public opinion, brought about by the thorough examination which the rate-making project has undergone in the press, Mr. ROOSEVELT has less influence in the Senate to-day than he possessed a year ago, though he retains his hold upon the House of Representatives.

The effect of the speech made by Senator PATTERSON of Colorado in defense of his refusal to be bound by the resolution of the Democratic caucus against a ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty was momentarily impaired by Senator BAILEY's demonstration that not long ago Mr. PATTERSON had himself voted for a resolution making a two-thirds vote in a Democratic caucus binding on all representatives of the party in the Senate. After all, however, Mr. BAILEY established

nothing except the fact that the argument against caucus dictation in the matter of treaties would have come with more consistency from some other Senator than his colleague from Colorado. The intrinsic force of the argument was in no wise weakened. There is, however, some reason to believe that Senator BAILEY's speech exercised a good deal of influence over certain Southern Senators supposed to be wavering, and that the treaty in its present form will get only two Democratic votes, those, namely, of Senator PATTERSON and Senator CLARK. Two would not be enough to make up the necessary two-thirds. To avert, if possible, the rejection of the treaty, Secretary Root, it is reported, purposes to amend one of the articles—that, namely, by which our government agrees under certain circumstances to interpose for the maintenance of order in the Dominican Republic. Mr. Root intends, we are told, to limit our intervention strictly to the protection of the American citizens employed as collectors in the Dominican custom-houses. It is possible that by such a minimizing of our responsibilities two or three additional Democratic votes may be secured for ratification.

The inquiry said to have been made by the Italian government as to whether the United States would undertake the debt-collecting function in Haiti as well as in Santo Domingo, seems to have been based on a misapprehension of the facts. It was at the request of the President of Santo Domingo that Mr. ROOSEVELT agreed to collect and distribute the customs revenue of that republic. So far as we know, no such request has been made by the Haitian Executive, and we doubt if one ever will be; for, owing to the dread of annexation to the United States which is felt by the Haitian people, the life of a President who should take an overt step in that direction would not be worth an hour's purchase.

The Democratic Senators who have criticized the participation of our government in the conference concerning Moroccan affairs have predicted that the presence of our diplomatic representatives at Algiers would be construed in Europe as a definite departure from our traditional policy of aloofness in Transatlantic complications. The prediction was quickly fulfilled. In the week ending February 10, the *Statist*, one of the leading financial weeklies published in London, expresses the conviction that the conference will fail unless Mr. ROOSEVELT interposes to save the situation. It declares that if the United States would consent to undertake the policing of Morocco, everybody would hail with joy our readiness to resume an unpleasant responsibility for the sake of preserving the peace of the world. Unhappily President ROOSEVELT would like to preserve the peace of the world, as he proved at Portsmouth. That is not the ground, however, on which our government has taken part in the conference. We were represented in the previous conference held at Madrid in 1880, and our commercial interests are affected by the intervention which was signed then and there. It was not only our right but our duty to see to it that the privileges acquired by us at that time should not be infringed at Algiers. It is, of course, always possible that diplomats, seeking to magnify their office, may transcend the prescribed limits of their mission. Senator HALE, however, who is supposed to have spoken for the administration, has assured us that no such transgression of defined authority need be apprehended in the present instance. The notion of our policing Morocco is, of course, absurd, and is worth mentioning only as showing how hard it is for Englishmen, even when exceptionally well informed, to understand this country.

Is Pennsylvania to be for a time a Democratic State? That is a question which Republican partisans, who are looking forward to the Presidential election of 1908, may well ponder with some anxiety. The Democratic candidate for the State Treasurership, Mr. WILLIAM H. BERRY, was elected last November by a considerable majority, through a coalition of the so-called LAWRENCE Republicans and the Democrats. Will the coalition be renewed? Upon that inquiry much light will be thrown at the Republican State convention, which is expected to meet in June of the current year. The "renewal" or PENNSYLVANIA organization controls the Republican State committee, and, therefore, will be able to name the temporary officers of the convention, including the committee on credentials. Will delegates representing the LAW-

could Republican seceders of last year be admitted? If this question shall be answered in the negative, it may prove extremely difficult for the regular Republican nominee for the Governorship to carry the State next November, for in that event the LINCOLN Republicans will either put forward a standard-bearer of their own or support the Democratic candidate. Just now it looks as if, provided a fusion took place, the LINCOLN Republicans would have to allow the Democrats to name the competitor for the highest office in the State, though, of course, they would be permitted to fill some of the minor places on the coalition ticket. Whether the machine can put forward a nominee likely to win back most of the LINCOLN Republicans is doubtful. It is not believed that either Justice JOHN STEWART or Justice ELKINS would accept a nomination for the Governorship. If Senator KYOT would accept it, he probably could be elected, but nobody believes that he would resign his seat in the Federal Senate, except at the earnest request of President ROOSEVELT and for the express purpose of restoring the threatened ascendancy of the Republican party in Pennsylvania.

Political calculations would be gravely disturbed if Pennsylvania were to become once more a doubtful State at Presidential elections. It got its epithet of "Keystone" from the scale-turning part which, before the civil war, it often played in the choice of a President. Pennsylvania was pivotal in 1796, and again in 1800; it was expected to be pivotal in 1812. In 1824 its political importance was generally acknowledged; in 1844, in 1848, and in 1856, the political campaigns of opposing parties made it one of the chief fighting-grounds. Since 1860, on the other hand, Pennsylvania has always chosen Republican Presidential electors, though it has not always elected a Republican candidate for Governor. If its thirty-four Presidential electors should be Democrats in 1908, the Republicans would feel that they had lost their stronghold. We say stronghold, because of the other States of the first order of magnitude, the Democrats, since the civil war ended, have carried New York several times, and Illinois once, in Presidential years.

The Interstate Commerce Commission promptly sent to the House of Representatives the information desired by it concerning the investments made by the Pennsylvania Railroad in the stocks of some other lines, including notably the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Norfolk and Western. It turned out that the Pennsylvania Railroad has not violated the Federal law, not having purchased a controlling interest in any competing line. The right of a railway corporation to purchase stock in another company is not disputed, provided it refrains from buying a majority of the shares. The almost simultaneous attempt of the Pennsylvania Legislature to investigate the relations of coal-carrying railroads in that State to coal-mining companies also seems to have been based on a misunderstanding of the law and the facts. The coal lands possessed by the railways in Pennsylvania were all acquired before such ownership was prohibited by the State Constitution of 1873, which expressly declared that no interference with vested rights was contemplated. President GEORGE F. BAER, of the Reading Railway, has pointed out in a published statement that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has uniformly held that the constitutional limitations imposed in the year named do not apply to property previously secured. In the same statement Mr. BAER shows that although the Reading system is now making money, there has been during the last twenty years only a very small increase in traffic receipts from anthracite coal. The figures will surprise many persons. The average annual receipts from the transportation of anthracite coal during the last five years have been \$10,334,000, while as long ago as 1883 the traffic receipts from the same source were \$10,046,000. The truth is that the transportation of anthracite coal has ceased to be an all-important factor in the revenue of the Reading system. In 1877 it constituted 61.50 per cent. of the total freight and passenger traffic receipts of the Reading company. Now it forms only 34.50 per cent. The receipts from miscellaneous traffic are now greater, and even the passenger receipts are equal to one-half the intake on anthracite coal.

Mr. BAER also has replied to the assertion made by the United Mine Workers that although the price of anthracite

coal has been raised since the agreement reached three years ago became operative, the mine-owners refuse to promise the miners an increase of wages after that agreement shall have expired on April 1. The facts prove that while the average price of coal per ton has advanced about seventy-three cents, in seven years, there has been a simultaneous increase of sixty-three cents per ton in the cost of mining coal. There is thus left to the coal companies an increase of only ten cents per ton in the septennial period. In view of these figures, it seems probable that the anthracite miners would in the end be content with a renewal for two or three years more of the agreement made in 1903 through the interposition of President ROOSEVELT's Anthracite Coal Commission, but for the fact that they consider themselves bound to cooperate with the bituminous miners in a strike, unless all the demands of the latter are granted. So far as a strike in the anthracite coal-fields is concerned, the consumer need not fear this summer the scarcity of the combustible which he experienced three years ago, because, first, comparatively little coal is burned in warm weather, and, second, the reserve stock of mined coal in the hands of the companies is exceptionally large. As, on the other hand, the strike fund, including the sums to be collected during the next few weeks, will be inadequate to the support of the miners for more than a brief period, the strike will spell disaster for them. The situation in the bituminous fields is different, because the reserve stocks are small. No well-informed person believes, however, that the soft-coal miners are sufficiently well organized to coerce the railway and manufacturing companies, to which supplies of that fuel are indispensable. If there is a strike, it will be a short one.

Whether in the new House of Commons, which was formally opened on February 12, the tariff-reformers will constitute a separate party depends largely upon the outcome of the meeting of Unionist members which, in compliance with Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's request, has been called by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR. In a published letter to the ex-Premier, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN denies that an attempt has been made to impose, as a condition of the continued union of the Unionists, the exclusion of those who decline to accept the whole programme of the tariff-reformers, but he goes on to say that in his judgment it would be dishonest to pretend that the Free-Feeders, who, while nominally supporting Mr. BALFOUR in the last Parliament, opposed his policy, are in the same boat with the tariff-reformers and retalliationists. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expresses the belief that in the coming meeting of the Unionist members the tariff-reformers will have a majority, but should the contrary prove to be the case, he thinks that they might properly organize themselves into a distinct Parliamentary group, which would have "whips" of its own. Experience has shown that such a "group" is apt to stiffen into a sharply defined "party," which might at any hour enter into combinations of which Mr. BALFOUR would not approve. At present the Liberals are exulting in their great majority over all opponents put together, but there are clouds on the political horizon, and it remains to be seen whether the followers of Sir HIL. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will not in their turn undergo disintegration.

On the score of the opinions expressed on some interesting subjects by well-known American citizens, a good deal of attention is likely to be attracted to an article in the February number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, entitled "Are Great Fortunes Great Damages?" Among the men to whom this and kindred inquiries were addressed may be mentioned on the one side Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT, president of Harvard University, Justice OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, of the United States Supreme Court, Dr. DAVID STARR JOHNS, president of the Stanford Junior University, Dr. E. BEKAVINUS ANDRÉWS, chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and the late EDWARD ATENSHAW; and on the other, JOHN WYNMORER, ex-Postmaster-General, Mr. ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, and Rev. WASHINGTON GLIMOCK, the social reformers, and JACK LONDON, author and socialist. Premising that the wealth of several American capitalists—a wealth not inherited, but accumulated in a single lifetime—is now conservatively estimated at from one hundred to five hundred million dollars, the interviewers inquired whether, in the judgment of the gentlemen named, any man could render to his country or to mankind a service

rustling him to so great a reward. Mr. ERNEST CROSBY and Mr. JACK LONDON curtly answer "No." The Rev. WASHINGTON GLADEN would not undertake to limit the possible pecuniary value of future services, but he did not hesitate to say that no man had yet rendered a service to mankind or to his country worth either of the sums named. President ELIOT and President JORDAN also replied in the negative, but added that some men had rendered or could render services for which no amount of money could pay. On the other hand the question is answered in the affirmative not only by Mr. JOHN WAXMAKER, but also, somewhat unexpectedly, by Chancellor ANDREWS and EDWARD ATKINSON. To the next inquiry, whether the possession of a billion of dollars in the hands of an individual constitutes a menace to the republic, Mr. CROSBY, Rev. W. GLADEN, and Mr. JACK LONDON say "Yes," but President ELIOT, Chancellor ANDREWS, Mr. JOHN WAXMAKER, and EDWARD ATKINSON are as firmly convinced that a negative answer should be returned. President JORDAN says that a surplus is always a danger, and that the fewer the persons controlling the excessive accumulation, the greater is the risk of its being ill used.

To the question whether, in the event of a billion of dollars being bequeathed to a reckless, wasteful, and unscrupulous heir, society should have any protection against him, President ELIOT, President JORDAN, and Mr. JOHN WAXMAKER respond in the negative. Chancellor ANDREWS would find a safeguard in a stiff inheritance tax; Mr. CROSBY thinks that if society permits such an accumulation, it ought to suffer for its own folly, and EDWARD ATKINSON declared that the quicker a spendthrift got rid of his inheritance, the better. Rev. W. GLADEN is convinced that if a man under our loose laws can legally acquire a billion dollars, he ought at least to be prevented from bequeathing it to anybody. To the question whether it is practicable or advisable to set any limit to the amount of property an individual may own, every one of the persons interviewed, whether conservative or the opposite, answered "No." That is to say, a rigorous and artificial limit to the accumulation of wealth meets with the disapproval alike of those who protest against the existing social system and of those who defend it. The questions above cited were considered together by Mr. Justice HOLMES. He pointed out that the real problem is not who owns, but who consumes, the annual product, and expressed the conviction that economically it does not matter whether you call Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER or the United States owner of all the wheat in the United States, provided the wheat is annually consumed by the body of the people—except that ROCKEFELLER, under the illusion of self-seeking or in the conscious pursuit of power, would be likely to bring to bear upon crop conditions a more piercing scrutiny of the future in order to get a greater return for the next year.

In a recent issue of the *Sax* there was a letter from an army officer about the army pay. An officer, he said, was expected to maintain his family and himself on a salary that was fixed thirty-five years ago. Since then the price of living has about doubled, and the incomes of persons who move in the general social plane in which army officers are expected to circulate have increased proportionately. Consequently, says the *Sax's* correspondent, the present pay of officers can no longer make a fair approximation to maintaining them as our government, which rates them officially as gentlemen, expects them to be maintained. We have had this same complaint from the college professors, whose salaries have been practically reduced by the increased cost of living, and the reasonableness of their moans has been generally acknowledged, and a good deal has been done already to better their case. The army officer is in several particulars worse off than the college professor. Suppose after twenty years' service he is a captain of cavalry, forty one or two years old, with a wife and two children, and an income of \$2800. He has to keep supplied with very expensive uniforms; he moves from post to post, and occasionally is sent overseas; sometimes to the Philippines. His children do not have even the advantage of a continuous attendance at good public schools, but pick up what haphazard education they may in the course of their parents' wanderings. As for sending them to boarding-school, that is an impossible expenditure for a married man with an income of \$2800. So

while the college professor can at least educate his children to his satisfaction, the army officer finds it extremely difficult to do so.

The officer who writes to the *Sax* holds that it is the higher grades of rank in the army that especially need increased pay. He recommends increased longevity pay: an addition of ten per cent. after ten years' service; another ten per cent. after five years more; and an additional twenty per cent. after another five years, making forty per cent. increase after twenty years' service. As a matter of fact, this increase has already been granted. It is a question, however, whether even this increase in pay is sufficient to provide for the growing needs of the officers of the army, due to the higher cost of living. But Congress will have to undergo marked change of heart before it votes further increase. There is even more complaint about the insufficient pay of private soldiers than of officers. For years there have been efforts to secure an increase of pay to our consuls. Our consul at Anting, a very capable official, has just resigned because his salary would not maintain him. The pay of our ambassadors is scandalously inadequate. Cabinet officers are ridiculously underpaid, and all the Federal judges should have a raise. In an article in the current *New American Review*, Mr. THOMAS L. JAMES discusses Uncle Sam as a parsimonious employer, and easily makes an impressive list of his parsimonies. The army is not worse underpaid than most of the civil offices, including the President, but the civil offices are for the most part temporary, whereas an army officer or a naval officer who sticks to the service has no chance to better his financial condition. Congress is generous to the pensioners, but to no one else.

A sound argument for the expenditure of whatever money is required to make our regular army an efficient and contented body of men can be based upon the immense cost of our wars as we have managed them in the past. The pension system, as it has been developed in the last twenty years, makes reliance on volunteer troops a colossal extravagance. A fortnight ago Congressman GARDNER, of Michigan, disclosed some interesting figures about the cost of the civil war. Its first cost was about six billion dollars. For pensions \$12,222,000,000 has been expended, and it is estimated that the total expenditure will eventually reach nearly double that sum. That would make an expenditure of \$12,000,000,000 to hold together a country of which the property valuation in 1900 was \$16,000,000,000. In the Spanish war (we still quote Mr. GARDNER) there were 312,000 casualties and 9578 deaths and casualties. Of our Spanish war veterans, 69,687 have already applied for pensions. If the civil war veterans had been equally willing eight years after 1865 to be assisted by the government, there would have been 500,000 applications for pensions. As it was there were 102,000. Our War Department expenditures have increased in the last twenty years from \$38,000,000 to \$122,000,000; nevertheless, feeling as we do about pensions, it is excellent economy for us to provide that, as far as possible, our fighting shall be done by professional soldiers, maintained in a state of high efficiency and commanded by highly trained officers. It does not take nearly so many of them as of volunteers to do a given piece of work; they do it quicker and better, and with much less peril to health and risk of disability. It costs too much to make veterans out of volunteers, and infinitely too much to make officers fit to be entrusted with the care of men out of green stuff of whatever natural merit.

In support of his thesis that our Federal government is a parsimonious employer, ex-Postmaster-General THOMAS A. JAMES says that Mr. ROBERT T. LINSLEY, who had been one of his colleagues in the cabinet of President GRANT, found, after serving for four years as minister to the court of St. James's, that his total expenses were just twice the amount of his salary, and he had to make good the deficit by draining upon his private purse. Yet it is known that Mr. LINSLEY, as compared with some of his successors, led a life of simplicity. He entertained only when he was absolutely required to do so because of his official station, and then by no means lavishly. Mr. JOHN BYRNE MEAR results in his *History of American Diplomacy* that, as long ago as GRANT's administration, Secretary FIST was of the opinion that the grade of the mis-

sions from the United States to the chief commercial nations of the world ought to be raised from that of minister to that of ambassador. His sole reason for refraining from taking any step in that direction was the conviction that Congress would not increase the salary to the amount which an ambassador, as the personal representative of the President, should receive. Events have shown that he was right. We now accredit no fewer than eight ambassadors to foreign powers, yet they receive only the salaries of ministers plenipotentiary. The result is that only a rich man can afford to accept any of those posts. A poor man, such as BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was, is practically barred out.

The Washington correspondents report that the administration is a good deal concerned over the possibility of another antiforeign outbreak in China. The chance that American troops will be needed again for the rescue of Americans in China has already led to the despatch of two regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery to Manila and to other preparations. The transports which are taking the reinforcements to the Philippines are to stay at Manila in readiness to take troops to China if that should be necessary.

Still another infantry regiment may be sent to the East if Congress will vote the money. While these military precautions are being taken against the possible flying off of the Chinese lid, it is gratifying to notice that the imperial Chinese commissioners now on a visit of inspection and investigation in this country are being everywhere received and entertained with the heartiest cordiality. In New York, on February 3, a great dinner was given in their honor at the Waldorf Hotel by representatives of the Protestant missionary societies. On their way to New York they were elaborately entertained in Chicago and in Washington, and everything that they cared to see both there and here was shown them. Leaving here, they went to West Point, Niagara, Philadelphia, and Boston. In Boston a dinner was given in their honor on February 12 at the Algonquin Club, at which a number of notable addresses were made. Governor GIBBS and Mr. RICHARD OLMSTED were among the speakers, and President ELIOT gave the commissioners assurance of the readiness of the American colleges to receive Chinese students on exceptional terms of admission, and provide for them special guidance and pecuniary aid, if need be.

The commissioners are Viceroy of the empire, the senior of them being that TUNG FAN who, when ordered by imperial edict at the time of the Boxer rebellion to kill all foreigners in his province of Shensi, elected instead to protect them, and for this disinterested exercise of superior judgment was presently promoted to be governor of two provinces. He is rated as one of the strongest friends of progress in China. The commission of which he is the head goes from here to Europe and examines the institutions of Germany, Russia, Belgium, and Italy. Another commission will follow and inspect England, France, Holland, and Switzerland. The presence of these visitors and the ominous nature of the rumors of impending disturbances in China should both remind Congress of the need of so amending the exclusion act that it may not shut out Chinese students nor subject to indignities such Chinese visitors as it was never intended to affect.

Americans and American goods are now exceedingly unpopular in China. If any one remains ignorant why they are unpopular, he can learn something from the recent remarks of Vice-President SEYMOUR, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Mr. SEYMOUR says that the moderation of the American troops in China at the time of the Boxer rebellion made Americans very popular. He attributes the present disfavor in which they are held to the brutal enforcement of the exclusion act and to the hostile treatment of Chinese in California. The officials who have enforced the exclusion act in California have proceeded, he says, on the theory that the more Chinamen they kept out the greater would be their popularity. Besides that, the San Francisco labor leaders began agitation against Chinese-made goods, using the boycott against grocers, tobacco-dealers, clothiers, and others who sold them. The Pacific coast Chinese wrote home about it. Well-born students sent by the Chinese government to the University of California wrote home that on their landing

they had been measured on the BERTILLOU plan and treated like criminals. They advised against sending any more students. Then followed the boycott against American goods, managed with scorching effectiveness by the great Chinese guilds, and the diffusion by them of anti-American literature throughout the empire. The result has been the development in China of an intense anti-American feeling, that has come to be a feeling against all foreigners, and which the Chinese government is doing its best to hold in check. We have sown the wind, Mr. SEYMOUR says, and are reaping the whirlwind. He thinks the condition of Caucasian missionaries in the interior of China is extremely perilous. The Pacific coast trade with China he reports to be very seriously crippled, many San Francisco firms in the Chinese trade having closed their offices in China. This condition of things is doubtless satisfactory to the labor organizations of San Francisco, which have been the chief agents in bringing it about, and which can probably see a profit in the extinction of all commercial relations, and indeed all intercourse, with China. Whether Congress will permit these organizations to continue to regulate the relations between China and the United States remains to be seen.

The famine in northern Japan, due to the failure of the rice crop, is very severe, and has brought thousands of persons to the verge of starvation. President ROOSEVELT has appealed to the American people for "help from their abundance" for their suffering fellow men of the great and friendly nation of Japan. We do not doubt that his appeal will meet with a ready and bountiful response. He recommends that contributions be forwarded through the American Red Cross to the Japanese Red Cross, to be used as the Japanese government may direct. Local Red Cross treasurers will receive contributions, or they may be sent to the national Red Cross treasurer, Mr. CHARLES HALLAM KEE, of the Treasury Department in Washington. Mr. JAMES H. SMITH, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, will also receive contributions.

Since December 21 the running time of trains between New York and San Francisco has been reduced from 92 hours to 81 hours and 45 minutes, and the mail service between those points has been expedited by an entire 24-hour day. This saving of time has been accomplished by the efforts of the Postmaster-General in combination with the Burlington, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific railroads. On the Southern route across the continent a gain of 16 hours has been made between New York and Los Angeles. Another very important gain of 12 hours has been made between St. Louis and Galveston, San Antonio, and other points in southern and southwestern Texas. Intermediate and connecting points on all these routes share proportionately these gains in time, to the very considerable and important advantage of business in the sections of country affected. The Post-office Department under Mr. CORTLANDT is not less successful and energetic, it seems, in denying the privileges of the mails to swindlers than in making those privileges constantly more valuable to persons whose use of them is lawful.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. ORR's political position just now, it is evident that the movement to force him out of the chairmanship of the New York Republican State Committee has miserably failed.—*Springfield Republican*.

It looks that way, but it is one thing to have ORR, lead the New York Republicans and another to have them follow him. ORR, if left in charge, can be trusted to give Governor HAZEN a Democratic success.

One hundred and one midshipmen graduated from Annapolis on February 12, and went home on leave, as glad, we presume, to put a safe distance between themselves and the Naval Academy as any lot of budding heroes that Annapolis ever turned out. No insider has disclosed what life has been like at Annapolis during the last three months, but it must have been very trying to the midshipmen's nerves. A new hazing law now before Congress gives the Secretary of the Navy discretion to dismiss or otherwise punish cadets who are caught hazing, either with or without a court martial. The bill also defines hazing, and makes it the duty of every officer stationed at the Naval Academy to report cases of it that come to his knowledge.

The Senate and the Hepburn Bill

If anybody imagined that the Hepburn bill would emerge from the Senate in the form given to it by the House of Representatives, he will be undeceived, not so much by Mr. FORAKER's declaration that he should vote against it—that was expected—as by the speech made on Monday in the Senate by Mr. LOAN, who is believed to reflect quite as faithfully as any other Senator the views of President Roosevelt himself. The crucial feature of the Hepburn project is, it will be remembered, that it makes a railway rate fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission operative until it shall have been pronounced unreasonable by the courts. Mr. LOAN holds, on the other hand, that the rate should not be operative until after its reasonableness shall have been affirmed by the Federal tribunals. There is, indeed, grave doubt whether, even if the Hepburn bill were passed in its present form, a Federal court could be prevented from suspending by injunction the operation of a fixed rate by the commission if it should be complained of by a railway as unreasonable. Senator LOAN recalls that last November Senator KNOX, who was supposed to speak with the President's approval, pointed out that no order made by any commission or board now existing or prospective for the purpose of changing a rate or practice on the score of unreasonableness or injustice without its order being subject to review in a judicial proceeding in a United States court. Moreover, there is no law that does, and probably no law could be enacted that could, prevent the court, if inclined to think that injustice had been done a railway, from staying by injunction the operation of the commission's order until the court should have passed upon the merits of the controversy. The power of a court of equity, exercising its discretion to enjoin the operation of a rate made by the commission until a final hearing should have been given and a final decision made, is a power that inheres in the court, that need not be conferred by statute, and that probably, in Mr. KNOX's opinion, cannot be taken away by statute. We are further reminded by Mr. LOAN that the EPOCH-TOWNSHIP bill, passed last year by the House of Representatives, with a view of facilitating a judicial review of a rate fixed by the commission, created a court of transportation and endowed it with equity powers, which, of course, included the power of suspending by injunction the government rate. The fundamental objection levelled at the Hepburn bill by the Senator from Massachusetts is that instead of perpetuating the just-mentioned feature of the EPOCH-TOWNSHIP bill, or taking some alternative precaution to safeguard railroads from injustice, it seems deliberately to attempt to eliminate, so far as possible, from the proposed law all provisions for review by the court. Mr. LOAN, for his part, is not prepared to assent to any restriction upon the right of an American citizen to seek redress in the courts of his country. He is unwilling to substitute an executive commission for the courts of the United States. He recognizes that a proper regulation of the railway rate-making question is of vast economic importance, but in his eyes such importance is as nothing compared with the primary duty of preserving to every American—high or low, rich or poor—free access to the courts of the republic. He is quite aware that under our Federal Constitution no legislation by Congress could prevent an appeal to the courts if it were alleged that a rate fixed by the commission was confiscatory. But a rate may not be absolutely confiscatory, and yet be in the highest degree unreasonable and unjust—may, well-nigh ruinous. Mr. LOAN is ever inclined to share Mr. KNOX's doubt as to whether it would be constitutionally possible to deprive by legislation the government rate of appeal to the courts as to the mere reasonableness and abstract justice of a given rate. The distrust of the courts disclosed in the Hepburn bill, the avoidance of an explicit statement of a railway's right to a judicial review of the commission's decision, the refusal to recognize that a power to review implies a power to suspend by injunction—these characteristics of the attitude of the bill's framers toward the judiciary seemed to the Massachusetts Senator ominous in the extreme. In his opinion nothing could be more alarming to reflecting men than the disposition shown by some persons to transfer to the legislative and executive branches of our Federal government power pertaining to the judiciary, and thereby to deprive the citizen of his most fundamental and sacred rights. Mr. LOAN, of course, would not assert that judges have never decided wrongly, or that the law's delays have never wrought injustice. He maintains, however, that if we would look back over past generations, or contemplate events of contemporary daily life, we should be blind if we did not recognize that the courts have been and are the greatest bulwark of the State's peace and order, and of the people's liberty.

In a preliminary discussion of the Hepburn bill the Senator from Massachusetts showed that the grievances which government rate-making was expected to redress in whole or in part are excessive rates and unfair discriminations between localities. Discriminations between persons, or what are called "rebates," or "undue preferences," are dealt with by a stringent law which is already on the statute-book, and needs only to be enforced. As

for the power to abolish or modify discriminations between localities, Mr. LOAN proves from the experience of European nations that government rate-making does not stop such local discriminations, but, on the contrary, merely substitutes an arbitrary set of those made by the government for those which are brought about by economic forces, the competition of markets, and the interaction of business interests. In Germany, for instance, while personal discriminations or rebates have been abolished, as they could be in the United States by a rigorous enforcement of the EXCISE law, other discriminations have been actually multiplied, and applied, not only to localities, but to industries and the final destination of the freight. The result has been to sectionalize Germany under the pressure of political, local, and industrial interests. In the United States—which are already badly compacted rather than centralized—local and industrial discriminations, brought about through political action, would be peculiarly harmful. In the long run, they would prove far more oppressive than those which have come into existence through the natural competition of business interests and the working of economic forces. Nobody disputes that some of the discriminations between localities, which have been made in the United States have wrought injustice, but we concur with Mr. LOAN in thinking that it would be folly to establish a new series of government-made discriminations, which would work larger wrongs in the hope of curing the original inequalities. It is very doubtful whether any change of rates made by a government commission with a view of curing place discriminations would not prove a change for the worse. In any event, a commission's power should not go beyond the fixing of a maximum rate, while an absolute safeguard against hasty or prejudicial action should be provided by a provision for an appeal to the courts of the country.

The Administration of New York's Public Schools

Two bills which have been presented to the New York Legislature—Assembly bills Nos. 417 and 418—are evidently intended, though under the guise of amendments to the City Charter, to revolutionize the administration of the public schools of New York. In order to understand the spirit and purport of these bills, it is necessary to understand the existing administrative system. This system was worked out in its main features by Mr. SEYMOUR LOW, who was chairman of the Committee on Education in the Charter Commission of 1892, and was carefully elaborated and harmonized by Mr. HENRY W. TART and his associates of the Committee on Education in the second Charter Commission of 1901. The underlying principles of this system are two: The separation of purely educational administration from purely business administration, and direct responsibility for results on both the business side and the educational side. The board charged with the duty of appointing administrative officers and holding them to a strict responsibility is the Board of Education. To this board—a rather unwieldy body of forty-six members, appointed by the Mayor—six subsidiary boards and all executive officers, even where they are granted statutory powers, are responsible. In other words, while the Board of Education cannot interfere directly with a subsidiary board or an executive officer in the exercise of statutory powers, it has the authority to hold such board or such officer to a strict accountability, and upon charges prove, to punish for wrongdoing even to the extent of dismissal from the service. The duty laid on the Legislature or the Board of Education is thus partly legislative and partly judicial, and only in the slightest degree executive. The members of the board are representatives of the people, to determine, in the last resort, the educational policy of the city, and to see to it that the executive officers perform their functions promptly, economically, and impartially.

The chief executive officer on the educational side is the City Superintendent of Schools. The chief function of this officer is to act as chairman of two subsidiary boards, and to represent them before the Board of Education and its committees. These bodies are the Board of Examiners and the Board of Superintendents, both of which are charged with certain duties and responsibilities under the Charter. The Board of Examiners examines all applicants for teachers' licenses, grants licenses to those who successfully pass the given tests, and prepares eligible lists of licensees arranged in the order of standing at examination. The Board of Superintendents nominates to the Board of Education, in order of standing, from these eligible lists, teachers, principals, and other members of the supervising and teaching force. Within forty days after a nomination is made, the Board of Education may approve or reject it. In case an assumption is neither approved nor rejected within that statutory time, it becomes equivalent to an appointment. Other duties of the Board of Superintendents are to recommend textbooks and changes in the course of study, to provide for the promotion and graduation of pupils, to suggest the organization of schools, and to nominate district

superintendents who need not, under the law, be taken from eligible lists. In all cases, however, the recommendations and nominations of the Board of Superintendents are subject to the approval of the Board of Education. It may thus be seen that the initiative in all purely educational matters—the examination for teachers' licenses, the compiling of eligible lists, the making of courses of study, the promotion and graduation of pupils, the nomination of teachers—is placed in the hands of educational experts. At least, if they are not educational experts, we must assume that they are, because they possess the educational qualifications laid down by the Charter, and have they not been selected by the Board of Education? They are directly responsible to that body; and if they have not performed their duties efficiently, it was and is the duty of the Board of Education to dismiss them from the service.

The administrative educational system, thus briefly described, took the place not of one system, but of many systems, which existed, prior to consolidation, in the cities, villages, and townships incorporated in Greater New York in 1898. There was one system in the old city of New York, now the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, under which a central board of education was responsible for business and financial administration, while a board of trustees for each ward appointed the teachers. There was another system in Brooklyn, under which a local committee for each school appointed the teachers; while in the boroughs of Queens and Richmond there were an entirely different systems in which were cities, villages, and school districts. All of these systems, however they may have differed in detail, agreed in three important particulars: First, no teacher, no principal, no educational expert was given any direct or authoritative voice in educational administration—his position was merely advisory; second, the members of the board of education or of the board of trustees, as the case might be, were responsible for every detail of school management—they were at once executive, legislative, and judicial officers; and, third, the appointment of teachers was regarded as, and actually was, a prerequisite of the school-board members—a prerequisite too often debated to subvert the interests of political bosses and district heaters, or to repay social and even religious obligations. The results of such a system may be more easily imagined than described. Responsibility could not be fixed. As a result, schoolhouses were not built in sufficient numbers, nor were erected in unsuitable locations to satisfy the greed of real-estate speculators; thousands of children were in the streets who ought to have been in school; the old city of New York was without a high school years after every other city in the country and many of the villages had provided that most America of all American educational institutions; the curriculum of the elementary schools was still the curriculum of the fifteenth century, either undisturbed or enriched; and, worst of all, inefficient teachers were appointed and permitted to remain in the system, while those who were efficient had their teaching ability impaired and their self-respect wounded by the necessity of appealing to politicians for permission to exercise their profession. Under such a system—the business management part, the teaching force demoralized—progress was both slow and uncertain.

That there was progress at all was due in the occasional presence in boards of education of men of liberal views and vision who did what they could under a defective system to build up the schools, and to the presence in the schools of teachers and principals who rose above their surroundings and worked with a single eye to the interests of their pupils.

At length, in 1914, the people demanded a reform in the management of their schools. In 1920, despite the opposition of the great mass of the teaching force, despite the opposition of the educational authorities, despite the opposition of Tammany Hall and all allied with it, the Legislature passed the act commonly known as the PACEY law—from the name of the Senator who introduced it—which converted many of the wisest provisions of the educational chapter of the present Charter—namely that requiring the nomination of teachers in order of standing from eligible lists.

There is this important difference, however, between the provisions of the Charter and the PACEY law with regard to the licensing, nomination, and appointment of teachers. Under the PACEY law, the licensing power and the nominating power were the same—the Board of Superintendents; under the Charter they are distinct and different: the nominating power remains with the Board of Superintendents, while the licensing power is transferred to a new board constituted by the Charter—the Board of Examiners.

It is evident that the Board of Examiners, which itself has no power to appoint, holds the key in the situation as far as the appointment of teachers is concerned. If the members of the Board of Examiners are independent, honest, and efficient, no inefficient teacher will be licensed; while those who are licensed will be given their relative positions on the eligible lists in accordance with intelligent and impartial standards. If, however, the examiners are dishonest or inefficient, or if, being honest and efficient, they are not permitted to exercise their functions with-

out dictation from those who would use the patronage of the schools for "electoral" purposes, the inevitable result will be that the teaching force will be demoralized, a return will be made to the old system of personal and political appointments, and the progress of the schools will be seriously retarded. A majority of the members of the Board of Education are now men appointed by Mayor McCAHILL, and are supposed to be closely affiliated with Tammany Hall. The bills referred to at the opening of this article would enable these men to control the appointment and promotion of every teacher in the schools. In a future article we hope to analyze these bills, and to show the way in which they have been cunningly devised to make the schools what they once were and what they have ceased to be, a political adjunct to Tammany Hall.

Personal and Pertinent

At this writing, with the White House wedding still in prospect, there are rumors that admission cards to the reception have mysteriously disappeared. We trust that none of them have fallen into the hands of flash-light picture-takers.

The *Richmond Religious Herald* objects in the verb in the sentence, "The fortune of his wife, who predeceased him," etc., which appeared the other day in this corner of the WEEKLY. It was lifted bodily out of *London Truth*, as was indicated, but not quite explicitly enough, in the context. We cheerfully relinquish the defense of "predeceased him" to Mr. LAMFUCKER.

The limelight has no terrors for the English Rider, General SUMMAY BELL, of Colorado. Though Rider is Cuban, and strike-squapper in Colorado, is billed at this writing to appear as a play-actor at the Broadway Theatre at Beaver. His costume, says a press despatch, will be the gorgeous \$1000 uniform he wore when, as Adjutant-General, he accompanied Governor PEARMAN to the World's Fair.

It is announced in the *Louisville Post* that Mr. S. H. McMAKIN, a prominent resident of Shelby County, Kentucky, is convinced that beans can be grown in that State, because he has grown them himself. Next thing somebody will grow a little sugar and somebody else a little hot water, and then what will become of the extensive mint farms? This is no time for a revolution in the affairs of Kentucky.

To Mr. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE has just been awarded the Joux Prize gold medal, founded in 1902, upon the occasion of the eightieth birthday of the veteran steel-master by the four national engineering societies. By the deed of foundation the medal is to be awarded "for notable scientific or industrial achievement," and the specific achievement to be named in the present instance is the WESTINGHOUSE air-brake. Mr. WESTINGHOUSE is the first American to receive the medal. Lord KELVIN was the first recipient of the distinction.

According to the doctrine of our democracy every American citizen is a king or a prince of something equally fine. Colonel JOHN SCHMIDT, who lives in California now, but once was Probation candidate for Governor of Missouri, gives the rest of us our better. If things were not just as they are, he might be King of Poland. He was born in that country sixty-eight years ago, and he and his daughter are said to be the only known direct descendants of JOHN SOBIESKI, the warrior King of Poland, California, however, seems to want him quite well.

We take off our hat to His Youthfulness BEEMAN G. DAWES, the Republican Congressman from Ohio, because he looks ten years' younger than he really is. We will not dwell upon his years for country's sake. A few weeks ago he struggled through the crowd hanging about the main entrance of the House, and was about to go upon the floor, but the chief assistant-doorkeeper had spotted him and called loudly to one of the attaches:

"Hey! stop that young fellow; don't let him get in there!"

The attaché growled Mr. DAWES, and grumpy but greatly urged him back. There were explanations, and Mr. DAWES, looking at least five years younger than ever, pushed open the door and strode in.

In the schedule of prices for "theatre entertainment tickets," advertised by a tourist agency in Tokio, the following appears:

Tickets.—For the first-class Theatres of Tokyo: yen 1.50 each including chair and other fees for all hours.

For the Ten-tenemy and Flower arrangements: yen 10, including cost of special tea, cut flowers, oriental food for one visitor, and fees for the master or assistant of the occasion.

For Japanese dances of two hours: yen 10, including fees and usual presents for the performers and Japanese dishes for one visitor.

Rather reasonable, without, since the patron is provided with a chair, ancient food, and presents for the performers. Yens are worth fifty American cents apiece.

An Eye-witness's Story of the Russian Revolution

By Albert Edwards

The author arrived in Moscow when the revolt of the people against the Czar and his troops was at its height. He was a spectator of the principal events, associated with the revolutionists at their meetings, and under Russian guidance was enabled to take part in the actual fighting between the troops and the people. This is the second of a series of three articles which will appear in successive issues of the "Weekly"

WE spent two days in trying to get into the factory district. Troops were stationed on three sides, and the firing was almost incessant. We spent the time in various gathering places of the revolutionary committees, and finally found a member of the strike committee who had just come out and who worked on our maps the positions of the troops and the one possible way to get in.

We started about noon, changed our sledge a few times to avoid possible spies, and at last came to the neighborhood of the factory. With the aid of our map we found a small street which was free from patrols, and came shortly to the first barricade. A crowd of men, apparently loafers, was standing in the entry of a store, but as one of them came to meet us as soon as they saw us, I decided that they were some of the famous "druzheniks." Vera talked with the man, and as we had the password, we were allowed to go on. The first barricade passed, we found ourselves in a typical factory quarter.

The Prokhorov mills form quite a large village: a dozen big brick buildings, some workshops and some dormitories, a church, a school, and scores of small dwelling-houses. The line of barricades is a rough circle covering three or four miles. Besides the outer

barricades, every cross-street in the section was filled with obstructions, wire entanglements and snares to hide the movements of the druzheniks. An occasional rattling shot could be heard to the north, and the crack of small arms was frequent. But life seemed to be taking its normal course, old women gossiping at the doorsteps, children skating and snowballing among the barricades. Every one eyed us curiously, but all were very ready to point out the intricate way through the obstructions.

The central portion of the district, containing the principal buildings, is enclosed by a blockade, and at the gate we were again stopped and questioned. But we were allowed to pass, and came to the headquarters of the druzheniks—a stout, low building of rough logs which was formerly used as a dining-hall. After more formalities at the door, we were at last passed in.

We found ourselves in a long, low room, the air of which was hot and heavy and dense with the smoke of cigarettes. The light was dim, and at first, after the glow of the snow, it was impossible to distinguish any details. A dim gleam came from the heavily frost-encrusted windows, and two oval doors gave out a deeper glow. But soon my eyes caught the glint of gun-barrels and the polished brass of sword-bushes. Vera talked for a moment to some one near the door, and I had time to get my bearings. There were about two hundred in the room and half as many women. I soon recognized Pasha, even before her sister did. She had been in the factory for some weeks and was dressed in a peasant woman, a grimy shawl drawn tightly over her hair. She looked very tired and worn. It was a striking contrast with a night I remembered when we had talked together in the foyer of the Opéra at Paris, and had discussed the relative merits of "Carmen" and "Die Walküre."

The sisters had much to talk over, so I had time to look about. The first impression was that these druzheniks were very young. Many seemed still "in their teens." But Russians usually look young, and I found later that most of the older men were on sentry duty. Many of those off duty were sleeping on the benches and tables, or drinking tea and smoking countless cigarettes. But small groups were continually coming in and going out. These were all armed, and most of them well armed. Repeating pistols and swords (taken from the police and Cossacks) were the prevailing equipment, but in each group were two or three first-class rifles, Mausers and Winchester. As soon as a druzhenik came in he reported the condition of his weapons to a student girl who sat near the door. If anything was out of order, it was immediately repaired by a group of gunsmiths. Luckily the first job I had ever had was with a lock and gun smith, so I "made good" mending their rifles for them. Another girl had charge of the ammunition. She had all the different kinds of cartridges sorted, and kept a ledger account of what she gave out. She also had in her charge



A Caricature from "Talking Shadows": The Czar of the Future—The Cossack

all the reserve weapons, which she gave out only at the order of the captain. These two girls and the gunsmiths were each centers of animated groups. There were two other main groupings around the samovar of tea and the other about a table where half a dozen young girls were smoking cigarettes. The rest of the people in the room were either sleeping or sitting in two and threes, polishing their arms and relating the events of the day.

About a dozen of the men were evidently students, although they tried to affect the workingman. Six of the women were "intellectuals," but the rest of the two hundred were downy jaw workers.

It was impossible to get accurate information as to the number of men under arms. In reality it was a question of the number of arms, not of men. There were a dozen applicants for every weapon, and many were armed with cartridges taken from the police. I estimated that they had between three and five hundred firearms.

The discipline among the men was excellent. Only one of the one thousand or more strikers appeared to be drunk. The lieutenant took us over the scene of the revolt fighting, and I had an opportunity of seeing how carefully the system of sentinels was organized. We were challenged a dozen times, and signs and passwords were exchanged. At least two hundred

men were on sentry duty. They were all very much interested in me and in America. They wanted to know what I had seen anything like this in America, or if I expected to. They were anxious to know what I thought of them, and were especially interested—and depressed—by the news of absolute quiet that I brought from St. Petersburg.

My attention was attracted by "The Panther," the captain of the druzheniks. He has earned his nickname partly by his graceful springing carriage, partly by his distinctive bravery—distinctive among men brave to rashness.

Like Sam, he was head and shoulders above his followers. His leadership is undisputed and well earned. For fifteen years he has been a thorn in the flesh of the Russian spies. One exploit which has won him many others, gone to build up his reputation for bravery, was in connection with a bomb-factory in Kurf. He held the gunnaries at bay with his revolver for half an hour while his comrades escaped, and while waiting for this exploit he made a sensational and daring escape.

He seemed an ideal guerrilla leader—democratic, but absolute. There was no possibility of appeal or dispute over his decisions.

His closest friend and lieutenant was nicknamed "Archangel" after the promise of that name—on account of his character.

"Archangel" will probably be the hero of future "peasy children" and of many generations of Russian boys. A week ago he was in command of the "druzheniks" at the "House of Father." When it was decided to surrender, he escaped over the roof with a Mauser, a Winchester, one thousand rounds of ammunition, and three revolvers. He got through the police lines and joined the head at the factory in time for the fight, when a handful of druzheniks, after a three hours' fight, repulsed a squad of Cossacks and six field-guns. On this day he is reported to have shot three officers and a spy. The next day it was he who made the sortie from the barricades with five comrades and captured the chief of the secret police and all his private papers.

But to me the most impressive of all were the women. The girl who had charge of the ammunition could not have been over eighteen. She had, in her careless activity, earned the name of "The Art." She sat at a table covered with five cartridges and loose powder. When men came to her for ammunition she would ask them quietly to be careful with their cigarettes. There were enough explosives about her to wreck the whole section, but she apparently had no nerves and kept quietly repeating her warnings, and politely giving out cartridges and making entries in her ledger.

The daughters of these student girls seemed less affected than that of the men. Pasha was called "Antoinette" and she was ever busy sewing on buttons and darning mittens for great hulking peasants. She and "The Art" seemed most popular with the men.

Perhaps I may have been mistaken, but I discovered a puny

between "The Archangel" and "The Ast." When she glanced up from her work it was always for him that she looked, and when he could spare a minute from his many duties, he came and sat by her. The only time she left her work was when a call for help came and he hurried off with a squad of men to the danger-point. It was she who handed him his revolver and gripped his hand last. I saw slip defiant smiles on the faces of their comrades. Love wound out of place between this girl who sat on a powder-barrel and the man who was going out with a few comrades to face a regular army. But I think I was right in my impression.

Another thing that impressed me was the sobriety of the men. I saw only one drunken man within the barracks, and he was an old man, half-witted, they said, and now drunk. The only vodka permitted by the revolutionists was in the squashed hospital, and carefully guarded.

As the evening wore on, the room became more crowded. Only those on guard duty were outside.

Towards midnight "The Panther" turned over his command to his lieutenant, and with several others we went to another building to sleep. There were only rough benches to sleep on, in a great room weirdly lighted by the one candle at the table where the captain studied over a map and planned the campaign for the morrow. I do not sleep well on a hard board, and whenever I waked and looked that way, "The Panther" was still there. It was after four when he finally rolled up in his blanket, for sleep, that he fell was startled by the boom of cannon. In a moment every man was alert, buckling on cartridge-belts, making sure



Interior of a Moscow House destroyed by a Cannon-shot

that every rifle was ready. A breathless messenger came with the news that there was a serious attack, apparently from all sides. We went as quickly as possible to the headquarters. There "The Panther" gathered those who had not already gone to the barracks—men and women—and disappeared.

Vera and I made our way more slowly to the hospital where it had been arranged that we should go in case of a successful attack. I had my papers as a correspondent, and she was to be my interpreter. We had a cook and bull story cooked up—they will believe anything of an American—of how we had made our way into the barracks, and being suspected of being spies, had not been allowed

to leave. By the time we reached the Red Cross station, cannon were booming on all sides, shrieks were screaming overhead, solid shot were knocking down chimneys, and the "whirr" of rifle-bullets and the growl of machine-guns were incessant.

During the night almost all the soldiers and all the artillery in the city, including two regiments of infantry and a couple of batteries just arrived from St. Petersburg, were marched to this section, and the attack began about 6 a.m.

About seven o'clock—in no, inexperienced in warfare, it didn't seem that a soul could be alive in the district—a message came to Vera. She read the note and told me that it was very necessary for some one to get out and take a message to some people in the city, and that she was going. I didn't relish the idea of staying alone, so resolved to accompany her. The messenger said he could guide us through a side street where there were no troops. We followed him, but found a troop of dragons with two machine-



A Parson from "Talking Shadows," showing Thurston, Governor General of Moscow, and Treppoff, Chief of Moscow's Police. The Treppoff was in front, Thurston was only his shadow; when Treppoff turned against Treppoff he became the shadow of Thurston.



A Cartoon from "The Spectator," showing a wounded student lying on the sidewalk, the "Black Hundred Hoodlums" disappearing in the distance.

guns in the way. We then skirted the circle of the barricades, trying to find an outlet, but the line was drawn tightly all about. The noise of the cannonading was deafening. I counted eight batteries in full blast. Altogether there were over a hundred field and machine guns. The troops, believing, as I heard afterwards, that there were forty thousand druzheniks behind the barricades (though there were not more than five hundred), showed no desire to attack, but seemed bent on raising every house in the district by artillery fire. After two hours of trying to find a hole in the curtain of troops, we decided on a dash across the frozen river. As we scurried across we had the individual situation of two companies of infantry. I have decided that the only way in which to be safe from Russian troops is to get them in fire at you. Of all the fusillade only one bullet came anywhere near us. That dag up some five or seven yards in front of us.

I saw eight batteries at work. It was impossible to estimate the number of men in the attacking party. At ten o'clock, when I crossed the frozen river, the district of the factory was more completely beleaguered than Fort Arthur. Shrapnel was screaming in all directions; solid shot was ripping through walls and tearing down trees. All the druzheniks were on the barricades—men and women, boys and girls. The children whom I had found skating and snowballing around the barricades yesterday, the old men and women, and those who could get no arms, were in the cellars.

I said as I stood on the safe side of the river that they could not possibly hold out for half an hour. About two o'clock, after five hours of continuous firing, the noise stopped, and I thought it was all over. But it soon began again, and more troops just arrived from St. Petersburg were being hurried to the scene of action. Five broke out in the factory about three o'clock, and the firing died down soon after. Again I thought it was all over. But at about six the cannonade recommenced. The whole western sky was livid with the flames. Over a hundred field-guns and polemots poured iron into the district. It was miraculous that any of the revolutionists should have escaped.

Far into the night the shock of field-guns rattled my window, and my memory held only one picture: the last night I had had of my friends; deserted streets, shell-riddled buildings, a rude barricade of barrels and boxes, half covered with the night's snow. "The Panther" stretched along the top, coolly and accurately emptying his Winchester into a battery of artillery not a block away; "The Ant," close beside "The Panther," snatching her hand a minute from the trigger to wave us "farewell." And Pasha—my companion in many a walk through old Paris—grimly filling the chambers of her smoking revolver, shooting out of a doorway at a company of Cossacks. Over all the yellowish-white smoke of gun-powder—the shadow of Death. It was not a vision to sleep on.

With the first sunlight I was beating on Vera's door. She opened it—radiant. During the night "The Ant" had been there. Pasha was safe in hiding. "The Panther" and a comrade had slipped away at midnight. They had a bomb with them, and were resolved to throw it if they found it impossible to avoid the soldiers. There had been no exploits, so they were safe through the lines. Only "The Archangel" had not been heard from. As far as "The Ant" knew, not a single druzhenik had been even wounded. Truly the marksmanship of Russian soldiers is something to be wondered at!

Leaving her I drove to the scene of the fight. The artillery were still booming, the machine-guns growling everywhere. Flames were busy in a dozen places. No answering shots came from the barricades, but the soldiers had not yet ventured to storm the place.

For eight days—by a strange coincidence, the date of the Battle of Mukden—a Russian army had been trying to capture this factory of Prokhoroff. They had lost at least one hundred men, had spent thousands of cannon-shot, innumerable rounds of rifle-cartridges, and, as yet results, had killed, I fear, more than a thousand innocent women and children; had wrecked by shells and fire millions of ruble's worth of private property, and killed not more than a dozen revolutionists. They wasted all this powder, spilled all this innocent blood, destroyed all this private property—but they failed to stamp out the Spirit of Liberty! Some of these druzheniks will doubtless be caught by the police and executed. But the most of them will go free to carry the torch of revolt into other cities.

The barricades are down in the rest of the town; and this every one believes is the last of the insurrection in Moscow.

These main reasons can be assigned as the causes of the collapse of the "armed uprising" here:

First, the revolutionists counted on more support from the rest of the country. If there had been even a little trouble in Petersburg the government could not have poured in the troops who are smashing down the revolutionists now.

Secondly, the revolutionists did not dream that the government would use artillery in the crowded, crowded streets of Moscow. They did practically on agitating among the artillerymen. They had reached enough of the infantry to keep them out of the fight. But the government did use the artillery, and so at least five thousand people have been killed and wounded—five thousand innocent people—by the reckless fire; and the damage to private property is quite incalculable.

And perhaps, most important of all, the uprising was premature. The government forced it by its complete reaction. The arrest of dozens of committees and hundreds of leaders was endangering the whole revolutionary movement and they had to act, however unprepared. If they had had sufficient arms to arm all the people who wanted them, they would easily have overpowered the garrison here. Despite the fact that the eight days of fighting has paralyzed the city, the sympathy of the great majority of the population had been unwaveringly with the revolutionary fighters. The people of Moscow are more distressed to-night at the frightful position of the remaining druzheniks than they have been at their own dangers at any time during the struggle.

The only way I can see the affair is that both sides are "bluffed" to a standstill. All the Russians on both sides are frightened. There is an immense demand for hair-dyes, masquerade costumes, and false passports. During the last two days I don't know what happened last night; I had been awake thirty-six hours; there have been about a hundred arrests, for the most part of quite harmless people—doctors charged with giving medical aid to the innocent bystanders, and the like. At 7 p.m. last night, only one person of any importance to the revolutionary movement had been arrested, and he apparently by accident. It is extremely doubtful if the police know who he is.

These are the facts! An Admiral who distinguished himself

as a midshipman in the Turkish war, but who has not done anything since, is Governor-General. He had a tight military cordon completely around the rebel position in the Prokhoroff factory—had at least five hundred of the most dangerous revolutionists where he could shoot them down or arrest them. I got out of the only hole in his cordon, and that was closed ten minutes after I got out. If he had wanted to he could have caught and punished at least nine-tenths of these rebels; but towards noon, in a most unaccountable way, his cordon was loosened in a dozen places and the druzhenicks escaped. This was partly due to the cowardice of individual soldiers, who believed that every druzhenick had a bomb and would use it if captured. On the other hand, it was on too large a scale to be blamed entirely to the individual soldiers. The Governor-General believes that there are forty-thousand armed men (druzhenicks) in Moscow. He is reported to have said that there were only two kinds of people in Moscow—armed and unarmed revolutionists. I think he is afraid to push matters with them.

Also a sort of system is discernible in what at first appeared to be the absolutely senseless cannon-fire. Three large factories have been destroyed by shells, and as many more by "mysterious" incendiaries. The workmen of these mills cannot go back to work for a number of months—they will have to scuttle to their villages. All the government-inspired papers prophesy ruthless reaction—which hasn't, so far, made good. And so I think the Governor-General is most anxious to write to Petersburg that Moscow is quiet; that he is quite unconcerned as to what happens in the provinces; and that if he can scatter these seeds of sedition among the working-men by destroying the factories, and can scare the leaders away from the city by a bluff of wholesale arrests, he will be quite content.

The Cossacks, and always the Cossacks! This word has now become a fearful nightmare. Everywhere Cossacks! Cossacks to pacify the students; Cossacks to pacify the employees; Cossacks to pacify the working-men; Cossacks to pacify the peasants; Cossacks to pacify the revolting army—and last of all, Cossacks to pacify Cossacks.



A Barricade in the District of the Prokhoroff Factory, erected to obstruct the Railway

Petersburg who pacified the railroad employees on the line between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and made it possible to bring the soldiers into Moscow.

The military train from Moscow pulled slowly into Perovo, the first station on the line. No one was to be seen; no brakeman or station-hands met the train, even the loafing townspeople had vanished. Only the faces of the strikers looked from the windows of the main building. Before the train had fairly stopped, a volley came from its windows, under cover of which the pacifying Cossacks poured from the cars and rushed on the station. There were a few answering shots, a dozen of the strikers were killed, and the rest broke for safety to the other buildings; but most of them were beaten back from the doors and the Cossacks flowed in. The officers quieted the tumult for a moment and demanded that the strikers give up their leaders, implying that the rest of them would be allowed to go free. There was not a moment for consultation, but two of the men, Orlovski and Larinov, not in reality the leaders, stepped forward to save the others. A short command; the soldiers fired and the two men fell. Then the Cossacks began a gruesome game of hide-and-seek. They hunted the strikers through the main building, and through the surrounding yards and sheds, and whenever they found one, went through the form of searching him for arms; and if they found so much as a pocket-knife, he was killed.

After this blood-bath, the military train went on.
To be Continued.



A Factory in Moscow gutted by Fire during the Disturbance



A Saloon on the Karsk Road



A Squad of Panaman Police at Colon, Captain Mackerrington in Command
From photograph by E. L. GUNDEL. Copyright, 1915, by Underwood & Lothrop



Colon Street in Colon, Panama, showing the 'Narrow Quarter'
From photograph by E. L. GUNDEL. Copyright, 1915, by Underwood & Lothrop



A View on Broadway, Colon, Panama
From photograph by E. L. GUNDEL. Copyright, 1915, by Underwood & Lothrop

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN PANAMA

The photographs on this page have just been received from the Canal Zone, Panama. The photograph occupying the upper half of the page shows a squad of the "national police" who maintain order in Colon. Their uniforms are similar to those worn in Panama by our own Metropolitan police. Although the photograph of the view on Colon Street, Colon, indicates that the Sanitary Board still has something to do in connection with its improvement, the work of preservation from a sanitary standpoint along the canal is an achievement that its progress is amazingly slow. Much has already been accomplished in the way of making the sanitary conditions in the Canal Zone more favorable to those who have to live and work there, and the work is going steadily forward.



The Committee appointed by Governor Magosa, of the Panama Canal Zone, preparing \$385,000 worth of United States Stamps for burning



The Committee Watching the Official Destruction of the Stamps by Fire

BURNING \$385,000 WORTH OF U. S. STAMPS AT PANAMA

About June 3, 1903, the first United States post-offices were established in the Canal Zone, by Panamanian Ensign P. Tobin, United States Agent, then Disbursing Officer for the Isthmian Canal Commission. While awaiting the arrival of stamps from the United States an arrangement was made with the Panama Republic for a supply of the old Colombian stamps then in use by the Republic of Panama, nicknamed "Republic of Panama," name surcharged "Canal Zone." These stamps were sold either for their face value in United States currency, or for double that amount in the Colombian silver then in use. In July, 1903, United States stamps surcharged "Canal Zone" were put on sale at the same price, amounting to \$200,000 United States currency. Of this sum less than \$5000 worth was sold by the beginning of 1904, when the agreement made with the Republic of Panama expired then relations, the first amount Governor Magosa appointed a committee to destroy the remainder of the 10,000,000 stamps sent from the United States.

Our Record in Porto Rico

In the interest of fairness we publish below in full two letters from Charles Hartzell, former Secretary of Porto Rico, and W. H. Elliott, former Secretary of the Interior, with replies by Charles W. Tyler. The letters were written as a result of statements made by Mr. Tyler in the series of articles on Porto Rico which appeared recently in these pages.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HAVEING been nothing more than a mere unnoticed member of the "band of rascals, incompetents, or worse," as the Presidential appointees in Porto Rico have been classified by Mr. Tyler in his series of articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY, I am encouraged to believe that a very few of the most libelous and malicious charges in that remarkable series covered by the records themselves, which have been so cruelly distorted and denied.

I shall not attempt to present any personal defense of Governor Hunt, whose standing, personality, record, and attainments are so far above and beyond those of his detractor as to make any comparison ridiculous, or of Mr. Birmingham, whose name and whose splendid work in initiating an American system of free public schools in Porto Rico will always live as a monument in Porto Rico so enduring and so creditable that malicious misrepresentation cannot destroy it. Or of General Elliott, who built more good roads in Porto Rico in four years than the Spanish government built in four hundred years, and whose efficient and services both in his department and in the Executive Council can be demonstrated by an examination of the public records.

But to demonstrate the malice and mendacity with which these articles were written the following illustrations may suffice.

Mr. Tyler while in San Juan called upon the Assistant Commissioner of the Interior, and requested information on the question of the price of the celebrated steam road-rollers which were purchased by General Elliott, and respecting which purchase Mr. Tyler's articles are fairly reeking with charges. The Assistant Commissioner produced to Mr. Tyler the original vouchers for the payment of these machines, which showed that the total price of each was less than \$4000, excepting one, of special size, which cost \$4100, and explained to him that he had been misinformed as to the price paid; but in spite of having seen the original vouchers, and the assurance of the Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Tyler repeats, not once, but many times, the malicious libel in his letter, charging that the island had paid \$4500 and \$4000 each.

The question of the actual price paid and whether the island was in any way defrauded will be fully answered by the records themselves, which show that the same machines could not have been purchased for one penny less than was paid for them. But such questions pale into insignificance before the enormity of the offense of the accredited writer of a great periodical who, having absolute official authority, and the knowledge of the island, will defame his noble and great profession by deliberate falsification.

Mr. Tyler knows that many of his other charges are equally untrue, and knows it from absolute authentic and reliable sources.

That the President was deceived in the making of one or more appointments in Porto Rico may be very true, but that such mistakes were quickly and fully rectified is known to everybody who is at all conversant with the facts, and is particularly well known to Mr. Tyler; and taking into consideration that more than forty Presidential appointees have been in Porto Rico in the last six years, and that Mr. Tyler, notwithstanding the fact that he made it his business while in Porto Rico to hunt up and cater to all of the political hatred and malice which have been engendered in these years, was only able to attack the character of two or three of these officials, certainly should be taken as some evidence that it never was Mr. Tyler's intention to present a fair or honest review of the situation or work accomplished in Porto Rico, but that, on the contrary, his mission was to discover wrongs done and injustices committed, and to hold the American government in Porto Rico up to shame and disgrace before the American people. And although his material has not been plentiful, he has, by inventing his falsehoods, steam-rollers in steam-rollers in his seven articles, and his other slanders in proportion, made it appear that our experiment in Porto Rico has been a frightful failure, and that the government has been permeated with fraud and corruption, whereas the records show that of the more than \$15,000,000 of public funds collected and paid out, not a single defalcation worthy of the name has been committed in the history of our civil government, and no Presidential appointee has ever been accused of dishonesty except by Mr. Tyler.

The most serious charges contained in the articles and those which reflect most upon the American administration relate to the election of 1902, and which charge practically that the administration of Governor Hunt either openly favored or at least fully concurred in frauds in 1902, by which, with the connivance of the insular police, an election was held which "would disgrace darkened Russia." To those of us who were here and passed through that memorable campaign the language of Mr. Tyler has a strange familiarity sound, and it goes far to demonstrate that Mr. Tyler, during his very short stay in Porto Rico, was highly entertained by the entire of anti-Americanism and especially anti-administration persons who, by catering to the disoriented slaves and by attempting to misrepresent and obstruct every step in advance which has been undertaken, have rendered the task of Americanization and the harmonizing of interests infinitely more difficult than it would have otherwise been.

The facts and figures in regard to the election of 1902 show that of the two local political parties, the Republican and

the Federal, the Federal had withdrawn from the polls entirely in the election of 1900, and that the Republicans had the entire House of Delegates and most of the municipal offices by default; that the Republican party and its officials had honestly and conscientiously managed the American administration during the two years it had been in power, and American laws and methods of procedure were accepted and ratified, and great progress had been made.

With the approach of the electoral period of 1902 the alignment of the two local political parties became more and more distinct. As early as August, the acting Governor issued disjoint and positive orders through the police commission stating the attitude of the insular government to be absolutely non-partisan and impartial, and calling upon the police commission to give suitable instructions, and enforce the same to their fullest extent.

The executive council, which had the immediate charge of the elections under the law, selected for general supervisor an American entirely fair and impartial, and in every one of the seven elections during the year, he was managed by the hands of an American supervisor, who was instructed by both the Governor and the council that an absolutely fair and impartial election was the highest desire of the government.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the question as to whether or not an absolutely fair and impartial election was had, for it is unquestionably true that frauds were committed by both sides, but the purpose is to show the absolute falsity and malice of Mr. Tyler's charges that the insular government countenanced, much less connived at, any unfairness or partiality. The records show that as the campaign progressed, complaints came from various points in the island, and that in every case prompt investigation was made, and rigorous action taken. For instance: a Federal meeting was being held in Pailillas, some disturbance occurred, and sixteen Federals were taken before the Republican justice of the peace, charged with rioting. They were all promptly sentenced to sixty days in jail. Upon this matter being brought to the attention of the acting Governor, the men were instantly pardoned, and the justice who had sentenced them was summarily removed from office. Many other cases might be cited from the records where similar action was taken in the effort to enforce a fair and impartial election. The police records show reasons and suspicions from privates to captains for alleged partisanship. On October 29 the Governor issued a circular letter to all of the Alcaldes or Mayors of the Island, declaring the determination of the government that the law should be enforced, that law and order should be maintained, and calling upon them for assistance and cooperation; and on November 1 the Governor issued a special order and warning to the police on the same subject. In both registration and election days the Governor called to his aid more than twenty patriotic Americans residing in Porto Rico, who were wholly non-partisan, and appointed them as his special delegates and agents, commissioning them to go to the different parts of the island where it was apprehended disturbances or fraud might occur, and with special powers and authority, for the sole purpose of insuring a fair and impartial election. It was seriously questioned at the time whether the Governor was authorized under the law to take this action, but his wise and patriotic intonation cannot be questioned.

In the face of the record, the charges of Mr. Tyler assume the form of wilful misrepresentation.

It is said by Mr. Tyler that at the election all of the judges were Republicans. Whereas the facts are that the election law distinctly provides that the judges of election in each precinct shall not all be of the same political party, and the Executive Council issued its instructions to the judges to the effect that, if possible, they should have in each precinct each party should have one judge, and that the third judge should be of the party which had the majority in that district at the prior election. So that there was at least one Federal judge of election and one Federal clerk in every precinct, being the usual minority representation in most of the United States.

Again it is reiterated and reiterated that the government was dominated and controlled by the Republicans, and particularly by Mr. Barbosa. The records show that at least three-fourths of the positions in the executive departments were filled by Federals during all of this time; for instance, in the office of the Secretary, where there were twenty-two employees, of whom more than one-half were Porto Ricans, and a single Republican was employed, and in the other departments the records show that the large majority of the employees were Federals. Many complaints were made by the Republican leaders that their claims for positions for Republican employees were unfairly rejected.

Mr. Tyler repeats, with not less than fifty variations in his articles, that a great wave of anti-Americanism is now sweeping over the island, and even quotes one prominent Porto Rican as expressing a fear that this anti-Americanism will lead to some violence. Such wild flights of imagination are hardly worthy of disproof. Perhaps the best answer to this misrepresentation would be to quote from the official report made only last week by the Grand Jury of the United States Court, which has made a careful study of the situation in Porto Rico during the past year, and which, in concluding the report on

the lack of criminal offences for their consideration, took occasion to answer Mr. Tyler's slander of their fellow Porto-Ricans, and explicitly denied the existence of any such feuding in Porto Rico as that described by Mr. Tyler, and reiterated by him in every column of his articles. The report goes further, and asserts that what the people of Porto Rico most desire is to be bound to America by closer ties, and to be given greater participation in the matter of government.

Anti-Americanism does not exist in Porto Rico, unless, perhaps, in the heart of some Spaniard whose mind is still on the good old days, when they were in control of the appropriation bill. On the contrary, the ties between Porto Rico and the United States are growing stronger, and are being more firmly cemented every day. Not only is this fully demonstrated by the millions of American capital which is to-day being lavished in the development of the island, the fact that fully three-fourths of the merchandise imported into Porto Rico is purchased in the United States, but it is much more strikingly illustrated by the fact that practically every Porto-Rican child who is sent away to be educated is sent to the United States, a thing practically unknown a few years ago, and yet today hundreds of young Porto-Rican families are studying Americanism at our schools and colleges.

The Porto-Ricans do want and insist upon certain changes in their present political status, and in their fundamental law. They want more of an efficient citizenship, and less anti-Americanism. They want a greater participation in their own government, and they ask for certain amendments to their organic act, and it is but repeating history to say that every political gathering or convention held in the island since our occupation has affirmed and reaffirmed its loyalty to the American government.

Many and important problems are presented by their requests, problems which should and must receive the earnest consideration of Congress, but none of them have the slightest taint of anti-Americanism.

One of Governor Hunt's appointees, a man named Kopl, is attacked by Mr. Tyler, and it is charged that he is practically a fugitive from justice. This is the assertion of rumors as facts. It may be that this man is guilty of some crime or offense, but up to this time no complaint has been made, and no public charges have been preferred against him, except by Mr. Tyler; but even granting that he is a most consummate malfeasor, the records show that during the three years that Governor Hunt was in office in Porto Rico, he appointed more than two thousand insular and municipal officials to office, and the fact that Mr. Tyler, with his supposed Sherlock Holmes ability to detect crime, together with his well-known association with the professional and chronic objectors in Porto Rico, has not been able to find more than one victim, and that one man who has not yet been publicly accused, except by Mr. Tyler, would seem to indicate that Governor Hunt was generally far-sighted.

The most preposterous thing about the articles of Mr. Tyler is the fact that he has made such a small amount of pith cover such a large surface. A stranger reading them would understand that he speaks of new and different malfeasors in each article; but to any one who is conversant with the facts it is quickly apparent that he has paraded the same person in a different guise in each of the articles.

One poor unfortunate official, who was sent here by mistake, and who was quickly recalled by the President, is made to serve as a whole army, like the general-utility man in a comic opera. He is dressed in a different costume for each of the series, until he is made to simulate or represent at least six or eight different unworthy officials. In fact, if this one official and the various allusions in his short career in Porto Rico should be eliminated from these articles, it would consummate very much the largest part of the material upon which more than forty patriotic and honest men have been branded in a great public journal under a general designation as "a bench-soup of drunkards, incompetents, or worse," as "such a set of sons and bores and worse."

Mr. Tyler's article is entitled "Our Record in Porto Rico," and in view of that title it would seem justifiable to inquire why his entire efforts have been devoted to the elaboration of the evil things he claims to have discovered. Why has there never been reference to our real progress in Porto Rico, to the great things for good which have been accomplished? Is there any one who is not so generous to the patriotic and unselfish devotion with which able and capable Americans, at the call of the President, have sacrificed good prospects and prosperous professional careers, to accept the wholly inadequate salaries provided by the Fisker law for Porto-Rican officials? Is there no credit given for the fact that great reforms have been made in the financial system, in the total reorganization of the courts, in the adoption of American codes and methods of procedure, and for the many other great problems in which real progress is shown? Why is not credit given for the great work of stamping out annually the grim specter of yellow fever, the scourge of the tropics which is being so successfully carried on by the government?

Why is not credit given for the almost marvellous advancement in matters of public sanitation and hygiene, of the splendid public parks, and correctional institutions maintained by the government?

It never was Mr. Tyler's purpose to tell the American people honestly of our record in Porto Rico. His actions while here, and his articles themselves, prove that his object was an evil one, and that his action was entirely devoted to the purpose of attempting to discredit our progress, and to wholly ignore and depreciate all of the good and honest work and progress which

would be shown by an honest review of the record of the American administration in Porto Rico.

CHARLES HARTRELL,
Secretary of Porto Rico.

MR. TYLER'S COMMENT UPON THE FOREGOING COMMUNICATION

ON REVIEWING for the present any reference to Mr. Hartrell's graceful introductory preambulations, we get down at last to his first specificities. It is this:

"Mr. Tyler while in San Juan called upon the Assistant Commissioner of the Interior, and requested information on the question of the price of the reboilered steam-rollers which were purchased by General Elliott, and respecting which purchase Mr. Tyler's articles are fairly reeking with charges. The Assistant Commissioner produced and exhibited to Mr. Tyler the original vouchers for the payment of these machines, which showed that the total price of each was less than \$4000, excepting one of special size, which cost \$4400, and explained to him that he had been misinformed as to the price paid; but in spite, etc."

Beyond the fact that Mr. Tyler called at the office of the Commissioner, there is not a statement in the above that is not either garbled or wholly untrue.

When, on every hand, from Americans in Porto Rico Mr. Tyler heard the astounding charge that Commissioner Elliott had made his own son his private secretary, the salary of the private secretary being immediately therewith cancelled, that this son-in-law still his father's private secretary, had gone to the United States and came back the agent of a steam-roller company, and, as such agent, had sold steam-rollers to his father as commissioner—when Mr. Tyler heard these charges denied and reiterated by Americans, he did not go to the office of the Commissioner and attempt to inquire about them. He did not go to inquire about the price paid for the rollers. That was entirely inconsequential. The point was whether Mr. Elliott, with three members of his family, besides himself, on the pay-rolls of the Porto-Rican government, had dealt with his own son and private secretary in the purchase, with Porto-Rican money, of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery.

That was and is the gist of the matter. It seems necessary to explain to Mr. Hartrell that there are those so constituted who can see so intimately transactions of that kind on the part of a public official serious ground for criticism. (Clearly Mr. Hartrell sees neither indecorum nor impropriety in it, since in his defense of Mr. Elliott he makes no reference to it. But Mr. Hartrell's apparent standards, in this respect, are happily not general. He is too conscientious to find out, and to say whether it was true that Mr. Elliott had done those things of which his fellow Americans on the island were accusing him.)

At the office of the Commissioner of the Interior, at the very desk where Mr. Elliott had sat, it was learned that the charges were true. The Assistant Commissioner's presence at the review, and he then and there volunteered the information that the steam-rollers which had cost the Porto-Rican government \$4300 or \$4500 could be bought in the United States for \$2400 or \$2500. This information was not asked for. It came unsought. Per se, it was, if true, very interesting by way of collateral aggravation of the original indiscretion, to use no harsher term. But the Assistant Commissioner made the statement. He had been assistant under Mr. Elliott. It was fair to presume he knew. His official word for it, given in the presence of his superior, the then Commissioner, was taken as sufficient. The figures were accepted, written into the article, and sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In a subsequent conversation with the Assistant Commissioner, the question of the steam-roller prices again came up. Mr. Tyler asked the Assistant Commissioner if he was quite sure that the rollers were such a divergence. The Commissioner went out as the room, came back with a slip of paper bearing several numbers, and a pencil, which he said were the official figures. I have that identical slip of paper before me now. It shows that eight steam-rollers were bought—one of twelve tons, six of ten tons, and one of six tons. It shows that on August 2, 1902, \$6110 was paid for two rollers—\$4005 for one on March 13, 1902, \$4003 was paid for one on July 1, and \$4002 for another; that on another date \$4027 was paid for still another.

When the Assistant Commissioner was asked for his authority for the United States prices, he produced the catalogues and price-lists of the steam-roller company, with which Mr. Elliott, through his son and private secretary, had dealt. Prices of rollers given were by the ton weight. These prices ranged from \$230 to \$225 per ton. In other words, had the extreme price been paid, each of the six ten-ton rollers could have been bought in the United States for \$2250. They cost in Porto Rico upwards of \$4000. The Assistant Commissioner's memorandum before me shows that the freight paid on one of the rollers was \$202.93. This leaves the net cost of the roller to the Porto-Rican government over \$3800, its extreme cost in the United States being \$2250—a discrepancy of \$1550.07 between the younger, selling to a government through the intermediation of his own father, and selling a good many rollers—whether under such circumstances he did or did not get a standing below the company's actual catalogue price, may be left out of the question. History has afforded instances of such things happening, but in this case we will pass it by.

Now what do these facts show? They show that the Assistant Commissioner's figures, in his first and entirely voluntary state-

ment, were a few hundred dollars in excess of the amount the rollets cost in Porto Rico, and a few hundred dollars in excess of the amount the same rollers cost in the United States. The one practically offsets the other; at all events, it was of no consequence. For persons holding to other standards of the propriety than those which Mr. Elliott and Mr. Hartzell set to sell, the vital fact, the deplorable fact, was that Elliott the latter saw no impropriety in buying merchandise in his official capacity from Elliott the son and private secretary. The fact that the figures seemed to show that the son sold the father goods above the market price was a mere detail. Whether that difference was \$1000 or \$1500 was a matter quite too irrelevant and trifling to make it worth while sending on a correction. In the preposterously improbable event, however, of some fool friend of Mr. Elliott rising up in his defence with that idiotic quibble, the original memoranda furnished by the Assistant Commissioner were retained. It seemed utterly impossible that any fool friend could be quite so great a fool as to do it. But it appears you never can tell. He will be rash indeed who will put any limit hereafter to the possibilities of this kind of activity.

Mr. Hartzell says he is not going to defend Governor Hunt. Governor Hunt is to be felicitated. From misfortune of temperament, rather than from defects of either head or heart, Governor Hunt had trouble enough in his own life. He would not be a churl indeed who would not heartily congratulate him on escaping the character disaster which Mr. Hartzell thus promises shall not be visited upon him.

As to Mr. Brumbaugh, he brought thousands of dollars' worth of his own text-books for use in the department of which he was the head. He failed to establish that he received no royalty on the books. In Cuba Mr. Frye consented to the purchase of his own text-books on the condition that his personal royalty go to the support of a hospital. The question of whether Mr. Brumbaugh received and paid his royalty is still left unanswered. Mr. Hartzell would better save American interests by answering this question than by indulging in swaggering accusations of mendacity against those who raise it.

Mr. Hartzell demands that outrageous election of 1902. Of course he does. He was a member of the government at the time. He knows, and every American in Porto Rico knows, that that election was a farce, a travesty on the rights of suffrage, and that, as I have said, it would have "disgraced darkest Russia." He says that Mr. Tyler was "highly entertained by anti-American and especially anti-administration persons." One was Governor Winthrop, and the other was Manuel V. Bonner, whose pro-Americanism even in moderate Porto has seriously affected his personal popularity, as he himself avowed.

The information on which was based the statement that these elections could hardly have been unknown, if they were not actually condoned by the government, was derived from a member of that government itself, a member of the present government. That information came from Mr. Post, the present secretary of the island. I went to Mr. Post with statements on this point, which I had heard on every hand without contradiction, and he confessed these with full emphasis.

Mr. Hartzell says I specified one poor unfortunate official, and made him the basis for characterizing "over fifty honest men" as "a bunch-show of drunkards, incompetents, and worse." I specified officials picked up dead drunk in the street, waving revolvers in drunken delirium in restaurants, an official, a member of the council, who repeatedly drank when summoned before a joint legislative committee, officials in the tax department flourishing revolvers in peasants' faces, officials who assessed property for taxation without seeing it or going near it, an official from the bench uttering what by plain inference was a calumny of libelous, an official and member of the executive council challenging a hotel employee to a gutter fight out in the open. With all this and much more before him, Mr. Hartzell says I make that one unfortunate drunkard do for all the rest in a general charge of drunkenness, incompetence, and worse.

With volumes in my notes devoted to exhaustive statement and enthusiastic commendation of American achievement on the island—with all this in plain type before him, Mr. Hartzell says I have made no reference to our real progress in Porto Rico, to the great things for good that have been done there.

Mr. Hartzell has much to say about "mendacity." As to his own ability to qualify as an expert in mendacity, I venture to say that nobody who reads his communication side by side with the articles it criticizes will think for a moment of raising a doubt. He introduces himself in that communication in rather an aggrieved way as an "unnoticed" member of the "bunch-show of drunkards, incompetents, and worse." That he has thus chosen to personally revile the chief editor of the paper is, however, a matter for his own sense of the fitness of things to determine.

I AM, SIR,

CHARLES W. TYLER.

FROM W. H. KILLIOTT, FORMER SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

NEW CALEDONIAN, TONGAREV, 10, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—I have read the articles entitled, "Our Record in Porto Rico," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, beginning with the issue of October 14, 1903, continuing through the six subsequent issues, and contributed by Charles W. Tyler, saying, as stated, in the capacity of your special commissioner, to make a study of conditions in Porto Rico, and present "a complete and impartial exposition of present-day conditions in the island resulting from American supervision and control."

Of your real purpose in sending Mr. Tyler to Porto Rico, or of the instructions under which he was sent, I have no knowledge, and will not presume to discuss. To the matter personal to myself I beg to leave your attention.

I have read with mortification the charges and imputations against your personal honesty and official integrity contained in several of the articles, especially the one published in the issue of October 21, and while I at first tried to feel that a publication of the reported character of HARPER'S WEEKLY would not wittingly do any one a wrong, and that the correspondent, as he further pursued his inquiry, would become convinced that he had done me a great injustice and make suitable reparations, yet I fled to the end, not only without realizing that hope, but suffering the humiliation of reading additional slurs and references calculated to bring my name into contempt.

I therefore consider it a duty to my reputation at home and in Porto Rico, to my family and friends, to make defence of the allegations of your correspondents.

Permit me to state, preliminarily, that I was sent to Porto Rico in February, 1899, under instructions to institute a postal service for the island. I organized the Department of Posts, and directed the same until May 1, 1900, when, by virtue of the law establishing civil government, the department lapsed, and the business was turned over to the Postal Office Department, without loss of a penny, or friction of any kind whatsoever. This is a part of any service in Porto Rico to which your correspondent made no reference.

On June 5, 1900, and before I had completed my arrangements to return home, President McKinley, without solicitation by me, saw fit to appoint me Commissioner of the Interior for Porto Rico. I accepted, entered upon the discharge of my duties June 15, 1900, and served until December 1, 1904, the last six months an commissioner *de facto*, when I resigned because of the requirements of my private interests at home, desiring consideration of another appointment, the assertion of your correspondent to the contrary.

The charges of Mr. Tyler relate to the period of my service as Commissioner of the Interior, to my conduct of that department, and to matters personal. Some of the inferences included in his arraignment affect me in my relations to the people of Porto Rico, and with them I would gladly let judgment rest. But the charges that prevent me to the public as officially corrupt and personally dishonest I cannot pass so lightly by.

As I approach the subject I am made to realize the difficulty of presenting in small compass the evidence in corroboration of the several allegations by Mr. Tyler, and will undertake here only a categorical denial of the charges, with such explanations as may seem actually necessary for clearness.

1. I deny, absolutely and unequivocally, that I raised the salary of secretary from \$1000 to \$1800 a year, for the benefit of my son, and that I secured a native secretary.

After I had been a few months in Porto Rico as director of posts my son joined me as secretary and stenographer. He went with me into the Department of the Interior in the same relation, at a salary fixed by the legislature, not by me. When, in 1902, the native secretary died, I secured another, then the government, for him, I sent my son home. I immediately promoted the chief clerk, a native Porto-Rican, to the place, at the same salary, \$1800 per annum, and he so continued to serve, at that salary, until I left the island, and was, I believe, the only native holding that relation to the head of an department.

2. I deny, absolutely and unequivocally, that I secured the appointment of my two daughters, or either of them, as teachers, at \$1200 each a year.

My daughters were employed in the public schools during the last two years of the family's residence in Porto Rico. One, a student for two years in the New England Conservatory, taught music; the other, a graduate of the Girls' High School of New York, taught English in the graded schools. I did not secure a place for either. Both taught because, being considered competent, they were selected to take positions that needed to be filled, and for which material was scarce. No notice was injured by their employment. Their salaries were given at the rate of \$675 a year, and Spanish, as they were, and the fact that the school taught by one of them was awarded the prize offered for the greatest advancement in English in some edition of the teacher's proficiency. Both served during the school years 1902-3 and 1903-4, the one that I taught music, at a salary of \$675 a year, the other, at \$150 a year; and the two were paid by the Department of Education, for their whole service, the total sum of \$2250.

3. I denounce as maliciously false and libellous the charge of your informant that my son, while serving as my secretary, was employed by or received compensation from any person, firm, or corporation in payment for the sale of stock in the government, or similar government. I deny, absolutely and unequivocally, that he, while acting in such capacity, had any interest or concern whatsoever in the purchase of any steam-rollers, or received from any source any sort of compensation on account of the sale to, or purchase by, the Department of the Interior of any steam-roller. I likewise deny, with equal emphasis, that the prices paid for rollers were exorbitant or unfair to the government.

One of my first acts after taking charge of the department was to arrange for the purchase of a steam-roller. In my travels over the island, during the year and a half of my residence there, I had seen enough of the old construction and repair to convince me that the old method of rolling mauls with axes was not only slow and imperfect, but very expensive. The first machine purchased proved so very satisfactory both as to economy in operation and in the character of the work done, that other purchases were made, with my approval, by the bureau

of public works as required, and the means at command permitted, directly from the manufacturers, without the aid or intervention, or even thereof, of any agent or collector.

The fact that no person competent to set up and operate a roller, without instruction, was obtainable made it necessary for the manufacturers to send an expert with the machines. Further, the character of the roads and the kind of fuel to be used suggested certain changes of construction, which were made. Then the freight from New York to Porto Rico was always a matter of \$200 or more. Yet we never paid \$4500 or \$4600 for any roller, as alleged by your informant, never more than \$4000 or \$4100 total.

It would have been fair for your commissioner to state that the whole period of my incumbency of the office of Commissioner of the Interior was an era of road-building. During the four years from 1900 to 1904 the bureau of public works constructed and put under maintenance quite four hundred kilometres of road, more than had been accomplished in four hundred years previously. We needed modern appliances, and we provided them; to the betterment of the roads and the saving of money.

Other reflections and imputations cast upon my honor and integrity, personal and official, I pass as a saving of space, but I desire to place on record, in language as strong as I can command, that every charge and allegation, every slur and insinuation, against me by Charles N. Tyler in any and all of his several articles, published as stated, is wilfully, vilely, and maliciously false, unwarranted by any existing fact, grossly and viciously unjust.

The language used is justified for the reason that Mr. Tyler visited the Interior Department, and in response to his inquiries he was shown the vouchers for steam-rollers purchased during my administration, and knew he lied when he stated that they cost \$4500 or \$4600; he likewise had opportunity to learn what salary the secretary to the commissioner had received, and was given a great deal of truthful information relative to the work of the department during the past five years. Some of which he used, presumably because it reflected credit on the person he was interested in maligning.

I stand ready, sir, to prove by official documentary evidence the truth of each and every statement hereto made to contradiction of Mr. Tyler's assertions, and I ask you, as a matter of simple justice to a citizen who sincerely believes he has been libelled without cause or justification to investigate the matter, and publish the truth as you find it to be.

Very respectfully,

W. E. ELLIOTT.

MR. TYLER'S REPLY TO MR. ELLIOTT

MR. ELLIOTT does not deny that three members of his family were simultaneously on the pay-rolls of the Porto-Rican government. He does not deny that he made his own son his private secretary. He does not deny that while he was Commissioner of the Interior he dealt with his own son as the agent of a steam-roller company in the purchase of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery for the use of the department of which he was the head. He does not deny that the prices paid for steam-rollers by the Interior Department of Porto Rico were largely in excess of the quoted prices of the same rollers in the United States. He does not deny that when his son went to the United States he was his father's private secretary, drawing salary as such, and that when he returned as the agent of the steam-roller company he was still such private secretary.

None of these things does Mr. Elliott deny, and they, and they alone, were the gist of the criticisms of Mr. Elliott I heard on every hand among the American residents in Porto Rico. They and they alone are the vital points in what appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY concerning Mr. Elliott's administration.

To meet these points, Mr. Elliott says his son's salary was not increased to the previous figure I said it was. Will Mr. Elliott deny that his son's salary was increased, whether \$1800 or be or not the precise figure?

He says that he did not procure the appointment of his two daughters as school-teachers, at \$1200 a year each. Will he deny that he, his son, and his two daughters were simultaneously on the pay-rolls of the Porto-Rican government, and will he deny that he secured the appointments of his two daughters at the same salary, whether \$1200 per year or be or not the exact figure?

Mr. Elliott says that he did not purchase steam-rollers of his son while his son was his private secretary. I would say distinctly and in the articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY that young Mr. Elliott resigned the private secretaryship at the time of opening up the steam-roller business with his father. It is irrelevant to the whole matter, anyway. What was charged was that the

father dealt with the son in the purchase of thousands of dollars' worth of material for public use, and paid for the same with the public money of Porto Rico. Will Mr. Elliott deny this?

Mr. Elliott justifies the use of the gentle word of "liar" as applied to me by saying that I visited the Interior Department, and was there shown vouchers for the rollers purchased, and "knew he lied" when he stated that they cost \$4500 or \$4600. Mr. Elliott does not lie, he is merely mistaken when he says this. I made no inquiries as to the price of steam-rollers; I saw no vouchers; I did not care to see any. What I was investigating was not the price of steam-rollers, but the astounding charge, heard everywhere among Americans on the island, that the former Secretary of the Interior, having on his shoulders the responsibility of maintaining the dignity and the sense of the propriety of an American government official, and that among a people accustomed from previous experience to put the word construction on acts of officials in the least open to criticism—this constantly formulated charge that an American official, in the person of Mr. Elliott, having placed three members of his family, besides himself, on the public pay-rolls, had yet had the astounding audacity to purchase of his own son thousands of dollars' worth of supplies with the money of the people of Porto Rico—that was the charge I went to the Interior Department to investigate, and in that department, and right at the desk at which Mr. Elliott himself had sat, I learned, with sorrow and humiliation, that an American, that that charge was true. What do all Mr. Elliott's quibbles over the exact salaries the members of his family received, the exact amount of difference between the prices paid for steam-rollers by his department and the prices for the same in the United States—what does all this paltry pettifoggery serve by way of relieving Mr. Elliott from the criticism his astounding acts in these respects have brought down upon him?

The Assistant Secretary of the Interior, in the presence of his superior, Mr. Elliott's successor, himself volunteered the statement that the rollers cost in Porto Rico \$4500 or \$4600, and that the prices at home were \$2400 or \$2500. I did not ask for these figures; I did not care for them. It was the charge of the business dealings between father and son that I came to verify. That was enough, and more than enough, to account for at least some portion of the prejudice I found among natives of the island everywhere against our American administration of the affairs. I did, however, accept the Assistant Secretary's figures, and they were used as he gave them to me. In a subsequent conversation he gave me some figures on a slip of paper. He said they were the official figures. I have them before me now. They show that on August 2, 1902, two rollers were bought at a cost of \$4053 each; on March 13, 1903, two rollers at a cost of \$4510, or \$4055 each; on the same date another roller at a cost of \$4052, and on another date still another roller at a cost of \$4052.

The Assistant Secretary at the same time showed me the catalogue of prices of the steam-roller company with which Mr. Elliott, through his son, had dealt. It showed that steam-rollers were sold by the ton weight, and that the price per ton was from \$200 to \$225. Six ten-ton rollers were bought. Their average cost to the people of Porto Rico was about \$4400. At the highest price—that cost, \$225 per ton, these rollers would have cost in the United States \$2250. The Assistant Secretary's first figures were too high by a few hundred dollars, both as to cost of the rollers in Porto Rico and as to their cost in the United States. The one just about offset the other. Yet it is with this gentleman's figures that Mr. Elliott meets the criticism that he saddled three members of his family on the Porto-Rican pay-rolls, and that he purchased thousands of dollars' worth of government supplies of his own son—a son whom he had long been employing as his private secretary at a salary raised by several hundred dollars more what it had ever been before, and raised by the executive council, of which Mr. Elliott was a member, immediately after the son took office.

And, inasmuch as Mr. Elliott is inclined to be so precise about figures, it would seem that there are, in fact, figures that are somewhat confusing, and on which he might throw light. The cost of the steam-roller in Porto Rico was \$4040. The unexcused before me, furnished by the Assistant Secretary of Mr. Elliott's department, shows that the freight was \$302. Actual apparent cost of the roller in Porto Rico, \$3838. The very highest catalogue price of the same roller is \$225 per ton, or \$2250 per roller. There is an apparent difference of \$1588 in the price of a steam-roller in Porto Rico and the price of the same roller in the United States.

Of course Mr. Elliott can fully explain this seeming discrepancy, and a dispensation of doubt of his ability to do so is here raised. It is only suggested that it would be more interesting to have him do so than to have him quibble about the precise salaries the various and numerous members of his family drew from the Porto-Rican government.

CHARLES W. TYLER.

A Pagan Hymn

By Andrew Shaughnessy

I 'm weary of strife and sin, God knows,
And the gray road beckons home
To a land of Rest where the fird wind blows
Through the heart of the seated *eternals*.

There would I quaff of the Wine of *Life*
And lay me down for a space,

And list to the wide sea's tender sweep,
With the hush of *God* in my face.

O weary am I of toil and haste,
Of strife and strife's *eternal* fight,
And I long for the great sea's desert waste,
And the purple hills of home.

Men of To-day

III.—M. Jusserand: Ambassador and Author

By Charles Johnston

ON reading certain of his books, full of the twilight and tenuity, the wonder and terror of the middle ages, and riting the love which he bore to his theme, it befell us to consider whether M. Jusserand had not been drawn to this period of mystic gloom, this old-world region north of the English Channel, by a reaction of feeling against the somewhat start-reaction of modern France.

I put the question to the ambassador himself the other day. He at once declared against my fancy, saying that far simpler causes had brought him to his life work. Determining to enter the French Foreign Office, he found it necessary to master two of the leading modern languages. He chose Italian, because it was so easy and so like French, and to Italian added English. M. Jusserand further pointed out he had chosen his field not only without reference to modern French realism, but before that tendency was fully formed, since he began his work in 1876.

One cannot quite concur with the ambassador's view that his entry into the English mediæval field was a simple matter of chance. M. Jusserand had a vocation, if ever a writer has a vocation that declared itself even in his school days.

Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand was born fifty-one years ago, on February 19, 1855, in Lyons, the third town of France. He studied there and at Paris, graduating in law in his native city in 1870, the year he came of age. I do not wish to press too far M. Taine's theory of the milieu, nor to suggest that M. Jusserand's books are the inevitable resultant of the past history of Lyons. Yet one can well see that the smilt, southern city, with its olive groves and antique churches, was a favored field for the growth of such a spirit. As he went to his classes in the law school on the east bank of the Rhone at the end of the Pont de la Feuillie, the young student may well have pondered on the early history of Europe as illustrated by his native city: its colonies from Tyre and Rhodes, its Celtic name, its Roman period of mosaics and imperial inscriptions, the Burgundians, Charlemagne, Provence.

Already familiar with Greek and Latin, the young law student had gone far in his English studies. While hardly out of his teens, he had him visiting England, catching glimpses of Tennyson and Browning, and turning over old English manuscripts in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum. In 1870, his twenty-first year, he struck the twofold note of his life, gaining admission to the French Foreign Office, and publishing a work of research on the English stage from 1550 to 1600. In the next four years he rose to be the head of a department, and gathered the materials for another book. In 1881 M. Jusserand, then only twenty-six years old, was entrusted with an important mission to Tunis, France's African protectorate over against Italy, in the old Carthaginian realm which Plautus had twenty years earlier reconquered for France. We find an echo of this African mission in one of his books, translated under the title: *English Wayward Life in the Fourteenth Century*, the first French edition of which came out in 1884. Three years earlier, a second edition of his first book had been issued; and two years later, in 1886, appeared *Le Roman légendaire*, followed in the next year by *Le Roman en France de Shakespeare*. M. Jusserand was now thirty-two. His reputation as a writer was established. His books were not only known in France; they were winning firm friends in England, and English translations presently began to appear.

M. Jusserand was equally successful at the Foreign Office. The Tunis mission opened the way to promotion; the author-diplomat was made chief of the department of Tunis affairs, and decorated with the Cross of the Légion d'honneur. Marshal Marmont had been succeeded by Jules Grévy, soon to make way for Sadi Carnot; and French ministries had risen and fallen with astonishing rapidity. One may well believe that M. Jusserand found much to



M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States

entertain his gentle, humorous spirit in the manners and moods of the numerous gentlemen who came as "M. le Ministre" to the big brown building on the Quai d'Orsay, and with whom he was called to establish cordial relations, destined in last only a few months.

In 1887 M. Jusserand was appointed Councillor of the French Embassy at the Court of Saint James; and for three years he dwelt in that England whose old-time history already filled his heart and memory. Then came eight years more in Paris, 1890-1898, at the head of the department of Northern and Eastern affairs, during which new books, translations of earlier works, and new editions increased and multiplied. Most important is the admirable treatise on *Piers Plowman*; and very charming are the *English Escape from a French Psyche*, of which the essay on *Scarcely* is easily the best, a real masterpiece, an ideal literary monograph, with a wonderful, grotesque, pathetic, gifted, and valorous Frenchman as its theme. Two other works deal with the author's native land: *Shakespeare in France*, and *The Union of Old France*; and there is also the monumental *Literary History of England*. We may compile the ambassador's political record up to date by recording his appointment as Minister at Copenhagen from 1898 to 1902, in which year M. Jusserand was appointed Ambassador to the United States.

When we come to consider M. Jusserand's works as a whole, we are struck first by their abundance and their thoroughness. M. Jusserand evidently read thousands of volumes for every one he wrote, and turned all that he read to good advantage. Next we find a quality, which I may illustrate by a sentence from *English Wayward Life*: "The king always needed their services; when he moved from one manor to another, the brilliant cortège of the lords was followed by an army of borrowed carts." We may characterize much of M. Jusserand's best work by saying that he would most certainly have chosen to accompany the army of borrowed carts rather than the "brilliant cortège of lords." He invariably goes behind the scenes. He always finds the less obvious side most interesting; and I will wager that he has often looked at the back of those antique tapestries in the Embassy in Rhode Island Avenue, to see how the stilted, the array of borrowed carts.

In what we hold to be the most considerable of his books, the *English Wayward Life*, M. Jusserand very eloquently and convincingly shows that the wandering tribes of nomads and beggars, friars and outlaws, and fugitive peasants played a great part in the spiritual life of the fourteenth century. They will convincingly move the work of common consciousness, bringing the news of one district to another; telling the men of Shropshire what was going on in York; carrying the gossip of London to the Welsh borders, or distant Scotland; and thus bringing all the men and women of mediaeval England to a living sense of their common life. This national consciousness was born and quickened, and by these means, among others, was the soul of the nation made.

We may say that, in his own way, M. Jusserand has worked a like miracle, and carried out a similar task. He has brought to us the gossip of Elizabethan taverns and playhouses; he has carried the news of fourteenth-century inns and abbeys and villages. He has made us very familiar with the hopes and fears, the terrors and glories, of a great nation in a past day. In doing this, he has done much more. He has enriched our human joys; he has enlarged our feeling for the long struggle, the endless pilgrimage of man. And one may say, in general, that this is the end and fruit of all good writing: to bring home to the separate heart of the reader a sense of that great humanity of which he is a part—whose timeless struggles and agonies, fears and sorrows and strivings, have prepared the substance of his separate life, and for whose future he may, like any one else, be holding on with faith, courage, and sincerity some part of the great victory of mankind.



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Herbert Buchanan, a man of wealth with a selfish and repellent nature, whom his beautiful wife, Beatrice, has been induced to marry for his money, disappears one night from his country-place, Buchanan Lodge, with a bagful of money he has caught entering the house. Buchanan gives the man a thousand dollars as compensation for being allowed to start his vagabond existence, for he is weary of his own way of life, and maliciously desires to cause anxiety to those whom he loves behind. Stopping as a guest at Buchanan Lodge is a young

explorer, Harry Faring. He and Beatrice have had a love-affair prior to her marriage, and they now discover that they mean more to each other than ever before. An exhaustive search reveals no trace of Buchanan, who is supposed to have been murdered. Beatrice knows that the law requires her to wait five years before she can assume that her husband is dead, and so be free to marry Faring. Faring leaves Buchanan Lodge for the Adirondacks, and Beatrice prepares to go abroad. Some months after, while in Paris with her friend Miss Trevor, Beatrice receives a cablegram from her cousin, Miss Crowley, informing her that a body supposed to be her husband's has been found, and requesting her to return to New York and identify it. Beatrice, Miss Trevor, and Faring arrive in New York, where Beatrice identifies the recovered body as that of her husband. Shortly after, she tells Faring that, although they are now free to marry, she feels that the proprieties require that they wait for a little time. She decides to spend the winter in her country, but promises Faring that if he will come to her in the spring she will marry him.

CHAPTER XI

WE WIN TO THE GATES AT LAST

DULY, on the 9th of April, in a damp little icy-weathered church which she had spent the winter with a certain old kinswoman, Beatrice Buchanan was married to Harry Faring. Arabella Crowley was there—not as bridesmaid, and without the hoop-skirts, blue—and little Alliance Trever, and the faithful elderly lawyer, who wept. These, with the kinswoman, a Mrs. Davish, and her little granddaughter, made up the wedding-party, for neither Beatrice nor Faring wished to have many people there.

"Oh happiness," Beatrice said, "is our own affair, and interests very few people. Let us not be stared at and gossiped about by a crowd."

Her summons to Faring had reached him about noon on the day preceding this. It was very short, only telling him where she was—with a little laugh of triumph over having been so near him all these months without his discovering it—and saying that if he chose he might come to see her.

Faring had been waiting since early morning with his luggage ready looked and strapped. He went his way to the station with his luggage, and himself made a quick dash down to Gramercy Park, where he found Arabella Crowley just entering the house from an early drive.

"She says I may 'Come and see her'!" he jested to the old woman. Mrs. Crowley told his wife, long afterwards, that he was an absurd picture of that joy which latently resembles imbecility. "Come and see her," so phrase you! I expect she thinks that we'll talk it over at leisure and get ourselves engaged, and be married some time in the autumn—if not later still. Ha! She'll find herself the most thoroughly undeceived young woman in America. You're due at a wedding to-morrow, Aunt Arabella. Oh, and bring Alliance Trever too, and that lawyer man! I haven't time to see them myself. Come down to-night or on an early morning train." Then, says Mrs. Crowley, he was off in three leaps to his cab, with a parting wave of the hand. She says the cab turned into Lexington Avenue on one wheel like a Roman chariot in a hippodrome race.

The trains seemed exceedingly slow to him—which was perhaps not unnatural—and when, at South Norwalk, he had to change

to the little branch line which ran north into the hills, and waited an hour in the station there, it seemed to him that those dreadful six months of winter were beginning all over again, and he worked himself up into quite a temper over the aimlessness of the railroad company.

He had left New York shortly before two o'clock, but it was nearly five when he was set down at a tiny village which seemed to be all elm trees that met in arches over the streets, and flowering shrubs not yet in flower, and white-painted fences before white-painted Colonial houses a little out-of-the-way.

He went his luggage to the inn, and taking directions from a station porter, walked down one side of the "green," where spring's first signs were beginning, past the ivied church, upon which he looked with a fine proprietary air, and so at last came to a house exactly like the other houses, white-painted—not very recently—green-shuttered, pillared and pilastered, set about with clumps of yringes and morchellas and lilacs and such, guarded by forbidding pillage, in the midst of which a gate swung in the breeze and dismally creaked in welcome.

To the door came a lean and flat-chested old woman with tight gray hair, who peered at him through gold-rimmed spectacles. He demanded Mrs. Buchanan, and the old woman's grim face softened into something which was meant for a smile, and she let him in.

"Miss Buchanan's in the garden—back of the house," she said. "She wa'n't expectin' you till later on, I guess. I'll let her know."

"Might I not go through into the garden and find her there?" asked Faring, and the old woman said she supposed he might if he wanted to.

She led him through the long hallway, which, with doors at each end, seemingly bisected the square house, and let him out upon a rear porch not unlike the front one. Before him lay a stretch of garden, bare yet save for tulips and early crocuses. A gravel path led through it to a gate in a low stone wall, and beyond the wall went on under grape-arbors through an orchard to a little border of turf beside a brook.

And here, on the stream's bank, wandered one in white—tall, slender, moving very like a queen in a book. Also, she sang in a hushed murmuring voice, gay little bits of song all about spring and such.

Young Faring's heart, after that old way it had leaped suddenly and began to race. A sort of vertigo smote him, and under the load of the orchard trees he halted, breathing hard. At just that moment the woman in white by the stream's edge saw him and gave a loud cry.

He had reason to believe that he crossed the stretch of turf which lay between them, but he did not know he moved. The earth and the branches above the earth were breaking up, and the elements were in turmoil, but from a long, long distance he heard cries and murmurs and something like a sobbing. Then his lips burned with fire, and a very exquisite throbbing, which was not the throbbing of his own heart, beat upon his breast—and the madhouse passed, leaving him shivering, but sane.

After a time, when he could force words to his tongue,

"You are going to be married to-morrow," he said, and was displeased to find that his voice was far from steady.

"You are mad," said Beatrice Buchanan, her face hidden upon his breast. "You are mad, but I do not care. I am mad too, and you're I am not going to be married to-morrow."

"Wait and see!" said the man.

She raised her face to him, and that vertigo returned, blinding his eyes. There was something almost terrible in the sight of the passion which swayed and shook and engulphed these two who had been so long estranged.



"Do you mean that?" she demanded.

"Wait and see!" said he again, through darkness.

"Oh, I'm glad!" she cried. "It's absurd, and it's shameless, and I am not prepared, but I'm glad. I have been alone too long. I'm glad, glad, glad!"

A little child, Mrs. Dawlish's granddaughter, came through the orchard and found the two there, white-faced, clinging together, speaking in half-verse, half-choked bursts of words, and she was frightened and ran away whimpering.

Afterwards when this first storm and stress of emotion had swept past them and died away, leaving them calmer once more, they talked a long time of the months gone by—the months of separation that Beatrice had endured. Faring told her about the book he had been writing—the Indian book, which was now finished and awaiting an autumn publication. And he told her what he knew of Abella Crowley—"She's coming here to-morrow," he said—and of little Miss Trevor, who had been none too well during the winter. And Beatrice spoke of her quiet existence in the little village, and of her friendship with the rector of the parish, who had drawn her into his work among the village poor, and, before she knew it, had her almost as busy and as interested in it as he was himself.

"Oh, I've been very, very good, Harry!" she said, with a little laugh. "I've been astonishingly good. I never did anything of that sort before—working for the poor and the sick, you know. I hardly knew that such people existed. I don't quite know how I got so deeply into it. Yes, I do, though! It was that blessed and angelic old man—the rector. He's good, if you like! And he has a trick of sinking everybody about his good. Harry, I've—don't laugh—I've passed this winter—for the first time. Really prayed, you know. I—oh, well, what's the use of trying to tell. Anyhow, I've tried to be good—better. I've been a sort of savage—but a very good savage. I've prayed very hard that we may be left alone to make each other happy—that nothing evil may come to us. I wonder if God has heard, Harry?" she turned to

him, and her face was very earnest and a little drawn and pale. "Harry," she said, "I wonder if we are wise to marry each other. If we do not do it, I shall die—that's certain—but I wonder, I wonder if I shall bring you happiness. It's a—certain thing, this marrying, you know. No! Let me talk on! Don't stop me. Of one thing I'm certain, anyhow. Whatever may come, I believe I'm going to make you happy. I feel it some how—even if I feel those things. And oh, I want to make up in you what you've suffered in those last years! I want to make your life beautiful, Harry! That's what I'm marrying you for."

It seemed to Faring that there was an unnecessary earnestness in her tone—something almost morbid, but he reflected that she had been for a long time alone—bored, a great deal, doubtless, and he thought, further, of what bitterness her former marriage had brought upon her. It was not strange that she should shrink and tremble a bit. But as soon as he could be turned the talk to something else, and presently the vague trouble went out of her eyes and the color came flooding back to her cheeks.

"I have a surprise for you," she said, "I wonder if you'll like it. You must, though, for it's a pet plan of mine, and I'm very fond of it. Do you remember the little cottage with the very beautiful garden, a

mile or more beyond the Lodge—Buchanan Lodge? It is a part of the estate, but it has always been let to some one, at least in the spring and summer time. You know it has half a mile in from the highroad at the end of its own lane, and it has a few acres of ground and a tiny stream and that gorgeous old garden. The whole thing is quite out of sight of the Lodge beyond a ridge of hills. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," said he. "Oh yes, I remember. A painter chap and his wife had it when I knew it last. It's a jolly place."

"Well," she said, "we're going to live there."

"In the moon, if you like," said he, laughing.

"No, in my cottage," she said. "Harry, it's all covered with ivy and wisteria and . . . and there's a sundial with something Latin on it that I can't read—the sundial came from Tivoli—and there's a pool with irises and lilies and—oh, it's a duck of a cottage! Think of being buried there, quite alone by ourselves, all summer long. Do you want a better honeymoon?"

"I don't," said Faring. "And I want to go now, at once. When can we go there?" She hid her face from him.

"That's the nice part," she said—"and the shameless part. It's—it's all ready for us—servants and all. You see," she explained, crimson-creaked, "I was afraid, I thought—that is—Well, I thought you might insist upon—marrying me immediately, as you're doing, in this indecent fashion, and so I—I've been quietly having them get the cottage ready—in case, you know." Faring began to laugh, and she began to laugh, too. "You laugh at me," she said, "I shall cry. You're a brute, Harry!"

"We'll go there to-morrow," he said. "We'll send our luggage on in the morning and motor down ourselves, after the great event in that little church yonder. So we shall begin properly."

Beatrice looked up at him and smiled. She could not quite speak just then, and she remained silent for a little time, smiling to herself.

"Yes," she said, presently. "We shall begin properly—you and I alone together—in our garden. Good beginnings make good endings, don't they, Harry? Don't they? Nothing will find its way into our garden to hurt us or rob us of our happiness!" She gave a little shiver.

"I'm cold," she said. "Come up to the house. You haven't met my cousin, have you? She's a dear old woman. Come!"

CHAPTER XII

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS
AND SUNDREAM

THAT YEAR was famous throughout certain parts of the country for as an extraordinarily early spring. By mid-April the fruit-trees were white with bloom and the flowering shrubs were making the air sweet. The month of May was a June come before its time, with roses and soft nights and blazing sunshines.

"It has been arranged," said Beatrice Faring, "solely in our honor—that our honeymoon should be perfect in absolutely every way from the very beginning." She was sitting upon a mossy sun-dial and sticking red roses in her hair with vain intent.

"Well, of all the cheek," said her husband, "yours is the cheeked. I've met? Claiming the very weather now, are you?"

"I grasp it! I choose!" she said, calmly. "I have no shame whatever, so you needn't call names. I'm beyond their reach. As for this weather, it is ours, and it was made for us—*from now on!* Are you glad you married me?"

"Yes," said Faring, without hesitation, "I



Illustration by W. H. Brown

"Nothing will find its way into our garden to hurt us or rob us of our happiness."

am." And his wife laughed. It had been so like him to say just that, without ornamentation.

He was standing close before her as she sat on the high sun-dial, with his hands resting on the moss-covered stone, one on either side. Beatrix slipped down to her feet, and his arms closed behind her, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"If you were the slightest bit different to what you are," she said. "I should loathe you—and I should never have married you—and we shouldn't be here among our roses, and—and I love you very much—and I don't mind your knowing it. There! Come and walk. I want to move about. The sun is down over, so it will be cooler."

Beatrix Faring and her husband came under the sheltering roof and disposed themselves upon one of the stone benches. A tumbler of argumentative sparrows got up and left the place, jeering rudely.

Beatrix looked out from her half-shut eyes upon the tranquil sea, where pearly evening lights shimmered and changed.

"Harry," she said, and Faring waited for her to go on when she paused after the name.

"Harry," she said again, presently, "how—dear to you has this month of ours been? What would you be willing to pay for it if you had to pay? If our happiness should end to-night, if you should by some sorcerer find yourself back again in that hopeless interminable desert of waiting, or worse still, if, as the price of what we've had, you must suffer misery, shame, dishonor, would you still be glad of our month here, or would you think the price too high? Tell me!"

"Dishonor!" said he, picking the one word that she knew he would pick.

"Yes," she said, steadily. "Even dishonor." "That's a strong word, Betty," he said. "I don't know—Ah, but it's about! You're putting an impossible case. How could we have to pay for our happiness by dishonor? It's impossible. We've done no sin in marrying each other. Dearest, don't put morbid questions to yourself or to me. It's going out of your way for unhappiness."

"But," she argued, with a little laugh, "I dare to go out of my way for unhappiness. There is none near me, thank God!"

"Thank God!" said he.

"So let me spin my foolish fancies," she said. "They can do no harm. They will not make me sad, for I live in regions above and beyond sadness—above and beyond all woe. I cannot see them even when I look down from my clouds. But somewhere below us, Harry, people go about in misery as we used to go—people walk in shadows as we used to walk. My heart breathes for them—a little, as much as a heart can that's away up in a heaven of its own with only one other heart—a heart that's selfish, and very mad with joy, and bewildered still over finding that such joy exists. Look! There's our cloud, your cloud and mine, Harry, where we live above the world!"

She pointed westward, high over the sea, where a single small cloud hung motionless. It was rosy with the last glow of the hidden sun, rosy and golden and opalescent together; a solid thing of fixed, unchanging contour, a throne of pearl, a couch of unspeakable splendor, a dwelling fit indeed for two such love-enthralled hearts as Beatrix Faring talked of.

But somewhere down beyond the sea's far rim there would seem to have been other drifting veils which just then caught and draped the hidden sun, for, as the man and woman watched, suddenly the western glow paled and grayed, and those tints of



Drawn by Will Clegg

"Somewhere below us people go about in misery as we need to go"

rose and pearl began to die from the hearts' throne of splendor.

Beatrix gave a little cry.

"Ah, it's fading, fading!" she said. "It's dying, Harry!" And she shook from head to foot with a quick shiver. "It's dying!" she said again, and put up her hands over her face.

"Can nothing last?" she said. "Must everything go like that? Pale and fade away until it's dead? Not love, Harry, not love! That's immortal. Say it! I want to hear you say it! I want to believe it. Love's immortal, isn't it? Ah, I'm a fool! I must be nervous to-night, and I thought I had done with nerves. I'm a fool!" She turned her face away from the western sea, so that, lying upon the man's breast, it touched his bent cheek.

"Say something," she begged. "Talk to me. I talk and talk and talk—such wandering foolish nonsense, and you say nothing. Tell me things. I don't want to talk any more. I want to listen."

"What shall I say?" he demanded. "Talking's not my—line, you know. I can do almost anything else better."

"You might tell me," she suggested, with a little whispering laugh, "how very much I love I am than other people—or would that be too much of a struggle for you? You might tell me how much you—cared in those days when you thought we could never be—here, like this."

She felt the muscles of his neck and shoulder draw tight in the sudden movement he made—a movement like a shiver, and without looking up she knew how his face must be as the picture of those desert days came lightly before him. It was more eloquent to her than any words could have been—pleased her far more than anything he could have said, however impassioned.

"I'm afraid I—can't talk about that," he said, with the odd, hurried flicking which always came upon him in a moment of strong feeling. "It's too much of a nightmare—like the horrible thing that one sees in a fever. And speaking of fever—"he gave a little laugh—"there's a chap out in China now who knows more about me and me—I mean to say about how much I—cared and all that, than he ought to know. But he's a good chap; he doesn't gossip. He doesn't talk at all except to ask for what he wants or to give orders, so it's all right. You see, he was with me on the upper Ganges a year ago last winter—you were in Paris then—and I had a bad day of swamp fever, and was off my head for days. This chap, whose name is Brumling, saw me through it—nursed me like a woman. Then, when it was over with, he asked the only unnecessary question I ever heard from him. He asked me who 'Betty' was, and why in God's name I didn't marry her, instead of talking about it so much. I seemed to have bored him dreadfully."

Beatrix put up a hand and touched his cheek. "Oh, Harry, Harry," she murmured. "You all alone down in that horrible wilderness—ill—in danger of death, and I not by to care for you! No! You're right. Let's not think of it. It's too much like a nightmare. I ache to think of it." But after a little she gave a small laugh.

"Your Browning man is a beast!" she said. "I expect he hated my very name, didn't he? I expect he hated all women. He sounds like that sort of man. Ah, well, let him wait! That day a woman will take him in hand and civilize him."

"He wore a bucket about his neck on a chain," said Faring. "I fancy some one had civilized him already—or broken his heart, maybe. It's the same."

(Continued on page 279.)



The New Law

MR. BARRIE'S BENEFACTIONS TO HUMANITY ON THE STAGE

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

confidential wink for the more sophisticated witness; an endearing kindness, a charming domesticity, with a trust of the spectator's intelligence and temperament which is flattering to the best in him.

Of course I was a reader of Mr. Barrie's Scotch stories, but I had given my heart to them with a sort of grudge, such as our feelings when one comes late to the reading of anything that a lot of people like already. As to his plays, however, I was well in with the first to recognize their charm, and I had not yet got through the opening scenes of "The Admirable Crichton" without wishing to render myself his eager captive, to be held in a lasting bondage to a genius as novel as Mr. Gilbert's once was, and, if such a thing is possible, even more agreeable. Here was something that not only consoled me for the winning of the Gilbert and Sullivan team, but that added the hope and prophesy of pure and lovely and delightful things to the memory of the miracles wrought by them for the redemption of the poor old depraved, but not bad-hearted theatre. Till one witnessed the revelation of the new spirit, not once gay and good, in Mr. Barrie's plays, one had mostly to go about sorrowing and ashamed for the sort of things one saw in the effort to please one's frowy theatre: the brutal and vulgar and stupid shapes that offered themselves, say, as musical comedy, and the atrocious and cruel travesties of life which called themselves comedy without the comic. But here, all at once, was reason, the eternal truth to human nature which is the only beauty in art, masked in the wildest fantasy; here was the old feeling for manhood which has always inspired the censure of society, but now newly alive to the fact that the conditions forbid manhood; here was a surprising and comforting leniency to lumping and all the amazing forms of lying; here was the discovery of a future in which on natural terms the best would always be first; here was the touch of "sharpest pathos" in manhood's acceptance of foreshadowed as the only possible result from the return to unnatural terms; here was, in and through and over all, such a gracious and genial fun, that those who wished only to laugh had enough in do, and perhaps were only long afterwards, if ever, entreated to a little thinking and feeling.

"Little Mary" was satire of the same unstrained sanity. Doubtless most of those who saw it considered it pure nonsense, and superiorly blundered themselves for their pleasure in it. But here again was the same just spirit, speaking as laughter, and delicately insinuating the same lessons for such as would learn. In neither play did I think the acting particularly good, so far as the American actors did it. The part of Crichton was too gloomily and severely imagined by the excellent actor and dramatist who took the part; and the two clever comedians who played the two lords in "Little Mary" were not less than deplorable. But it seemed to me that as in the plays of Ibsen and Alving and Strindberg and Björnstén and Björnsen, the acting, while if it were good, could brighten the spectator's pleasure, could not spoil it, if bad. The drama could somehow get on without the theatre; but if this is rather too forced a point, let us say that the dramatist was so prime a power in the scene that one could, by taking a little pains, forget the actor. That is why, in what I wish to say of Mr. Barrie's plays, I shall have little to say of the artists who represented them. I suppose one could not have got on without the actors, but they did not so much matter; though, when one comes to think of it, such acting, so little, so simple, so natural, so free, as that of Miss Mamie Adams in "Peter Pan" certainly helped very much. In fact, all that pretty piece was well acted; the real children were immensely real, and the natural ones not so much like real young ladies as to be very artificial.

But it is of the play, not of the theatre, that again I wish to speak. In "Peter Pan" Mr. Barrie has stepped quite across the borders of the realm of fairy without failing to take our old

familiar world with him. There is no satire in it, save the sweetest mockery of the gentleness of the superstitions, and the very heart of home beats in the home lessons of *Never Never Land*, where the Lost Boys dwell. But the supreme moments, to my fancy, are in the opening and closing scenes in the *Darling* family, with their faithful dog *Vand* as nurse, giving the children, much unwilling, their baths and molasses, and putting them to bed, and then with their mother, broken-hearted by their absence in *Never Never Land* heart-breakingly wailing from her. No truer, more charmingly popular father, in his faithfulness and dexterity, has ever been portrayed among all the depraved parents of the stage than Mr. *Darling*. He is the picture and the pattern of his kind, and the father who does not own to seeing his likeness in him is, depend upon it, a shameless hypocrite. The Redskins, those good Redskins who defend the Lost Boys against the pirates, make one blush for the national adage of "Good Indians dead Indians"; and the pirates are all that one could wish of pirates. No more obliging bandits of the sea ever helped small boys through their overboard when vanquished, and their wickedness is of the type which is unsports by one touch of virtue.

It has been my advantage to see "Peter Pan" twice, and on the second evening I had the honor and pleasure of the company of a young lady of eleven years. She followed the whole action with the flaming cheeks and shining eyes of intense interest, and would not once share my ribald mirth in the daring burlesque. I imagined that it was all reality to her, but a subsequent conversation instructed me that she no more believed in it than I did, and was merely held by the perfection of the art. It was also her second time of "Peter Pan," and at moments she predicted what was coming without losing any of the pleasure through her foreknowledge. I venture to speak of the effect of the pretty play with her because it seemed to me the finest and friendliest criticism of the young child there (and the theatre overfilled with children) was in the joke of the piece; that all helped in the make-believe, but they did not believe, as I afterwards learned from the frankness of my companion. The illusion was perfect, but there was no more deception with them than with me.

What I am trying to come at, however, is what is almost the most valuable thing in this tender burlesque of Mr. Barrie's, and that is the domesticity. There is no hint of love-making between *Peter Pan* and *Wendy*, even when they are playing father and mother to the Lost Boys. She is just the mother they have longed for, because mothering is her instinct, as it is that of the young girl (I forget her name) in "Little Mary," who adopts all the children she can lay hands on. Motherliness is what Mr. Barrie is always filling out in women, who are supposed by most dramatists to be mainly sweethearts and wives at the best, and flirts and adulteresses at the worst. He has thus added a grace to comedy which has seemed beyond or beside the reach of its art, and has probably endeared himself to a much bigger public than would like to own it. Motherliness, hungry and helpless enough, is the note of the home woman as "Alice-sit-by-the-Fire" who returns to the children separated almost their whole lives from her by her exile in India, and who loves them so much that she does not know how to have them, and all but puts her chance with them. The piece is of course in its surface a satire on romantic girlhood imprisoned and misled by the romantic drama. The well-grown up daughter of *Alice* has so often been crying woman "saved" by self-sacrificing friends, who opportunely arrive at supreme moments to take the blame of guilty appearances on themselves, that when she imagines her pretty and still young mother in love with a friend of the husband and father, she desires nothing better than to conceal herself in the young man's rooms, and to "save" her mother by claiming him for her own lover. The fact that her father comes with her mother to the wicked rendezvous does not affect her position. To the very last she believes that she has "saved" her mother, and when, late at night after they have all returned home, she hears her father storming at her mother for mistaking him of the deprivation of respect, she stands upon them in her night gown and says to her mother a sheer *bonnet*. The whole affair is delicious comedy, but the best of the fun begins when the mother and father understand what the daughter really means, and enjoy

(Continued on page 261.)



Music And The Opera



SOME RECENT AMERICAN MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE paucity of distinguished writing in the mass of American music which concerns itself with the smaller forms was observed in this place last week. An apt and true remark of Mr. Arthur Farwell's was quoted as bearing upon this point. It was said that most of our music in this order—by which one understands to mean, for the most part, those works for piano, for voice, and for combinations of a few instruments in the lighter forms that flow with so easy an abundance

from the pens of our composers—is "at best adapted only to pursue of ornamentation upon some yet unshaply structure of the soldier substance of human thought and feeling." One need not be held to mean that the fluent and complaint triviality which marks the great body of our music in this sort is peculiar to ourselves, and that the condition finds no kind of parallel in Germany, or in England, or in France. What one must and does recognize, though, is the rarity of any serious concern with the art of music in those who contribute to the overwhelming flood of composition that flows its accomplishment in the catalogues of our music shops and, alas, on the racks of uncounted thousands of American pianos. It is possible to say, without exaggeration, that the names of those composers whose concern with the art that they are practicing is both scrupulous and sincere could probably be comprised within less than a dozen lines of this type. It is not so with our painters, it is not so, to any such extent, with our writers. With the reason for this—or with what one may imagine to be the reason—I need not here concern myself; my immediate purpose is to signify a recognition of a certain slender but increasing output which is far from being either unscrupulous in impulse or, in the convenient phrase of Mr. Henry James, "unguided" in performance, and which from time to time emphasizes its being by the issue of work that is, in entirely the best sense, at once serious and distinguished. I shall refer particularly to a few compositions that have lately been put forth with a modesty and a dignity that are pleasantly suited to the quality of their musical substance: the "Celtic Studies" (four songs to words by John Todhunter, Fiona Macleod, Nora Chesson, and "A Viking Skald") of Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, the Boston composer; and three piano pieces and a song, to words by Andrew Lang, by Mr. Arthur Shepherd, the young musician of Salt Lake City who was the Paderewski prize the other day with his "Inverture Joyeuse" for orchestra.

Mr. Gilbert is one of the most salient figures in that group of younger American music-makers who are approaching a realization of that faith in the ultimate potentialities of our own-art that some of us venture both to hold and to avow. Mr. Gilbert, who writes with assurance in both the smaller and larger forms of music, has before essayed the difficult and fascinating task of finding a musical equivalent for the Celtic note, as it is reflected in contemporary letters and in the traditions of an older day. He has made a dramatic and potent setting of Ferguson's magnificent "Lament of Inverurie"; he has written incidental music for Mr. Yeats's play,

"The Land of Heart's Desire"; and he has set for voice the song of the Fairy Child in that most haunting and pathetic of the products of the Neo-Celtic school, Mr. Gilbert is a musician of sensitive and rich imagination, and of insistent personality. He is cool, it goes without saying, always or often at his best; but some of these recent "Celtic Studies" of his do show him almost, if not quite, at his best. At their finest—as in the setting of Todhunter's "O Mighty, Melancholy Wind," in Nora Chesson's "My Heart is Heavy Night and Day," and in the fresh and harder music that he has conceived for the verses from Ballantyne's *Norances of the West*—he has realized with eloquence and beauty the authentic note of the Celtic imagination. He has not done so well with the verses of Fiona Macleod, whose performances in prose and verse remain for composers, as yet, an undepleted treasury of inspiration.

With Mr. Arthur Shepherd, whose sure and adventurous capture of the Paderewski prize for orchestral composition brought him precipitately into public notice a few weeks ago, one has the sufficiently curious experience of being able to write with the consciousness of making a positively achieved individuality. Mr. Shepherd is no older than he should be; yet whatever he writes is definitely directed from the centre of his own creative faculty. He may recall to one,—indeed, he not infrequently does,—the speech of Brahms; but one realizes that the suggestion has no vital significance, for there is also the voice of Mr. Shepherd himself: a voice fresh, confident, and virile. And, moreover, let it be noted that he writes with a sure and clarified intention, with an admirable command of the materials of his art. His technique is, indeed, extra-

ordinary: one studies his "Mazurka," his "Theme and Variations," and his "Prelude," for piano, with as much wonderment as pleasure; they are his opus one and two; yet in them the speech of the composer is neither faltering, incoherent, nor unregulated. But what is of far greater consequence, Mr. Shepherd's facile and undaunted technique is the vehicle of a temperament of singular maturity, poise, and force. His sense of design, his feeling for the architecture of tones, is exceptional, and it is exercised a little at the expense, perhaps, of rich and significant color; yet it makes, no doubt, for clarity and proportion; and music must continue to have, of course, its Brahmes and its d'Indy, no less than his Chopins, his Wagners, and his Debussys.

Of Mr. Shepherd's fine setting of Andrew Lang's poem, "A Star in the Night," I have left myself little room to speak in detail.

The writing has much of the effective reticence, the continence of emotion that characterize his work; he has learned the difficult art of husbanding his expressional resources for supreme and climactic moments,—an art which, in this instance, is reinforced by the noble beauty of Mr. Lang's verses.

I have singled out for comment this recent music by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Shepherd, not because it is the best of its excellent kind, but because it is representative of the best; of a small, if growing, body of artistic endeavor whose achievements, however limited in volume, are not excusably to be ignored.



Madame Kirkby Luna

The English contralto who sang with the Philharmonic Society on February 9 and 19



DEFECTS IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM

By HENRY A. CASTLE

Former Auditor for the Post-office Department

The long experience of the author as Auditor of the Post-office Department at Washington qualifies him to speak with authority and from intimate knowledge of the defects in the equipment and management of the greatest business organization under Federal control. This is the last of the series of live articles on this topic contributed to the "Weekly" by Mr. Castle



V.—The Uses and Humors of Rural Delivery

THE rapid growth of the farmers' mail service, called rural free delivery, has been unparalleled, even in the history of our marvelous post-office development. There are tales of magic and enchantment in these significant figures:

	Appropriation.	Current.
1897	\$40,000	44
1898	50,000	149
1899	150,000	291
1900	450,000	1,276
1901	1,750,000	4,399
1902	3,093,000	8,485
1903	8,154,000	15,119
1904	12,921,000	24,566
1905	21,040,000	31,090
1906	25,814,000

That this tremendous movement has resulted in a quickening of the popular intelligence in regions where it would be most beneficial is unquestionable. That it has been accompanied by disappointments, heartburnings, and vigorous complaints is equally true.

The distribution of mail-matter to the agricultural population was a scheme so attractive as to command in advance the enthusiastic plaudits of all who wished well for the country. That many prophecies have not been fulfilled is no indictment of its general utility, but should be an incentive to more careful administration and a proper adjustment to the necessities of the case.

There are several classes of people to whom this beneficent innovation, so called, has brought chiefly gail and wormwood. The first breed and, we fear, least regarded of all the complainants are the postmasters whose offices are abolished by this unwelcome device. One of these writes:

"The routes are generally proposed and 'put through' by the postmaster of some office of importance who knows that a majority of those opposed oppose the rural delivery. The evident purpose is to kill off the smaller offices on the routes to swell the business of the postmasters at the distributing offices."

Another aggrieved postmaster, in an official letter to the Department, thus loudly voices the sentiments which struggle for adequate expression in his imperfectly organized intellect:

"Postmaster-General Washington D. C. Dear Sir as this Took of Rural Free Delivery has got up here and so many is Dissatisfied is the cause of the Petitioners being sent you, and if you will Nodds you will see that Several Names Appear in South Petitioners and About Nine out of Every Ten that Assign for Rural Free Delivery Male surres is Dissatisfied and don't Want bit and See they was Fool and Lyde in to sign the Petitioners for Rural Free Delivery."

Another set of objectors live up along the routes which have been omitted in laying off the delivery routes. It is made a matter of serious complaint that the price of land is adversely affected by being thus discriminated against, and the probability is that bitter controversies will rage for years, in many localities, over attempts to change the course of the agile carriers' daily pilgrimage. The fight between towns for the "county-seat," and the fight between streets for the location of a village post-office, are precedents in this point. As the vacuum of the conflict is ever in inverse ratio to its importance, we may well shudder at the grand aggregate of heat and heartache which this consideration involves.

The village stockbreeders join in emphatic expression of hostility. Through the operation of the system they are more than ever exposed to the competition of the mail-order houses, and they declare that in many sections the farmers have stopped coming to town to buy, since the establishment of the free-delivery routes. This, of course, hurts on the jobbers and wholesalers in the large cities, and the result is that the trade of both city and country has suffered severely.

Resolutions protesting against the further extension of the system and demanding its curtailment have been passed by commercial bodies all over the country, both local and national in character. An effort will be made to interest Congress in the fight against what is described as an imposition on the country at large for the benefit of a few mail-order houses, for it is alleged by the opponents of the system that it is not of any real benefit to the farmer.

Disappointed candidates for the office of rural carrier, and even

the Congressmen who have failed to get their friends selected by the civil-service boards, have their grievances and fail not to exploit the same. A Kansas Representative thus wrote to the Postmaster-General in endorsing one of his worthy constituents: "He seeks not to serve among the pillared and domed and colonnaded edifices of Washington. He is used to being summoned to work by the clarion notes of the barnyard cock, and would be out of place among the nine-o'clock risers of the national capital. He neither drinks whiskey nor plays penny-ante. He has never worn a dress-suit or an even-bush. He is a plain housewren man, who loves the fresh air and the green fields, and the sunshine and the flowers, and the lady he loves in the giddy-up of simple rural contentment. He wants to carry the mail over a rural route."

Referring to this candidate and to another, similarly endowed, "Neither of these gentlemen knows aught of the importance of a Congressman before a civil service commission," continues Mr. Cortelyou's correspondent. "They rightly estimate their Representative in Congress to be a great man, but when they hold him to be incompetent, I grieve for their innocence—and envy them too. In a vague, dreamy sort of way the good people of Kansas have knowledge of the Civil Service Commission, but they do not suspect its lay nature. It would take them a long time to really understand that the said commission is not eager to be guided by the wisdom of a county commissioner, a member of the Legislature, or a member of the matter of appointments, or that, in its opinion, a man—a dreamy bookworm—who does not know how to come in out of the rain, save by the principles of physiological deduction, is better qualified to conduct a rural route than one who is able to hurry a horse or, in a pinch, help a pasture farmer to stack his hay, or preach an uplifting and helpful sermon at the rural chapel while the regular pastor is away on his vacation."

The rural carrier has troubles, just beginning when he gets his commission and assumes his duties. The source of his woes is the overbearing exigencies of the "patrons." They ask him to find what hives is paying for wood, and let them know to-morrow without fail. They expect him to find out who has pigs for sale, and if Smith would loan them his gelding. They want him to find out what the butcher is paying for calves, and if the stockbreeder has any medicine that he would recommend for a sick baby, and to "step" down to the express office and see if there is a package there for them, and if there is to please bring it out. They place letters and packages in the mail-box without stamps, with written requests to deliver to parties living along the route.

A rural carrier in Saginaw County, Michigan, received the following:

"Friend Fred: As you run the free delivery by my house, I would like you to bring me on your next trip a barrel of salt, two sacks of flour, also a ton of coal, and three spools of wire, then throw a set of whiffletrees and an overer under the seat. When called by Marion Walker's get two of his largest chickens and bring them along; then I can have my turkeys caught so you can take them to town. Had I better get it out alongside the road, or will you go into the woods after it? I think this free delivery is a great thing for us rural people."

The problem of food and forage is another present anxiety to the estimable functionary. A carrier writes:

"I appreciate fully the low price of corn, oats, and hay, and have decided to give my horses all they can eat every Sunday morning, or afternoon, as circumstances will direct."

Our carrier mentions that he has secured a nice lot of corn at sixty-five cents per bushel, and thirty ears of this particular corn makes an even bushel, and three ears an excellent feed for a large horse (rural-carrier horse). Another carrier mentions some fine oats that he has discovered, a tremendous making a handsome feed for the one horse he drives every day over a twenty-nine mile route. This carrier also incidentally remarked that there were several fields of unharvested corn in isolated places along this route. A rural-route carrier at Rockport, Missouri, when asked to define his district, wrote:

"My route begins at the livery-stable and runs all around and ends at the post-office."

Hospitality is unstinted in some regions. The Rural Route Notes in an Iowa paper contain these arduous judgments:

"The mail carrier took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Isenbaker Tuesday,

"Last Wednesday the mail-carrier took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Abrahamson, of Mackay."

"Last week we drove down to Henry Jacobs with a registered letter and we stayed for dinner."

"We are under obligations to A. C. Grandson."

"He presented us with a load of hay."

Perhaps the crowning embarrassment of the rural carrier consists in his failure to sufficiently impress on his fellow citizens and on Congress the inadequacy of the compensation allowed by law for the performance of his arduous and responsible duties. His statutory pay is \$720 per annum, and he naturally wants more. He even makes odd jobs compulsory. The writer no soldier in the regular army has more regular drill. No soldier is required to endure one-half the fatigue, danger, and exposure of the rural carrier. The soldier has all his expenses paid and \$13 a month in addition, without the investment of one cent, without any previous education, acquaintance, or even character. I count the soldier's keep at \$10 a month and his pay at \$13 a month, and he has more remuneration than the carrier, who is an agent of civilization, instead of a relic of barbarism!

"This is not only a reflection against the carrier, but it is an actual slap in the face of the most useful and unassuming of every one of the industrial classes who have vested interests."

"Of the 31,000,000 of Americans who are potentially efficient—who are pursuing gainful occupations of some sort or other—as farmers and planters. As the total vote in a Presidential election is only about 15,000,000, the farmer should be politically efficient—sufficiently so to secure a rate of compensation for his letter-carriers which will assure the future of the service."

An organ of the guild sounds this clarion note of defiance: "Carrier! How does your Congressman stand? Has he been filling you with sweet words intending to betray you, or will he live up to his promise? Find out!"

The effort was made early in its history to have the delivery service placed on a business basis, similar to that of star routes, so that there would be competition between carriers as there now is between mail contractors. This plan was strongly opposed, but was defeated by a large majority in Congress.

One Representative, advocating the plan, warned his colleagues that the time would soon come when there would be 50,000 carriers, at \$1000 each per year—total, \$50,000,000 for salaries alone, besides allowances for wagon repairs, horse hire, etc., plus eight hours a day and millions for overtime. He predicted a solid combination of 50,000 carriers, clamoring for more pay, and organized as an aggressive political machine.

None of these predictions has yet been realized, but it cannot be denied that some tendencies are more or less ominous. The fact is, the system has been built up on a casual basis, and no advance theories have not as yet had time to adjust themselves to unexpected conditions and unforeseen obstacles. One by one vital questions will come up for solution which will require the careful wisdom both in Congress and in the department to settle properly. Neither Congress nor the department will possess that wisdom unless it is assisted by observant and intelligent patrons of the rural service—the farmers themselves.

The character of our carriers is so high, their conduct is so good, and their work, upon the whole, is so efficient, that no hybrid appeals or organized coercion and intimidation are necessary to secure attention to their claims. The sense of justice innate in the American people may be confidently relied on, in the end, to fully appreciate and adequately compensate all grades of faithful public service.

Each rural carrier must furnish his own wagon and horses. The standard length of rural routes is twenty-four miles in all sections of the country, but in the prairie States of the West this limit can be exceeded. The short routes are in most special conditions. The minimum patronage for a standard route is 100 families.

For the present fiscal year the cost of the city free delivery and the rural free de-

livery is about the same. In 1897, when the rural service started with an appropriation of \$400,000, the city service cost \$12,827,000. The city service has also grown rapidly in the past eight years, but it has not been accepted by the rural service, starting from nothing within that time. Next year the rural service will far outstrip the city service. The appropriation for the city service for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1903, is \$22,780,000, while the appropriation for the rural service is \$25,814,100.

From these desultory side-lights it will be seen that there are flies in the ointment of rural free delivery. It has numerous and various elements which serve to modify the salubrity and serenity of its accustomed aspect. No valuable institution ever sprang full armed into smooth, effective operation. Out of the chaos and discords of the farmers' postal system will doubtless ultimately emerge a satisfactory mail service.

Born Blind

A GREAT criminal lawyer in New York, Mr. B—, has a rich and lovely client, who is famous for her extremely naughty manner.

This noted beauty had run down a poor old woman in her auto and was arrested.

"Oh, Mr. B—, do you think you will be able to get me out of this?" she asked, pitiously.

"Yes, indeed," said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll prove conclusively to the jury that from the hour of your birth you've never been able to see any one worth less than a hundred thousand dollars."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WOODMAN'S SCOTCHMAN'S SCOTCHMAN. Make it a rule to keep your child on the child, and the child will grow, and the child will be able to get me out of this."

DESSERTS are easily and quickly prepared when BROWN'S EARLY BREAKFASTING. Make it a rule to keep your child on the child, and the child will grow, and the child will be able to get me out of this."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BETTER THAN PIE

Not Only the New Food, but the Good Wife, as well.

When they brought the new food, Grape-Nuts, into the house the husband sampled it first and said, "It's better than pie!" When it brought back the glow of health to his wife's cheeks, his admiration for it and her was increased, so she says, and the rest of her story follows:

"From childhood I was troubled with constant and often acute indigestion, and when my baby was born it turned out that he had inherited the awful habit."

"A friend told me of Grape-Nuts, and I invested in a box and began to eat according to directions. It was after only a few days that I found my long-neglected stomach was growing stronger and that the attacks of indigestion were growing less frequent, and in an incredibly short time they ceased altogether. With my digestion restored came strong nerves, clear, active brain, the glow of health to my cheeks, and I know I was a better wife and mother and more agreeable to live with under the new conditions."

"When the boy came to be 10 months old he developed such an appetite this dyspepsia disappeared with mine! That his mother's milk was not sufficient for him. He rejected all baby foods, however, till I tried Grape-Nuts food, at husband's suggestion. The youngster took it at once, and has eaten it daily ever since, thriving wonderfully on it. He now demands it at every meal, and was much put out when he dined at a hotel a few days ago because the waitress could not fill his order for Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason,

DAINTY DELICIOUS DIGESTIVE



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

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Martin Vucich Vucich (left)

Prince von Radetzki (center-right)

The Mayor of Algiers

The Arrival of the International Delegates at Algiers



Mr. Henry B. Hall, U.S. American Delegate



Moroccan Delegates at Algiers awaiting the Opening of a Session of the Conference

THE ALGERIAS CONFERENCE ON THE CONTROL OF MOROCCO

The crisis of the international conference being held at Algiers, in Spain, to discuss the rights of the powers in Morocco, is the discomfiture of Germany and France over the power control of the country. Germany wishes an international settlement of this question, and, according to dispatches, it is assumed that her delegates "will assent to no proposal which would open the door to the Frenchmen of the whole east coast of Morocco." Thus it is rumored, would handle the issue for the incorporation of Morocco in French Africa, which once again for Germany's objections and the announcement of the conference, the other hand, France, since its absolute preponderance in the control of the power throughout Morocco, giving Spain similar control in certain districts. At this writing, it seems unlikely that either France or Germany will sign any demands to the point of open hostility.

America's Billion-Dollar Commerce

THE foreign commerce of the United States approached the three-billion-dollar point in the calendar year 1905. The total imports and exports of merchandise for that year, as shown by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics, was 2800 million dollars, against 2507 millions in 1903, an average increase of 100 millions a year in the five-year period. If to the 2800 millions of foreign commerce in 1905 were added the figures of trade with Hawaii and Porto Rico, formerly foreign territory and included in our statements of foreign trade prior to 1904, the total would approximate 2900 million dollars, or about 600 millions more than five years ago, and 1200 millions more than ten years ago.

All Gone

THE editor of a paper in Richmond tells of the assignment given to a young woman in the employ of that journal to cover the wedding of the daughter of a well-known citizen.

The "society editor" was prevented by sickness from attending the ceremony, and so was obliged to make the best she could of a second-hand account of the festivities. Early in the morning after the wedding the young woman reported to the home of the bride's parents. To the darky who opened the door she said:

"I have called to get some of the details of the wedding."

An expression of intense regret came to the dusky countenance of the servant.

"I'm awful sorry, miss!" she exclaimed, "but dey is all gone. You oughter come last night. De company out up every scrap!"

A Case for the Humane Society

A PHILADELPHIA real-estate broker purchased an automobile last summer, and proceeded industriously to familiarize himself with its mechanical construction.

After a week's coaching under the guidance of a chauffeur, the broker determined one evening to take a spin into the country without his tutor. He decided to ride slowly. And to insure against being helplessly stalled on a lonely road, he fastened the family horse to the rear of the auto, so that it could tow the machine home in case of a breakdown.

The auto chugged along gently, when of a sudden the horse swayed and was dragged to earth.

"Poor horse!" muttered the broker, sorrowfully, as he stepped from the car; "it's utterly exhausted."

"Exhausted?" started a passing farmer, as he sniffed the oily atmosphere; "you mean asphyxiated."

The Growth in Imports

THE nation's import record for 1905 is in excess of that of any preceding year, being for the twelve months ending with December, \$1,179,356,846, against \$1,053,900,100 in 1904, the first calendar year in which the imports crossed the billion-dollar line. The growth of imports, while not rapid, has been steady and continues to be so, keeping pace, approximately, with the growth of population. Imports in 1875 were 563 million dollars; in 1885, 587 millions; in 1895, 801 millions; and in 1905, as already indicated, 1179 millions. The character, however, of imports has somewhat changed in recent years, the percentage of manufactured materials from the total having steadily increased, and supplying in 1905 about 48 per cent. of the total, against 40 per cent. a decade ago, in 1895.

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When Reciprocity is Abolished.—Tacoma Daily Ledger.



The Legislature's Choice.—Chicago Leader.



Gratitude.—Philadelphia Press.



A Little Ice Cube for Comfort.—Chicago Plain Dealer.



From In.—Boston World-Breeze.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Buchanan's Wife

(Continued from page 276.)

"No talk of broken hearts, my dear!" said Beatrice. "Broken hearts use things we, on our mountain-peak, know nothing of. They're hated from our paradise—forever. Hold me close, Highness! I'm—sleepy."

So, in such hazy-headed fashion, these two lived and had their encephalated being. They drift, as the women had said, in a sort of dream, on rotating frames. It was as if they had been literally and physically caught up into that peer-fitted cloud of her fancy, way far above the world and the artist's life. It is entirely impossible to give any picture, however inadequate, of such an existence, because no great exaltation, whether of spirit or of heart, has any outward tangible characteristics which may be described. To understand such a state requires a corresponding exaltation, and words cannot produce that.

To be continued.

Same Old Town

A THUNDER, sometimes whose "terrifying" lies in the Northwest was once afternoon, when a flashily dressed person crowded with cheap jewelry came into the antitank room from the platform, where he had been standing since the closing of the last train.

"I'm old-time hasn't changed a bit since I was here," said he, by way of general observation, to the passenger and two or three others of the place. "Everything's not the same as it was 35 years ago. Not a particle of change!"

I asked that about it, mister," replied an old fellow who was robarbing a young fellow. "Your buttin' it don't make no sense. Now there's no difference in the dressed old fellow."

Refining Steel by Electricity

They definitely can be used to such advantage in many industrial processes, its application to streamlining the production cycle on which there is much discussion. The following figures show how many uses can be used in making steel. The electric power makes the generation of electricity possible. A recent illustration is the electric furnace used in making steel. The use of electricity has completely revolutionized the metal and its handling. The electric furnace has made it possible to produce the metal at or near the point of use. It has also made it possible to produce the metal in a much smaller quantity than before. The electric furnace has also made it possible to produce the metal in a much smaller quantity than before. The electric furnace has also made it possible to produce the metal in a much smaller quantity than before.

His Tip

Some FINE MURDER tells of a burglar who of very luxurious tastes who, whatever he may be, is satisfied with no less than the best.

The good was much impressed by his out-
ranching the rest of the various houses.
There he obtained. As the dinner passed
around the table he asked the houseman as to the
names

"Well," said the horse-owner, "if he means no well, I generally lend him a dollop on the nose."

[illegible]

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Literary Landmarks of Venice

Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York

Mr. Barrie's Benefactions to Humanity on the Stage

(Continued from page 272.)

her romantic illusion together. It was then that the acting of Miss Barrymore, for which one might have forgiven a little better, became the masterpiece: it was in the expression of motherly tenderness breaking into difficulty hidden mirth at the girl's posthumous confession.

It has often struck me that there is never anything so novel in the arts as the truth; and in those pieces of Mr. Barrie's, especially the last, he has devised something quite new in the poor old world which often likes to get such a tickled smack on over its simple and lucid face. In a very nearly way it is optimism of the best type. It is the same world which Mr. Popen and Mr. Jones, and that unhappy Oscar Wilde (artistically the poor of critics), have shown in different and not less fulfilled phases; but now we see that it is often not such a bad world; for the most part it is a very fair world, and even a very good world. We owe much to all the modern English dramatists, but Mr. Barrie seems likely to make us most deeply so, after, especially since Mr. Ibsen, his only rival in fantasy, fantasies no more. Even Mr. Gilbert at his best had not Mr. Barrie's confidence; that is so nearly all his own, that I can think of not one other dramatist to be named with him for it, and I am rather glad that this was an American, the late James A. Heron.

The Young Idea

A man's woman who teaches a class in a Jersey City Sunday-school was recently talking to her pupils relative to the desirability of becoming its membership. When she looked the comparison to that end of the several members, the youngest member he shook his head dubiously. "I might get one boy in our neighborhood to come," he explained, "but all the others like him no."

Mixed Wives

In the story of the last century there lived an old New England house a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life had four wives, all of whom were based on the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, and in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His New England conscience would not allow him, under the present circumstances, to use the original landmarks, as he perceived new ones, one of which lies in the following inscription: "Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Buried in the Cemetery of Emily Church who comes to be mixed with Ma-

hilda.

Then followed three lines:

"Hear ye now and sing a tune:

For Emily Church lies buried here

Mixed in some perplexing manner

With Mary, Matilda, and probably Han-

nah.

Depths Lead to Heights

A Westerner made directed the atten-

tion of a party of sightseers to a small

gray-haired man, and said, affectionately,

"There you see of this street over in

the country. That's Chief Justice Fuller."

"Was he no no stature whatever?" asked

one of the ladies.

"No, sir," hastily replied another

in the group, "but he has managed it a man

time in so great a height."

The guide answered him significantly and

loudly, "because of his great depth."



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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. I.

New York, Saturday, March 3, 1906

No. 4918

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THE BUSY SHOWMAN.—VII.

Ladies and gentlemen: There is an limit to the troubles of an active exhibitor. Here I have my Famous Moral Aggregation of Talent and Otherwise ready to delight our patrons on the New York circuit when this old elephant man appears again to the intense amusement of the whole show. I discharged him well, but no wonder did I turn my back thus he began to prance around the tent hoping for a roll from the watchman's elephant within. I noticed fortunately in the nick of time, as the artful old shaggy is too smart for the boys inside. Now, then, go away and stay! I even go as far as to say please. The quaters, ladies and gentlemen, I repeat to add, is Will he? I don't know, he don't know, nobody knows. Trusting you will pardon this slight digression, I remain Very Truly Yours,

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COMMENT

As we go to press, we learn, on the authority of a newspaper that is usually well informed concerning men and things in Washington, that the President has made up his mind to insist on retaining the provision of the Hepburn bill which permits the courts to pass only on the law, and not on the commission's findings of fact regarding rates. If the report be well founded, and if Mr. ROOSEVELT persists in the intention ascribed to him, he will enter on a course that may embroil him with the chief engineers of the Republican machinery, and prove fatal to the prospects of his favorites in the next Republican national convention. It is certain that a large majority of the Republican Senators—including almost all the influential veterans, and even Mr. LODGE, who used to be regarded as the President's next friend—are determined to amend that clause of the HEPBURN bill to which we have referred. It is possible that Mr. ROOSEVELT may thwart their wishes by persuading a Republican minority to cooperate with the Democratic Senators, so as to pass the bill in the form which it received in the House of Representatives. What then would be the position which the President would occupy? It would be that of a vanquisher of a large majority of the Senators of his own party, by virtue of his leadership of a coalition in which Democratic Senators would constitute the most powerful factor. That is to say, he would undertake to perform the part which was essayed by JOHN TYLER and by ANDREW JOHNSON. JOHN TYLER, it will be remembered, having alienated the majority of the Whig Senators, recognized that logic and equity constrained him to reward the Democrats for the support they gave him, and, accordingly, he reconstructed his cabinet, filling several posts with Democrats, and ultimately making JOHN C. CALHOUN Secretary of State. As for ANDREW JOHNSON, it is well known that, having defied most of the Republican leaders—the one strong man who adhered to him was WILLIAM H. Seward, Secretary of State—he found his power of appointment and removal crippled, was subjected to the humiliation of impeachment, and escaped conviction in the Senate by only one vote.

Mr. ROOSEVELT may hold these precedents irrelevant, because he is a stronger man than was either TYLER or JOHNSON. Undoubtedly the President is, at the present time, very popular. He is not more so, however, than GROVER CLEVELAND was at the date of his reelection to the Presidency in 1892. Before the next four years were over, however, CLEVELAND had become an object of detestation to all American citizens who held that we were bound by duty, by honor, and by treaty to aid and comfort the French Republic. Indeed, it is notorious that in 1896 CLEVELAND could not have carried his native State for the Presidency, which was the true reason for his refusing to be a candidate for a third term. It is also well known that, after his refusal to be again a candidate

had been published, GILES of Virginia, and many other Representatives from that State, thanked God at the prospect of his disappearance from the public stage. In view of WASHINGTON'S experience, it is unwise for any other President to take for granted the permanence of his popularity. We add that GRANT'S popularity at the close of his second term was but a shadow of that which he had possessed in 1868. Yet GRANT was a conqueror who hailed, not from San Juan Hill, but from Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and Appomattox.

The campaign against the railroads is not by any means confined to the demand that a rate-making power shall be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Pennsylvania Railroad is to be investigated with regard to its alleged discriminations against certain producers of hard and soft coal, and also with reference to its interest in the anthracite-coal trust. The Pennsylvania Legislature, before adjourning, provided for an investigation of the Reading Railway, and expressed a determination to bring about a two cents per mile rate of fare in the State. The Legislature of Ohio has passed a bill to that effect, and in Wisconsin a suit has been begun to learn whether the State cannot force railroads within it to reduce their fare to two cents a mile. Governor HANCOCK, of Indiana, is thinking, we are told, of calling an extra session of the Indiana Legislature for the purpose of passing a two-cent railroad-fare bill. The Maryland Legislature is preparing to investigate the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to compel it to pay over money that belongs, it is claimed, to the State. The Governor of West Virginia has asked Congress to investigate alleged discriminations against coal miners and shippers in his State, and he accuses Senator ELLIOTT of being a chief offender. In view of these multiplied attacks it is surprising that railway securities should obtain the high prices which, as a rule, they command on the Stock Exchange. The roads that use bituminous coal are threatened with serious trouble in the event of a strike by the bituminous miners, for there are no considerable reserves of soft coal. On the other hand, the anthracite-using railways have nothing to fear from a strike, as they have sufficient reserves to supply consumers through the summer. It should be kept in view that a stoppage of the normal deliveries of bituminous coal would cripple not only most of the railways, but the great iron and steel industry. As we go to press, however, the prevailing opinion is that no strike will occur.

That the Santo Domingo treaty is really defunct is generally admitted since the Democratic caucus rendered it impossible for the administration to win over enough Democratic votes to secure ratification. It is not technically dead, however, until it has been formally rejected, but should rather be described as in a state of suspended animation. Meanwhile the provisional arrangement continues operative under which American citizens appointed by President MORALES, and since confirmed by President CARRERAS, are collecting and distributing the Dominican customs revenues. At any moment, however, provided the majority of the Republican Senators should become unfriendly to the President, the Senate may pass a resolution inquiring by what authority American citizens are discharging the functions of Collector of Customs in a foreign country and depositing about half the money received by them in a New York bank. The rebuff which has been administered to the President by the Senate's refusal to ratify the Santo Domingo treaty is of far-reaching significance. By that refusal his interpretation of the MORRIS doctrine is disavowed and discredited. The ROOSEVELT "corollary" is extinct. Our Federal government will not be permitted by the American people to interpose between European creditors and indebted Latin-American commonwealths. Hereafter European creditors will do well to abide, as in practice they generally have abided, by the maxim *caveat emptor*. If they can persuade their respective governments to use force for the purpose of collecting inflated debts, they are at liberty to do so, so far as the United States are concerned, but they must remember that the Mexican doctrine, as originally formulated, prohibits them from a permanent occupation of Latin-American territory. To demonstrations of force made exclusively for the purpose of securing repayment of debts we have never abetted, and the position taken by the Senate with regard to the

Santo Domingo treaty practically commits us to a like inoperative attitude when an armed force is used to compel the payment of debts arising out of contract. No doubt the codification of the customs revenues of Latin-American republics in the interests of European creditors may practically reduce them to the condition of Egypt, but the Senate virtually says that we shall survey the process with indifference as long as it stops short of permanent occupation of a republic's soil. We wish the Senate could have been persuaded to take a different view of the matter, but it seems to be inflexible, and we must make the best of it.

The movement in favor of the nomination of United States Senators at primary elections is gaining immense momentum. Everybody understands that the passage of a constitutional amendment striking out the clause which provides that a State's United States Senators shall be elected by the Legislature would be impracticable. It is quite possible, however, to nullify the clause in practice, just as we have nullified the provision that a President shall be chosen by Presidential electors. We continue to designate Presidential electors, but we make dummies of them. It is now proposed to make dummies in like manner of State Legislatures, so far as the choice of United States Senators is concerned. Already in a number of Southern States the Democrats name their candidate to fill a vacant seat in the United States Senate at primary elections, the man receiving the largest number of votes at the primaries being accepted as the nominee of the party by the Democratic members of the Legislature at its ensuing session. For instance, last autumn in Virginia, Mr. T. S. MARTIN received the highest vote at the Democratic primaries for United States Senator, and, accordingly, the Legislature has just reelected him to the Senate. A contest for nomination at the primaries is now going on in Tennessee. In Alabama a primary election will take place next August, and the primaries will determine whether Senator MORGAN and Senator PERKINS are to keep their seats. Some Republican States also seem inclined to select the same method of evading the constitutional provision for the election of United States Senators by Legislatures. A resolution has been introduced in the Iowa Legislature, directing the Governor to take steps tending to joint action on the part of two-thirds of the States to secure the calling of a constitutional convention for the purpose of carrying an amendment for the direct election of Senators. It is true that, if two-thirds of the States consent, they can call a constitutional convention, whether Congress likes it or not, but for an amendment to become a law, it would have to be ratified by three-fourths of the States, and few persons believe that the consent of three-fourths could be obtained. The feasible plan is to follow the example of certain Southern States, and nominate the United States Senators at primary elections. In the New Jersey Legislature, both State Senator COLBY and State Senator HULLAY have introduced bills intended to enable the voters to indicate to the Legislature their preference as to candidates for the United States Senate.

On Monday, February 19, Chancellor von Bismarck introduced in the Reichstag a bill authorizing the imperial government to postpone for a year the application of the maximum duties of the new German tariff to American products which by law should be made on March 1. The postponement is certain to be opposed by the Agrarians, as the party of the landowners who desire to monopolize the home market for foodstuffs is called. The maximum duties were framed to propitiate them, and it was principally at the United States that they were aimed. On the other hand, the National Liberals, the Radicals (both sections), and the Socialists will vote for the bill, and it is probable that the Chancellor can persuade most of the Centrists and some of the Conservatives to cooperate. We take for granted, therefore, that the bill will pass, but what many will ask, can have induced the German government to make to the United States a concession which is certain to be complained of by European countries which have had to pay roundly in reciprocity treaties for similar privileges? It cannot be said that we have made any equivalent concession to Germany. No reciprocity treaty would have a chance of ratification in the United States Senate. Certain modifications of our customs regulations which are within the competence of the Secretary of the Treasury were requested by the Berlin Foreign Office, but have been refused.

German importers desire that the certificates of American consuls at ports of shipment should be accepted as conclusive proofs that the valuations of goods are correct. Having failed to secure the promulgation of such a rule, they next urged that the evidence tending to show that certain imports were undervalued should be given in presence of the importers, who thus might have an opportunity to cross-examine and controvert. This demand also was rejected by our customs authorities, on the ground that no evidence of undervaluation would be procurable, unless it could be given under the pledge of secrecy.

From the view-point, therefore, of German manufacturers, Chancellor von Bismarck is giving us a great deal and getting nothing in return. What they overlook is the political consideration. We do not now refer merely to the fact that the German envoys are understood to have the support of the United States in the Morocco Conference, but to the vast importance to Germany from a moral, financial, and naval view-point of winning the good-will, sympathy, and cooperation of the great American republic. The German Emperor is too sanguine and far-sighted not to dread even an approach to a triple *entente cordiale* on the part of Great Britain, France, and the United States. He knows that, possessing between them the major part of the world's capital, those three nations could make friends wherever they chose, and by concerted operations on the great stock-exchanges, could paralyze the pocket nerve of us easily. That is why Emperor WILLIAM II. is sparing no effort to detach the United States from the Anglo-French combination. He has taken a long step toward the fulfillment of his purpose by suspending in our favor the operation of the German tariff. That is a proof of regard which he has given to no other country.

The Parliament which was opened by King EDWARD VII. on February 19 is interesting not only because some two-thirds of the members of the new House of Commons are men who have to work for a living, but also because of the emergence of a new party which has placed itself on the Opposition side of the Chamber. From some statistics lately compiled concerning the occupations of the new members we learn that there are 7 factory hands, 2 stone masons, 5 carpenters, 2 shoemakers, 1 cooper, 1 farm laborer, 1 barn-builder, 2 blacksmiths, 2 mechanics, 5 compositors, and 16 miners. There are, on the other hand, it seems, 34 solicitors and 103 barristers, but these numbers are likely to be reduced hereafter if the Laborites succeed in making Parliament hold its sessions by day instead of by night. The new Labor party, by the way, does not include all of the 54 Labor members, because 29 of these have proclaimed themselves Liberals, and announce their intention to support the government on most questions. We take for granted that not only they, but the 34 Laborites proper, will vote for the expected bill to repeal or alter radically the late Education act. Why the ministers feel constrained to bring in the measure promptly is intelligible enough when we observe that the new House contains 176 Nonconformists, to say nothing of Roman Catholic members. The Anglicans, however, constitute a majority of the Liberal party, and in combination with the Conservatives could defeat any modification of the Education act, but such a coalition is, of course, improbable. A curious feature of the new House is that the Free-Trade Free-Traders (Free-Feeders) number only 4, whereas in the last Parliament they were about as numerous as the advocates of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S policy, and were upheld in the country at large by the influence of the Duke of Devonshire. If the four Free-Feeders stick by themselves, they will recall the Fourth Party of Fens, which, under the leadership of Lord RUSSELL CHURCHILL, made so much noise in the Parliament of 1840-5. It is asked that ex-Premier BALFOUR is to be the leader of the Free-Trade Opposition, but to keep the peace and avert a split in the Free-Trade ranks he had to accept in a published letter Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S programme. This he stands forth to do until the day before Thursday, February 15, when a great meeting of the Free-Tradeists was to take place at Lansdown House. The speaker, though tardy, was complete. He is no longer a retaliationist. He is a protectionist of the CHAMBERLAIN type, willing to tax foreign breadstuffs in order to give Canadian grain a preference in the British market.

Although Miss ROOSEVELT's marriage was not by any means the first White House wedding, it was unique in respect of *detail*. The number of invitations—one thousand—was many times greater than that issued on any similar occasion. Indeed, before the Executive Mansion was remodelled three years ago, it would have been impossible to accommodate comfortably more than 200 guests. When President CLEVELAND married Miss FOLSOM in 1885, invitations were restricted to the relatives of the President and the bride, the members of the cabinet and their wives, and Private-Secretary LAMONT and Mrs. LAMONT. So, too, when in 1878 Miss PLATT, the niece of President HAYES, was married in the Blue Room, the ceremony was marked with relative simplicity. At the wedding of Miss NELLIE GRANT in May, 1874, 200 guests were present, including the members of the diplomatic corps, as well as the most important officials of the Federal government. President TYLER was married during his term of office, but the wedding did not take place in Washington. His daughter ELIZABETH, however, was married in January, 1842, in the Blue Room. This wedding was intended to be a quiet one, but it developed into a social event. During the JACKSON administration there were three marriages in the White House. JOHN ADAMS, the son and private secretary of President JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, was married in the White House, the bride being Miss MARY HELLIS, of Philadelphia. This wedding was the great social function of the time. In the MONROE administration, Miss MARGARET ESTHER MONROE, the President's daughter, was married in the Blue Room to Mr. S. L. GORREYER, of New York. On this occasion not even the members of the President's cabinet were invited. We recall, finally, that during MONROE's administration there were two White House weddings, the first bride being Mrs. MONROE's youngest sister, LUCY PAYNE WASHINGTON, widow of a nephew of President WASHINGTON, while the second was Miss ANNA TOLLE, a cousin of Mrs. MONROE's.

The proceedings of the congress on uniform divorce laws which met in Washington on February 19 are not yet available for discussion as we go to press, but their subject is one of lively interest. If it were possible to frame a set of divorce laws which would be acceptable to all the States, and if all the States could be induced to accept them and stick to them, it would undoubtedly be to the advantage of American society. Even if a considerable number of the States should accept the same divorce code, it would be some gain, and that much may sometime be accomplished. But we are not very hopeful of the agreement of all or nearly all the States about divorce. The opinions of thoughtful and well-behaved individuals differ so very widely on that subject that the task of bringing even a considerable majority of the Legislatures of forty-five States into agreement about it looks very formidable. The subject, however, is well worth discussing, especially if the discussion is truly representative and includes the expression of all views which are widely enough held to be important.

Nothing else than a fairly liberal divorce code could hope at present to win adoption by very many of the States, but it would help matters somewhat if the States that go in for easy divorce should put their bars up and make it harder for outsiders coming into them for divorce purposes to acquire a residence. Whether even that much can be accomplished is doubtful, so hard is it to convince any considerable number of our easy-going people that it is their duty to constrain partners to stay married after they are tired of their bargain. Married women are well protected by our laws as it is. It is very hard for a man to get loose from a lawful wife who has not misbehaved, unless she is willing. The rights of the children of a marriage that has collapsed deserve to be guarded with the utmost care, and perhaps the courts should distinguish, as observers always do, between childless couples who seek divorce and couples who have children.

Incontinent men who hire their wives to get divorces in order that they may themselves be free to marry some one else should be denied this enlargement of their privileges. A relation that is openly mercenary is much less mischievous to society than the successive "marriages" of such persons. If they must have variety in domestic companionship, it is as well for them, and much better for their relatives and friends, that they should find it outside of marriage. The

chief difference between adultery that has been legalized by a trumped-up divorce and remarriage, and adultery that hasn't, is that in the latter case the sinners suffer the inconveniences of their sin, and in the former case they shift a large share of them on society.

Any conceivable divorce law will make some hard cases. Divorce is a remedy for disaster. It is impossible to make a pleasant medicine of it, or one that is adapted to every case. Strict divorce laws are supposed to protect society at the cost of some innocent and deserving individuals. Loose divorce laws are supposed to benefit some deserving individuals at the cost of society. Both suppositions are disputable. The average American legislator cares more for the social units than for the social lump. He will always incline to be liberal with the individual, who is small and has but one life, and let society—a big corporation that doesn't age or die—look out for itself.

An oversight last week led the WEEKLY to say that the increased longevity pay suggested for the army had already been granted. Army officers now receive "ages"—ten per cent, increase—every five years for twenty years, or forty per cent, in all. The increase advocated is in addition to the longevity pay now granted.

On February 19 the President communicated to Congress his idea as to the kind of a canal to be built at Panama. He thinks that it should be a structure with locks, with a summit level eighty-five feet above the sea, to cost \$139,745,500, and to be completed in eight and one-half years. In this preference President ROOSEVELT has the support of Secretary TATE, Chief-engineer SHRYVER, and all the members of the Canal Commission except Admiral EMMETT. He mentions in his letter to Congress that though a majority of the Board of Consulting Engineers, including all five of the foreign engineers, recommended a sea-level canal, five out of eight of the American members of that Board preferred the lock system. He thinks the minds of the foreign engineers have been influenced by the Suez Canal, whereas our great lock canal, the Soo, has impressed our engineers with the good points of a lock system. By choosing the lock canal we make an estimated saving of \$107,000,000 in money, and of from four to ten years in time. The Canal Commission's majority opinion, transmitted by the President to Congress, is not merely that the lock canal will be a better canal for the money, but a better canal irrespective of cost, because it will be safer for ships, quicker traversed, safer from flood damage, much less costly to maintain, and easier enlarged and for less money than the other. Congress can set aside, if it will, the preference of the President and his advisers and order a sea-level canal, but the prospect of its doing so is slight. In all probability work will go ahead on a lock canal, and we judge that that solution of the problem will be satisfactory to the people of the country. What modifications of the plan may come with the progress of the work no one can predict, but it is held to be one advantage of the lock system that it is more readily susceptible of modification and of future enlargement than the sea-level plan.

The newspapers report that JOHN A. McCULL, in the shadow of death, said to his son:

"If it is God's will that I must go, I am resigned. I have nothing to fear. It is true that I have not been a saint in my life, but I have never deliberately done anything harmful to man, woman, or child."

We do not doubt that those words were sincerely spoken, and true. Some of Mr. McCULL's actions were condemned. He was practically found guilty—as were ALEXANDER and McCUNY—of malfeasance. The jury was the whole nation, and there was a sweeping unanimity in the verdict. But the sins of all these men were sins of environment. They did not know they were doing wrong; neither did their associates; neither did the public, until suddenly all hands waked up and saw things as they were. They should have known better, but they really didn't. That is why there is so much sympathy for them as men, though not much as officials. They were victims of a bad system which they had to be sure, a hand in making, but for which they were no more responsible than many others. They have suffered far more than, as individuals, they deserved to suffer. It was as

though their reputations—solid and honorable, the work of years—fell back on them, without conscious fault of their own, and crushed them.

"As soon as war ceases the higher evolution of man ceases, for the weaklings will never be killed off." So writes Major WOOLFEY in a letter that is printed in the Correspondence page of this issue of the WEEKLY, in which he argues against the assertion of Dr. DAVID SVEN JONAS that the greatest factor in the destruction of nations has been wars, because wars have killed off the best men in such nations, and their kind has not been reproduced. Dr. JONAS's theory may not be entirely sound, though it is interesting, but to our mind it deserves more credit than Major WOOLFEY gives it. Nor can we agree with Major WOOLFEY's assertion, quoted above, that evolution ceases when war does, because, lacking wars, the weaklings are not killed off, and the strong have no advantage. Modern war, such as we have had in this country, seems to be of small utility in killing off weaklings. In our civil war the fighting-men on both sides were of the best stock in the land. The weaklings stayed at home, and nobody killed them; neither did they starve to death. On the contrary, in the North at least the absence of a considerable proportion of the stronger men at the front gave the weaklings a better chance than usual to make a living. The civil war put our country's evolution back at least a generation. If it did the South any good, it was by humbling the strong, not by destroying the feeble. Any good it might have done the North (on Major WOOLFEY's theory) by causing the feeble to perish, we have carefully eliminated by our pension system, which encourages the ostensibly feeble to live on to the last gasp. Evolution as we see it is working double time for the elimination of war, and will go on all the faster when war is finally abolished.

We think, too, that Major WOOLFEY underestimates the efficiency of the processes of peace in killing off the weaklings. Is not ruin, for example, a very valuable agent in that process? Taking folks by and large, do we not see the more astute and self-controlled and strong and diligent of them getting the best of the competition? A bullet has no discrimination. It will put out a strong man or a weak one, a good liver or a bad one, a wise man or a fool, without any regard to his qualities, but the natural forces of elimination, though their judgment is far from sure, do exercise a considerable measure of discrimination in destruction. People who have the intelligence to perceive and regard the great laws of nature have a better chance than stuper people to live out their time and leave descendants who will do the same. Virtue has a lot of rewards besides itself. The scheme of nature, geared as we see it to the apparatus of society, is such an astonishingly able contrivance for the betterment of human beings that we wonder men don't improve a great deal faster than they do. Was there ever a contrivance with such spurs, checks, combinations, compensations—ever such a device for constraining sentient creatures to observe, think, reason, deduce, and shape their conduct according to knowledge? War has not ceased to be useful, but its use to-day is not to kill the weak, but to make education compulsory in all nations that hope to maintain an independent existence. See Russia reluctantly learning that lesson, and now China. Education may be trusted to regulate the birth-rate, and if education doesn't, wealth, resulting from education, will be sure to do it.

Observe how things work. The able and wiser people are more prosperous than the less able, and live better, and acquire more property and better chances for their children. The degenerate tend to die early, and, as a rule, childless. The feeble, the incapable, and the vicious leave descendants to be sure, but have fewer descendants than better people, and leave them in a bad case, to be the victims of their parents' vices or their own, and to die prematurely. The worst families are constantly tending to extinction. Curiously enough, the richest families, and some of the best, seem to tend the same way. Successful greediness or too much luck, or sagacity too skillfully employed brings too much wealth; too much wealth brings too much ease and destroys grit, or too much pleasure-chasing, and impairs both the mind and the body. At last it leads to those results. It takes a number of generations oftentimes for processes to

work out, and no rule holds in all cases, but usually the rich people and the more intelligent people have small families, and the poorer people of less (demonstrated) intelligence have larger ones. Biologically speaking, the people who work in the world (provided they don't work excessively) are doing better than the lazy or the idle, the moral people are doing better than the triflers, the people who give value for what they get better than the folks who get something for nothing. The game of getting something for nothing—so very popular at this time—may seem profitable to an individual, but is sure to beat a family if you give it enough time. Finally, some of the something-for-nothing people are rated as good; actually, some of them are shrewd, and they have good bodies; but biologically—perhaps by reason of an ethical defect—they seem to be classified among the weaklings which the peaceful evolutionary processes wipe out.

Take the case of a man who makes, say, five million dollars speculating in stocks and retires from business. Is he in a favorable position to found a family that will be valuable to the world? Of course he may do so if he has some fairly good children to start with. But a man does not make five million dollars in stocks without putting his mind for a considerable space on speculation, and a man whose mind is on speculation is apt to have very little of it to spare for training his children according to sound ethical standards. So the chances are rather against the stock-speculator's having a promising outfit of well-trained children to start with. But suppose he has them, what is he to bring them up to? If he trains them to industry, they have his example of great gains without appreciable equivalent given to make them impatient of the slow processes of earning bread. Moreover, why should they work so long as he has five millions? He has deprived them of the strongest practical motive for effort, and having no better business to train them in, what better can he expect than that they should devote part of their working-time to improving the breed of horses, and the rest to the endeavor to buy stocks low and sell them higher? Such exercises have made many men poor and some men rich, but biologically considered, they are small potatoes, and do not make for the perpetuation of useful families. Is it not true that the man who has made five millions in stocks is an unpromising biological factor, and that the chances are favorable for his seed to perish?

Major WOOLFEY has himself explored one influence other than war which makes for natural selection and the elimination of the locally unfit. On the basis of studies and of his army-surgeon experience in the Philippines he has written a book about the effects of tropical light on white men. It is the light, even more than the heat, of the tropical countries, he thinks, that makes them so unwholesome for white men, and the deductions that his researches counsel as to the expediency of every race of men sticking to the climate which is suited to their complexions have a very important bearing on the assumption of tropical responsibilities by people of Caucasian descent. We know more about the effects of light in these days of X-rays than we did fifteen years ago, and the new knowledge is of a great deal of practical value in enabling white men to avoid some of the climatic hazards of brown men's and black men's countries while they live in them. But it forbids the hope that white men will ever flourish in such countries, and, conversely, it sentences the black race to eventual extinction in the United States. By the scheme of nature, or by age-long processes of selection and adaptation, certain races of men have been qualified by color and physical construction to live in certain zones, and the final success or failure of the migration of races has turned on whether or not they migrated out of the zone they belonged in. Climate will modify an immigrant race to a certain extent, but if too much modification is required, the subject of experiment will perish. The earth is a wonderful laboratory, and what a country can eventually make of a race of men is quite as interesting as what men can make of a country. What England, for example, can do to white men is fairly well known, but our knowledge of what America can do to race rests on no more than a mere four centuries of experiment. Of course we are hopeful as to the result, but we have a good deal to learn yet, and we suffer no little inconvenience from past mistakes.

The Amazing Industrial Progress of the South

SOME interesting facts and figures concerning the extraordinary industrial and commercial development of the South in recent years are brought together in four articles contributed to the February number of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. RICHARD H. EMMANUS, editor of the *Manufacturers Record*, Baltimore, has compiled a table of statistics by which it appears that the value of the cotton crop increased from \$212,000,000 in 1880 to \$490,000,000 in 1905. Formerly almost the whole of the raw staple was shipped to foreign countries or to the Northern States. Since 1880, however, the amount of capital invested in Southern cotton-mills has increased from \$21,000,000 to \$225,000,000; the number of spindles from 167,000 to 5,265,000; and the number of cotton-bales used in the mills from 225,000 to 2,163,000. To appreciate these figures, it is needful to recall that in 1880 New England and all the country outside of the South consumed 1,250,000 bales, or six times as much as the South then used, whereas in 1905 the whole country, outside of the South took but a few thousand bales more than were needed by the Southern mills. Between 1880 and 1905 the South nearly quadrupled its consumption of cotton, whereas New England increased hers only twenty-eight per cent. If we turn to the iron industry, we find that the quantity of pig-iron made in the South, which in 1880 was but 397,000 tons, had risen in 1905 to 3,100,000 tons, or nearly as much as the entire United States made in 1905. Twenty-five years ago only 4,000,000 tons of bituminous coal was mined in the Southern States, as against 20,000,000 tons in 1905. The present output is larger by 28,000,000 tons than was that of the United States in 1880. There seems to be no limit to the possible development of the South's cotton, iron, and coal industries. Its progressive citizens look forward to the time when the South will spin and weave all of its own cotton. Mr. EMMANUS seems to think it probable that the Southern mills will eventually consume a quantity of raw cotton equivalent to the present annual crop, or 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 bales, but he proceeds to show how signally the crop might be increased, so as to supply the want of the outside world. For example, an expenditure of about \$250,000,000 by the national government upon the levee work of the Mississippi River would reclaim an area of 36,000 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres of land fertile enough to yield a bale to the acre. There are also vast stretches of land in the Southwest never yet touched by the plough, which could be made to produce five or six million bales a year. With regard to the mining expansion of the South's real industry, Mr. EMMANUS points out that Alabama has 8500 square miles of coal area, or nearly as much as Great Britain ever had, and of thicker veins. Kentucky has more bituminous coal land than has all of the United States. The entire South has a total of 82,957 square miles of rich coal land, whereas Great Britain and Germany put together have but 12,600 square miles. Of iron ore in close proximity to its coal-mines Alabama has sunk vast stores that, according to Mr. EMMANUS, three or four of the leading iron companies of that State possess more than do the United States Steel Corporation. Passing to other industries of the South, we observe that cottonseed oil, of which very little was made before the war, is now a great and rapidly increasing product. The number of cotton-seed mills has grown from 45 in 1880 to 748 in 1905, and the capital invested in them has increased during a quarter of a century from \$5,000,000 to \$54,500,000. The total value of the South's farm products, which in 1880 was \$600,000,000, was \$1,730,000,000 in 1905. The value of the lumber products has risen in a quarter of a century from \$19,000,000 to \$250,000,000. It is unnecessary to think of cotton as the chief crop of the South, yet in 1904 that section produced 661,000,000 bushels of Indian corn, or more than one-fourth of the total maize crop of the country; 65,000,000 bushels of oats; 65,000,000 bushels of wheat; nearly 25,000,000 bushels of Irish potatoes; 21,000,000 bushels of rice; 9,500,000 bushels of sugar, and 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco. It is a fact not generally known that Georgia raises more peaches than any other State, and that eastern Carolina is the chief strawberry centre of the United States.

The aggregate length of the railways in the Southern States in 1905 was 90,000 miles. The railroad mileage of all the rest of the country in 1880 was 51,000. The exports from the Southern States last year were valued at \$555,400,000, as against \$201,000,000 in 1880. The exports to foreign countries from all the rest of the United States twenty-five years ago were valued at \$55,400,000. The utilization of water-power for electrical purposes is an important feature of Southern industry. Mr. EMMANUS tells that already water-powers aggregating half a million or more horsepower are being harnessed for electrical work in the central South. Over 80,000,000 are being spent to generate 75,000 horsepower on the Yaffin River, North Carolina, and near Chattanooga several million dollars are being applied to the utilization of a great power on the Tennessee River. Other power-developing plants are in course of construction in many parts of the Southern States, from Carolina to Texas. The last decade has also witnessed a marked revival of commerce in the Gulf ports. Pensacola now imports more "naval stores," as turpentine and resin are termed,

than any other port on the Gulf of Mexico. From Mobile fifteen steamship lines ply to all parts of the world. That city's exports to Cuba exceed the combined exports of all the other cities in the United States, except New York; in imports of tropical fruits she ranks third, and she handles almost the entire seed crop of Yucatan. From Gulfport, Mississippi's new harbor, there were shipped in 1904 no less than 153,302,800 superficial feet of lumber, or 24,500,000 more than were exported from Pensacola. The quantity of wheat and maize shipped from New Orleans has fallen off since 1903, but the total valuation of all the articles shipped is nearly a billion of dollars. The shipment of raw cotton alone was worth \$307,000,000. Most astonishing to the reconstruction of Galveston, which was reduced of more than 8000 inhabitants and nearly \$20,000,000 worth of property just five years ago. It is now the converging point of fifty-three steamship lines and nine railway systems, it has six miles of dock and five grain-elevators; it exports one-third of the wheat sent to foreign ports from the United States; during 1905 it shipped 465,000 more bales of cotton than New Orleans, and, finally, this year, it has passed in turn Baltimore and Boston, and now ranks third among the exporting ports of the whole country. The facts and figures here set forth justify the assumption that, at the end of the next quarter of a century, the South will exhibit an notable proofs of prosperity as are presented in all the rest of the Union to-day.

Count Witte Still the Czar's Prime Minister

THAT contradictory reports reach us from St. Petersburg with regard to Count WITTE's present relation to his imperial master is to be expected, for assertions and predictions necessarily vary, even when they emanate from Tass-Scie, according to the source from which they come. For instance, a statement made in good faith by an inflexible reactionist might misrepresent the actual state of things, because the wish is apt to be father to the thought. In order, therefore, to deduce the truth from a mass of data often conflicting, it is necessary to check and compare reports, by comparing them with undoubted events. Thus when we are told that councils are held in the Czar's palace to which Count WITTE is not invited, that his advice is no longer heeded, and that in the mind of his sovereign he is held responsible for all the commotion by which the Russian Empire has been racked, we must inquire whether such assertions are reconcilable with notorious facts. It is certain, for example, that Count WITTE still holds the post of Prime Minister, while that his influence has not been lost is evident, because his political, his agricultural, and his religious programmes are being carried out. There is no reason to doubt the announcement telegraphed to this country that the elections to the state Duma, or national assembly, will take place on April 7, and that the body will convene precisely three weeks later. It would have met earlier, no doubt, had not the outbreak of revolution made it indispensable to restore order before representative institutions could be introduced. To charge Count WITTE with the delay would be glaringly unjust. It should be superfluous to deny that the disturbances which have taxed all the resources of the government to suppress are traceable to the manifesto of October 17. A thing may be *post hoc* without being *propter hoc*. More sequence in order of time should not be reckoned with the relation of effect to cause. As a matter of fact, it is probable that but for the manifold concessions to the Russian people which the manifesto embodied, the disorder which, for a time, threatened to reduce Russia to anarchy and chaos would have been much more widespread, devastating, and irreparable than it was. It was in truth, a catastrophe which Count WITTE averted by a well-timed acquiescence in the principal popular demands, and he has thereby placed his sovereign and his country in a position of comparative tranquility.

That the members of the coming national assembly are to be chosen by the voters, not directly, but indirectly, is true; but so, as we have formerly pointed out, are the members of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. The only difference is that in the Czar's empire the electoral process will be more complicated, since the primary voters are to name secondary electors, who, in their turn, will designate the tertiary electors by whom the delegates to the state Duma will be chosen. It does not follow that the delegates will not be truly representative. A question of more importance than the method of election is the nature of the functions with which the new assembly will be clothed, thousands, the Duma was intended to be a purely consultative body. But the Czar would scarcely ask its advice if he did not mean to take it; and, if he does, the Duma will practically take part in legislation. We have no doubt that ultimately it will be permitted to initiate bills on all subjects except the army, the navy, and foreign affairs; but these bills will not become laws unless they are approved by the Council of the Empire and by the Czar. In other words, the powers of the Duma are likely to be nullified on those of the Czar, or the Council of the Empire, which are more intimate legislation with regard to almost everything except the affairs of the

War Office, the Ministry of Marine, and the Foreign Office. That is the utmost concession of legislative functions which ought at the outset to be made in a country entirely destitute of political training, and in which at least four-fifths of the population are illiterate peasants. Evidently Count WITTE knows just how far he can go with safety, and without being subjected to the disconcerting necessity of retracing his steps.

It is equally plain that no disavowal has been made from Count WITTE's policy of religious toleration, or from his proposed method of solving the agrarian problem. Mr. POMERANTSEFF, whom the Jews have reason to compare with TOMATEMARA, has been ousted definitely from the post of Procurator of the Holy Synod, and the organization of the Orthodox or State Church has been materially changed. Not only all Christian dissenters, but even Moslems and Buddhists enjoy complete liberty of worship; only the Jews remain restricted to the so-called Pale of Settlement. It is absurd to suppose that Count WITTE, who himself is married to a Jewess, can view with any feeling but abhorrence the anti-Semitic persecutions in which many of the provincial governors have been implicated. When order and the Czar's authority are thoroughly restored, no belief that rigorous measures for the protection of the Jews will be taken by the present Prime Minister, who coasts the respect and esteem of fair-minded persons. We may also consider it settled that Count WITTE's plan of relieving the pressure of the agricultural population on the land, by assisting peasants to purchase additional holdings, will be carried out. That is to say, the muziks will be helped to buy from private proprietors what extra land they need, and pay for it in small annual instalments, stretching over a long period; the government in many if not in all cases advancing the purchase-money. That the government, so long as it is directed by a liberal Minister, will show itself forbearing and sympathetic in the collection of instalments must be clear to the peasant proprietors, because it was only the other day that arrears of taxes and unpaid instalments of purchase-money on holdings acquired more than forty years ago were remitted.

Not only does Count WITTE deserve the confidence and support of his imperial master, but the latter is prompted by the strongest motives of self-interest to uphold him for at least some months to come. The present Prime Minister is the only man in Russia in whom European financiers put faith. Count WITTE's services are, therefore, for the moment, indispensable from a pecuniary point of view. The Russian budget, recently published for the current fiscal year, shows that, if the needed expenditures are to be defrayed during the next two years, the Czar will have to borrow £400,000,000. Notwithstanding the tremendous volume of their existing investments in Russia, the Paris bankers have agreed to lend this additional sum, provided the State Duma is allowed to meet in pursuance of Count WITTE's programme, and provided the assembly shall formally sanction every loan that has been previously made, together with that which is now desired. Under these circumstances it is probable that those creditors or bureaucrats who are counting on Count WITTE's speedy removal from office are reckoning without their host.

Personal and Pertinent

In a recent lecture in New York in the biology section of the Academy of Sciences, Professor F. N. LEE announced ready to be an excellent card for fatigue. While this may be new as a scientific pronouncement, it has a strikingly familiar flavor. Somehow or other we seem to remember something about men taking boxes of candy home to their wives to overcome their fatigue at having set up so late. This was probably after the failure of a national box of fried oysters. But Professor LEE did not say anything about fried oysters, although he did advise cooking soda.

New York is threatened with an epidemic of hypersensitiveness, otherwise an extraordinary sensitivity of the sense of hearing.—Dr. JOURNALISM or GILDER.

Very true. We stood at the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth Street the other afternoon about five o'clock, and distinctly heard the elevated trains, the Broadway cars, the Sixth Avenue cars, the Thirty-fourth Street cars, the delivery wagons, the carriages, the express wagons, the automobiles, and, incidentally, using to our advantage, the shuffle of some two hundred thousand feet. We must have hypersensitiveness.

The considerable part which English women play in politics is well expressed by the London Mail, in an article upon the recent death of Lady LINT, wife of Sir Edmund LINT, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It said, in part:

Even apart from her devotion to her husband she was the keenest possible Liberal politician, though the daughter of an old Tory squire, Major S. F. WINDHAM, whose ancestor is mentioned in the Ballad of Chevy Chase, and whose personal popularity in the Border county was responsible for much of its liberation. For Sir Edmund she worked incessantly and faithfully, from his first

political campaign, two months after his marriage in 1885, down to the late battle, from whose triumph she has been so tragically called away.

Lady LINT had a large desk at Fribourg devoted to political papers, answered many of Sir Edmund's letters, and throughout his five campaigns frequently took notes at his opponents' meetings of points in the speeches which she thought needed reply.

The charges are that any newspaper a man picks up just now will remind him that E. W. HOWE, of the *Asheville Globe*, is travelling round the world. Mr. Howe, is the man who wrote a very sensible, head-scratching book about twenty years ago, called *The Story of a Country Tour*. It was ghastly wit, very striking, full of bad weather and red sand, but had a curious fascination about it. Howe apologized for it by saying that it had all been written after working hours, when he was tired and could not smile.

Mr. Howe is one of the most reluctant travellers that Kansas ever sent out. He likes Kansas, and prefers to stay there. We don't know how he was induced to take to the road. When he got to Honolulu he was homesick and longed to come home, but was ashamed, and grinded his teeth and went on. He was last heard from in India. He looks upon all things like a man who has never seen anything but Kansas, so that he gets novel, strong, and interesting impressions, and all the newspapers copy passages from his letters to the *Globe*. It is hard to say which is more interesting, their pictures of Asia or their pictures of HOWE. For example, he writes from somewhere in India:

We were not permitted to enter the temple; we were only permitted to look in. And we were compelled to remove our shoes before looking in. It seemed queer to me that a Methodist, a follower of the true religion, was compelled to remove his shoes before so much as looking into a pagan temple. But it was a beautiful place, and the son of the founder was a very polite and agreeable gentleman. His family conducts a jewelry business in the city, and he invited us to call there, which we did not do.

Again, he says, writing from Ceylon:

I have long had a notion that should I meet a Mohammedan, I would find him ashamed of his religion and of his prophet; both seem so false and ridiculous to me. But I was never more mistaken; the Mohammedan is about the best satisfied man in the Orient. He is as well satisfied with himself as a Chinese man, or a Pennsylvania, or an Englishman. And he has this to be proud of, at least; his religion is more widely distributed over the earth than any other. And he makes his pilgrimage to Mecca as surely as a salmon returns from the broad rivers to the Columbia River. There is very little back-sliding among Mohammedans. They are as well satisfied with their religion as a Freemason is satisfied with France.

One claim about Howe is the difficulty of determining whether he is simple or compound.

The Committee on railroads of the New York Board of Aldermen met the other day to hear what the people had to say upon the question of recommending the Board to investigate the merger of the local traction interests. It would have been one of those real nice little sessions which the committee holds from time to time but President COCHRAN, of the Borough of Brooklyn, taken his pen in hand. But he elected to write a letter to the committee, which was read by Chairman DIERMAN, and when he finished and sank back in his chair, MORRIS, McFARLANE, HARRIS, TORNEY, WATSON, and GRUFFENBERG, his colleagues, looked like the man who, after a railroad accident, was found wandering in a lousy dell plucking violets and murmuring, "Where am I?"

In the first round Mr. COCHRAN "fiddled" for an opening, did a little footwork, and then "handed" this to the committee:

"The people are the city," said SHAKESPEARE'S Roman citizen long ago, and the interest of the people who are this city is nothing less than that of the people who are that city. It is incontrovertibly axiomatic for, the controlling, overruling, all-governing consideration, the law of laws and the touchstone and test of constitutions; the one thing on an account to be ignored, impaired, or made little of, the one summary interest by all means, by all the resources of civilization, to be safeguarded, promoted, guaranteed, defended, kept sacrosanct.

Then he side-stepped the perspiring chairman and drove him to the ropes with:

Even in spite of all the errors and treasons which have so far so greatly dwarfed and starved the foremost embodiments of our client's rights, we as the people's spokesmen have still in a standing in court which even the most pedantic judicial lawyer or advocate for the safety of privilege has not by any long-sighted misanthrope in encounter that will not persistently deny to be even technically available to authorize our proceeding with the solemn and indispensable high respect which I beg you to recommend.

Once during the bout Mr. COCHRAN "got in" this good one:

It is a "party in interest." In fact in law, in morals, nay, it is the party in interest par excellence, the party in interest transcendently, unconditionally, beyond all comparison with—

After this and one or two others the chairman took the count and it fell all over. At the count of five the little bird overlanded some one says: "How did I know? I guess COCHRAN got the wrong address."

An Eye-witness's Story of the Russian Revolution

By Albert Edwards

The author arrived in Moscow when the revolt of the people against the Czar and his troops was at its height. He was a spectator of the principal events associated with the revolutionists at their meetings, and under Russian guidance was enabled to take part in the actual fighting between the troops and the people. This is the last of Mr. Edwards's series of three articles. The others appeared in the issues of the "Weekly" dated February 17 and February 24

WHEN the military train from Moscow with its Cossacks, who had been detailed to the duty of "pacifying" the strikers, arrived at Ljubezsky, the soldiers and strikers of a far different temper from those they had encountered at Pervovo. Word had come to them of the massacre of their comrades at Pervovo and the unprovoked capture of the men at Wolskyski, and without waiting for the train to stop, they fired on the soldiers. But they were not able to face the answering fire from the train, and fled the station. As in Pervovo, the soldiers pursued them, and, alighting even the pretext of a search for arms, killed every one in the uniform of a railroad employee. This time they didn't have to demand their leader from the strikers and there was no chance for heroic deception, because the station director, Andronov, who acted in the name of his comrades, was well known, and was almost the first one captured. He was led before the officer, his condemnation to death read to him, and all that night he lay bound while the Cossacks celebrated an orgy of victory before they shot him in the morning.

During that night of victory, however, alarming news came to the soldiers. They learned that the employees of the next station were preparing a new sort of resistance. They were no longer to be met with flesh and blood, but even by guns and knives in the hands of experienced workmen, but by a weapon they could not combat—a train loaded at full speed to meet their own in a destructive collision. This was not to be feared, and so, with three hundred peaceful dead to their credit, they turned back in triumph to Moscow.

And now Moscow is at peace. The government, which was almost an underground one during the disturbance, has resumed its old place and put the revolutionary societies underground, the position they were in before the revolt began.

And with Moscow perfidy everybody is explaining. The government begins its explanations, to be sure, on the first day of the barricades. They begin by saying that the outbreak had no significance, and that now some have been proved to their own satisfaction that it was an accident. They are saying that the government had been too lenient; that it had allowed this conspiracy to grow, and that that the people had taken arms through the carelessness of the rulers. They say that there need only have been more Cossacks in Moscow and there would have been no outbreak at all. According to them, the outbreak itself, which was small and of no political significance, was due to a sudden and overzealous spasm of loyalty on the part of the Cossacks; most of the population did not support the Cossacks at all, or if they did, were terrorized into it; the army was absolutely loyal in spite of the fact that a large part of the infantry had to be locked up under guard without arms. This official explanation is elaborate and varied. It explains the outbreak until all their impudence vanishes, and then insists that they never happened.

The revolutionists are also explaining, and their explanations come with the bitterness of defeat. They say that the arming of the population was not in preparation for this outbreak; that under the peaceful rule of Russia the ordinary citizen grew armed to be ready for any emergency. They do, however, admit that there are regular armed organizations, and that a body of about ten thousand revolutionists had been armed in preparation for some conflict indefinitely planned in the future.

While the government declares that the loyalty of the Cossacks forced the outbreak, the revolutionists declare that the violent repressive measures taken by the police and the soldiers after the general strike was declared made it necessary for the revolutionists to rise. Even though they were unprepared, they dared not let Moscow pass quietly into a period of reaction lest the revolution should lose its hold on the masses of the population. They say that they didn't terrorize the population; that it was the government which roused them to an equal pitch of fear and anger. Then, whether they were prepared or not, the revolutionists certainly

did not receive the support they expected outside their revolutionary organizations. They expected the army to revolt, and though it is true enough that the infantry were to a great extent neutral, that they fired into the air, and made so many difficulties that their commanders found it impossible to use them against the revolutionists, still the cavalry was fully loyal through the whole trouble and the artillery entirely so.

There is absolutely no question that the revolutionists were not prepared for the sort of attack the government made on them. The barricades were absolutely proof against the infantry; they had used wire, glass, and other obstructions which made the cavalry more or less ineffective; and they had counted on being attacked with machine-guns. They had not, however, expected to be attacked with cannon or rapid-fire guns, or to have to meet what was practically a siege on a small scale.

Besides, they had not thought so many regiments could be poured into Moscow. They had counted on the efficacy of the railroad strike to prevent their coming by rail, and they knew that it was impossible for them to come in the winter by any other means. They had also hoped for trouble enough in St. Petersburg to keep them busy at the capital, even if transportation were interrupted. In all of these things they were extremely disappointed. The railroad strike was ineffective and quickly parried; the trouble at St. Petersburg was not sufficient to hold the soldiers there, and their expectation of outside assistance was more a feverish hope than a well-grounded plan. There is no doubt that the barricades in Moscow were defended by men desperate because of the failure of their plans. They were in despair because the army had not revolted; because the railroad strike had failed; because the troops were pouring into the city; and, worst of all, because the rest of revolutionary Russia had not acted.

And now the depression which hangs like a cloud over the revolutionists of Moscow is blacker than ever. Their organizations have been broken in pieces, many of the leaders are in prison and the rest are in hiding. A large proportion of the arms, which are so much less plentiful with them than are men, have been lost. They feel that the revolution is much further off than it was before the rising. Part of this is, of course, due to the natural depression coming after the weeks of exciting fighting and barricades. They are beginning slowly to realize, however, that though the future in Moscow is absolute, the revolutionary organizations over the rest of Russia have not been touched. The fact that the Moscow leaders are in prison is not so serious as it might be when one considers that in Petrograd it is the same. There were one hundred thousand people either in prison or in exile, and that this was not enough to stop the uprising or the general strike.

The revolution is already too widespread and too deep-seated to be killed by a mass of arrests, even though the revolutionists say in their bitterness, "All Russia has gained the reward, and Moscow has paid the price."

Admiral Dulafoff says he is "pacifying" Moscow. "He will succeed," wrote the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "but at a frightful cost—the rest of the loyalty of Moscow." In reality, it is not possible for him to pacify the city—he can only drag it.

On December 23 a small band of about three hundred of the city's militant inhabitants—took up arms against the government. They fought a desperate fight for eight days and were at last overpowered by a final outside troops. Before the outbreak of the insurrection Moscow was considered the most loyal city of the Empire. Now it is the least so. Admiral Dulafoff himself is reported to have said that all the people of Moscow were divided into two classes, armed and unarmed revolutionists.

It is certain that at the outbreak of the fighting the vast majority of inhabitants were either bitterly opposed to an armed revolt, or at least thought it was ill timed and unwise. But counting for the weakness of the government and expectation of its imminent liquidation arm day by day, and the contempt and



A Russian cartoonist's idea of the liberation of the people

exasperation became loathing and fury during the days of "purification."

The measures which the Governor-General took to suppress the insurrection hurt only the non-combatants. The reckless firing of cannon in the streets did not injure the *drugivnicks*, but killed and maimed many innocent people and destroyed numerous private houses. The order to close all doors and keep off the streets after nine in the evening was laughed at and defied by the revolutionists, but fell heavily on the peaceful citizens, and resulted in the death of at least one woman in child-birth who could not get medical aid. The constant "searchings" were maddening.

It was impossible to go quietly about your business even in those parts of the city where there had been no disturbances. A dozen times a day you were peremptorily ordered to stop, and had to submit to an offensive search by more or less drunken soldiers. This of course did not trouble the insurgents, as there were not enough soldiers to search at every street corner, and those who carried arms found it possible, almost without exception, to avoid the patrols. But if you were in a hurry to get anywhere you were sure to be held up two or three times. I was searched twice in two minutes at the Iberian Gate. Another time I was riding along the Loutifskaiskaya with a friend. Our sleigh was stopped and we both had to get out. A young officer, having searched the sleigh—I suppose for bombs—allowed my friend to get in again.

He then turned to me and began—rather nervously—to search me. My chance I had a large pipe in my pocket, and through my heavy overcoat it may have felt like a revolver. He cried out an order, and three soldiers with fixed bayonets rushed to protect him. My friend told me afterwards that I looked like the statue of Arnold von Winkelried gathering in the lares of the Austrians and making way for liberty. At the time she was thoroughly frightened as she thought I might have a revolver. I didn't have time to think about statues. I was wondering whether the soldiers were sober enough to search me first or whether they would, as often happened, shoot first and search afterwards. I had to stand there, "hands up," while the officer unbelted my overcoat, and gingerly pulled out the pipe. This incident had its humor, but more often there was nothing to laugh at.

On the Russian Christmas eve, which falls on January 6, Admiral Dulaioff suspended the nine-o'clock law and allowed the people of Moscow to stay up till midnight. About ten o'clock in the evening I was driving down the Nicholaskaiya and saw a band of Cossacks needlessly annoying a woman. She was well dressed and evidently respectable. They were pretending to search her—in a not very delicate manner. My "izvestnik" was frightened by her cries and refused to stop, so I was unable to see the outcome. But I presume she escaped with nothing more than a fright and rough handling, for it was a much frequented street, and even the Cossacks would not have dared to treat her as they treated many unfortunate women who fell into their clutches in outlying and deserted districts.

On January 15—the fighting had stopped on December 31—a dragon ran amok in the Nibolskaiya, a busy street in the Krem-

lin. He may have been unbalanced by the eight days' fighting, but more likely by vodka. He got off his horse and staggered up the street waving his carbine and occasionally shooting at random. He searched everybody he met, and then made them get down on their knees and beg his pardon. He was eventually disarmed by other soldiers—luckily before there had been any loss of life.

These things are daily occurrences, not in a little provincial town as has often been the case in the last few months, but in the streets of one of Europe's most brilliant capitals.

The town council, or *Duma*, was bitter against the insurance companies on the day of my arrival, but before I left Moscow its time was occupied in passing resolutions against the atrocities of the military. One member tells the *Duma* that at half past two in the afternoon of the 24th he saw an old woman of sixty wantonly shot by dragons on the Aleksievskaia. On the 25th he saw a boy of fifteen shot down by the Red Arch, while he was trying to get permission to cross the street. The same day he saw a charge of shrapnel fired from a field-gun without any apparent reason, on the Mstetrol. This street is always crowded and, in the words of the speaker, "the passers-by—men, women, and children—were mown down."

The sidewalk of a respectable merchant named Paul Wortman was put on record. On the 25th he was walking quietly down the Trerkskaiya. He was struck from behind and knocked senseless. His arm also was broken. He recovered consciousness while being taken to the Police Station. There a charge of being an "agitator" was placed against him. After some hours he at last secured a hearing, and having no trouble in establishing his innocence and respectability he was discharged. But he tells in detail the revolting scenes of that Station-house.

Mr. Tolpoff, a member of the *Duma*, relates his own experiences. He was stopped by two drunken Cossacks who demanded that he give up his arms. As he did not have any they searched him for revolutionary proclamations. Not finding any of these they knocked him down and beat him. Some of the crowd that gathered gave the Cossacks money and he got away from them.

Two sessions of the town council were entirely devoted to the recital of such outrages.

The loss of property to small house-holders from fire resulting from the *razzameds* is estimated at \$50,000 roubles (\$425,000). This is exclusive of factory buildings destroyed. It is quite impossible to state the financial loss to non-combatants due to the failure of the government promptly to suppress the revolt. And no estimate has been made of the loss of life.

The way in which people changed sides in these few days was significant. An army doctor whom I met on the day of my arrival was outspoken in his denunciation against the "trouble-makers." A few days later he was as bitter against the government. A friend of his, a doctor, had been visited by two gendarmes. They asked him if he had been connected with one of the emergency hospitals established by the revolutionists. He said he had not, but had treated some wounded people who were brought to him. Then they asked if he had arms. He replied that he had a revolver, but that he had a permit from the Chief of Police. They asked to



A Sketch of the *crusil* Profound Factory, and the Barracks at the main Entrance

see the permit, and as he turned to get it from his desk they shot him in the back. This happened in the presence of his wife and children.

The brother of an acquaintance of mine was killed in the street while giving medical aid to some of the wounded. He was a doctor and wore the Red Cross, but he was pierced by twelve bullets.

While I was calling on a friend, a wounded woman was brought to a doctor in the next apartment. A bullet was imbedded near her spine, and the doctor said she would have to be taken to a hospital so that the bullet could be located by X-rays. The hospital was only a short way off, and two young sons of my hostess helped to carry the stricken woman. On their return they said they had been shot at four times by the soldiers. In this way I saw a whole family who were before moderate liberals converted into active revolutionists.

The night before I left Moscow I attended a meeting of a committee of the Constitutional Democrats, one of the largest political parties in Russia, very moderate in its demands and openly opposed to armed uprisings. The meeting had been arranged before the outbreak of the insurrection, and now, according to the manifesto of Admiral Duboussoff, such a meeting was a crime and each person liable to three months' imprisonment. The man whom they had intended to nominate for the coming elections had been arrested the day before. Fourteen leading Moscow lawyers are now in jail, many of them having intended to take an active part in the campaign. These people cannot much longer have faith in peaceful political action when to suggest a man as a candidate is to send him to jail.

And so the "purification" has spread the revolutionary sentiment up socially to all classes. People who were before moderately liberal or even conservative are now forced into revolutionary activity.

The revolutionary feeling has also been spread out geographically to all the Empire. Many factories have been demolished, others forced to close, and great numbers of employees on the government railroads, suspected of disloyalty, have been discharged. Nine-



One of the Technical Schools of Moscow from which the Students were driven by Bombardment

tenths of the Moscow workmen are peasant born. They come from the villages and small towns of the provinces. This army of men without work will be scattered to all corners of the country. Some will be ordered by the police to return to their villages, as is the usual practice, the rest will be forced by their lack of work. Their revolutionary feelings have been more rapidly developed by the sights of the insurrection and subsequent purification than could have been done by the words of all the agitators of all the parties of all the Russians. This scattering of revolutionary workmen among the villages is especially significant, as the government has always relied upon the possibility of setting the peasants against the town workmen in case of need. The village priests lend themselves very readily to this work, telling their flocks that the city dwellers are godless people who wish to make the condition of the peasants even worse than it is. Admiral Duboussoff's "purification" has resulted in sending ambassadors from the working-men's council into almost every village community in the neighboring provinces. In thousands of peasant homes—already pale with hunger—these workless workmen will tell and retell the story of Moscow, and so fan the fires of revolt already abate among the peasantry, and fuse their vague desires with the more coherent demands of the cities.

A recent utterance of Maximal Gor'ky's in the *Nascha Zina*, the St. Petersburg organ of the radicals, presents an interesting view of the necessities of the situation which has developed since the so-called "purification" of Moscow. "The danger now," writes Gor'ky, "is in indifference. In indifference, born of the sense of failure and futility, the government may now find a source of new strength. Just because the electoral system is an absurd, tricky one, designed to place in the Duma sham representatives of the people; just because the moderates and nondescripts thoughtlessly and eagerly ran toward it, just for that reason must we, as a matter of duty, register, agitate, and vote, elect our own representatives, and strive in every way to remove the obstacles to free political life and representative government."



A Barricade which was shielded and deserted, although the red flag was left flying



Hasekura Goto, Minister of Justice



Saionji Kimmochi, Minister of War



Kato Taniaki, Minister of Education



Marquis Saionji, the new Premier



Kato Taniaki, Minister of Home Affairs



Vice-Admiral Matsuoka, Minister of Marine

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE NEW JAPANESE CABINET

The members of the new Japanese Cabinet took the oath of office at Tokyo on January 7. The positions in the new Government are now held as follows: Prime Minister, Marquis Saionji; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tadahiro Kato; Minister of Home Affairs, Kato Taniaki; Minister of Finance, Yuzuru Sakatani; Minister of War, General Saionji Kimmochi; Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Matsuoka; Minister of Justice, Hasekura Goto; Minister of Communications, Isahaya Yasumasa; Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Aoki Hakuseki; Minister of Education, Kato Taniaki; Baron Komura and Baron Kato, who were members of the Japanese delegation to the Portsmouth Peace Conference, have been appointed Privy Counsellors. The only members of the former Cabinet who have been retained are Saionji, Kato, and Sakatani.



Guests arriving at the East Entrance of the White House, near which a large crowd had congregated



The East Room of the White House decorated for the Wedding Ceremony, showing the Dais upon which Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth stood

THE WEDDING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The photographs show scenes connected with the marriage of Miss Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth, at the White House, on Saturday, February 11. The President's daughter was married to Mr. Longworth in the historic East Room, in the presence of a distinguished company of 800 guests, comprising representatives of foreign countries, personal representatives of various sovereigns, and important members of Washington's official life. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Henry Y. Battey, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Washington. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Longworth left Washington by automobile for "Friendship," the country home of John R. Wilson, not far from Washington, where they spent the first days of their honeymoon.

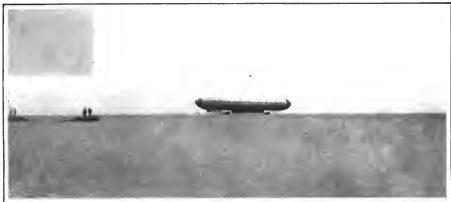


COURTESY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

MR. AND MRS. LONGWORTH AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AFTER THE WEDDING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

This remarkable photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth and President Roosevelt was taken in the White House immediately after the wedding ceremony of February 17. One of the most interesting features connected with the scene was the fact that the material of which it was made was of elaborate design, and, in order to prevent a duplication of the pattern, its hem ends and in the wearing were promptly destroyed. It was a beauty of pure white, and was trimmed with old lace belonging to the Lady of New England, the family of Mrs. Roosevelt's mother.

From a photograph supplied by Edwin S. Curtis



Count von Zeppelin's new air-ship slowly rising over Lake Constance, and turning toward the Kurus above

Count von Zeppelin's Latest Air-ship

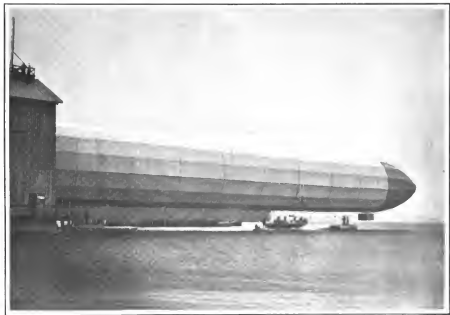
By Walter M. Wythe

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COUNT VON ZEPPELIN, one of the world's most noted and indomitable students of the problem of aerial navigation and the inventor of an air-ship which has achieved a fair measure of success, has just made another experiment in flying at Friedrichshafen, in Württemberg. It would have been a most successful performance in every way had not a storm arisen when the balloon was something over 450 metres above Lake Constance, and damaged the couplings between the motors and the steering-gear. As a result of this the dirigible balloon was transformed into an ordinary balloon, and instead of coming to rest in the lake, as was intended, it alighted in a meadow. This, however, was not the only mishap. While the balloon lay overnight in the meadow a storm arose and wrecked it.

The performance of this latest air-ship to be designed by Count von Zeppelin was watched with the greatest interest by several prominent officials of the German government, among them Captain

Gross, of the Ballon Department of the Imperial Army, and Captain Dschunna, from the Ministry of War. The balloon had been rebuilt by Count von Zeppelin in seven weeks, which was, of itself, an achievement. It was 413 feet long, 38 feet wide, and weighed, when ready for flight, about 18,000 pounds.

The general shape of the Zeppelin air-ship, as will be seen in the accompanying illustrations, is that of a cylinder with pointed ends. Its framework is of aluminum and encloses sixteen compartments, containing in all about 13,000 cubic yards of hydrogen gas. The covering of the air-ship is a tightly woven bronze cloth. It is equipped for propulsion with four screws, two on each side, energized by two gasoline motors, each weighing 800 pounds and developing 85-horse power. The steering apparatus consists of three perpendicular rudders of linen stretched upon strong wooden frames. They are about eight feet long and four feet wide. By their aid the air-ship may be made to rise or fall without loss of gas or ballast.



The Zeppelin air-ship emerging from its shed on the shore of Lake Constance for an experimental flight

The Coming Conquest of Cancer

By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

In this article Dr. Saleeby, whose discoveries in the problem of the origin of life have given him high rank among the scientists of the world, announces what, in his own words, "would certainly appear to be one of the greatest medical discoveries ever made." The discoverer is Dr. John Beard, of the University of Edinburgh, accounted one of the foremost living students of germinal or embryonic tissue. Dr. Saleeby's article presents many new aspects of the dread disease cancer, throwing doubt both upon its transmission by heredity and that it is infectious

EVERY reader of the lay or medical press is aware that the supposed parasite or microbe of cancer is a matter about which a week or two ago, who may most charitably be described as self-deluded. Somewhat more numerous, even, are "cancer cures"—the outstanding and constant feature of which is that they do not cure. Apart from the amazing progress of surgery, the only advance in the cure of cancer that has been made for very many years is the successful application of the Roentgen rays to that least malignant form of cancer which is known as rodent ulcer, and the similar employment of radium in a certain very limited class of cases. Thus, the wisest members of the public, conceiving the apparently stationary character of our knowledge of cancer with the marvelous conquests of medicine in other directions, are beginning to think that the cancer problem is insoluble. This pessimistic view is encouraged by the fact that the number of deaths attributed to cancer is steadily rising in every part of the world whose statistics are available. It is my purpose in the present article to dispose of two or three fallacies concerning this subject, and thereby to ground in the discussion of a really significant discovery, made by a worker worthy of universal respect, and not for a moment to be confused with the premature, outrageous, and, indeed, brutally cruel announcements which constantly infect the Press.

First of all, let me positively deny the widespread assertion that cancer is increasing among us. The wisest members of the profession have always been very doubtful as to this alleged increase. To minds already prepared by some measure of knowledge the assertion has never seemed a likely one. My business here, I take it, is to be somewhat dogmatic, or else to hold my peace; and I will not discuss at length the causes which have led to the belief that cancer is increasing—the improvement in death certification, the greater accuracy of diagnosis, the advance in surgery, the deliberate use of surgical operations for diagnostic purposes, and so forth. Suffice it that the incidence of cancer has lately been the subject of an exhaustive and critical inquiry in London by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which has lately issued its second annual report. I may note that the statistical investigation of cancer under this fund is an excellent instance of the "higher statistics," and bears so remarkable a resemblance to the most admirable statistical data which is usually dignified with the name of statistical inquiry. I quote the last sentence of the invaluable part of this report which deals with the reputed increase of cancer: "There is nothing in the statistical investigations of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund which points to an actual increase in the death-rate from cancer." If the reader care to purchase the report he will soon be assured himself that this dictum is based upon exhaustive, expert, and unbiased inquiry. If the authors have any natural bias, it must plainly be in the direction of asserting an aggravation of the malady, and thus the greater importance of the work in which they are engaged. Their opinion may thus be taken as the latest, the most surely based, and the most trustworthy that can be obtained. Whenever and wherever the reader hears or sees it asserted that cancer is increasing, he may safely put down the maker of the statement as unacquainted with his subject-matter. If I may be permitted an opinion, the present article is "worth its place" on the sole ground that it may tend to remove an erroneous belief which is productive of much mental suffering and is conducive to that distressing and too prevalent complaint which we call cancerphobia. There is no inherent probability of the increase of cancer; there is no evidence of it; and the statistical data which have led to a belief in it have been so interpreted only by those whose statistical criticism should more conveniently be confined to the data of athletics.

My second point is that recent statistical inquiry—which will not improbably be continued by the Imperial Fund—throws much doubt upon the common belief of the tendency toward cancer in the family. This is tenable only by heredity. On this point we cannot as yet speak so positively, perhaps, as on the last; merely we note that the many people who have a special dread of cancer because they know that the disease has affected one or more of their next relatives, can find very convincing and very considerable cause for doubt whether that special dread is in any way justified. I am certain that not a few readers will experience some sense of relief on reading this paragraph.

My third point is that we are not justified in believing or supposing that cancer is an infectious disease. Those who do believe, and whose stricken friends may be absolutely confident that no danger to themselves is involved. Statements in the public press have been apt to mislead. The Imperial Fund has proved that a portion of a neoplasm may be transplanted in an animal of the same species, and that from which it is taken; and there is no doubt in my mind that the same is true of the members of man. But, in the words of Dr. Baskford, the Director Superintendent of Research: "The processes by which growing cancer-cells are transferred to a new individual are easily distinguishable and fundamentally different from all the known processes of infection." Such transference, moreover, requires a surgical operation of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Thus, for all practical purposes, cancer is no more infectious than gout.

So far, then, we are justified in offering the following summary

as in all probability true in the sense in which it will be read: Cancer is not increasing, is not hereditary (?), and is not infectious.

Before I proceed to the essential part of this article, let me briefly note, as regards the cure of cancer by the knife, that the percentage of lasting cures of cancer of nearly all organs is rapidly rising. Permanent results are nowadays obtained which would have been absolutely incredible even ten years ago. The overwhelming majority of cases of cancer are curable by the knife if taken in time; and the average date of operation is steadily becoming earlier as the public learns wisdom and the profession improves the art of diagnosis.

Even already, then, we may take heart of grace; though the brutal and lying assertions of cancer cures, almost invariably meaning that some one is trying to fill his pocket at the expense of one of the most pitiable classes in the community, have mocked our hopes so often that the heart is sick and loses all hope, and though statistics so often aggravate our plight by being in the hands of incompetent people to assert that the disease was not beyond the possibilities of science, but is steadily tightening its grip upon us.

And now for the remarkable discovery which I am concerned to announce. Let me premise, in the first place, that the work of the past two years—the newspapers notwithstanding—afforded nothing but confirmation of the view I expressed in 1904 (*The Code of Life*: Harper & Brothers) that the possible theory of cancer is quite untenable. The problem of cancer is a problem of cells and cell characters. The question is this: what are the peculiar features of the cancer-cell in virtue of which it revolts against the rule of the body in which it arises, and thus is capable of indefinite multiplication? Some time ago, three English students of cytology—that is to say, the science of living cells—made the discovery, which has since been abundantly confirmed, that malignant cells divide in a characteristic fashion of their own, which appears to be distinguishable from the division of normal cells. They have succeeded in elucidating the causes which lead to the production of these cells.

It would appear that the problem has been solved, after some sixteen years of labor, by Dr. John Beard, of the University of Edinburgh, who is perhaps the foremost living student of germinal or embryonic tissue—with the possible exception of the late Dr. Weismann of Freiburg. Dr. Beard adduces cogent evidence to show that a cancer is the product of what Weismann has taught us to know as a germ-cell. Beard has proved that germ-cells do not confine themselves to their own proper organs, but that many of them are apt to wander all over the body. Weismann, as he says, "There is hardly a place in the whole trunk or head in which such aberrant germ-cells have not been observed." According to Beard, it is from these germ-cells that cancers arise. Now every one has heard of the "continuity of the germ plasm"—the famous theory of Weismann—and it is in precise accordance with Weismann's views that, as Beard has shown, the germ-cells are not produced by the embryo, but are independent of it. In certain circumstances they tend to develop into malignant tumors which, as Beard believes, really represent what is called a parthenogenetic or asexual stage in human generation.

There is very much more, of course, to be said regarding the evidence for this view and regarding its significance for the biologist; but our present concern is to know how these theories have a practical bearing upon the problems of cancer.

Now Beard has asserted, four years ago, that the control of cancer must depend upon our understanding of the causes that lead to the arrest of this all but suppressed stage in the development of the human individual—this suppressed stage which, for some reason or other, occasionally appears in the uncontrollable form of a cancer by the development of a latent germ-cell in subsequent years. Beard applies the term "arrested period" to the epoch at which the suppression of this curious stage and the total disappearance of the structure produced by it are observed. In the case of the fish, he has shown that up to the critical period all the digestive processes of the developing fish have depended upon an external, or trophoblastic, structure similar to, if not identical with, the digestive process which occurs in our own stomach, flat, precisely at the critical period, there is a remarkable change. The extremely important gland known as the pancreas (the overboard) wakes into activity, and produces its characteristic digestive product, which is a mucous substance that is the specific product, and which, contrary to it, can act only in an *alcoholic medium*. Now the all important fact is this: that the alkaline product of the pancreas actually digests and causes the complete disappearance of the structures corresponding to the parthenogenetic or asexual stage of development—the structure which Beard calls the trophoblastic stage. Let me rephrase the "arrested period" in the words of "irreversible trophoblast." If the pancreatic secretion be absent, it is found that the trophoblast, which occurs normally in the development, for instance, of the fish, does not degenerate. Says Beard, writing a year ago, "The solution of the problem of the origin of cancer is therefore, in a sense, a little delayed, but it is not delayed by an *arrested period* and degenerates slowly by a parthenogenetic process, because at the same time the embryological,

(Continued on page 311.)



"Mother and Child," by Louise Cox



"Lady in Black," by Robert Henri



"Hare and Hounds," by H. W. Walcott



"An English Girl"

NOTABLE PAINTINGS AT THE

The 101st Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which has been containing more than a thousand paintings. The Exhibition includes representative works by Sargent, Tryon, Dewing, Thayer, Chase, Boldini, Hassam, and Glackens, and the Misses M.



Portrait, by Julian Story



Portrait, by John R. Siegel



by Laurton Parker



"The Ballet," by Everett Shinn

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION

on view at Philadelphia, since January 22, is one of the largest ever held by the Academy, by many of the best-known contemporary painters, among the most prominent being Messrs. David Cecilie, Beaux. One of the most interesting exhibits is a group of paintings by Whistler

Men of To-day

IV.—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons

By Charles Johnston

As I drove up Charles Street past the gray Washington column, to an interview with Cardinal Gibbons, my imagination was colored by the traditions of pomp and circumstance which cling to the histories of the princes of the Church, something of the royal magnificence bound up with the great names of Mazarin and Richelieu. The reality was in marked contrast. The quiet simplicity of the Cardinal's residence struck the key-note. A single attendant showed me into a plain reception-room, carpeted and furnished in red, whose only adornments were a few ecclesiastical pictures and busts. His Eminence entered, gentle, kindly, alert, direct, with all the Old World courtesy so characteristic of the Church.

We spoke first of Ireland. I had thought of Cardinal Gibbons as a native of Ireland, but he told me that he was born in Baltimore, of Irish parents. His boyhood was spent in the west of Ireland, whither his father had returned from America in search of health; and he studied in private classical schools, having among his schoolfellows the present Bishop McCormick, whom his Eminence commends as a good Gaelic scholar. We then spoke of the great part played in the Catholic Church in America by men of Irish race, a large injury of the hierarchy and many of its most eminent men being of Gaelic Irish race. The contrast is startling when one thinks of the Irish Catholics less than a century ago, banished, proscribed, subject to penal laws, shorn of most of the rights of citizenship. And from this contrast our talk naturally turned to the golden age of the Irish Church, from the sixteenth to the tenth century, when the Roman Empire was submerged by the Huns and Goths, the Franks and Lombards and Vandals; and when missionary scholars from Ireland taught not religion only, but Latin and Greek, art and science, mathematics and astronomy, to the new-born nations of western Europe. We spoke of Columbia, the great Irish missionary to Scotland, of Irish colleges in the north of England, of Columbanus in France, of Gallus in Switzerland, of Virgilius still revered at Salzburg, first of moderns to teach that the earth goes round the sun, and many great names more, whose fame has only begun to shine again in the astronomy of our days.

Then I ventured to put forward a thought which I have long held in mind: that this great tradition of Ireland's spiritual life has a significance not only in the past, but in the present and future also, and especially here in the United States. In the midst of a civilization where so much is worldly, selfish, materialistic, there would seem to be an evident mission for the children of a race so full of mysticism, with so long a spiritual heredity, so tempered by suffering and sacrifice. Doubtless the materialistic atmosphere has tinged many men of Irish race among us; yet one has only to compare the life of the Church in Ireland and among those of Irish race in America with the life of the same Church in France or Spain or Italy, during the last century, to see how marked is the vocation of the Irish race for spiritual life. Cardinal Gibbons cordially agreed with the view which I put forward, that a chief means of keeping the Irish race in this country true to its spiritual birthright is the study of Irish history, so that every child of Irish race may hold in his heart the tradition of a great spiritual past and the hope of a great spiritual future.

I asked his Eminence whether he embodied a view, which I have elsewhere expressed, that the Catholic Church has a peculiar mission in this country, as standing for law and for obedience to law. We see on all hands so much levity not only in the administration of law, but in the very conception of legislative action and its possible uses, so strong a tendency to regard lawmaking as merely a branch of commercial enterprise, a means of fattening or hindering speculation, that the whole conception of the sanctity and exaltedness of law is in danger of being obscured, with the worst results on the national mind and spirit. In the midst of this



His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons

through the allotted confines of space and time." One invariably compares this very enlightened view with the curious conclusion recently put forward by Alfred Russel Wallace that our little earth is the centre of all things.

We spoke then of the doctrine of evolution, of an article by an eminent member of the Society of Jesus, who declared that "the principle of evolution is in no sense at variance with the faith of revealed religion," and the researches of a distinguished German ecologist and evolutionist, who insists on the truth of evolution, and yet insists that man is in a class apart, and is not the outcome of the great evolutionary stream alone.

Cardinal Gibbons aptly summed up the matter by saying that, as Newman pointed out, there is evolution even in the doctrines of the Church, and that this evolution applies to the apostolic Church, the Church held toward worldly conclusions. A doctrine of the Church may evolve, provided that the germ was there in the beginning.

It struck me at the time that there was a quite remarkable parallelism here with the views of Wicliffe and his teaching of the immovable germ. This brought the interviewer to an end, and I carried away the sense of a large and gracious nature, fitly representing the dignity of a great historic Church; a kindly, gentle, and alert mind; a gentle, courteous manner, expressing itself through the penetrating kindly gray eyes.

Let me express the sense of Cardinal Gibbons' alert and active nature by recording my astonishment when I learned that he was born seventy-one years ago, in 1824. Soon after his family left Baltimore for Ireland. As Daniel O'Connell died in 1847, the future Cardinal spent several years in Ireland during the life of the great liberator, when O'Connell was at the height of his power and fame. The period of Catholic emancipation in Ireland was also a time of general revival of the life of the Catholic Church from the septic swarms of the French Revolution. Curiously enough, the first symptoms of that revival was the provincial synod which met in Glasgow in 1825, at Tunn, the old archbishopsee of one of the ancient Kingdoms of Connaught. This was followed by the synod of Thurlock, five years later, and then by the very remarkable series of seven provincial synods which met at Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons' birthplace, between 1829 and 1849. Two years after the latter date the future Cardinal returned to America; he was then seventeen years of age, and had a brief experience of commercial life in New Orleans. Indeed, for the greater part of his life

(Continued on page 312.)



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XIII

A LITTLE GRAY TRAMP
ARRIVES

FATE gave them exactly three months—three months to a day—of a happiness probably as great as any two people have ever known, much greater than most people could even imagine; then it came time for the reaping of that harvest which the woman had sown. Only where one sows, ten reaps, which is the way at the world.

Faring set off alone upon a long-delayed journey to New York and to Washington, where there were a number of important and pressing matters which demanded his personal attention. He was to be gone three days—an eternity! And at first, when it was found that the lower neglected affairs might no longer be neglected, and that the journey must be made, Beatrice had frantically refused to allow him to go alone.

"Of course I shall go with you!" she said. "Naturally! If I remained here I should die before the first day was done." But as they spoke more of it and it appeared that Faring must be very busily occupied during the whole of the time, she altered her first determination and, upon her husband's advice, decided to stay at home. Moreover, the weather was very hot, and travelling would be a torture. There was another thing also to influence her. She was by nature thoroughly introspective and experimental, and the instinct which leads a child to stare itself before a prospective feast moved her to ladle upon herself this stretch of three barren days by way of sweetening the long days to follow.

"It will be good for me," she said, "good for us both, this going without food and drink and air and sunshine for a little time. It will be good for me, starvation, almost literally, but I shall be rather glad of the opportunity to sit still—and alone—and think over my blessings. I shall appreciate you awfully."

They made quite a little appreciation of his going, laughing at themselves shamelessly the while. Beatrice followed the trap to the latter gate of the long laurel-bordered lane which led out to the highway, a half-mile distant, and she wept a bit as the trap disappeared down the lane. Then she laughed at her tears, and, having wept a little more, walked slowly back to the cottage and through it to the garden which she loved.

It appeared that the late roses were eiling, and the gardener, a surly old Scotman, was among them spraying them with an evil liquid out of a bucket. Beatrice stopped a moment to watch him, and the man lifted up his voice in lament over his perishing charges, which, alas of all things in the world, he loved.

"Ye muna find me a helper, mair!" he said, despondently. "I hae aar heart for the graw-ent' an' the water's an' a'; an' ye stable lads are so mair o' use. Ye muna find me a helper to lack the rough o' the work. My rooks hae used o' me o' the while." Beatrice tried to make a proper show of sympathy and concern, but, although she also loved her roses, she could not, just at that moment, make a tragedy out of these.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It would be quite too bad to have them die, wouldn't it? About a helper, though, I hardly know what to do. I expect we shall have to wait until Mr. Faring returns—unless, that is, you know of some one you could hire. Do you?" The old man shook his white head.

"No, na," he said, querulously. "I hae ne pairt wi' these gramin' laddies hereabouts. They canna be trustit. Aweel, I'll hunt him hae get on till the mair-ter's hame again. But they're bad, they're auid' bad! It folk make me growl to see 'em." Beatrice bent over her work again, spraying the roses with liquid from a great garden syringe, and Beatrice passed on.

She had meant to go in the little pavilion on the hill where Phryne looked over the sea, but it was sunny there in the morning,



and after a moment she turned back and once more went through the house and through the front garden to that long laurel-bordered lane where she and her husband often walked rarely in the day.

It was a shady lane, where the sun came through only in quivering dappled flecks of gold. Birds dwelt there in a discursive multitude, and sparrows ran across the roadway or, under the high hunk, sat up to peer inquisitively at the chance intruder. There were rustlings and speakings of life from the thicket at either side, there was a cool still scent of earth and of things growing, the rich aroma of nature's fecundity, the summer smell which is compounded of a thousand exquisite odors and some not so exquisite—the mother earth teeming with richness, drawing under a July sun.

Beatrice walked slowly down the lane over those trembling flecks of gold which the sun filtered through the vault of leaves, and with her was a Russian wolfhound which had followed her from the house. It was a dog which she had owned in the old days at Buchanan Lodge, a very beautiful beast, but, after its kind, unspeakably disdainful of all the world and of the thousand common weaknesses of lesser canine flesh. On this morning, as always, it paced soberly beside its mistress, paying no heed whatever to the fascinating sights and smells and mysteries of the wayside. A small red squirrel, very intent upon some affair of moment, sprang up almost from under the dog's feet, and, in an agony of terror, dashed into the shelter of the thicket to one side, but the hound only rolled a careless eye in that direction. It was a most superior dog.

A little bent man in ragged garments came shuffling up the lane, evidently from the highway beyond. He held in one hand his battered straw hat—the remains of a rat-off "Pomona"—and in the other a gaunt stick. He seemed a quaint little man. He had thin grayish hair and sharp features, but his step had none of the weary lag of the professional tramp's step. He walked, albeit shuffling, with a certain odd spryness as if he were glad to be abroad on that fine morning. And as he walked he crooned some tuneless song over and over in a dry voice, turning his head from side to side like a bird to peer into the thicket.

The Russian hound ran forward a few steps, pointing, like a bird-dog, and Mrs. Faring halted, meditating a retreat to the house, but after a moment of this she laughed and went on. "There's no harm in that poor little bent-over thing!" she said. "If he should turn nasty, Sergei would bite him to two. What an odd creature!"

The gray-haired tramp caught sight of her just then and caught sight of the dog too, and he stopped and half turned as if he meant to run away; but Mrs. Faring said:

"Don't be afraid of the dog. He'll not harm you." The man grinned feebly and made a funny little jerky, shuffling bow. He answered, and his voice was this, piping—the sort of voice to accord with that quaint personality.

"I—ain't afraid, an' so," he said. "Leastways, not much afraid, though, speakin' in general, I don't take to dogs—nor yet dogs to me. Thanks, ma'am!" Suddenly he dropped into the beggar's whining sing-song.

"Could you spare a few cents to get a meal with, ma'am?" he said. "I hae nothin' to eat for—for three days, awmost. I'm hungry, somethin' awmost!"

Mrs. Faring gave a little cry of distressed pity. The man, in spite of his wiry face and lean bent body, did not look in the least starved, and she greatly doubted the truth of his statement, but the very suggestion that a human being was hungry waked springs of ready tenderness in her.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said. "I'm sorry! Come up to the house! I have no money here, but I will have them give you something to eat, and then I will give you some money before you go."



The man made his awkward, jerky little bow again.

"Thank you, ma'am!" he said again. He shuffled uneasily.

"Could you call the dawg off, ma'am?" he said. "I ain't much used to dawgs. The Russian bound was sniffing at the stranger's knees with a most unbecoming curiosity. Suddenly it began to bark and yelp and to leap about the man, almost pushing him off his feet with its demonstrations of joy. Beatrix called out to it sharply, but it could not come to her. It continued to leap about the gray little tramp, lifting his hands and barking.

She took a very long time.

"I don't understand!" she said. "It's most extraordinary. Sergei never likes strangers." The man looked up at her with his uneasy, half-frightened grin.

"Could you call him off, ma'am?" he said again. "I ain't much used to dawgs."

Blackness came before Beatrix Farling's eyes, with something like a rushing wind, and passed. She thought that she screamed aloud, but there was no sound. She was curiously cold, icy cold from head to foot.

She put out one hand a little way.

"Herbert!" she said, in a still voice.

"Eh, what?" said the man. "What?" It was another man's voice. Something came into the dawn, winnowed face and struggled there—something like a great effort to remember a thing long forgotten—but it passed, and the little bent tramp smiled sadly.

"Could you call off the dawg, ma'am?" he said. "I ain't much used to dawgs."

A great boulder stood beside the roadway, half embedded in the high bank, covered with trailing vines. A dead sheep dropped down upon it, for her knees were shaking under her, and that blackness had not quite passed; it hung in a sort of circle before her eyes, blotting out all which was above and below and to either side. Through it, like something seen through a hole in a black cloth, the bent little gray tramp stood clear, with the honest Sergei looking his uneasy hands. Her mind was clear after that first stunned moment, and it worked with a desperate swiftness. Long afterwards, when she went back over that very terrible hour, she realized that her first thought was a passionate prayer of thanksgiving that Harry Farling was away, that she had been left alone to deal with this crisis. From that she went in a flash to ways and means. Concerned she was, hunted, sore pressed, but not yet panic-stricken. At first:

"He must be got away!" she said, in that lightning flash of thought. "Naturally away! He came nothing—there's no danger to him. He must be got away." Then:

"No, no, no! What if he—knows? What if he should come to his senses? And she sat looking at the man, very alertly, fancy spinning swift desperate plans, reason rejecting each as it was offered, until, after what seemed to her a very long time, and was probably, two or three minutes, she stopped out of sheer exhaustion, and sat in a sort of apathy, watching the gray little man under her lens.

"What is your name?" she asked, finally.

The little man waited to cough a great, rattling, tearing cough which shook all his body. Two red spots all at once stood out in his cheeks, and the woman, watching, drew a quick breath.

"Consumption!" she said, dumbly. "He's going to die." She had not a trace of feeling over it. She seemed to be beyond feeling. "John, ma'am," said the little gray man when he could speak. "Gentlemen John," the gang used to call me. I don't know why—'cept it may be on account of the tales I tell them as I tuckers up out of my head."

"Tales?" she said, mechanically.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little gray man. "You see, ma'am," he said, "the gang has been good to me ever since I they does kick me out at last, being suspicious like. They pinks me up somewhere—I don't remember where—with my head broke open (askin' your pardon, ma'am) and me very sick, and they nufers me very careful and kind, and feeds me and all, so I tries to please them by telling up tales out of my head to tell when we're sitting about on a evening. Very rum tales they is. I don't know how I thinks of them, but the gang likes them. They says I'm the finest liar they ever saw, and they just lies on their backs and yells when I tells them about my big house and my horses and carriages and all."

The woman gave a little gasp.

"Your house—carriages?" she said, in a whisper.

The little gray man gave an apologetic laugh and shuffled his feet.

"It's only tales, ma'am," he said. "I gets them out of my head. I don't know how they happens to come there. You see, I pretends to the gang that I was once a gentleman with heaps of money—hundreds and hundreds of dollars, and nothing to do but spend it. And I pretends that I've got a fine big house and men to wait on me and all. I tells them about the horses I've got and what their names is, and about my dawg—big handsome dawgs, with thin waists—like just like this dawg, ma'am, that's so friendly like. I tells them about the man that hasn't nothing to do but wait on me and how he fixes my bed for me—a grand, big, high bed with a queer thing over it—I don't know how I happened to think of that—and how he puts out a new clean shirt for me every single day. You'd ought to have the gang call when I tells them that? I tells them about the little white room with a white coffin full of water where I takes a bath, and about the beautiful table where I has my dinner, regular, all white with flowers on it. I don't know why there's flowers on it, but it comes into my head that way. And I tells them heaps of things, until they says they wouldn't 'at miss'd pinking me up and trying me together, like they done, for ten dollars, or even twenty. They says they'd rather hear me tell tales than out." The little man again gave

his apologetic, deprecatory laugh, and, reaching out a timid hand, patted the Russian dog's head.

"Of course it's all very foolish, ma'am," he said—"just tales as I makes up to please the gang. You see, they gets to running in my head sometimes, wonderful clear, till I'll swear they was awmost true if they wasn't so damn foolish. All sorts of things goes round and round in my head like—like bad dreams, sort of. That's from being sick, most likely. They was clearer in the beginning. I can't think of such good ones nowadays."

"Oh Herbert!" Herbert!" said the woman, wondrously.

The little tramp looked up, always with his ashamed, deprecatory smile, as one who must apologize for cumbering the ears.

"John, ma'am!" said he. "Grathman John," the gang calls me. Begging your pardon, ma'am."

"Not Herbert Buchanan?" said she. "Not Herbert Buchanan?"

She thought that that monstrous trouble, that weak bewilderment once more clouded the tramp's eyes, but so it was gone in a flash. He shook his head patiently.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I don't know him. Of course I wouldn't, ma'am, me being anything but a hobo—and not in good standing even then. I wouldn't know no gentlemen, ma'am—not such as a beautiful lady like you would know."

"Wait!" she said. "Listen!" Something within her which would not be denied drove her, in the face of terror and peril, to press the man, to awaken, if it could be awakened, that feeble inner spark of intelligence—all that was left of Herbert Buchanan of Buchanan Lodge. She rose to her feet, facing him.

"Don't you remember, Herbert?" she said, slowly. "Don't you remember? Try! Oh, try! Think! You were very tired of everything—being Chinese and Japanese houses and the carved pagoda and the Buddha! You sat there, your head aching, on how you hated everybody and everything, and then—"

She paused, breathing very fast, and the little gray tramp looked his lips, staring at her.

"You lost your temper at dinner, Herbert," she said, swiftly. "Don't you remember who were dining with us—the Kersbays and Stambold and Aunt Arabella Crowsley and Alanson Trevor and—"

and soon other? "She could not speak Harry Farling's name just then.

"And after dinner," she said, watching his drawn face, "after dinner you went to your own study, alone, and sat there for a long time brooding. I don't remember the study, that big room with the Chinese and Japanese houses and the carved pagoda and the Buddha! You sat there, your head aching, on how you hated everybody and everything, and then—"

She paused, breathing very fast, and the little gray tramp looked his lips, staring at her.

"And then," he said, in an odd, mechanical tone, "then I came in by the window."

"He?" cried Beatrix Farling. "Who, Herbert? Who came in?" And she caught her hands up over her mouth, for she saw that she had started the man away from that dim, faint thread of recollection.

He gave a little shiver and his face changed—the old, feeble, deprecatory smile returned to him—the smile of the wanderer who has been kicked and outworn and cursed at.

"What was I saying, ma'am?" he asked. "I—forgot—like sometimes. Things come a-spinning through my head so very rapidly that I can't have time to catch hold of them proper. I looked down to his feet and about him and stirred uneasily. He had a frightened air.

"I think I'll just be going on, ma'am," he said, after a moment. "I only come in to ask for a few cents to buy a meal with, I haven't had nothing to eat for four days. I mean five. The woman gave a low cry, and he looked up at her shamefacedly.

"No, ma'am," he confessed, "that ain't true. That's a lie. There's a pleasant old dame down the road a mile or two as gives me some breakfast an hour ago. She gives me a piece of cold beefsteak and some bread and a half of a butter. I ain't hungry, ma'am, really I ain't. I'll—just be a going on."

But she cried out to him. "No, no!" she said, swiftly. "No, you—mustn't go. I—want you to stay, Herbert."

"John, ma'am," said the little tramp. "Gentlemen John," the gang calls me. I don't know the gentleman you're talking about. I wouldn't you see, me being nothing but a hobo."

"Yes—yes!" she said. "Yes, I'll try to call you—John. But you must stay. I want to hear more about your friends—this 'gang'."

"You said 'gang,' did you not? I won't ask you again about that. About the other man, I—pretend. And I'll give you money, heaps of money. Only stay a little while. Wouldn't you like to sit down?" She pointed to the twin of the boulder upon which she had been sitting. It jutted from the bank a yard or so away.

"Oh, I ain't fit, ma'am," he protested. "I ain't fit to sit down with a beautiful lady like you; I'm such a hobo." But she insisted, and he perched uneasily upon the edge of the rock, turning his battered Panama hat between his hands. The Russian dog sat at his feet and laid its head out upon one of the little man's knees.

"Where," said Beatrix Farling, "was this—gang, of which you speak?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" said he. "It was near out West—nearly far from Chik. That's Chicago, ma'am. They had a sort of camp, but I don't think they'd lived there always. They ain't there now, neither. They're scattered about on various jobs, though none in the same line. They're all good fellows, they says, and smart and well-bred, and sometimes they plays gay cats for very long in the little towns. They tries hard to learn me the game but it isn't no good. No one could't make a gun out of me, I ain't

even fit for moth-buzzing. I can't do nothing but tell tales. They likes the tales, the gang does, but after a bit they gets suspicious and chucks me out."

"Suspicious!" said the woman. "How suspicious?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," he said, "they says—the gang does—that I know altogether too much about the tales I tell—how a gentleman lives and all that. They thinks maybe I'm one of these newspaper reporters that goes out and lives with hobos and then writes 'em up in the prints, just like life, with the comes and all. One of the gang finds a book somewhere that a man has wrote about hobos and yeggers and all, and they begins to be leery of me and to sit about talking me over. I tries to tell them that the things is just tales that comes into my head, and that I wasn't never any gentleman like I pretends, but they won't believe me. Then something queer happens to make them sure, and it's all up with me. A dogo man comes along one day with a jangling bear, no, he isn't a proper dogo man, neither, but a Frenchy. He wants to ask the way to the meat town west from Chi, but he can't speak nothing but his own silly talk. I don't know how it happens, but all at once I finds myself a-chatting away with him in his Frenchy lingo, fast as you please. I can't explain that to the gang—it just comes to me, like the tales—and they turns very nasty over it all, and some of them wants to knife me because I knows too much about them to be let nifty free, but Kansas—that's my pal—says he'll drop anybody as puts a finger on me, so, finally, him and me comes away and starts out."

The little man's smile became radiant.

"You'd ought to know Kansas, ma'am!" he said. "He's the finest pal a man ever had since the world began. He ain't a big gun, because he starts too late in life—hasn't having been a gentleman case. He's only a second-story man, but if he hadn't wasted all that time whilst he was young he might be cracking coals with Sheenahs Red and Cal Gray and Scranton Shorty to-day. He's very bitter about wasting 'll these years when he was young. It sets him back so! I only wish I could do something for Kansas, he's so good to me, but I'm no kind of use. I can't learn nothing. It's all on account of the queer things that goes whirling and spinning through my head every now and then most wonderful."

The little man stopped suddenly.

"But this ain't very interesting to you, ma'am," he said. "I'm a-running on scandalous. A beautiful lady like you wouldn't care nothing about hobos."

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, hurriedly. "Yes, I want very much to hear. I'm—much interested in these—these men—this 'gang'."

"When was it that they found you, as you said, with your—head injured, and buried you back to health?"

"Oh, it was nearly two years ago, ma'am, and the little tramp. Only that wasn't out West: it was somewhere East. I don't know just where—me being very sick at the time. Kansas—he'd know. It was Kansas found me with my head broke open. He told me so once, but I don't like to talk about it. I don't know why."

"Two years!" said the woman, in a whisper. "Yes, of course, are years! And this Kansas, this friend—pal—of yours! Where is he now? Why is he not with you?"

The little man shuffled his feet and looked down at them. "Kansas he's busy just now, ma'am," he said. "He's on a little job a few miles away. He didn't want me to help, because I ain't no man nor of good. I always spoils everything. You can't trust me, ma'am. Not even you couldn't. I always gives the whole game away and spoils everything. I'm a-going to meet him at a place he told me about—Kansas knows all this country here like a book—when his job's done. Then if he

makes a good getaway we'll be in clover, Kansas and me will, with lots of money, and we can take the road without having to beg for a long time. We're very fond of the road. There isn't nothing finer. I don't know," said the little man, with sparkling eyes—"I don't know nothing finer anywhere than just shuffling along the road of a morning, before the sun is too hot, with nothing to think about or worry about except to wonder what amazing old things will turn up next. It's so various and sundry, the road is. There's so remarkable different things may be happening just round the bend—and usually is. It gets into your blood surprising. It was just like that this morning. I'd waked up nice and comfortable with the little ants-a-crawling over me, and the birds a-tittering cheerfully over my head, and the sun in my eyes, and when I'd started off that pleasant old dander, as I tell you of, ma'am, she gives me the cold breakfast and bread and bunk of par, so that I'm proper fixed inside, and I comes a-trotting down the road so airy you'd think I was a kid."

"I'd been pretending that I had heaps of money—a hundred dollars. That's a foolish aim, but while you're a-jogging you might as well make it big, and I was settling what I'd do with it all—five dollars here, and a dollar there, and two dollars and a quarter somewhere else—which is a very pleasant way of passing your time—when I begins to see things that worries me. There's a white farmhouse with green shutters and a queer squall thing on top. I says to myself: 'Here, I know that farmhouse! I've saw that before. And,' I says, 'if I remember correct, there's a well with a long well-sweep just round the next bend.' Sure enough, round the next bend there's that well with the well-sweep, and at that the things begins to go a-whirling and spinning through my head like they does sometimes—so fast that I can't catch hold of them—and I turns into this lane here a-shaking like a scared horse. It's very odd, ma'am."

"Herbert! Herbert!" said the woman, staring solemnly.

"John, ma'am!" said Herbert Buchanan. "Gee-own, John!" —though, of course, I ain't a proper gentleman, me being a hobo. I can't think how it is about that farmhouse and the well with the well-sweep. Maybe I've saw something like them somewhere before. I don't know. It's very queer, but I has so many queer things happen to me that a few more doesn't matter. I wish my head wouldn't go a-buzzing and a-whirling like it does. I don't like it."

After that there fell between the two a short silence. The little gray man, whose garrulity seemed for a while to depart from him, stood the Kansas dog's head and sharpened to the animal gaily, while Beatrice Faring, still and inert in her place, watched him under her brows.

She had fallen into a sort of apathy. Neither terror nor dread chambered within him. Her mind no longer flushed with desperate swiftness between hope and despair—from one futile hope to another. It was about as still as her torpor-stricken body. Vaguely she realized that this thing which had befallen was a thing long expected, that unconsciously she had been waiting for it to end that glory on the all-too-accessible mountain-peak. Vaguely she realized that it was the price to be paid.

She knew that the fall away was still to come, that in this first hour flesh and spirit were dulled almost past sensation, and at the thought gave a sad little shiver of pity for the woman who was later on to suffer tortures. For the present the woman dwelt in a fog—a deadening vapor. She looked at the least gray little man before her and dully wondered what terrible adventures and trials he could have endured to alter him from the Herbert Buchanan of her memory to this shuffling wreck whose part came to him in the guise of foolish fancies. The thing seemed to her so preposterously



Drawn by W. H. Chase

Beatrice walked slowly down the lane

unreal, so madly impossible, that once she laughed aloud, and the man looked up from his play with the Russian bond and smiled his apologetic, shamefaced little smile in response.

She watched the wizened face, feature by feature, with a bitter deliberation. Feature by feature it was almost as unlike the face of Herbert Buchanan as a face could be, and yet at the first full look she had known.

Would others know? she demanded of herself, and presently shook her head. It was unthinkable. It had been something beyond the physical which she had recognized. Herbert Buchanan's soul had somehow leached from this shrunken body into her soul, and she had known it. Surely an one but Buchanan's wife would know.

That set her again to asking what was to become of the man, and, to some degree, awakened her mind to activity. One thing, she said, was certain. He must be kept in sight. He must not be allowed to go away. What was in her done later she did not know and she dared not think, but the man must be guarded. Who could say when that feeble spark of confused recollection might chance to harden into shame and the creature's past come again to him unclouded? But how to keep him near? One cannot imprison a free man. One may not shut him up in an outhouse and set a guard over him. She sought for ways and means, and a thought came to her. A single day gained meant time for reflection.

"Do you," she asked, quickly, "like flowers? Would you care to help me with my garden for a day or two—only a day or two? I need a man to help me." The tramp looked up in mild astonishment, but she hurried on.

"It wouldn't keep you long from your—your other occupations," she said, "only a very little while, and you would have plenty to eat and a comfortable bed, and when you—go away, I will give you—ten dollars—twenty, if you like."

The little man fumbled at the Russian bond's ears, and the always-ready deprecating laugh broke from him.

"Why—why, yes, ma'am," he said. "Yes, I like flowers. They're so pretty and gaylike, but I—sin't much good, ma'am, I haven't never worked regular. I don't know." His eyes turned down the shaded lane towards the distant highway.

"And I—I expect I'd miss the road, ma'am," he said, a bit wistfully. "It gets into your blood, the road does. There's such various and sundry things might turn up just round the next bend—and generally does. I'd miss the road."

"Only for a day or two?" she urged.

"You see, ma'am," said the little gray man, "I'm sothing but a hob, and I'm very fond of the road. I'd be wanting to



Drawn by Nell Green

She sat looking at the man, pausing, swift, desperate plans

Apart, she said: "Watch him! Do not let him wander away. His head is not—quite right. In a day or two I shall make other arrangements. Understand! For the present he is to be carefully guarded."

Then, since she felt that endurance was almost at an end, she went into the house and, with slow steps up the stairs to her own chamber. There in the cool darkened room she dropped upon her knees beside the bed and laid her face upon her bent arms. Sola began to shake her very bitterly.

"O God!" she cried in her agony. "God, if you will hear me still, if you're not tired from me quite, help me now! I have done a very terrible sin—for love's sake—and I deserve punishment, but do not punish me now! Afterwards, when I'm dead, do what you like with me. I shan't beg off. I shan't shrink. But do not punish me now! Help me to keep this dreadful thing from Harry Farnie! Help me to make his life happy! Help me to hide from him, somehow, what must be hidden! Help me to be and pretend and make believe so long as Harry lives! Then you may torture me forever if you want to. Show me a way to prevent this horror from reaching him! That's all I want. I want his life to be beautiful, O God, if there's any kindness or goodness or mercy in you. You'll do this thing for me—I mean for Harry! Harry has been homeless. Do not let my sin cloud his life. Show me a way! Show me a way!"

To be Continued.

The Doll

By Louise Morgan Sill

A MAN said to a woman,
"Lovely indeed thou art!
Give me thy charms, thy witchery,
But—unt thy woman-heart."

"Give me thy sunny hours,
But not thy secret tears;

Give me thy hope, thy happiness,
But not thy woman's fears."

The woman's pride was mighty
Like to the pride of men,
But now her soul went weeping,
Nor ever smiled again.



THE SEVEN CHARACTERS OF HENRI DE VRIES

The upper photographs on this page illustrate the remarkable dramatic feat performed by Mr. Henri De Vries, the Dutch actor who is now playing at the Colonial Music Hall. Mr. De Vries appears in H. Heyerman's play, "A Fane of Arson," in which he impersonates seven different parts. The action centres about the destruction by fire of a cigar-factory, believed to be a case of arson. Various witnesses are examined before a magistrate, including the manufacturer himself, his half-witted brother, his father-in-law, a police sergeant, an inn-keeper, a grocer, and a house-painter. All of these characters, who appear in rapid succession, are impersonated by Mr. De Vries. The feat is believed to be unparalleled in the history of the stage.

Correspondence

APPROVAL

PHILADELPHIA, February 24, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—The thanks of the six million men who supported Mr. Bryan for the Presidency of the United States are due you for the merited recognition you give Mr. E. C. Benedict in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*. It has been so long fashionable for Democrats of the Benedict stripe to descend very low in their criticism of Mr. Bryan, that they thought they were immune.

Mr. Bryan's and Mr. Roosevelt's great strength before the country comes from the very fact that they represent entirely contrary views of what constitutes good citizenship from those held by Mr. Benedict.

I am, sir,

RESPECTFULLY, RICHARD W. JENKINS.

CONQUERING THE BOSSSES

New York, February 22, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—The enactment of the proposed amendment prohibiting certain political contributions, and requiring a public accounting of the receipts and expenditures of all the other contributions, would insure the "professional political bosses," but it would not destroy them. No doubt thousands upon thousands of those belonging to both the great parties, who at the last election voted against their own party's candidates, were actuated by high and practical sentiments. Is there a resentment ranking in the people's hearts against "bosses"?

If this other destruction of "bosses" and this annual election of local leaders are the objects the people really desire to accomplish, then the amendment should be directed not only to the corrupt practices, but to the primary election law. On annual primary day, it should let the voter, by ballots containing the names of all the enrolled electors in his election district, prepared, printed, and placed in his polling-place not by the "bosses," but by the Board of Elections, secretly vote for the specific number of his neighbors for members of his assembly district, general committee, and for delegates to city, borough, county, aldermanic, assembly, senate, judiciary, congressional, and other conventions. It should declare a day in December reorganization day. On this day it should let the voter again repair to his polling-place, and, by ballots containing the names of all the elected committees prepared as aforesaid, secretly vote for a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer for the committee. This elected chairman (or local leader) should be the assembly district's executive member in the county committee of thirty-five, which, likewise, should be required to nominate and elect its chairman (or county leader), and to decide all its resolutions only by secret ballot, and whose resolutions when involving resources, methods, money, or men should be inoperative until referred to and approved by a majority of all the thirty-five assembly district committees. Each assembly district committee should be required to make its nominations and elections, and to decide all its resolutions only by secret ballot. Delegates when to convention, likewise, should be required to nominate and elect all candidates for public office only by secret ballot.

The enactment of an amendment embodying this foundation principle, while costing the taxpayers a considerable sum annually, would withdraw the source and the control of governmental power from the clutches of "bosses," and restore them to the people. Then the people, knowing it to be worth while, would take an active and patriotic part in party politics.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM HENRY KNOX.

ENGLISH FOOTBALL

Pasadena, Cal., February 9, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—To an Englishman who knows the status of football in the United Kingdom, and the enormous interest taken therein, it is certainly very amusing to see the many absurd conceptions of it, as evidenced by the writers in America. An old English enthusiast, let me briefly give you a few absolute facts, and please don't, because I am an Englishman, dub me an Anglo-American. I am not; nor am I an Americanism. The actual truth is what we are after, not prejudice and ignorance. Football in America is a mere drop in the bucket as compared in the great organizations in England—there are thousands of teams there—all the leading teams are recruited from the best material to be found in the country. Many Americans seem to think that the football played in England is tame and spiritless. This is altogether erroneous. A minute's reflection ought to convince any one not a candidate for a lunatic asylum that picked athletes, playing in league or competitive football, before crowds of anywhere from ten to hundred spectators, for eight months in every year, cannot possibly be tame. You cannot draw crowds to England with tame exhibitions. It isn't wise to judge football in England by some Canadian team's display, either. To get an idea first hand by visiting England any time before April 30 would dispel all the ridiculous ideas that obtain in America at the present time. As regards the style of play and the general business, organization, and control of the game, we here in Amer-

ica are, honestly, only in the kindergarten class. A good many Americans will doubt that. I know, but investigate, and just as surely you will find that the statement is founded in fact. Association football has gained the ascendancy in the United Kingdom during the last twelve years, and there are probably three teams of that code to one of Rugby. The mere fact that a new style of game doesn't catch on at the first trial is no criterion whatever that it may not eventually be overwhelmingly popular. You don't always get your fire to burn with your first match, do you, now? In a kindly spirit I want to express a conviction, borne in upon me by witnessing many athletic contests of various character in America, that you are a little too effervescent and excitable, also that the grangling and talk spirit, lack of control by officials, are painfully evident in all too many cases. As a general rule, you will find the very reverse of this in the old country, not that enthusiasm is at all lacking, but there is a poise and calmness that is very noticeable in comparison. The New Zealand team (Hugbo) that has just completed a very successful tour of England plays under English Rugby rules; its success has been based on the cleverness and great ability of the team. Of course, Rugby in England is not today what it was ten or fifteen years ago; the spirit between amateur and professional organizations that took place some years ago, also the great popularity which the association code now enjoys, very largely accounts for this decline. As I was originally a Rugby enthusiast, I can say that it took me some time to get up an interest in the Association game, but now I know that it is a very scientific and fine game. Mark my words, if it is handled right, and you can get a first-class international match—say in New York next year—England versus America, it will gain in popularity by leaps and bounds. Now I won't inflict any more upon you at this time, except to say that I write in a purely friendly spirit, and that my statements are based upon actual knowledge of facts. I am interested only from the standpoint of truth and as a football enthusiast, believing, as I do, that when played properly no finer game exists. So don't say I write from national prejudice, because such is not the case. I can modestly claim, I think, to duly appreciate the good points in both England and America, in both of which countries I have had long experience.

I am, sir,

D. HUGGLESTONE.

WAR AND RACIAL EXTINCTION

Post-Hospital, PLATTSBURGH, BARRETT, N. Y., February 10, 1901.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In the issue of the 20th you have commented upon Jordan's theory that war extinguished the Homicide Greeks and republican Romans. This in fact one of the hundreds of explanations of the disappearance of migrated races, and it astounding that Jordan does not apply to man the same laws he is constantly discussing as to other animals. He knows that a form which migrates too far perishes from unfitness to the environment, and yet cannot see that this law fully accounts for the death of ancient peoples who have migrated too fast for survival of the fittest variations. It is a matter of the environment, and is being investigated by anthropologists. I have worked upon one of the factors—sunlight and the pigmentation of the skin, and the facts elicited fully account for the degenerations and deaths he mentions. I think you should take up the matter, as it is of vital importance to Americans, all of whom are in the category of migrants, more or less out of adjustment.

As for war, Jordan should apply to man the laws he studies as to every other living thing—namely, more are born than can find food, shelter, or or by other means or perished because of increased birth-rate, are the inevitable consequences. There is no hope of codging war for many centuries, though they may end in time. As for Japan, it is absurd to claim that they have been powerful, and are, therefore, in better shape for war than we. They have had almost chaotic wars for centuries, and their methods of slaughter (or regency) was based on war. The war of their revolution of 1868 was dreadful. They had a bloody Satsuma (Barrington) afterwards. They have had more war than we, and not less, as Jordan says. Jordan knows that, by the law of selection, the embryos of the make are the means of increasing the present, and physics of male drub and other lower animals, for only the best survive. He should apply this natural law to man, for the history of the world shows a long line of conquering families, clans, tribes, and nations—a long line of the most warlike. The winners are later after circumstances the most vicious of this world's goods, and are better able to raise families. From 1863 for about one-quarter of a century we gave scant consideration to any public man unless he had been a soldier. As soon as war ceases the higher evolution of man ceases, for the weaklings will never be killed off. The strong will have an advantage.

I am, sir,

CHARLES E. WOODRUFF,
Major and Surgeon, U. S. A.

[We think Major Woodruff hardly allows due weight to Dr. Jordan's theory that the competitive nature of lower animals is in procuring the survival and predominance of the men fitted for civilized life than the competitiveness of war.—EDITOR.]



Music And The Opera

A REMARKABLE SYMPHONY

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



MR. GUSTAVE MAHLER, of Vienna, composer, director of the Royal Opera, and Philharmonic conductor, is a musical prophet, who is honored in his own country. Each new symphony from his pen—he has written six—has aroused heated and protracted discussion, and his attitude upon various aesthetic principles touching the art of music is discussed with intense seriousness. He is said in rule the Opera at Vienna "with an iron hand," and to dominate imperiously

such ineffectual elements as prima donnas, first tenors, stage managers, and dignitaries of the court. Altogether, contemporary tradition makes him out to be a very formidable person indeed. Of Mr. Mahler's six symphonies five have been performed. The second one (in C minor) requires an orchestra including four flutes, four oboes, five clarinets, four bassoons, six horns, six trumpets, an organ, a dozen or so of drums, more drums "in the distance," three bells, soprano solo, alto solo, mixed chorus, "as many strings as possible," besides a few other instruments which considerations of space make it advisable to leave unmentioned. This particular symphony takes something like an hour and forty minutes to perform. There is a pathetic legend to the effect that Dr. Heinrich Reimann, who prepared the programme notes for its first performance at Berlin in March, 1895, was unable to discover the initial leading motive of the first movement, and that his analysis "swarmed with errors." Somehow, the fact does not strike one as altogether extraordinary.

Enough has been written, probably, to indicate the conspicuous position occupied by Mr. Mahler in the modern music world. The attention which he has succeeded in commanding will be evident when it is recalled that his fifth symphony, in C-sharp minor, has been performed four times in this country within the last year: at Cincinnati, on March 25, 1903; at Boston, on February 3, 1904; at Philadelphia, on February 12; at Carnegie Hall, New York, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on February 13. The disinterested observer will wonder curiously if Mr. Mahler's music merits such persistent exploitation. It is an admirable thing for an orchestral conductor to be alert and curious, and to give his audiences an opportunity to become acquainted with every important phase of the art of music in its contemporary unfolding; so, whether one accepts or rejects, for oneself, such offerings as Mr. Mahler's music, there can be no question that Mr. Gersky, for example—whose recent production of Mahler's fifth symphony is the occasion of these remarks—deserves the thanks of all sincere and receptive music-lovers for permitting us to hear this singular and much-discussed work.

As to the essential value of Mr. Mahler's symphony, there seems nothing more amiable to say of it than that it impresses one as being presagingly empty, prefix, and pretentious. It is in three "parts." Part I. comprises a funeral march, a contrasting section in faster tempo, and a stormy

allegro; Part II. consists of a scherzo—a show waltz with elaborate contrapuntal embroidery. Part III. contains an allegretto and a *reclio-finale*. The entire work requires an hour for performance.

Mr. Mahler, one understands, has set his face sternly against programme music. There is an anecdote which records a brightly utterance of his upon this subject delivered at a semi-public dinner in Munich. Some one mentioned programme-books. "Then it was that lightning flashed in a joyous, sunny kind-escape. Mahler's eyes were more brilliant than ever, his forehead wrinkled, he sprang in excitement from the table and exclaimed in passionate tones: "Away with programme-books, which breed false ideas! The audience should be left to its own thoughts over the work that is being performed." The tenacity of this attitude, which is not assumed by Mr. Mahler alone, consists in the fact that it invites one to listen to music that is essentially programmatic as if it were absolute music—that is, as if it has been composed with no thought of a poetic or dramatic subject. For it is not denied that Mr. Mahler in his symphonies has shaped his inspiration upon sequences of ideas external to the music itself; yet he requires us to listen to this music in entire ignorance of the ideas upon which it is based—an demand which is as unreasonable as it is

futuristic and obstructive. For, as Mr. Ernest Newman has trenchantly asserted, "if melody, harmony, and development are shaped and directed by certain pictures in the musician's mind, we get no further than the mere outside of the music unless we are familiar with those pictures." Mr. Mahler's attitude in this matter would be somewhat more tolerable if the character of his musical thought were less barren and unenriched than it is. With the exception of the passionate second half of the opening movement of this symphony—in which what one feels to be a note of lamentation is impressively sounded—this music is a vast and tumultuous sea of romanticisms. The melodic line lacks both beauty and salience; the harmonic structure is banal when it is not laboriously ineffective, and the magnitude of the constructive plan is grotesquely disproportionate to the importance of the musical substance. The work, as a whole, strikes one as the issue of an intensely sincere and competent intelligence; but of more genius it shows not a trace.

It is said that Mr. Mahler sets himself, or is set by his adherents, in opposition to the doctrines and practices of Richard Strauss. Mr. Mahler is quoted as saying of his own music that "it comes to a programme as the ultimate ideal explanation of its meaning in language; with Strauss, the programme is as a task, set to be accomplished" a not altogether illuminating dictum. It would be well if Mr. Mahler's friends were less eager to invite a comparison between the two men. For, whatever of weariness and extravagance one may find in the music of Strauss, the reality of his genius is, for any unbiased mind, beyond dispute.



Miss Maude Powell

The American violinist who has been heard this season in concert and recitals

Discount for Shortage

A COUPLE evidently from an exceedingly rural district recently presented themselves at the house of a Buffalo minister, and announced that they wished to be married. The would-be bride was of a homeliness to cause one less pity for the blind, but the groom seemed satisfied, and as they possessed the necessary license the minister proceeded to perform the ceremony.

"How much dowry that come to, Parson?" the man then inquired, bringing a handful of silver change from a deep trousers pocket. "Name yer regular finger that you charge th' weds, I'm a-goin' to limit, hy jinks!"

"Oh, I have no regular charge," the minister said; "just give me what you think it's worth."

The groom turned and eyed his bride in a speculative manner.

"She's a good gal, ef she ain't much on looks," he said, thoughtfully. "an' I'll be gosh derned ef she ain't wuth a dollar an' forty-five cents!"

He was about to hand over the silver, when the lady caught his arm, and deducted the five-cent piece from the silver.

"Wait, M!" she said. "Take back this silver! I can't know it, but when I was a child I slugged off two tens with th' hatchet."

Astonished

A CHICAGO business man who last year made a trip to the Philippines brought back with him a Filipino youth, whose mental alertness had made quite an impression upon him. The thrifling was installed in the Chicago man's office as a clerk, and he did very well, notwithstanding the fact that he was a trifle shaky as to his English.

One day the Chicagoan handed the Filipino a bill for some goods purchased by a customer a long time previously. "As this gentleman seems to have no intention of settling this account," said the business man, "I want you to typewrite a letter to him, stating that an immediate adjustment of the indebtedness will soon be expected."

In a few moments the Filipino laid before his employer the following report:

"My dear Sir.—This is to advise you that if you do not instantly send us the money you owe us, we shall be compelled to take measures that will cause you the utmost embarrassment."

What the Ailment Was

A NEW-ENGLAND statesman was referring to the dry humor of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:

The day Senator Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester, who had been thought to have appendicitis, was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

"Whereupon the Senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

His Prize

A PITTSBURGH widow, while away from home on a business trip, met and married a lady who, though feared for her goodness of heart, would be spoken of even by her friends as "plain." The man believed that she would be a kind mother to his two children, however, and as she was also possessed of a fair amount of this world's goods, was not inclined to expect the beauty of the peach in a potato.

After his marriage, he telegraphed to the eldest of the children, a girl of fifteen:

"I have won a prize. Am married. Will be home to-morrow."

When the bride and groom arrived, the children were watching at the door, and at sight of their future mother gave a little leap of consternation.

The second child, a boy, judged his sister and whispered:

"Say, Nell, that must have been the consolation prize that pa got!"

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many important new decrees, made necessary by the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in America, which has almost added a new one with each year of the century. These acts and decrees were deliberated on and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome. As a mark of the high efficiency with which Archbishop Gibbons carried out his work at the council he was shortly after nominated for the dignity of cardinal, at a special consistory, and the nomination was immediately confirmed.

Cardinal Gibbons visited Rome in 1872, and was admitted to the College of Cardinals. On his return to America his Eminence laid the foundation-stone of the Catholic University at Washington, of which he has ever since been chancellor, and continued the ecclesiastical, literary, and social work which have made him eminent in fact as in title.

Two Hundred Million Dollars of Exports

ANOTHER notable characteristic of the year's foreign trade is the fact that the exports in the month of December were practically 200 million dollars, the preliminary figures of the Bureau of Statistics being \$199,000,000, exclusive of the trade with Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska. It was only in 1891 that exports first reached as much as 100 million dollars in any single month, the earliest month at which they crossed the 100-million-dollar line being October, 1891, when the total was \$102,577,212. This total of more than 100 millions a month continued only during the months of October, November, and December, 1901, and January, 1902, and it was not until late in 1903 that the 100-million-dollar line was again crossed. In 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909 the closing months of each year showed a monthly exportation of over 100 million dollars, and beginning with the past month the monthly total has in all cases exceeded 100 million dollars, except during the months of June, July, and August of 1902, 1903, and 1904, when it fell slightly below that sum. The largest month's exportation in any year prior to December, 1903, was that of December, 1904, when the total was \$175,000,000, but that record is surpassed to the extent of 25 million dollars by the record of December, 1905, which, as above indicated, is \$199,000,000.

Too Thin

THERE is a Representative in Congress from the West who is exceedingly thin, being a very good natured man, this Representative always takes in good part in joking reference to his emaciation, and he is not averse to a good himself in that connection, as is illustrated by an accident that occurred in a street-car in Washington.

It appears that just as the car was rounding a curve it fairly threw him overboard, and out he went in the Congressman's lap. He recovered himself quickly, and began a prayer for the apology, when he was interrupted by the statement's "cherry" that's all right."

"But," added the Congressman, plumply, "I wish, my friend, that you'd put me whether you thought I was pined or the worst."

Nisi Nisi Bonum

LAST summer there died in Washington a lawyer who, for many years, had clocked a larger number of friends by his rather blunt views touching religion.

A friend of the deceased who returned to Washington for the purpose of attending the bar exam for his colleague, returned the late lawyer's house some minutes after the beginning of the service.

"What part of the writer is this?" inquired in a whisper of another legal bird standing in the crowded hallway.
"I've just come myself," said the other, "but I believe they've opened for the feast."

Wanted to Get Rid of Him

A NUMBER of politicians in Washington were once discussing the good and bad points of various statesmen with reverence to their attitude towards their friends and enemies, when Senator Keim was reminded of an instance in the career of the late Senator Howell of New Jersey.

It appears that Sewell had been a generous friend and an equally good hater, so was evidenced by his treatment of a Colonel Wood, who, it seems, had dared to dispute Sewell's supremacy in Jersey politics. At one time Sewell imagined he had made his peace with Sewell, and ventured to ask a favor of his old enemy—something in the way of a pass to Chicago. The pass came to him in seven days.

The next day, at the offices of the railroad of which the Senator was an officer, Scott thanked him for the courtesy, but as he did so he called attention to the fact that there was no provision made in the pass for the return trip East. "Probably an inadvertence on the part of the clerk that made it out," he observed.

"Clock nothing!" roared Newell. "I'll have you know, Newell, that I myself filled out that pass! I'm willing to send you to Chicago, but I'll be hanged if I'll help you to get back to Jersey!"

Waste of Great Britain's Coal

[illegible]

Not His Property Sandwich

[illegible]

Tommy asked: "That's no way to eat a hot dog and not pick it up like that!"

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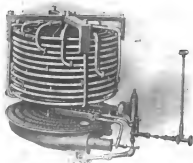
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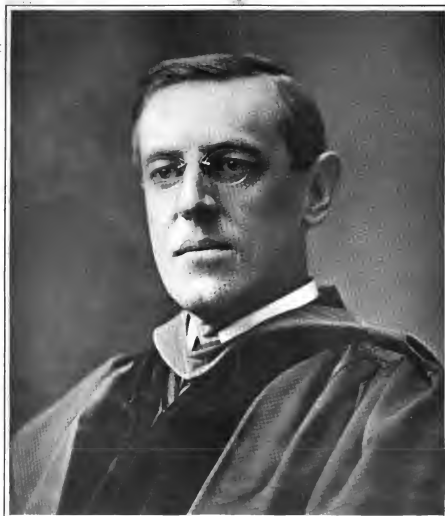
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COMMENT

At a dinner given the other evening by the Lotus Club of this city in his honor, we ventured to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, using substantially these words:

For nearly a century before WOODROW WILSON was born the atmosphere of the Old Dominion was saturated with true statesmanship. The fates directed his steps along other paths, but the effect of growth among the traditions of the fathers remained. That he is preeminent as a lucid interpreter of history we all know. But he is more than that. No one who reads, understanding, the record of his country that flourished with such apparent ease from his pen can fail to be impressed by the belief that he is by instinct a statesman. The grasp of fundamentals, the seemingly unconscious application of primary truths to changing conditions, the breadth in thought and reason manifested on these pages, are as clear evidences of sagacity worthy of the best and wisest of Virginia's traditions, as was that truly eloquent appeal which last year he addressed to his brethren of the South, that they rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy and come back into their own.

It is that type of men we shall, if, indeed, we do not already, need in our public life. No one would think for a moment of criticizing the general reformation of the human race in all of its multifarious phases now going on by executive decree, but it is becoming increasingly evident that that great work will soon be accomplished. When that time shall have been reached, the country will need at least a short heretofore spell for what the physicians term perfect rest. That day, not now far distant, will call for a man combining the activities of the present with the sobering influences of the past.

If one could be found who, in addition to those qualities, should unite in his personality the finest instinct of true statesmanship as the effect of his early environment, and the no less valuable capacity for practical application, achieved through subsequent endeavors in another field, the ideal would be attained. Such a man I believe in WOODROW WILSON, of Virginia and New Jersey.

It was not a hasty or ill-considered utterance. And yet, though based upon earnest conviction and due reflection, there was no expectation that such a suggestion at this early day would evoke substantial response. That it has done so justifies a reference to the subject in these columns. Elsewhere we reprint some of the journalistic comments based upon the meager reports in the daily papers. In a more personal way, verbally and by letter, we have received a surprising number of approving messages, which we are not now at liberty to quote. It seems worth while, therefore, to invite consideration of some of the reasons that might properly be adduced in support of the proposal. (1) Mr. Wilson, as stated, more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proven himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet notably sane. (3) He is a granite orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of every one with

whom he has come in contact, and the admiration particularly of all college-bred men. (6) His ability to the interests of the whole people is unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings. (8) He is at the fulcrum of his powers in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and learning and the courage of forthright expression. (10) He has no enemies—his is a clean slate. (11) He possesses to a degree unequalled since the days of BLAINE that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded but broad-minded and strong-minded. (13) He was born in Virginia and hailed from New Jersey. His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in inviting serious consideration of the suggestion.

The most satisfying feature of the report of the Airmen's committee embodying proposals looking to the reformation of life-insurance practices is the cheering indication that our legislative bodies are still capable of doing a thorough job. This particular work was of the most intricate nature, and required the exercise of both courage and skill of the highest order. The chief credit for the notable comprehension and extraordinary lucidity manifested in the report, no less than for the keenness with which the investigation was conducted, is due undoubtedly to Mr. CHARLES E. HUGHES, who, as a result of his work, has become not merely a national but an international figure of no mean dimensions. While according to him the high praise which is his due, the intelligence, fidelity, and courage manifested by Mr. AIRMEN and the other members of the committee should not be overlooked. They were in a most difficult position. Their political and personal friends were constantly under fire, and they were obliged to proceed without fear or favor. That legislators of the present day should maintain such an attitude manfully and consistently is as gratifying as it is surprising.

The bill submitted to the Legislature embodying the committee's recommendation seems to cover the ground completely. The abolition of the deferred-dividend policy was expected and essential to the eradication of the very root of all the evils. The sharp restriction of investments to mortgages and bonds directly representing mortgages is probably wise, although perhaps, in some particulars, more stringent than is necessary. The shares of a railway corporation, for example, leased to another corporation and carrying absolutely guaranteed dividends, often constitute a much sounder security than bonds representing even a first mortgage of undug magnitudes. If it should be found, however, in practice that the field of investments has been restricted too narrowly, this provision, of course, is susceptible of enlargement at any time by the Legislature. It is probably safe, therefore, for the present, to err, if at all, on the safe side.

The limitation of new business to be done annually hereafter to \$150,000,000 is probably necessary, if it be taken for granted that the mere greatness of a company is a measure. Its adoption will certainly reduce, if not extinguish, the almost competition which has given rise to hordes of impotent agents and cushions of the law, especially respecting rebates, without number. The immediate effect will be the encouragement of smaller companies and the establishment of more mutual societies throughout the country. Already several are projected, and, in the South notably, several are well under way of formation. This enforced division of life-insurance business is probably helpful on the whole, although experience has demonstrated the anxious and clamorous establishing a great number of small fiduciary concerns as contrasted with a few larger and more responsible ones. It is also clear that the limitation will be detrimental to the pecuniary interests of the policy-holders themselves. This, however, is an effect, and a necessary effect, of the entire reformation of practice. The companies have prospered amazingly by the exercise of the very principles of which now they are to be deprived. Neither of the three on it is conscious could

have continued in a competitive business successfully, during the past twenty years, except by doing as its neighbors did in unking investments, through participation in syndicates, and so forth, that were, practically sure to, and in fact did, produce exceptional profits. In the light of the expenses of individual gains through official relationships, it is not surprising that the extraordinary sagacity demonstrated in management, resulting not only in the undoubted solvency of every company, but in the very strength which has come to be regarded as a menace, has been overlooked. The making of large profits hereafter will be rendered impossible by the proposed restrictions, and necessarily the actual pecuniary interests of the policy-holders will suffer. But the chief purpose in mind is to make the companies safe and sound rather than great and prosperous, and this desirable result can be accomplished in no other way. It is wise and it is necessary.

The committee dealt with the question of control of the companies in a manner wholly unexpected. The scheme proposed leaving upon the Mutual Life and the New York Life, namely, to cancel all existing proxies and to postpone the election of trustees until November 15, accomplishes a double purpose. It extinguishes the *non-covered* privileges held by former or present officials, and for the time being, at any rate, it eliminates Mr. LAWSON. A clean slate is presented, and every policy-holder is invited to step up and write down the names of the men whom he chooses to trust. If the plan be carried out, many tickets undoubtedly will be proposed by the million or more people who have the right to vote, and no little disturbance and confusion are bound to ensue. This seems, however, to be inevitable, and certainly the plan possesses the element of fairness, if not of practicability. It is plain, though, that regard for stability and consistency in management should avert too great frequency of elections, which seem likely to prove second only to that of a President in importance and interest.

The Equitable, being a stock company, is in a position quite different from the others, and this difference is recognized intelligently by the committee. The absurd demand that legal rights be disregarded and property be practically confiscated is very properly ignored. The committee, however, urges mutualization through voluntary action of the shareholders, and suggests a plan which seems likely to prove feasible, in view of the fact that Mr. RYAN stands ready, as he has stood consistently ever since he cornered all interests by the purchase of a majority of the stock at no small risk to himself, to make any arrangement that would be pronounced by fair-minded men as reasonable and likely to prove effective and satisfactory. To how great a degree the shareholders would participate in the vast surplus accumulated by the Equitable in the event of the winding up of its affairs is a nice legal question. Technically it is probable that Mr. RYAN would receive many times the amount he paid for his stock, but he squelched the accusations of self-seeking at the very outset by declaring that at any time he would turn over to the policy-holders the shares which he had purchased, for the precise cost plus interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum. The committee tacitly recognized the strength of his position by noting the doubt respecting the legal title to the accumulations in excess of the requisite reserve, but the commendable attitude assumed and still maintained by Mr. RYAN would seem to make possible some such permissive arrangement as is suggested. That some way may be found to make it effective is surely of the highest desirability, and Mr. HUGHES could not add more effectively to the splendid service he has already rendered than by working out a legal, equitable, and practicable solution of the problem.

It should be noted in passing that in a practical sense the wrongs have largely righted themselves. The three presidents of a year ago have paid the penalty of morals blunted, chiefly by environment and custom. In their places are men of established probity, earnest in their desire to serve those to whom they are responsible, to the very limit of their capacity, and thereby enhancing so far as may be reputations already acquired of absolute fidelity to trust obligations. Simultaneously and as rapidly as circumstances permit, bands of trustees are being re-formed, and long before the day fixed by the committee for the election of their successors,

should be of a character to command the implicit confidence of the great body of policy-holders. So at any rate we may be permitted to hope, and if the result be attained, it will indeed prove a most gratifying outcome of the most humiliating and wretched experience, in a business sense, the country has ever been compelled to undergo.

We guess we must have offended Mr. LAWSON, of Boston, when recently we advised holders of life-insurance policies not to place their voting proxies in his hands. That is the only natural deduction from his latest effusion. And yet the form of his rejoinder is more than puzzling; it is almost inexplicable. We have grown accustomed to strong, virile, masterful, fearfully fearless words from this most accomplished of reformers. How then shall we account for such mere cooling as references to our "brevery bromides," our "egregious egotism," our "brazen assurance," our "circuitous methods"? Delightful irony this, but too subtle, altogether too subtle for those who may not detect the artistic autobiographical touch. To be a "wart" squirming in LAWSON "acid" or even a "vampire" covering in the effulgent rays of LAWSON "sunlight" would, we grant, be most disagreeable, but thus far the situation has passed us by. Moreover, the picture seems insufficiently lurid, ridiculously inadequate, and quite unworthy of a truly trenchant pen. Tut, tut! TIMMSS! These be words too gentle for modern Portos. Ucklen is the rapier in hands blistered by the bluegreen.

It is a species of political revolution that was brought about in the Federal Senate when the Interstate Commerce Committee decided, by a vote of eight to five, that Senator THURMAN should report the Hepburn bill unamended. That measure, it will be remembered, was non-partisan when it left the House of Representatives, having received the votes of all the members present and voting, except seven. At that stage it reflected no more discredit or credit upon one party than upon the other. Now, however, the Democrats having contributed five of the eight votes by which the bill was reported to the Senate, and the Senator from South Carolina having been made its official champion, it is obvious that the Democratic party will get all the credit or discredit for the measure not belonging to the President and his Republican friends, should it be passed in its reported form. To pass it in that form forty-five votes would be required, to which the Democrats, should they decide for tactical reasons to accept no amendments, could contribute thirty-three. Obviously twelve Republican votes would be needed to make up a majority. Inasmuch, however, as no fewer than three out of eight Republican members of the committee were opposed to any amendment of the bill, it is probable that more than four times as many would be willing to take up a similar position on the floor of the Senate-Chamber, especially as President ROOSEVELT, after some alleged hesitation, has expressed a wish that the bill should be passed without amendment.

Under the circumstances, if the Democratic Senators make the most of the tactical advantage acquired by them through the delegation to Mr. THURMAN of the official championship of the bill, not only will they share, as we have said, with the President whatever popularity the passage of the measure may confer, but they will tend to be looked upon as the main upholders of the administration. The Republican opponents of the unamended bill, on the other hand, of these there would be forty-four, if we assume that there would be only a dozen ROOSEVELT Republicans—would almost inevitably figure in the public eye as the spokes-men of an antiadministration party. Having been beaten by a combination between the President and the Democrats on a measure which, far more than any other, commands the attention of the country, they would be apt to retaliate by threatening him in minor measures, such as the Santa Domingo treaty, the Philippine tariff bill, and the Panama Canal affair.

Ultimately by such reprisals an irreparable breach might be created between the President and a large majority of the Republican Senators. That is, of course, precisely the position occupied by a majority of the Republican Senators toward ANASTAS JOHNSON after the latter had unamended and

resolutely tried to carry out his personal reconstruction policy. It is also exactly the same position held by a majority of the Whig Senators toward JONAS TYLER after the latter, who had been elected Vice-President on the Whig ticket, had refused to reestablish the United States Bank. What the consequences were in those cases is well known. TYLER and JOHNSON were constrained to lean for support upon the Democrats in Congress, and unavoidably came to be regarded temporarily as the official chiefs of the Democratic party. Both TYLER and JOHNSON were branded as traitors by the men who had elected them.

Is it certain or even probable that even a large majority of Republican Senators could read MR. ROOSEVELT out of their party on the ground of his cooperation with Democrats to pass the HERRMAN bill unamended? There are marked differences in the position now occupied by MR. ROOSEVELT and the positions held respectively by TYLER and JOHNSON. They were Presidents by accident, whereas MR. ROOSEVELT was elected Chief Magistrate by an immense majority. Moreover, we repeat that when the HERRMAN bill left the House of Representatives it was non-partisan in an emphatic and exceptional sense. It was as much a Republican as a Democratic measure. That could not be said of the United States Bank bill, or of any attempt to deal with the reconstruction problem. When TYLER vetoed the bank bill he did it with the knowledge that a majority in each House was earnestly in favor of the measure. ANDREW JOHNSON knew that he would bitterly offend a majority in each House by declining to accept the reconstruction policy adopted by most of the Republican leaders. MR. ROOSEVELT, on the other hand, pointing out that the HERRMAN bill received in the House of Representatives the votes of all the Republican members except seven, may justly claim that those Republicans would stultify themselves by objecting to his advocacy of the Senate's acceptance of that bill in the very form which it wore when it left their hands.

ROOSEVELT, unlike TYLER and JOHNSON, cannot be taxed with interested motives. Both TYLER and JOHNSON were believed to desire a Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and undoubtedly some steps were taken in that direction on their behalf. MR. ROOSEVELT, on the other hand, has explicitly declared and reaffirmed that under no circumstances would he accept a nomination for the office of Chief Magistrate in 1898. His course, therefore, must be acknowledged to be perfectly disinterested. He cannot, obviously, be actuated by any motive except a desire to promote the welfare of the American people, and if he favors this or that particular measure, it must be because he believes it adapted to that end. Under all the circumstances here set forth, we opine that even a large majority of the Republican Senators would find it impracticable to drive MR. ROOSEVELT out of their party. In the attempt they would be likely to get themselves seriously hurt. The sooner, therefore, they gulp down their disappointment and suppress resentment, the better it may be for their prospect of retaining their seats and for the prospect of Republican victory in the next Presidential election.

If, on the other hand, some Democratic Senators should agree to Republican amendments of the HERRMAN bill, and these consequently should be passed, their party would lose the tactical advantage which the course pursued by the Republican members of the Interstate Commerce Committee has given them, and they would prove unable to bring about a quarrel between President ROOSEVELT and a majority of Republican Senators. Now, unless Senator BAILEY and Senator JOHNSON are resolved to seize the opportunity of making the HERRMAN bill a distinctively Democratic measure, and unless a Democratic caucus should sanction the proposal, it is probable that certain Democratic Senators will themselves advocate amendments of the HERRMAN bill. Even the official champion of the bill, MR. TILMAN, has avowed himself dissatisfied with it, and intends to offer at least two amendments, which he deems essential to the perfecting of it. He is, for example, that the bill should prohibit the ownership and control by railway companies of commodities that they might be tempted to ship over their lines in the confusion of private shippers or the persons. It has been charged that such discrimination is habitually practiced in

the coal business of West Virginia. MR. TILMAN would also like, by another amendment, to compel railways to keep spare or subsidiary lines fully supplied with cars. On the other hand, several Democratic Senators are inclined to cooperate with the majority of their Republican colleagues in giving the courts a greater measure of authority over the acts of the Interstate Commerce Commission than the HERRMAN bill confers. It will be observed, however, that MR. TILMAN's purposes could be secured by separate bills, while the wish of MR. FOSTER, MR. McLAUGHLIN, and other Democratic Senators to insert in the HERRMAN bill a provision giving larger review powers to the courts may be subordinated to their desire to secure a tactical advantage for their party and to place it in a highly favorable position in the public eye.

Thus there are manifestly two conditions under which a quarrel between the President and the majority of the Republican Senators could be averted. If it were conceivable that the TILMAN amendments just mentioned could be carried, together with another, undertaking to deprive the courts of the power of suspending by injunction a rate made by the commission, the President might veto the bill on the ground that it went too far. If, on the other hand, the Republican opponents of the bill in its present form should muster enough votes to secure an amendment increasing a United States circuit court's power of review, it is possible that the President might sign the bill on the ground that it was better than nothing. MR. ROOSEVELT seems, however, not to be in the least apprehensive of the outcome of a quarrel between himself and a majority of the Republican Senators, if it be true that he told MR. CAYNE the other day that he (the President) could go before the people of Massachusetts on the rate-making question and beat both CRANE and LORIE two to one.

Why we need to spend much money on our army and navy is a question that was answered on WASHINGTON's birthday by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. Much that was said by Judge TAYLOR, who, speaking in the Chicago Auditorium, discussed the organization and needs of the army, tended to confirm the conclusion reached by MR. FRANKLIN HENCKES in an article contributed by him to the February number of the *North American Review*, the conclusion, namely, that we are at present gloriously unprepared for a contest with any considerable power. The Secretary reminded his auditors of what too many of us forget, that during at least one-fourth part of our national life since the Declaration of Independence our government has had a war on its hands in some part of its dominions. It is, therefore, most wise to assume that we shall be blessed with peace for a very long period. Another thing that most of us forget is that time, and a good deal of it, is indispensable to the making of good soldiers. Judge TAYLOR reiterated, moreover, what has been brought home to us so often by President ROOSEVELT, that readiness for war is quite as effective an instrument for the securing of peace to-day as it was more than a century ago, when WASHINGTON so earnestly enjoyed it.

The Secretary of War finally expressed the opinion that, for a nation comprehending eighty millions, or, if we count the inhabitants of our dependencies, nearly ninety millions, of people, a regular army of 100,000 is but a small force, especially when we keep in view the remoteness of Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Islands of Panama, and the Philippines.

It was at Baltimore, in the course of the commemorative exercises of the Johns Hopkins University that Secretary BENTLEY explained why large annual appropriations have to be made for the navy. Already modern naval warfare is very expensive, and grows more expensive daily. The fact is recalled that our present smokeless powder requires some six months after it is made to be really fit for use. It follows that for six months a war must be prosecuted with the stock of powder on hand when it is declared. Then, again, our gunners require fire-and-practice, yet a given gun can only be fired a certain number of times. Hence we require a great surplus of guns. We must also have engineers and mechanics of tried skill and long experience to deal with the complicated and delicate machinery of modern war-ships. If we do not keep a sufficient quantity of such workmen in our

navy-yards, it is by no means certain that we could procure them at short notice. Consequently, a reduction of the force maintained in these yards would be a public calamity. Above all, the rank and file of the navy need to feel that the public sympathies with their work and recognizes its value. The kind of men desired for the crews of ships of war will not subject themselves to the restraints of naval discipline unless they know that, as sailors, they can retain their self-respect and earn the esteem of their fellow citizens. All patriotic Americans will concur with the Secretary of the Navy in holding that to treat these seamen as outcasts when they come ashore is to cripple our ships more surely than if their guns were disabled or their engines put out of gear.

The Divorce Congress, held in Washington during the week ending February 21, spent four or five days in deliberation and discussion, and finally adopted a set of fifteen resolutions which were entrusted to a committee with instructions to embody them into a statute to be presently submitted to the Legislatures of all the States and Territories of the Union. We have not seen a report of the proceedings of the congress which includes the full text of these resolutions, but they name the causes of divorce which the congress considered adequate. Their chief purpose is said to be to unite all the States against divorce by collusion, and migratory divorce. The delegates to the congress included a number of first-rate lawyers (such as Messrs. FRANCIS LYMAN STETSON and JOHN E. PARSONS, of New York, and DEAN HOFFCUTT, of the Cornell University Law School), eminent clergymen of various denominations, including Bishop DOANE, and several women who took a particularly active part in the proceedings. It has been suggested that there should have been more women delegates than there were, so vitally important to women was the subject discussed. As it was, however, the congress was a strong body, and seemed to have the knowledge, ability, and matured experience requisite to intelligent dealings with the difficult and complicated questions with which it was concerned. We hope that better conditions ament divorce will eventually result from its labors. It is to meet again presently to consider and discuss the statute which it has directed to be prepared.

No doubt President ROOSEVELT has matured and edifying views on divorce as on other subjects. That the congress missed the advantage of hearing them expanded was due, presumably, to the unusual demands made that week upon the Presidential energies by the railroad rates bill. Conveying first aid to injured and imperilled legislation is an engrossing job while it lasts, and it lasted intensely all that week. Perhaps when the congress reconvenes we shall get the President's views.

Discussing "The Future of THURGOOD" in the *Courier-Journal*, Colonel WYTHESS remarks with passing approval upon Mr. JOHN BROWN's plan for life Senatorships at large for retiring Presidents, but considers that the Senate will never be a suitable arena for President ROOSEVELT. Mr. ROOSEVELT's experience, he points out, has lain along administrative, not legislative, lines. To shine in the Senate a man must be a lawyer and a skilled debater. Mr. ROOSEVELT is neither one. He could not pounce to any purpose with the big stick on the floor of the Senate. MAJOR HENRY says the Senate won't do for him, and that he must be made president of Harvard College. Well, that is a good job for any man who is up to it, and we should not wonder if it would be acceptable to Dr. ROOSEVELT. In some particulars he would be very good at it. He would conduct the best lunch-counter ever opened on Quincy Street, barring neither the Colonial Club nor the Harvard Union. He would contribute much more than any man since JOHN SULLIVAN to make Boston feel as if she had moved to New York. But could he get the job? The president of Harvard College is not chosen, as one might suppose, by the newspapers of Boston, nor by the General Court of Massachusetts, nor by the graduates of Harvard, nor the faculty, nor the thirty overseers, but by the seven gentlemen who compose the Harvard Corporation, every one of whom is a representative of an old and tried Massachusetts family. That these gentlemen should come to New York for a Dutchman to be successor of President ELIOT

used to seem impossible, but it has come to seem less improbable than it once did.

It may be, after all, that the Harvard Corporation will invite a Chinese into their china-shop. In favor of that possibility is Dr. ROOSEVELT's personal popularity at Harvard, his undoubted mental vigor, his prodigious reputation, and his sturdy influence in favor of clean living and Christian manhood in all its details. He would be an invaluable acquisition to a university that needed him. But does Harvard need him? It is a very vigorous institution that already draws more students than its funds readily suffice to take care of. It does not need advertising, nor extrication from any rut, for it is already the most progressive of the universities. It is the flower of Massachusetts civilization, and one of the great items of its strength is precisely its relation to that civilization. Lads from New York and the West are sent to it to breathe for a time the air of Boston. It is to the interest of all the Harvard constituency that lives west of the Connecticut River that Harvard should keep its present flavor and continue to taste of Boston. Boston has run the college for 270 years, and run it, so far as outsiders are concerned, to admiration. To send a lad from New York, Chicago, Denver, or San Francisco to Harvard is to give him a very advantageous and stimulating change of environment. But it isn't so much of a change for a boy from Boston, and therein lies the best chance for Dr. ROOSEVELT's being invited to be Dr. ELIOT's successor. He is not an expert educator, nor an expert man of business, but he is the biggest yeast-cake on the earth, and it may seem in the seven hundred-headed voters of the Harvard Corporation that he would make the Harvard dash somewhat more profitably northward to the Boston boys, whose bellies get overmuch distended with the East wind. Since about two-thirds of the Harvard undergraduates are Boston lads in the large sense that diffuses Boston all over eastern Massachusetts, their interests are important. At any rate, if Dr. ROOSEVELT goes to Harvard, it will be to make Harvard a better place for Massachusetts lads, and not to draw more lads from New York and Ohio and Illinois.

Young Mr. ROCKEFELLER in his interesting ministrations to his little chess board again, on February 25, on JOSEPH and his renowned corn in corn. He heartily commends JOSEPH's foresight in getting the corn when he could, and selling it in the lean years, and taking all the buyers' property, individual, real, and personal, in exchange. But we do not find any report of his views of JOSEPH's final transaction, in which, having bought everything in Egypt, including all the land and all the population, for Pharaoh, he said to the people, Here is seed; go sow the land and give the fifth of the crop to PHARAOH, keeping four-fifths for yourselves. Was that detail of conduct consistent with the ROCKEFELLER axiom that it is a man's Christian duty to make all the money he can honestly? Were not JOSEPH's terms a little easier than a thoroughly conscientious business man ought to have proposed? Surely he might have got two-fifths at least for PHARAOH, and still the people could have lived!

RABBI SALVEMAN, of New York, takes issue with Justice BREWER on the claim of the Judge that ours is a Christian nation. Dr. SALVEMAN says it isn't. The majority of us, he says, are not Christians. He considers that there are over forty million people in this country who belong to the various non-Christian religions, or to no religion at all. "Our government," he says, "owes nothing to the Christian religion as far as its elements are concerned. Our government is founded on the laws of MOSES." We are unable to agree with Dr. SALVEMAN. The Christian religion itself is a development of the Jewish, and it might be true that our government was founded on the laws of MOSES, and still be true that it was based on Christianity. An enormous majority of our people think in the terms of the Christian religion. What religion a man belongs to in a large sense is not to be determined by his conduct nor, often, by his professing it, but by his history. You can tell what a man's religion is by the way he swears as well as by the way he prays. An enormous majority of our population is Christian by heredity and tradition, and it is an entirely just and useful use of language to call the United States a Christian nation.

The Armstrong Insurance Proposals and Some Objections to Them

A NUMBER of bills have been introduced in the New York Legislature embodying the conclusions to which the committee headed by State-Senator Armstrong were led by their recent investigation of the affairs of New York life-insurance companies. Let us see, first, what the more important proposals are, and then note some of the objections which have been made by insurance experts to the adoption of them. We remark, first, that directors and officers of an insurance corporation are prohibited from being personally interested, either as principal, participant, agent, or beneficiary, in any purchase, sale, or loan made on behalf of such corporation. To this prohibition no exception will be offered. A violation of this prohibition is made by the proposed law a misdemeanor. The privilege now enjoyed by a stockholder or creditor of an insurance company to require the State Superintendent of Insurance to investigate the company is extended to a policyholder. The existing statute which requires a policyholder to obtain the consent of the Attorney General before beginning an action to compel the officers of an insurance company to render an accounting of their trust is repealed. Provision is made for the annual distribution of a previously ascertained and unannounced proportion of the surplus of each life-insurance company among its policyholders. The share of the surplus so apportioned annually shall be paid to the holder of the policy in cash, or at his option, which is permitted to accumulate to the credit of the policy, at such rate of interest as shall be allowed by the company, and with such interest shall be payable upon the maturity of the policy, or shall be withdrawable in cash by the holder of the policy on any anniversary of the date of issue thereof, or shall be applicable to the payment of any premium or premiums upon such policy, or to the payment of a paid-up addition thereto. At every election of directors in any mutual life-insurance company every policyholder whose insurance shall have been in force for at least one year prior thereto shall be entitled to vote in person, or by proxy, in by mail. At least five months before every election, each company shall file two lists in the names and post-office addresses of all holders of at least one thousand dollars of insurance whose policies shall have been in force twelve months before the date of the election.

No limit is fixed upon the amount of new business that may be written by any company whose outstanding insurance is not now in excess of \$50,000,000, but in the case of larger companies the amount of new business permissible is graduated, and in no event can exceed \$150,000,000 annually. The bills further prohibit companies from adding a greater loading to the net premium for each one thousand dollars of any kind of insurance than the loading for the same amount at the same age in the case of an ordinary whole-life policy, except in the case of a limited-payment life or limited-payment endowment policy, where an additional loading may be made for expenses after the expiration of the payment period. Moreover, no life-insurance company doing business in the State of New York shall allow an agent or broker for procuring an application for insurance, or collecting any premium thereon, any compensation other than that determined in advance, and if such compensation is to be a commission, it shall be a fixed percentage of the premium for each one thousand dollars of insurance, and not greater in amount for any one thousand dollars of insurance at the same age on any plan than shall be allowed in the case of an ordinary whole-life policy. Bonuses, prizes, rewards, salaries, or commissions of any sort, based on the amount of any policy or the aggregate of applications, are prohibited. Commissions are not to be paid save upon premiums for the first five years, and in no year after the first year shall they exceed an amount equal to seven and one-half per cent of the premium on a whole-life policy. Loans and advances to persons engaged in soliciting insurance are prohibited. All rebates made to an applicant for a policy are forbidden, and the recipient, as well as the giver, of such rebate is made guilty of a misdemeanor. The investments of the funds of insurance companies are carefully restricted. No stocks of private corporations may be purchased, and the classes of bonds which may be bought are rigorously defined. We remark finally that not only are corporations prohibited from making political contributions, but every officer or agent of an insurance company who aids or abets a violation of this prohibition, and any person who solicits or knowingly receives any such contribution, in money or in property, is made guilty of a misdemeanor. A person offending against this law is declared a competent witness against any other person so offending, and may be compelled to testify at any trial, proceeding, or investigation.

To many of these provisions an objection is offered by the spokesmen of the insurance companies. A spokesman of the New York Life, however, announces that his corporation will fight hard to prevent the passage of any bill that would restrict its new business to \$150,000,000 a year. Officers of the Equitable and the Mutual, on the other hand, have expressed the opinion that such

a restriction is expedient. A high official of the Mutual has objected strongly to the compulsory elimination of all stock holdings from the company's securities, on the ground that there are many "gilt-edged" stocks which are not only more profitable but more stable securities than are many bonds, even of the classes permitted under the proposed law. The very highest class of investments in the country is to be found in guaranteed stocks of the old railroad corporations, some of which are essential parts of the strongest railway systems, and are guaranteed to pay high rates of interest, as, for example, six, eight, ten, and even twelve per cent. Again, under the proposed law, investment in collateral trust bonds is prohibited, but second-mortgage bonds may be purchased. The result might be that insurance companies, forced to sell Treasuries, Railroads and Quincy Street Four, guaranteed by Direct Northern and Northern Pacific, might invest the proceeds in such securities as United States Ship-building Five. It is pointed out by the advocates of the Armstrong bill that savings-banks are equally restricted as to investments, and, nevertheless, prosper. The regulator is that if savings-banks and life-insurance companies are compelled to compete for the same classes of investments, they will have to pay more for them, and the dividends payable to depositors and policyholders will, consequently, be reduced.

Touthing the limits fixed by the proposed legislation for the amount of new business that may be written, Mr. EMERY McCLELLAN, the secretary of the Mutual, has expressed the opinion that, under the proposed restrictions with regard to companies and rebates, the big companies would work, and declare that the \$50,000,000 worth of business in a year. He believed that \$100,000,000 a year would be nearer the figure. Mr. McCLELLAN also regards as too drastic the provision making a violation of the proposed statutes a misdemeanor. He asserts that contingencies may easily arise which would unaccountably put the total annual expenses beyond the loadings on the premiums coupled with the mortality gain, but, nevertheless, the officers might be liable to imprisonment. No sane man, he says, would be willing to take such a chance. Especially worthy of attention is the fact that President PAUL MORRIS, of the Equitable, when invited to outline his views, declared that he had as yet no criticism to make of the Armstrong committee's report. He thought the committee entitled to great credit for its exhaustive work, and declared that he should be glad to conform to any laws the Legislature in its wisdom might see fit to enact. If, however, after carefully digesting the report, he should find himself in disagreement with any of the conclusions reached by that committee, he would say so frankly; but so representative of the Equitable would be a member of the Third House in Albany, nor would any agent of that company, as such, be permitted to appear there to expose insurance legislation. We should add that a supplemental bill, introduced by State-Senator ARMSTRONG on February 26, aims to insure further protection to policyholders. By this bill the cause of death need not be given when a claim is made for the payment of a policy, which, on the contrary, must be paid forthwith, after due proof of death has been furnished. Another change is that, after a policy has been in force one year, it is incontestable by the company issuing the same.

President Hadley on the Hepburn Bill

On February 25 the New York Herald published an interesting interview with Dr. ARTHUR T. HADLEY, in which the president of Yale University criticised the Hepburn bill, but expressed the belief that it would be better for the Senate to pass it in the form given to it by the House of Representatives than to insist upon imposing it. He considers the attempt embodied in the Hepburn bill to constitute the Interstate Commerce Commission a court of last resort, so far as findings of fact are concerned, blighted and potentially injurious. He assumed, what some probably he has some doubt about, that the conservative element in the Senate would be strong enough to insert in the Hepburn measure a provision for a fuller court review, like that which existed in the Esch-Toussaint bill. It was not clear to him, however, that much would be gained by such a course. The commission would still think itself a judicial body, and would make enough doubtful orders regarding rates to prevent it from having any real influence on the railroad management of the country viewed as a whole. He conceded that if the judicial function could be given exclusively to the courts, and it could be made plain to the commission that they were expected to do something else, there would be a very substantial gain, but, in Dr. Hadley's opinion, if you only give some of the judicial functions to the courts, and leave the commissions to exercise others, the gain would be too slight to be worth cashing.

Dr. HADLEY goes on to mention several strong reasons why in his judgment the conservative element in the Senate had better accept the Hepburn bill as it is than insist upon a compromise measure. He points out, in the first place, that if the railroad men attempt to have the bill modified, given a motion will be regarded

as a selfish effort to block the wheels of legislation for their own private interests. This is pronounced a blunder. Dr. HANLEY holds that, from the view-point of railroad management alone, the good derived from preventing the passage of the HERRICK bill in its present form would not amply counterbalance the harm that would come from assuming an attitude of factions or self-seeking opposition. The president of Yale University is convinced that the HERRICK bill would not greatly hurt the railroads. He thinks, on the contrary, that if anybody will be much harmed by attempts, which he believes will prove illusory, to limit rights of appeal, it will be the shippers. This being a free country, if the shippers are bent upon hurting themselves, Dr. HANLEY suggests that it may be inexpedient for the railroads to take much trouble to prevent them. He opines that, should the HERRICK bill be passed in substantially the form in which it left the House of Representatives, there is a chance that, after a few years of unsatisfactory operation, it may be repealed. That is to say, people may do here what they have often done in England—admit the failure of one piece of legislation and try to devise a better one. If, on the other hand, a compromise measure is adopted, nobody will know who is responsible for the failure. Each party will cast the blame upon the other. Ten years hence we shall recognize that we have accomplished nothing, but we shall be unable to tell whose fault it is. President HANLEY proceeds to remind us that to-day the country is swept by a great wave of moral sentiment, due partly to the insurance revelations, partly to the evidences of political corruption in cities, and partly to various abuses of corporate power which have been brought to light. He foresees that if the spirit of reform is allowed to have its own way, it will result in a good many wise acts, and also in some foolish ones; but he has faith that the good will outweigh the evil. If, however, the wave of moral sentiment is withstood, every case of intelligent resistance will give rise to deep-seated misunderstanding, will intensify the evils and dangers incident to the movement, will make undoable out of those who would use it should have been constructive, and will, when the next industrial and commercial crisis occurs, leave us face to face with the peril of bitter class struggle.

The president of Yale University avows that, in his judgment, the position taken by a minority of the Republican United States Senators, that they will stand for a bill which has the approval of the President, and not for one which lacks it, is a wise one. Personally, he does not concur with the President in believing that the Interstate Commerce Commission is a proper body to undertake a judicial determination of rates; nevertheless, he believes it is better to compromise in a measure of which the President approves than to insist upon a compromise which would not satisfy him or any one else. How does President HANLEY arrive at this seemingly inconsistent conclusion? On this ground, namely, although Mr. ROOSEVELT is a man of many-sided activities that very few persons believe him to be right in everything, yet a great majority of the American people are confident that he is right in general. Therefore, if Mr. ROOSEVELT announces his approval of a bill there is more than ordinary reason for making that bill a law. He does not represent himself alone. On the contrary, he represents a tremendous volume of public sentiment which, under leadership like this, will not have dangerous results, but which, should it fall as it might fall, under the direction of other leaders, would be apt to become hysterical or perverted.

Summing up the existing situation, Dr. HANLEY says that the HERRICK bill does not seem likely to accomplish its object. He recalls the fact that the history of English railroad legislation shows that a similar measure, passed under closely analogous circumstances, failed to do the good which its advocates expected. He predicts that the failure will be repeated in the United States when an act of Congress shall provide that a commission shall be set up as executive, a legislative, and a judicial body. He deems the combination of these three functions in one officer repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. To the common law of England, and to the American sense of fair play, he considers the HERRICK bill subject to this further criticism, that, by investing the Interstate Commerce Commission with certain judicial duties and powers which it cannot well assume, it imparts that commission for most important administrative functions which properly belong to it. Dr. HANLEY is convinced that what the United States needs is an act under which the commission would take part in the making of tariffs, and give effect to the public interest in the regulation of railroad management, leaving the specific cases of violation of statutes to be disposed of punished by the courts. He considers very strong indeed the arguments, both historical and recreational, in favor of a bill which shall empower a commission to do its own business, instead of believing it that duty in order that it may do somebody else's business. If, however, these arguments do not for the moment carry conviction to a majority of the American people, and if a measure framed upon these lines would fail to get the needed votes in Congress, Dr. HANLEY, for his part, would not try to compromise. In his judgment, a law based on bad principles is sometimes better than a law based on no principle at all; and the harm which would come, either to the railroads or to the

country as a whole from the passage of the HERRICK bill, or anything like it, is a far less serious evil than the spirit of distrust and of class antagonism which would be aroused by such an opposition.

Personal and Pertinent

THE European newspapers announce that the Grand Duke of Hesse has recently registered himself at Darmstadt as proprietor of the grand-ducal potteries there, and has received a license to trade. Now we know where the cracked Hessian Grand Dukes come from, we hope his grace will stiffen the mixing up a bit.

If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter has about twenty-five per cent. of its heating power, the former about forty-seven per cent.—*Adamsville News*.

A great deal depends upon who sees you put it there.

An interesting story, and one highly characteristic of the dead monarch, clings to one of the wreaths which were placed before the bier of King CHRISTIAN, of Denmark, in the "Garden Room" of the Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen. The wreath bore this message: "From a thankful Snigglebe's boy, 1, Bernstorff Court Park. Thanks to you, my beloved King." Many years ago the sender was a shepherd's boy in the vicinity of Bernstorff, and, in some way, King CHRISTIAN became interested in him and his poor family. From time to time he helped them, and never failed to inquire about the boy when visiting Bernstorff. One day he sent him to the harbor authorities, recommending him for work. The work was given to him, and he is there now in a good situation.

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Palace of King TITUBAN, at Mandalay, recalls the circumstance by which he learned to speak English. His father one day inspected a mission school in Rangoon, and the missionary in charge urged him to encourage the work by sending one of his sons to the school. The King replied that he would be very glad to do so, and asked, "What age should the boy be?"

"About fifteen, your Majesty."

Immediately the King turned to his Prime Minister. "Have I a son of about fifteen?"

"Oh, yes; many, your Majesty," was the reply.

And TITUBAN was selected.

When GEORGE ANN stopped in London on his way in Egypt the English newspaper reporters harried him out and interviewed him. We wonder what GEORGE thought of them. One of them wrote that "Mr. ANN speaks English without the assistance of an interpreter, and in casual conversation, as a *Deity* Mail representative was surprised to find yesterday, uses no slang at all, neither English nor American." If any of explaining the "awful effect," as he expressed it, Mr. "Fables" had had upon Mr. ANDREW LAMU, GEORGE said to the reporters, "I had referred in a restaurant in the Italian quarter of New York as a 'spaghetti joint,' and Mr. LAMU, in his kindly way, was sorry for me, as he pointed out that spaghetti, being well known to every one with the slightest acquaintance with modern languages, a plastic vegetable product, could not be described as a 'joint.'"

The future of the mosquito is clouded in the most tragic gloom now that the American Mosquito Extermination Society is after him, his foot, and, incidentally, after "moral and financial support." In a little pamphlet which cordially invites the recipient to join the society attention is called to a list of more or less alarming membership in the organization. For the small sum of two dollars annually one may become an "active" member, five dollars annually entitles one to the distinction of "sustaining" membership, and for other sums, up to \$1000, the joinder has his choice of "associate," "life member," "patron," or "founder." Contemplation of the inexpensive "active" membership suggests the idea that its purchaser can hope for little more than a wet towel, energized by his own agility, in the glorious work of extermination. The "sustaining" membership suggests anything save extermination, and, in that light, is heresically expensive at five dollars.

The Pope's fondness for boys is well known, and it has served slightly to distinguish one stately American youngster, SPENCER NIXON, the eleven-year-old son of LEOX NIXON, the shipbuilder. To him Pope PIUS X. gave not only an affectionate hug and a blessing but a large silver medal which is his proudest possession. When Mr. NIXON was on his way to build torpedo boats in Russia he stopped in Rome, and, with MRS. NIXON and their son, had a private audience with the Pope. Monignor KENNEDY, President of the American College at Rome, said to them just before their entrance, "when His Holiness sees your boy he will have no eyes whatever for you." And this was well borne out, because as soon as the Pope saw young NIXON he ceased speaking, opened his arms and hugged the boy to his breast. A few minutes later he took one of his chamberlains, bring the medal which he gave the lad with a benediction.

Woodrow Wilson as a Candidate

Some Press Comments

(From the *Atlanta Journal*.)

That was a high compliment paid to Dr. Woodrow Wilson by George Harvey, when, at the Ladies Club dinner to Dr. Wilson, he placed that distinguished educator in nomination for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1908.

The surprise was complete to Dr. Wilson and all the guests, but the latter promptly showed their approval by prolonged and hearty applause. The dinner was in no way political, and of those present probably a majority were Republicans; but, none the less, all voiced their appreciation of the honor done their guest.

Since it is well known that Harvard men talk of President Roosevelt as successor to President Eliot, when Mr. Roosevelt shall leave the White House, this nomination of Dr. Wilson suggests what may prove to be a notable precedent.

If time should indeed bring it about then, then, verily, shall we have come upon a satisfactory solution not only of the problem as to what we shall do with our Presidents, but also of the puzzle as to where shall we look for them.

(From the *Washington Star*.)

George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests President Wilson of Princeton University for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908. Well, why not? That is, if Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Hearst, or some other, is not their faith, is not the card for the contest. In other words, if the Democratic party is not wholly and irreversibly radical, and is willing to make another appeal to the country under conservative leadership, Professor Wilson has claim to consideration.

In 1904 the party turned from the strictly political to the judicial field for its candidate. The play was for conservative support. Mr. Bryan had twice been defeated on a radical platform, and hope of success on that line was faint. So Judge Parker, permeated with the approval of certain Eastern influences, was nominated. He failed. It is true, but not because of his conservatism. His colorlessness was a handicap, and besides, nobody could have defeated Theodore Roosevelt. The facts themselves would have upset any Democratic programme that year.

Now why not turn from both the political and the judicial fields to the field of scholarship? Why not try a distinguished educator, who stands in no field and in all fields for safe things and things of good report? As Mr. Roosevelt is a man of Eastern birth and Western training, Professor Wilson is a man of Southern birth and Eastern training. He is not only a distinguished executive as an educator, but has reputation as a brilliant historian, and he has lived long enough in New Jersey to imbed much of the spirit of that State about practical matters.

Two of the most successful of our early Presidents were scholarly men, who knew books as well as everyday business, and had strong leanings toward the academic shade. Mr. Jefferson, whose great pride it was to have founded the University of Virginia, would have made a perfect president of that, or any other similar institution. And Quincy Adams would have made a perfect president of Harvard University. Henry Clay marvelled at the ability of so bookish a man, who poured himself out so fully in a diary, to grapple familiarly with political affairs.

It might be well for the Democracy, unless it is thoroughly Hymanized, or Hearstized, to nominate Professor Wilson, or some other clean, clear thinker of his class. In the past forty years it has failed with several politicians, an editor, a soldier, and last time with a judge.

(From the *Washington Star*.)

The *Charlotte News and Courier* cordially endorses George Harvey's suggestion of President Wilson of Princeton for President. In commenting on *The Star's* comments on the subject, wherein it was pointed out that Mr. Jefferson and Quincy Adams, each of whom acquired themselves ally in the White House, would have served well in such an office as President Wilson now fills, the esteemed *News and Courier* says:

"According to his lights and for his day Dr. Wilson does not suffer in comparison with either of the great men named. He is capable, he is loyal, he is faithful to the Constitution, and he would make an ideal President. The so-called 'vested interests' would not be afraid of him, and the revolutionary or socialistic wing of the party would have respect for his honesty, however they might differ from him upon questions of policy. Dr. Wilson is a Southern man who is fully known and appreciated in the Northern half of our country. He possesses great executive ability. He is a man of wide reading and fine scholarship, and would make an altogether admirable candidate.

"Why not nominate him? He is sound on the currency question and orthodox in his views of popular government. He is not a selfish lack of regard by political failure, and he would measure up fully to the requirements of the office of President. We do not think he is any such man as Mr. Cleveland—we do not think there is any other such man in this country; but taking him by and large, he would make a fine candidate and an ideal President."

"Not any such man as Mr. Cleveland?" Let us all hope not. Surely the Democratic party does not want another such man as Mr. Cleveland in the White House. He got in the first time by a scratch—the same sort of scratch that landed his young pupil

McClellan in the Mayor's chair in New York for a second term—and at the end of four disastrous years was defeated. He was nominated and elected in 1862 under the management of William C. Whitney, acting for the great corporate interests in New York, and at the end of the four most disastrous years the country had ever known in times of peace the Democratic party was in such a state of discord and demoralization that a rattling stump-speecher, by the aid of our warring deliverance, took complete possession of it, and is still in possession. An educator—even an ordinary educator—ought to be able to beat that. The chances are that President Wilson, with an opportunity, would

but listen to Henry Watterson, a ho, breathing the balmy air of Florida just now, is seeing all things black and making prophecies. In a stimulating up of the political situation for his own party, Mr. Watterson concludes as follows:

"The old Democratic party grew so strong that it was able to make its exit the signal for a bloody war. The Republican party had grown so strong that it thinks it owns the earth, and has measurably lost the fear of God. The people stand at length ripe for a clean sweep. But they must be united on some fighting-line and under some adequate leader, who, whatever else he is, we may make sure will not be a conservative."

In this view of the case President Wilson will not do at all, for his nomination would appeal about all things to the conservative sentiment of the country. Can Mr. Watterson be "united on some fighting-line" with Colonel Harvey and the *News and Courier*?

(From the *New Haven Register*.)

The *Hartford Courant* takes a hand in the movement to persuade the Democratic party to nominate for its next President a college president. It says: "If Colonel Harvey's suggestion about trying their luck in 1908 with a scholar finds favor in the eyes of the Democratic leaders, they are by no means shut up to Colonel Harvey's nominee—Dr. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton. Dr. Eliot of Harvard is a little too old, perhaps, but there's Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, Dean of the Yale Law School, not yet forty-three, and young for his age. He isn't a university president now, but he was. And there's Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, not yet forty-five, and one of the wisest Democrats living. Dr. Rogers is a New Yorker by birth, Dr. Alderman is a North Carolinian." We grow nervous when we are left out of a controversy like this, so even at the risk of limiting in our suggestion that it end in an agreement to have the ticket read: For President, Rogers of Yale; For Vice President, Alderman of the University of Virginia. Platform, the old dog and an appropriation. The latter ought to corral every Republican in sight.

(From the *Charlotte News and Courier*.)

George Harvey is backing Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, for the Democratic nomination for President in 1908. The *Hartford Courant* suggests that Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, may be a little too old, but that Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, Dean of the Yale Law School, is not yet fifty-three years of age, and is young for his years, and it suggests further that Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, not yet forty-five, is "one of the wisest Democrats living." We would very gladly vote for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and we might not offer any serious objection to Dr. Eliot or to Dr. Rogers, but we could not quite stand Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia. If we must have a University President let us draw the line on Alderman and take Woodrow Wilson.

(From the *Baltimore Sun*.)

George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests President Wilson, of Princeton University, for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908. If he can organize the Jersey voters as well as he can drill the freshmen of Yale history, he would be a winning candidate.

(From the *Lowville Tribune*.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests that the Democrats nominate President Wilson, of Princeton, as their next candidate for President. Such a proposition would give Bryan and Hearst, and lots of their followers a shaking up that would be the opposite of gentle.

(From the *Baltimore Sun*.)

George Harvey nominates President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, for President of the United States. This might stop Harvard from getting all the big offices.

(From the *Columbian Journal*.)

The suggestion of HARPER'S WEEKLY to the Democrats to try a scholar for a Presidential nominee next time has created a favorable impression.



The Ruins of a Fire at Panama, said to have been caused by the Fanigation Brigade of the Sanitary Squad during the Fight against Yellow Fever



The Panaynton Brigade of the Sanitary Department at Panama preparing a House for Disinfection

SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE CANAL ZONE

The photographs, which have just been received from Panama, are interesting as showing one of the methods of fanigating houses supposed to be infected by disease. The method is to paste paper over all the cracks in the outer walls of the building, place pots containing insect powder in each room, pour a little alcohol on the powder, touch a match to it, close up the last opening, and leave the house shut up for several hours. The house is then opened again and the air cleared. Each house in the town is fanigated once in two or three weeks. It is hoped that by this means yellow fever will be kept under control.

The Monroe Doctrine and Morocco

By the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge

Senator from Massachusetts, Member of Foreign Affairs Committee

Many persons are asking why this government has taken a hand in the settlement of the Moroccan situation. The following authoritative article by Senator Lodge is at once an answer and an explanation. It answers the protest against the sending of United States delegates to Algiers, and explains the reasons for the presence of the United States at the international conference

THE presence of delegates from the United States at the Moroccan Conference at Algiers has given rise to more or less discussion both in the United States and Europe. The Democratic opposition in the Senate has attacked the administration of President Roosevelt for sending delegates to this conference, while in Europe there has been much speculation as to the reasons for the action of the United States, especially in view of the well-known Monroe Doctrine. The Democratic criticism has proceeded on the theory that the presence of American delegates at Algiers involves the disregard both of Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," and also of the principles laid down in the Monroe Doctrine. The discussion in Europe, on the other hand, seems to be chiefly concerned with the meaning of this participation by the United States in a European conference not wholly commercial in its purposes. The domestic criticism is based upon an erroneous and twisted conception both of Washington's advice and of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, while the foreign speculation seems to be due partly to ignorance of American action toward Morocco in the past and partly to a wrong idea as to the well-settled policy of the United States in regard to its foreign relations. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the very active part taken by the United States in protecting her commerce in the Mediterranean, and the highly efficient and effective war which she waged with the Barbary States more than a century ago should now be forgotten. But it is a little odd that both at home and abroad the fact that the United States in 1803 and again in 1880 joined with the European powers in making treaties with Morocco should apparently be entirely overlooked, for that fact in at once the reason and the precedent for American action at the present time. The treaty of 1803 related to the establishment of a lighthouse under international protection at Cape Spartel, and that of 1880 was an elaborate arrangement for defining the rights and providing for the protection of foreigners in Morocco, and also for opening the ports of Morocco to the subjects and citizens of the signatory powers on terms of the most favored nation. When Moroccan affairs again appeared in the field of international politics as a subject of discussion, and it became necessary to settle the questions which had thus arisen, it was a matter of course that all the signatories to the treaty of 1880 should be invited to take part, and the United States was accordingly asked by the Sultan of Morocco to send

delegates to Algiers. In fact, it was understood that some of the signatories of 1880 refused to accept the invitation unless all were asked, and especially unless the United States was invited. There is, therefore, nothing new or startling in the fact that the United States should have been asked to take part in a conference to settle the affairs of Morocco, for this was merely the continuance of a policy which had been in existence for more than forty years. The United States had very naturally shared in the previous conferences and treaties because the protection of her citizens and of her commercial interests in Morocco was involved. Now that the commercial relations of Morocco with the rest of the world are again in question, the United States, in view of her previous action, could neither be excluded from a conference to settle this question, nor would it have been right for her to absent herself. The point made, however, by those in America who oppose this action by the United States is that the Morocco Conference involves military and political questions as well as commercial, and that the great powers of Europe are deeply concerned in these military and political differences, which are so serious as even to threaten war. There is really nothing in this point which should cause any objection to the presence of the United States at Algiers, and even the briefest consideration of the foreign policy of the United States will show the soundness of this assertion.

Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," so much invoked against permitting the United States to share in the Algiers Conference, was due to the trouble which had been caused by the treaty of alliance between France and the United States made when the American colonies were engaged in the War of Independence against England. When the French revolution involved France in war with the other European powers and with Great Britain, she insisted that the United States was bound to take part with her in these hostilities. Washington's administration held that the treaty with France bound the United States only in case of defensive war, and that the war in which France was then engaged was offensive, but this decision and the neutrality policy adopted by Washington in consequence of it were very unpopular in the United States, and led to many serious difficulties. It was with these facts strongly in his mind that Washington, in his farewell address, laid down so strongly the proposition that the United States should hold itself free from all "entangling alliances," and to the policy thus imposed upon his countrymen by



The Delegates to the Moroccan Conference in Session in the City Hall at Algiers



The Duke of Alameda del Rio

The Duke of Alameda del Rio, President of the Moroccan Conference

the first President the United States has ever since rigidly adhered. It is not worth while to discuss whether this policy, strictly enforced, is abstractly wise or not. The American people for more than a hundred years have not only believed in its wisdom, but have faithfully observed it, and there is an probability that it will ever or ought ever to be departed from.

The Monroe Doctrine, which was the recollection of Washington's neutrality policy, declared, broadly speaking, that Europe must not interfere with the governments established in America, and that no portion of the American hemisphere was open to any further colonization. It also reiterated the allegiance of the country to the doctrine of Washington as expressed in the policy of neutrality and in the avoidance of "entangling alliances." The policy of Washington, however, does not in the least exclude, and never has been held to exclude, the United States from agreements with one or more European powers as to matters affecting trade and commerce, or from international conventions which are entered into for the improvement of conditions in war, or for the promotion of the world's peace. The following list of treaties with European powers and of international agreements upon such subjects shows by the mere enumeration what the attitude of the United States has been in this respect for many years. In 1803 the United States joined with certain countries of Europe in a general treaty as to tariff duties on the river Scheldt. In 1806 she joined with France, Great Britain, and the Netherlands in a tariff treaty with Japan. In 1809 she made a joint treaty with Germany and Great Britain for the settlement of the Siam question. The United States joined in international conventions in 1834 relating to navigation in time of war; again in 1868 on the same subject; in 1875 on weights and measures; in 1883 as to industrial property; in 1884 as to submarine cables; in 1886 as to the exchange of official documents; in 1890 as to customs tariffs; in 1890 as to the African slave trade; in 1893 in a general treaty for the exclusion of spirituous liquors from Africa; in 1901 she was one of the signers of the protocol with China as to the Boxer trouble, and in 1909 united in all the Hague conventions. Any other policy, indeed, than that disclosed by these treaties and conventions would be childish in the extreme, and Washington, who was not only a great statesman but one of the wisest of men, would have been the last to suggest that the principle laid down by him in his farewell address was so foolish as to exclude the United States from such agreements as those just enumerated.

The theory that the Monroe Doctrine shuts us out from participation in any European engagement of any kind whatever is equally unfounded. The Monroe Doctrine is not international law. It is the policy of the United States which exists because the United States maintains it, and proposes to maintain it by force if necessary. It commands assent primarily by the support of the United States, and also, as the American people believe, by its own intrinsic reasonableness. The Monroe Doctrine is the balance-of-power policy applied to the Western Hemisphere, and the United States will uphold it as the balance of power is upheld by the nations of Europe, and because it is essential to her own peace

and safety. But the fact that we do not permit Europe to interfere in affairs which solely concern the American continents is no reason why we should not make with the powers of Europe such agreements as have been described affecting trade or commerce or the peace of the world. If we were to seek for territorial possessions in Europe, or if we were to engage ourselves in European alliances which might involve us in war, then indeed we should violate both the policy of Washington and of the Monroe Doctrine, let us have not done and have no intention of doing either. We seek no territory anywhere and desire none, least of all in Europe. For strategic reasons we were ready to buy the Danish Islands a few years ago, and are ready to do so now. But when Denmark, yielding to outside pressure, declined to ratify the treaty we found so fault. We are perfectly content that Denmark should retain her islands, but it must be distinctly understood that if she sells we are the only purchaser, and the attempt of any other power to take those islands or other American territory especially on the Caribbean Sea, or along the route of the canal, would be regarded by the American people as practically an act of war. I repeat, we seek no territory anywhere, we desire none; in Europe it could not be forced upon us, and our only purpose in any dealings relating to European affairs would be to protect our own commercial interests and to advance the cause of peace and good will among the nations. We do not pretend to be more disinterested or unselfish than our neighbors, but in the nature of things, so far as Europe is concerned, our objects can only be peace, commerce, and good relations. We are at Algiers because we are signatories to the previous treaties, and because our commercial interests are involved in the settlement of the recent differences. It is also true that the influence of the United States will be used, as it was used last June when the Moroccan troubles began, for the promotion of the world's peace, and this also, is no departure either from the policy of the farewell address or from the Monroe Doctrine. Under the Hague Convention, to which the United States was a signatory, each nation has the right to offer its good offices for the settlement of differences between other signatory nations. President Roosevelt exercised this right last summer to bring about a conclusion of the war between Russia and Japan. His brilliant success commanded the admiration and gratitude not only of his own countrymen but of the world. It would be a melancholy thing indeed if the moral influence of the United States could not be exerted for such a purpose. It is in conformity to this same policy that the influence of the United States has been used hitherto in the Moroccan question, and will be used again at Algiers to prevent war, if there is any danger of it, between two great powers, both friends of the United States, the conflict between whom would be a most dire misfortune which would roll down upon the aggressor the reproach of civilized mankind.

This is the whole case so far as the United States at Algiers is concerned. The appearance there of the American delegates is in strict conformity with the attitude which the United States

(Continued on page 332.)

MY BAGGAGE-CAMEL

By GILBERT WATSON



PLEASANTLY preeminent among trivial memories connected with the desert stands the recollection of my baggage-camel. Never will I forget her. She was the first camel I could truthfully call my own. The sum paid for the privilege of her society was exceedingly small—I doubt if she were even aware of it—yet when it disappeared into the capot of her master's burmes I verily with a new born importance. The insignificant handful of silver purchased for me the pleasure of possession and the exclusive service of four unwearied legs.

From the first moment I fell a willing victim to her fascinations. Wherein lay the secret of her charm I am unable to state, for although she courted interest, yet she defied analysis. Her power of attention, her deep, ill-dissimulated, her reserve, her pride, her modest demureness, her virginal strange air—all contributed to produce this effect.

Yet her mental attitude made even more directly for dominant charm than did her physical qualities. In a word, she understood men. She knew that to retain their interest a lady must ever practice a delicate shrewdness, and that satirist lurked in the completeness of comprehension.

I never inquired her age. Truth to tell, I never wished to do so. To have known her to be six, or sixteen, or sixty would have dispelled an illusion. And yet, there were moments when some unbidden prejudice—as, for instance, her insouciance of smoking—led me to believe that she had seen life in the dawn of the criminal.

Nature had not treated her well. It had withheld from her the joys of motherhood. No little son or daughter trusted beside her, rejoicing her heart with imitations of grown up staidness. Yet, with her, love of babies was almost an infatuation. When some infantile camel strayed in her direction she invariably made clumsy overtures of affection. Her dark, unfathomable eyes, usually so repellent, would rest upon the little one with unusual softness, and bending her head she would lick the soft fur of its neck with a gentle tongue. When interrupted by the approach of the real mother she would feign indifference, but no one who had seen her tenderness could be deceived or could fail to sympathize with the lonely heart seeking in vain for something to love.

Balked in the outpourings of natural affection, she assumed a moroseness which I felt was foreign to her nature; the sneer upon her upper lip and the supercilious pose of her head being but sand cast in the eyes of the world. Nor could the stores of her affection be entirely concealed. Like every mother maidenly she lavished her devotion upon an object quite unworthy of the honor. No lap-dog or cat or even parrot being available, she unwisely chose the thing she knew best—the desert. The pathos of it! The one sole the empty, childless heart, and on the other the great inhuman desert. The one professed her all, naïvely, ungrudgingly, almost unreasonably—the other accepted it with an indifferent yet glacial indifference, as if it were a

thing too insignificant to merit attention. Yet she loved it. She loved its immensities, its profound sunlight, its dense noons, its luminous nights. She loved to be for hours upon its warm breast; to feel the gyre of its sand beneath her feet; to look up in the night-watches and see its stars; to wake in the morning and anticipate its sun. I often wondered if in her dim, inarticulate way she were conscious of the similitude that linked them together—both were desolate, both were barren. And so the years passed; and day in, day out, she stalked through the sunlight, a lonely and disappointed old maid.

It was perhaps but a link in the chain of irony that the outward should unwearily give the lie to the inward—that she should possess the dignity of a grand duchess and masquerade in the costume of a scarecrow. The fact is indisputable. She had the disreputable appearance of a camel covered with the cast-off garments of others. A draggled bon from one, a scrap of petticoat from another, a suspender and a suspicion of a stocking from a third. It was sorely decent. And yet, such, triumph of innocence!—she stood before you as unabashed as though she were clad in all the furs of Africa. Her well-bred disregard of the obvious was inimitable. I admired this trait in her immensely. No woman of fashion but would have envied her.

A few remarks upon her personal appearance may not be out of place. Her tail attracted but little attention. She carried it with excessive modesty, neither flaunting it in the face of male camels, nor yet—by allowing it to hang motionless—leading them to suppose that its presence was necessary to her self-respect. Such was her marvellous discretion that the superficial observer was almost tempted to believe that she was unconscious of its existence—in fact, that she had made up her mind to put it behind her forever.

Old maids divide themselves naturally in either of two classes—the first, plump as peaches; the second, anatomical as trees. My baggage-camel belonged to the latter category. She was as lean as her Arab master, a thing of mere whistling and whiplash. She was but a few square yards of second-hand skin stretched over a framework of bones. When beaten she gave forth a muffled roll-call that sounded pitiable in the silence of the desert. You could trace her skeleton with your forefinger as unerringly as though she had already suffered amputation. Perhaps, more than any other trait, that was what condemned her to single-mindedness. Camels dislike skeletons—of camels, be it understood for I have reason to believe that the sight of a human skeleton is peculiarly comforting to them. From it they evolve the system of camel philosophy that sustains them in the hour of forced marches, and finds expression in such thoughts as—“All men are bones,” and—“While there is death, there is hope.” But a camel skeleton, more essentially a living one, awakens aversion. A collection of animated feather bones, to borrow Indianism a name, if my disport itself, appears to no prompting of sex; it leaves them cold, and they unobtrusively remain it to the proverbial enigma. Metaphorically speaking, no camel posed an unappreciated existence in the darkness of a camel cupboard.

But to notice her face was to forget her body. There was that in her expression that took you back to times pre-



Her intolerance of smoking led her to habits that she had no life as the dawn of the criminal.

historic—that set you to wondering—that almost made you afraid. As you looked into her eyes their strange supernatural beauty held you speechless, so full were they of inexpressible thoughts. Hostility brooded there, pride also, and more than all else a depth of liquid melancholy that touched ground only on the dark rocks of sorrow. I may be thought to exaggerate, but I pledge my word that the recollection of those unhappy eyes haunts me even now.

Our first and last step towards intimacy took place upon the fourth night after we left Biskra. How well I recall that camp in the Algerian Sahara; my little tent of felt goat-skins pitched as usual where darkness found us, the fire of camel-dung sending its thin perpendicular smoke into the air, the picturesque group flamed by the camels and my two retainers, waiting in attitudes of impatient patience for the approach of sleep, and on every side the great, wide, encompassing mystery of the desert.

Stretched upon my little framework of a bed I had fallen asleep. How long I slept I know not. But suddenly I was recalled to consciousness by a current of warm air fanning my face. I roused myself with a start. The tent was plunged in a sort of moving blackness, the opening through which I was accustomed to see the stars being a blur of shifting masses. The current of hot wind continued to fan me, but feebly, and as though the source from which it came were swaying to and fro immediately above my face. With every breath, the hair raised itself upon my head, and for a moment I lay motionless in a state of horrible anticipation. Tales of Arabian Nights rushed to my mind—of Djinn commissioned to remove gentlemen from their innocent beds at midnight and transport them at immense speed over starlit continents to the chambers of expectant ladies. Fear fell upon me. Was this such a Djinn? But I alarmed myself needlessly, for the intruder, shifting ground, revealed three slender legs curled by moonlight. The stump of a fourth made matters still plainer. The riddle was solved; it was the baggage-camel. The poor lady, prevented by her hobble from keeping herself warm with exercise, had sought the shelter of my tent. The situation, however, was sufficiently disconcerting—say, more, it was dangerous. My visitor was half within my little dwelling. The post-kins creaked ominously. Another step and my tent would be but a palquin devastating her hump. What was to be done? Was it possible to frighten her? I could but try.

"Humph!" exclaimed the baggage-camel; and she strove to induce that portion of her anatomy to follow the example of her neck. The tent rocked dangerously.

Many and vain were the devices I had recourse to. I called aloud, awakening no response from my sleeping guide; I threatened my visitor with boots, but had not the heart to throw them. At last I bethought me of the whistling noise with which her master was in the habit of inducing her to lie down. It was a brilliant idea and I put it into immediate execution. Sitting up in bed I whistled in desperation. I whistled like a bullfinch—I whistled like a very nightingale. The camel was evidently much impressed. She at once ceased her struggles with my tent and lent a wondering ear to my music. She had the appearance of meditating. The sounds doubtless awoke familiar trains of thought.



Her face of beads was stamped on infatuation

Murmurs of former prostrations preceded by just such unaccountable noises glimmered through her mind. It was evidently the hour for lying. Thus it had happened many times before—but never at midnight—never in a tent. Her attitude encouraged me. I continued to whistle with ever-greater enthusiasm. For a while the camel stood immovable as a statue, a lively interrogation in every limb; then, very slowly and as if under compulsion, she sank to her knees, drooped her long neck, and finally lay prone in the dust.

To say that I was pleased gives but a poor impression of my state of mind. I was jubilant. It was not so much the saving of my tent that delighted me as the fact that she, a baggage-camel of much experience, had actually mistaken me for an Arab.

It was very peaceful. She lay beside me without moving, her head within, her body without the tent. Her supercilious nose touched the foot of my camp-bed—her hump shone pleasantly in the moonlight. The novelty of the experience delighted me. Never before had I slept with a baggage-camel. Cheerful thoughts animated my mind. I was glad that she had come to me for shelter—glad, too, that she had not carried away the shelter with her. The better to see her I lit a watch and guided in her direction with the utmost friendliness. She, however, was to outward appearances actuated by no such amiable thoughts. Her expression was one of austere and uncompromising superiority. A cold sneer curled her upper lip. Her mischievous eyes said plainly: "I accept the shelter of your tent, but be it distinctly understood that I will permit of no further familiarity between us—Bismillah! I have spoken." But I was not deceived. She had sought me out. She could not really dislike me. I even go to the length of believing that somewhere in her cold camel-heart she nourished a smothered affection for me—an affection that she considered as unbecomingly, and which induced her to rush into opposite extremes. With my eyes fixed on her companionably hump I drifted into sleep.

But the next day there was a sad awakening. The camel had gone when I opened my eyes, and the little black ante ran to and fro over the dust of her bed. This I expected, but I did not expect when I rejoined her later to be treated with coldness. By the prophet, she all but ignored me! She even turned an indifferent tail in my direction! Her one aim and object appeared to consist in keeping our friendship a secret from the world.

Still I often wondered, and she really forgotten our night in the tent?—her one lapse from aloofness?—her one kindly indication? It appeared so. For once, when pressing on past favors, I laid an affectionate hand upon her, she shuddered as though I were fly alighting upon a worm. I was grievously disappointed. I had hoped for something far otherwise. But it was not to be: in the future we met as mere acquaintances—almost as strangers.



She had mistaken me for an Arab



Keir Hardie



William Crooks



John Burns

Three Labor Leaders who are now prominent in English political life

The Labor Party in England

By Sydney Brooks

Lesson, January 1920.

WHAT we witnessed in the election just past, according to Mr. Keir Hardie, the well-known English Labor leader, "is the beginning of a revolution that will remodel political parties and disturb the foundations of political faiths. The struggle for supremacy between the disaffected toiling millions and their lords and masters was bound to come, and it is here, and its rate of progress will depend to a large extent on the spirit in which the Labor party performs its work in the House of Commons. The political conditions of the moment are favorable to its advancement. Both the great historic parties are broken and distraught by discordant elements in their own ranks, a fact which gives the new party an opening, of which, I venture to predict, it will make the most."

The most remarkable thing about the election was, that its predominant issue was protection versus free trade—a question that no one in England for at least a generation has thought it conceivable that he should be called to pronounce upon. But next to that, its most remarkable feature was the number of Labor candidates taking part in it. There were between eighty and ninety of them. Nobody expected that all or half of them would be returned; but those who have survived the ordeal of the polls are destined, I believe, to be the nucleus of what may develop into the mightiest of all English political organizations. They will be an absolutely independent party, unswayed, like the Irish Nationalists, by a single collective mind, forming temporary alliances with, but never merging themselves in, either the Liberals or the Conservatives, preserving both parties in turn, and guided both in policy and tactics by the sole objective of winning from Parliament the measures inscribed on the Labor programme. The old Nationalist game of complete abstinence, tempered by occasional cooperation for particular purposes, is to be played this time by an English party not inferior to the Nationalists either in capacity, determination, or resources.

Almost for the first time we are faced by the fact that the English working-man, with seven-tenths of the voting power in his hands, is becoming conscious of his opportunities, and is resolute to use them for his own ends. What has hitherto hindered the growth of that consciousness has been, above everything else, the social instinct. As a rule, the English laboring classes have preferred to be represented in Parliament by their social superiors. Mr. Crooks, the Labor member for Woolwich, recognized this quite frankly. "In spite," he said, "of the existence of what I believe is an earnest desire for labor legislation, Labor candidates must be prepared to live down the strange prejudice workmen have against their own class. In seeking election the ordinary candidate can come straight from his university with an other qualification than his educational career, his money, or his family influence, with some prospect of success. . . . On the other hand, what is good for the university goes is not considered good enough for the Labor leader. Notation or other the workman candidate is expected to have at least a record of fifteen years' experience in practical public work of a local character as a necessary apprenticeship for the important work of Parliament. Effective as this will prove in securing efficiency in the Labor party, it necessarily limits the area of selection for the next few years, during which period the education of the people must form a prominent part in the political training of the candidate."

The Independent Labor party was born in 1903. One of its founders described its birth as "the natural result of a continual revolt among disenchanted of electors tired and disgusted by the eternal see-saw of the professional politicians. They rose with indignation from questions of total impotence to the happiness of us all are tossed about from one another with the dexterity of a juggler." Several big strikes, such as the dock strike of 1888,

and later on the coal strike which Lord Rosebery adjusted, helped to swell the disgust with the inactivity of party politics. A strong desire made itself felt for the creation of a new and independent party whose primary object should be the forcing on of social reforms. That desire was realized in 1903, and an Independent Labor party, infinitely to the dismay of official Liberalism, came into being. At the general election of 1905 it ran twenty-eight candidates of its own, all of whom were defeated. I well remember that when the defeat of the leader and prime mover in the new party was announced, the Liberal papers and the Liberal clubs affected to regard it as the equivalent of a Liberal victory. In 1906, the Khaki election, the Independent Labor party showed a largely increased following, and in one case succeeded in winning a seat from a Liberal Imperialist. But it did not become a really formidable organization until it had attracted the support of the English trades-unions. The trades-unions had often put forward and elected their own candidates to Parliament, but these candidates had stood not as independents, but as Liberals or Conservatives as the case might be. The trades-unions were about equally divided in their allegiance between the old parties, and the idea of electing an independent and purely Labor party had barely more than occurred to them. In 1907, however, came the famous decision of the House of Lords declaring that trades-unions might be sued and that picketing was illegal. To upset that decision it soon became evident that a party directly representing labor and holding equally aloof from either Liberals or Conservatives would be by far the most efficient, if not the only, instrument. The trades-unions consequently found themselves in unexpected sympathy with the Independent Labor party. An amalgamation of forces took place, and out of it there arose the Labor Representation Committee.

The Labor Representation Committee, in its own words, is "a federation of trades-unions, trades-councils, the Independent Labor party, and the Fabian Society. Cooperative societies are also eligible for membership." Its object is "to secure, by united action, the election to Parliament of candidates promoted, in the first instance, by an affiliated society or societies in the constituency, who undertake to form or join a distinct group in Parliament, with its own whip and its own policy on labor questions, to abstain strictly from identifying themselves with, or promoting the interests of, any section of the Liberal or Conservative party, and not to oppose any other candidate recognized by this committee." There are in Great Britain some 2,200,000 enrolled trades-unions; of these about 900,000 are already affiliated to the Labor Representation Committee. The various cooperative societies have also a membership of over 2,600,000, and there, too, are beginning to join the movement, and must eventually abandon their present policy of trying to elect candidates of their own. Of the Independent Labor party there are 16,000 members, and of the Fabian Society about 1000. Altogether not far short of a million voters are affiliated to the Labor Representation Committee. Each society forming the organization pays to the committee for working expenses ten shillings a year for each thousand members, and a shilling a year is collected from every member and devoted to a Labor Representation Fund. The committee has thus an annual income of over £20,000 for working expenses, and of about £250,000 for the election and maintenance of members of Parliament. It pays part of the election expenses of all candidates who stand under its auspices, and gives them £1000 a year while they are in Parliament.

A party that can dispose of such resources as these, as Mr. Keir Hardie rightly maintains, very much more solidly based than either the Church movement of sixty years ago, or the great Radical movement of the Reform bill of 1832. Indeed, in it is so weighty that it no longer troubles to agitate for the state payment of members of Parliament. This demand has left all

(Continued on page 51.)

Why We Need a Bigger Navy

By Walter Scott Meriwether

To supplement the comparisons of the navies of the great powers of the world, which are given in figures in the article below, the reader is referred to the double-page drawing in this number, which shows graphically the relative sizes of the navies based upon their tonnage.

It did not require Kaiser Wilhelm's recent dictum to prove that the best insurance against war is the possession of a powerful navy, but since that utterance of his has attracted so much attention, it may be interesting to show the amount of such insurance which each nation now carries.

According to a recent edition by Representative George E. Foss, chairman of the House Naval Committee, our naval appropriation act for the current year carried \$100,000,000, and yet on the basis of per capita this is a little more than \$1 for each man, woman, and child in the country. It is only about 4 per cent. of our foreign trade during the past year, which amounted to about \$2,500,000,000. It is 14 per cent. of our annual governmental expenditures, a low percentage that was expended upon the navy one hundred years ago. It is only one-tenth of 1 per cent. of our national wealth. It is about one-third of what this country annually expends on premiums on fire-insurance, yet one hostile ship of war swooping to New York's harbor approaches could start a work of destruction that would bankrupt every insurance company here and abroad, while the amount of damage she could cause would be more than sufficient to maintain for more than one hundred years a navy three as big as the one we now possess.

There will be many to assert that this is impossible—many to contend that no nation has fleets powerful enough to force an entrance past the batteries which guard New York. Thanks to the people which the Spanish-American war brought to the seaboard citizen and which was reflected in the halls of legislation, that is doubtless true, but what should be if the coalition of powers against this republic? That is not inconceivable and, according to one well-known English observer, not even unlikely.

"It is only the knowledge that the sea barrier is impenetrable," writes Lieutenant Carleton Beals, of the Royal Navy, "which will effectively prevent the expanding Teutonic, Slavonic, and Latin races of Europe from contemplating aggression on the American continent. If unable to do so singly, nothing but sea power will prevent them from trying to effect their purpose in combination."

But protestants will say that there is nowhere viable any concert against this republic, and that in all likelihood the only other wars in which this country is ever to engage again will be the savage ones of peace. Yet it is only a few years ago since these pacifists were ringing their little parish bells over the demise of war, and at the same time—this being in 1897—our officials were high in the administration of the affairs of this country were strenuously assuring the earnest advocates of stronger armaments that there would never be another war. Since then the war drums have thrashed three over, and so anent was the hue of those alas of omission that part of Congress which, at the opening of the Spanish-American war, had left the country in such an appalling state of defencelessness, that there were many in the navy to earnestly rejoice over the panic of seaboard citizens, and to a unit these and many more have since adhered to the faith that if the fifty millions harshly appropriated by Congress directly after the Maine disaster had been previously appropriated for the upbuilding of the navy there would never have been a Spanish-American war, and along the coast line there would never have been imagined such "heavy firings" as disturbed the peace of the coastwise folk during the early days of that conflict.

But there are now signs of an awakening to the changed requirements of the country, and the Congress which has always been without a policy in regard to naval construction, saving that one of general antipathy to the navy and its needs, has recently granted considerable to the much-neglected service, but always in a grudging way, contentedly paying appropriations to pressing needs, and further nullifying the good intentions of those who would have a navy which, unit for unit, would be superior to any other; by setting a limitation on the size of vessels to be built, and, as in the case of the recently authorized Mississippi and Idaho, setting it so low below the standard that other nations are constructing that both of these battleships may be classed as waste products, ships that may be overtaken by obsolescence almost before they are commissioned.

It is to be hoped that the lessons from the war in the East, which are now conceded to read that the bigger ship, with its greater protection, superior speed, and more powerful battery, for outclassing in all three of these important factors the smaller, weaker-protected, and less-armed antagonist, will be taken to heart by those hardy tars and eminent naval constructors who form the Naval committees of the Upper and Lower House. For one needs only to glance at the vast contracts which we have taken as a world power to realize that our naval responsibilities of the future are second only to those of Great Britain. Since our recent accession to this high place in the world's affairs we have assumed, and have had thrust upon us, some immense liabilities in New and Old World policies. Specifically in the Far East do the most thoughtful now find a situation which leads them to unhesitatingly champion the rapid upbuilding of a strong navy. There, also, is the Panama Canal and the commercial expansion which will inevitably follow the opening of the isthmus which cuts the way; and not the least among our responsibilities is the self-imposed one of the Monroe Doctrine, a formula which does not rest on any law of nations, but on our ability to maintain it. In

the opinion of many observers our ability to enforce this doctrine and our chances of maintaining peace with the rest of the world depend solely on our navy programme.

"How many battle-ships," a distinguished American naval authority was recently asked, "should we have to be insured against aggression?"

"Seventy," he replied. "If we are to be prepared to defend our own against all comers, we must have sixteen battle-ships along the Atlantic coast, twenty-four for the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, sixteen on the Pacific coast, and sixteen in Philippine waters. We may never get them, but if we are to put up the front of a world power, the time may come when we will need them."

Build and building this country now has only twelve battleships built and thirteen others in course of construction. This country's present showing of total naval strength places it fourth in the list of sea powers, and it would now be fifth but for Russia's enforced recession from third place. According to a table prepared by Captain Seaton Schroeder, Chief Intelligence Officer of the Navy, the present relative order of war-ship tonnage of the eight first-class powers is as follows:

Navies	Tonnage
Great Britain	1,337,692
France	614,645
Germany	415,824
United States	390,428
Italy	361,411
Japan	353,401
Russia	225,760
Austria	112,336

But it is gratifying to learn from the same authority that when present building programmes have been completed this country will have moved to third place, and close to that second place where political economists believe she rightfully belongs. This would be the relative order were vessels now building completed:

Navies	Tonnage
Great Britain	1,499,138
France	798,365
United States	688,973
Germany	589,100
Russia	537,628
Holy	325,222
Japan	304,801
Austria	151,626

By battle-ships of the first class the ranking is:

Navies	Number	Tonnage
Great Britain	53	714,900
France	19	212,580
Germany	16	176,572
Italy	13	162,314
United States	12	137,329
Russia	7	82,849
Japan	5	70,516

Next in effectiveness to the battle-ship is ranked the armored cruiser. Of this type each country has now the following number:

Navies	Number	Tonnage
Great Britain	24	248,800
France	10	154,452
Japan	8	72,738
United States	6	72,235
Italy	6	39,145
Germany	4	37,040
Russia	3	30,222
Austria	2	11,320

Excluding vessels over twenty years old, those not actually begun, although authorized, gunboats, and other vessels of less than 1000 tons, transports, colliers, repair-ships, and torpedo craft of less than 50 tons, the present war-ship tonnage of the various powers is as follows:

Navies	Built	Building	Total
Great Britain	1,337,692	358,153	1,695,845
France	614,645	181,320	795,965
Germany	415,824	173,260	589,100
United States	390,428	302,545	688,973
Italy	361,411	46,810	408,221
Japan	353,401	31,490	384,891
Russia	225,760	110,818	336,578
Austria	112,336	39,290	151,626

Throughout the progress of the war in the East it was interesting to note how the eyes of the world were cast on Great Britain, and how eager were all maritime nations to gain a hint as to what her future building programme would be. As the Japanese were her ally, it was clear that she would be first to have the benefit of the lessons which that conflict taught. It is now highly instructive to learn that the British Admiralty has just planned the biggest of battle-ship, one designed to carry

(Continued on page 41.)



Power (battle ship, to war)
Austria Russia

Japan

COMPARISON OF THE STRENGTH OF THE

The men-of-war in the drawing above are shown in dimensions relative to the tonnage of the vessels of the nation whose flag it flies. The drawing represents all the vessels of all classes in the navy of the nation whose flag it flies. The many, United States, Italy, Japan, Russia, and Austria. The reader is referred to the accompanying text for further details.



From left to right: ship in center, Italy; ship on right, United States; ship on left, Germany.

THE EIGHT GREAT NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD

They represent. The type chosen for the comparison is the first-class battle-ship, but each one is a war-ship in name of the eight first-class powers is: Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, United States, Russia, and Austria-Hungary. Comprehensive article on the naval strength of the powers of the world on page 337 of this issue.



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XIV

THE DOOR OF THE OLD

ODOR AGAIN

SHE saw no more of Buchanan that day, for she remained in-doors, locked into her own chamber, all the afternoon and evening, taking no food, repulsing the anxious, kindly maid who came from hour to hour to knock at the door.

And the God to whom she prayed so desperately held aloof—would send her no sign, show her no way.

"He'll have none of me!" she said to herself at nightfall. "He's done with me. He will not hear." Then she shut her teeth and prayed again—almost with threats.

"You've got to help!" she said, fiercely. "You've got to let me save Harry Faring. If you don't I shall know that all the talk about 'mercy' and 'forgiveness' and 'long-suffering' is lies, lies, lies. Harry Faring has done nothing to you. You shall punish him for what I've done!"

At some late hour of the night she fell into an uneasy sleep, crouching, dressed, beside a window, and, after evil dreams, awakened in the gray of the morning white, hollow-eyed, unrefreshed.

And God still held aloof.

With her breakfast came word from the old Scots gardener that he wished to speak to her. She had him brought in, and the man's dark face was crimson with wrath.

"Ye mean rid me o' yon doberlein milt weill, mon?" he burst forth. "I mean thae him an' ather day. The Lord may ha' made the pair loon witless, an' for that I hae pity, but the Lord or sunnast else has made him murtherous as well. He's jist past bearin'. I mean, ha' in among yae poovie. Ye'll hae tae cast him out the gate."

"I will come out presently," she said. "Do nothing until I come. Only—we must not be hard upon this—poor man. He is not himself." And she gave a little, bitter, very smile at the phrase. He was not himself indeed!

When she went into the garden later neither the old Scotsman nor the wreck of Herbert Buchanan was in sight. She walked down past the roses and past the still pool into the walled and hedged enclosure where old-fashioned flowers grew in an orderly tangle. Here she came upon a great watering-pot set heedlessly down, as in malice, upon a bed of spike pinks. The odorous little blossoms were crushed flat under its heavy bulk. She gave a cry of angry protest and dragged the thing out into the gravel path.

The Russian hound came whining and larking joyfully to meet her. The beast was as evidently hurt in feelings, if not in body, as a human being could have been. Every attitude bespoke indignation. Then on the farther height—the hillock where Phryne looked over garden and sea—came one moved, and Beatrice, the dog at her heels, went up the mounting path to the little open pavilion.

Herbert Buchanan sat there, staring out across the rugged moor where blue waves curled crisp under the morning sun. He rose politely when he saw her approaching, and pulled off his battered Panama hat. The old maid beamed ever from him—deprecating, apologetic, asking pardon, as it were, for his coming of the earth. Surely there could be no malice in the man, nothing but a foolish, witless good-nature.

"The gardener," said Beatrice, "seems a bit disturbed. Did you not get on well together? Of course I understand that the work is new to you."

"Why, yes, ma'am!" said Herbert Buchanan. "Yes, ma'am, we get on fine. He seems to be a sort of a cross old man. He doesn't like it when I has to step on the flowers sometimes—but we gets on fine. Oh yes, ma'am! And that little hound that you gives me, all by myself, that's fine too. I don't know when

I sleeps better than I sleeps these last night. I doesn't cough so much when I sleeps in a proper bed. It ain't so damp like."

The Russian hound thrust forward a suspicious nose and the man put out one of his hands towards it, but the dog at once drew back, growling, and retreated behind his mistress's skirts.

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried. "Why should Sergei act like that? Yesterday he seemed so—friendly towards you." The dog continued to growl, and she soothed it with one hand and spoke to it.

"Have you been hurting the dog?" she demanded, sharply. "Have you done anything to him?"

Buchanan broke into a little tittering laugh.

"I haven't done nothing to him, ma'am," he said. "I only kicked at him a bit to see him growl. He grows so ridiculous! And I put a bit of pepper on his nose, when I has my breakfast this morning, to see if he'll sneeze. I haven't hurt him none."

"Beatrice shut her lips very tight. Was this the only thing left of that Herbert Buchanan who used to be—this instinct to harm things, to torture, to inflict hurt?"

She sat down upon one of the curving benches which were there and fell into a brooding silence.

What to do?

"God has turned from me," she said. "He has done with me. He will not help. I must work alone. What shall I do?" Blindly she clung to her early decision. The man must be kept under her eye. He must not be lost. What was to be done further she did not know. No plan offered itself, and her mind was an aching darkness. She had thought once of an institution, an asylum where Buchanan might be cared for and guarded, but there was danger in that—the previous examination by keen medical men, possible discovery, and the consequent ruin of all things. She abandoned that scheme. It was not safe. And yet no other presented itself.

Messable something within her, morbid, unsteady, exalted in the face of peril, stirred her always to delving into that wrecked and shattered mind. How much might he be forced into remembering? What were the possibilities of recollection coming again to him, full, unimpaired? It was the same instinct which dragged a murderer back in the wake of his crime—dared him to court suspicion and possible discovery.

She turned her slow gaze to the man beside her, and he looked back, blinking amiably, the foolish smile spreading across his worried face.

"I think I shall walk across the hills," she said, "to a house just out of sight yonder, a house in which I need to live. It is not far—two miles, possibly. Would you care to come with me?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," said Herbert Buchanan. "Yes, ma'am, I'd like to do that. I don't like being still in one place for very long. It's foolish. There's so many places to go to—and all different. Yes, ma'am, I'd like very much for you to go."

"Come, then!" she said. "We will go at once."

They went back down the little hill and through the gardens, for Beatrice had to step in at the house to get a hat. At the garden porch she came upon the doctor from the neighboring village—a bustling, cheery man, small and round and pink-checked. He had called to dress an injured arm for one of the maids. He paused a moment to greet Mrs. Faring and say something polite about her garden. Then he hurried out to his waiting dogcart.

Beatrice let her go a few yards and called him back. "The dog is a moron," she said. "He's a moron. The man turned back with civility, pleased to be spoken to, for he stood much in awe of Mrs. Faring. Privately, he considered her the most beautiful woman in existence, and in his humble, harmless

fashion worshipped her as one might worship a lovely and very regal queen—from a great distance.

"Anything farther that I can—that I can do, madam?" he said, going a little pinker and gazing up at her from the path below. It was not what he had meant to say. He was always thinking afterwards of well-turned phrases which he might have used to her—phrases fit for her splendor—but here to face with her he was ever a stammering imbecile.

"You—you are perhaps a little palled down by the heat?" he ventured when she did not at once go on, but only stood frowning out over his head. "Not quite yourself—perhaps?"

"No," said Mrs. Faring. "I am—quite fit, thank you. It is about some one else that I wished to ask you. A—friend has sent a man to me, asking me to give him work. I am troubled about him because he has a bad cough—very bad, I think. Perhaps he—ought to have medical attention. Could you examine him for me—as a very great favor? I know you are very busy," she said, smiling down upon him. (Busy? He would have let the entire countryside die of typhoid fever for that smile!)

"But I am troubled about this poor man."

"Yes, yes!" said the little doctor. "Dear me, yes! To be sure. Busy? Not at all! I can never too busy, dear lady, to—oh, that is to say—Where shall I find this good man? Ah yes! Yes! Here we are!" He caught sight of Herbert Buchanan standing near, enveloped, as always, in his foolish beaming smile, and made for him with a cheery greeting.

The tramp dodged suddenly, and held up one arm, bent at the elbow.

"I haven't done nothing, sir!" he said. "Honest, I haven't. I only wanted a few cents to buy—I mean I was just going for a walk with that beautiful lady up there. She'll tell you I haven't done nothing."

"It is quite all right!" said Beatrix from the porch. "This is a doctor—a very good gentleman who is going to try to cure your cough. Go with him, please, and answer all he asks you. I will wait for you here."

The tramp gave one half-frightened look about him and went, hanging uneasily back.

In five minutes they returned, and the little doctor shook a grave head.

"It is consumption, of course!" asked Beatrix Faring.

"Oh yes," he said, "and bad at that. Very bad! He's living with about half a lung, and the general health is poor—severe; improper food, I take it, and exposure and all. The poor fellow cannot last long. He is badly broken."

"Perhaps," she said, and in her tone Cripps the worshipped heard only pity and kindness of heart—"perhaps if he were—sent to a dryer—climate—Arizona—the Adirondacks!" She held her breath.

"Dear lady," said Cripps, with emotion, "you have—may I venture to say it—a heart of gold—gold! But this poor old fellow is beyond what you would do for him—what any one could do for him. Comfort—good food—a decent bed—that's all you can do now. Let him go down as easily as possible. He can't climb. A strange type—bewildered mind—clouded memory! Doesn't remember whether the disease is hereditary in his family or not. Doesn't remember any family at all. Almost deranged. I should say."

"Yes," said the divinity in a sort of whisper, and for an instant an odd, bleak look shadowed her face.

"Perhaps—" she said, half-whispering still.

"Ah, what a heart! What a soul! What sympathy!" thought the prostrate Cripps.

"Perhaps," she said, "one ought to help him there also. Perhaps as operation—tripping—something to restore the poor wretch's memory. It may be due to a physical ailment. He could bear an operation? Yes?" Again she held her breath.

Cripps was overcome. This was going almost too far—was well-nigh Quixotic—but what a heart! He shook his head.

"Out of the question, dear lady!" he exclaimed. "Out of the question! In the first place, there is no reason for believing that any operation could restore this man's memory. Doubtless the loss of it is merely due to failing powers; and, in the second place, he could not endure any sort of an operation at all—ever a minor one. He is at a low ebb—a low ebb."

He smiled admiringly up into the still white lace above him.

"If this poor fellow is as fortunate as to recommend himself to your pity, dear lady," said he, "believe me you can do nothing more helpful for him than to smooth his downward journey. Again I say, he cannot climb."

Somehow the good little man must have made his embarrassed adieux and got himself away, but Beatrix did not know when he went. She walked to her surroundings only when Buchanan came sliding nearer and coughed to attract her attention.

"When was we going to take that walk, ma'am?" he asked.

"Walk!" said she. "Walk? Oh yes! to be sure! We are going to the Lodge. Yes, I am quite ready. Come along! We go this way."

They went, not by the highroad, but by a shorter, more direct route along slender lanes and paths, and, part of the distance, across an open meadow, and at last approached Buchanan's edge from the direction of the sea. The house was in charge of caretakers. Though excellent offers had been made to her, Beatrix had always refused to sell it. As for living in it, that was impossible. The place held too many bitter associations. The very sight of its walls made her shiver.

What she meant eventually to do with the estate she had never decided. There had been no will, and Herbert Buchanan had no kin. He was the very last of his family. For the present the house stood empty, and the invested fortune, in the hands of a trust company, earned its very respectable dividends, and increased after its kind, but the money went untouched.

"I will have none of it!" Beatrix said more than once to her lawyer. "Oh yes, I am a fool. If you like, but I could not touch it. It would harm me. Harry and I, between us, have much more than enough of our own."

Half-way between the greenhouse and the west wing of the Lodge, the Lodge's master, bent and winered and gray, halted, and passed on an unsteady hand across his eyes.

"It's very—queer!" he said in a sort of whisper. The foolish grin was gone.

"What is queer?" asked the woman, and watched his face.

"It's—it's the things I tell you about a whirling and a spinning in my head, ma'am," said he. He looked frightened and uneasy. "It's—I must have seen this place—something before," he said. "I don't know, it's very odd."

And once more as they slowly crossed the stretch of turf he said earnestly that it was very odd. And once he said that his head wasn't good to-day.

"I wish I was out on the road!" he said. "I like the road. I wish I was there, a shuffling along in the dust with Kansas, Kansas 's the finest pal a man ever had, ma'am—and very good to me."

At a door in the servants' quarters they rang up the caretaker's wife, a faithful old woman, brought with her husband and son from that Connecticut village where Beatrix



THE woman, watching, because aware that he imagined himself to be talking to some one across the great table

had spent the winter. The woman let them in, exclaiming with pleasure over her mistress and looking rather askance at her mistress's shabby companion.

"We should like a drink of water," said Bentrax, "and then I wish to go into the west chamber—Mr.—Buchanan's former study. You need not come. I have a key to the door of the passage. This man, my gardener, will go with me."

They drank up cool, fresh water the women brought them, and sat through darkened rooms, where the shrouded terrariums stood glasslike in the shadows, to the narrow passage which connected the detached chamber with the house. Heavily opened the door with her key, and they entered that high dim place, where the air reeked faintly of dead incense and smoke-stained fabrics and antiquity, where canted members primed from the gloom above and the old gulls sat awry, smiling, imperturbable, waiting with deathless patience for the venturists to pass and their cars to come in their train.

Sufficient light came slanting down from the small clerestory windows, where there were neither shutters nor blinds, and in its dim glow the great room stood as it had stood two years and more since. Nothing had been moved or altered in position. No hand had been there, even to sweep or clean, and a thin film of dust lay over the great Byzantine table in the middle of the chamber and over the things which were littered upon it.

The wreck of Herbert Buchanan moved slowly towards the centre of the room--towards the great table. He faltered as he went, one hand held out before him as if he were blind. And he muttered under his breath. The woman drew back into the shadows.

For a little while Buchanan stood before the table, with his head bent, quite motionless as a silent statue. He bent to his knees and dropped to the floor in the alcove, where he had used to sit through the many hours of lonely thought. His hand went out and played absently among the things on the table top—decorative and pipes and glasses and such. Presently, as the old memory came to the man, the hand dropped and fumbled under the cloth. There was a clicking of electric-switch buttons, but the power had long since been turned off from the house, and no lights sprang out flowerlike against those far shadows.

He seemed to feel that something was wrong, that something ought to happen, for the hand fumbled again among the clicking buttons, and he muttered unintelligibly to himself. Then, after a little, he shook his head and sank back in the deep chair, chin on breast, staring before him.

As on a certain other hot night it chanced that, as he was turned, he fured one of the aboriginal gods who sat against the wall—Indiaba, in gilded bronze, the shell gold gear in patterns from the worn surface; Indiaba seated upon a lotus cup, head bent downward a little, faintly smiling, sphinxlike, enigmatic, and it must have been that in this moment the clouds thinned a bit, varied for a space, and a ray of memory filtered through. The man stirred in his chair, and a sudden flush of anger swept across his white face.

"Oh, for God's sake, stop grinning there!" he said, aloud. It was the voice of Herbert Buchanan.

"I tell you," he said, thickly, with difficulty, as if that voice did not come easily to his tongue—"I tell you I can't—bear it—any longer. I want to be free—I want to—want to go—out and tramp the earth—breathe—air—I—am—afraid to nobody. My—nerves are drawn to—drawn to fiddle strings."

He snatched up a book from the table.

"For God's sake stop your dithered grinning!" he cried, and made as if he would hurl the book at that still, oblivious god, but the book dropped weakly from his hand and fell to the floor, fluttering its own leaves.

He began again to murmur, half under his breath. The voice was still Buchanan's, dropped to a weak, complaining, whining tone. Sometimes it quickened to a flare of anger, sometimes died away altogether. But presently the woman, watching from her shadows, tense, tight lipped, still became aware that he imagined himself to be talking to some one across the great table.

To whom? Who had sat with Buchanan on that night of mystery? Her mind flew to his words in the lane, what time she had driven verbally to reconstruct that scene. "Then he came in by the window." Who? Who? Had he not gone alone, then? Had some one taken him out into the night and into oblivion?

The man in the chair gave a sort of animallike cry of desperation. "Too cowardly to live!" he said, with great bitterness. "Too cowardly to die! What—what remedy can you offer for that, my—house-breaking friend?"

"Horse-breaking friend?" said the woman in the shadows.

Then he turned in his chair, half rising, with his hands on the table's edge, and his head craned forward over them.

"My God!" he cried in a whisper of ungraspable misfortune. "My God!" He dropped back again and sat staring before him. Then presently he rose to his feet and began to walk back and forth with his hands behind him. The woman drew back further into the gloom. Once she saw his face, and it was white and tortured. There was mind there, thought, intelligence. The vacant smile of the little gray tramp was gone. He wrung his hands, and his blue dress tightened and quivered.

At last he walked strongly once in twice and said something which was inaudible. He went across the room towards a tall Japanese cabinet which stood there and fumbled at it. He seemed at a loss and moved about uncertainly. Then he went again towards the centre table.

"Come!" he said. "Off with us now! Good God! must we wait here forever? I'm sick to be gone." He waited a moment

as if that other invisible presence were speaking, and his face flushed.

"Let 'em think what they like and do what they like!" he cried. And the woman gasped in her hiding place, for these were the very words she had heard him use in her dream.

"For sure," he said, sneering. "I shall be of interest to my friends—for the first time!" He moved quickly across towards the further side of the room, and the woman followed. He went to one of the windows and pulled at it with his hands. Then once more he faltered and seemed to be at a loss.

"It—it ought to be—open," he said, in a different voice. "You—left it open—didn't you? It ought to be open. How—"

He tugged at the fastenings again, muttering uselessly, but his hands dropped, and he turned about towards the woman who stood behind him. His face was almost contorted with anxiety.

"Let me!" said Beatrice. "Let me!" She wrenched open the bolt, and the two halves of the window swung inward, admitting a sudden, warm flood of daylight.

Ruchanov staggered backward a step with a quick, hoarse cry and caught his shaking hands up over his ears.

And in the same instant the cry was echoed from outside the window—a gasping cry followed by a name—"Buchanan! Buchanan!"

CHAPTER XV

李林果 胡小军 谷江涛 李林果 胡小军 李林果

INSTANTLY, without drawing back as she galled the back of the man's head, she thrust forward again over Heman's shoulder. A man stood in the turret facing the window in the little patch of shade which was cast by an angle of the building. He had covered his eyes with one hand and the other hand groped in the air. At his feet lay a short, strong implement of steel, not unlike a chisel. It would seem that he must have dropped this when the window above him was so suddenly thrown open.

The hand slipped from her before his eyes, and he looked upward, so that Beatrice saw his face. It was a face she did not know, a lean pale face, with a short growth of black beard which came high up on the cheek-bones. But what the woman saw first was the eyes. She thought that she had never before met eyes so pale blue and so curiously hard and unsmiling. They rested upon her for a long time, steady, unmoving, wholly without expression. Then Herbert Buchanan all at once gave a great sob and pushed back his chair, with a violent start. He scrambled out, dropping to the floor beside her, and caught the man who stood there by the arm, bounding, he cried, and cried out:

The man turned to him for an instant's quick, keen, searching look, and with one hand patted him on the side of the gray head as a mother might stroke a child just returned to her after an absence.

"All right, Johnny? All right, eh?" he said, and Buchanan laughed again, childishly, and shook the arm that he held between his two hands. Then he turned his face upwards towards the window.

"This is Kansas, ma'am!" he said, with great pride. It was the little, bent, foolish tramp again. The recreated spirit of Herbert Buchanan had fled with the inebriated of that fabled of summer daylight into the chamber of the old gods—the chamber of my-
—Kemp.

"This here is my pal, ma'am!" he said, "the finest pal a man ever had!" He turned to the man beside him with a swift-stammering narrative of the things the beautiful lady had done for him—the wonderful food, and the real bed in the little house that was all his own, and the garden, and the dog with the thin waist who snarled so remarkable when you kicked at him.

And the man whom he called "Kansas" seemed to pay him small attention after that first odd, womanish caress. His hard blue eyes, unsmiling, unwavering, without expression, never left the face of the woman in the window above. And the woman stared back nervously, with a vague cold fear beginning to grow about her heart.

What did this man know? Why had he called out: "Buchanan! Buchanan!" when his fellow tramp appeared unexpectedly before him? An odd sense of peril came to her, an odd presentiment of impending catastrophe, and she shivered in the warm summer air.

"Why are you—here?" she asked, presently. "What were you doing outside this window?" The hard blue eyes did not stir from hers.

"I was looking for a door, woman," he said, readily. "I rung and knocked at one door in the other part of the house yonder, but nobody answered, I thought maybe there was a door hereabouts."

"And *that?*" said she, pointing to the steel instrument which lay at his feet.

"That ain't mine, ma'am," he said, without emotion. "It don't belong to me. Some one else must have dropped it there."
"Who," said she again, "did you call out—a name?"
"In dream," when this window was opened and you saw your-

The man below continued to gaze at her, unsmiling. There was not the slightest trace of expression in either his face or his restless tone.

"They told me down the road a bit, ma'am," he said, "that a—gentleman named Buchanan lived here. I was a-going to ask him for work. When I saw the window open so quick I was startled like, and I called out, 'Mr. Buchanan!'" He paused a moment, and then still in his holed, carefree-sounding voice, asked:

"Beg pardon, ma'am! are you Mrs. Buchanan, ma'am?" She answered quite mechanically, taking no thought.

"I was Mrs. Buchanan," she said. "I am Mrs. Faring."

Then, for the first time, something flickered in the hard blue eyes—an odd, enigmatic look. The eyes dropped, and the man turned a little aside. He did not immediately speak again, but looked towards the gray tramp who stood braving foolishly near by. And he looked down at his hands, twisting and turning them slowly before him. He seemed to be reflecting.

"I was going to ask Mr. Buchanan for work," he said at last. He spoke as if half to himself.

"Mr. Buchanan is dead," said she.

The man raised his eyes again slowly, and the woman was conscious of a dull anger that they should so baffle her, that eyes should be so wholly without expression.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "To be sure, ma'am."

"You couldn't find something for me to do, could you, ma'am?" he said. "I'd like to have a steady job. I'm tired of starving and sleeping out in the rain."

"I'm afraid I have nothing to offer you," she said, coldly. "The others—your—friend, doubtless without meaning any disloyalty, has told me something of your ordinary occupation. One would hesitate, I think, in the face of that, to take you in."

The man gave a swift side look towards his smiling companion, but he did not hesitate.

"Johnny don't always know quite what he's saying, ma'am," he said. "He don't always understand things. I wouldn't—steal anything. You could set a watch over me if you wanted in."

"I can offer you no work, I am afraid," said the woman. There was a note of very definite finality in her tone, but the hard blue eyes did not stir.

"I'm tired of starving and sleeping out in the rain," said the man again. He spoke quite unemotionally, but for some reason the still about Beatrice Faring's heart grew colder, and it seemed to her that a hard almost physical began to press at her throat. She tried to look away, but the still blue eyes held her fast.

"And Johnny, ma'am," said the man, softly, "Johnny he's tired of sleeping out too. He isn't very well, Johnny isn't. He's got a bad cough. If Johnny and me now could have a quiet place to live in and good food to eat and no more worrying to do, that would be very pleasant. Remarkably pleasant!"

"It is impossible!" said Beatrice Faring in a shaking whisper. "Impossible! I could not think of it."

"Of course," the man went on as if she had not spoken—"of course Johnny he isn't up to much for work, but I'm strong. I can do his work, while Johnny lies about in the sun and gets stronger again—as strong as he'll ever be. It would be very kind to take Johnny in and make him comfortable in his old age, wouldn't it, ma'am? Of course I'd have to come, too, because



Drawn by Will Geiss

I was stood on the turf before the window. It has not yet a short, strong emphasis of steel, not unlike a chair.

Johnny couldn't get on without me. He wouldn't stay, it's likely. He'd be restless."

"You see," he said, passively, "see and Johnny, we have been together a long time, ma'am, and we wouldn't like to be separated. Would we, Johnny?" He turned to the foolish, smiling figure of the tramp, and Buchanan gave a little laugh.

"Oh no, ma'am," said he. "I couldn't move here without Kansas. Kansas is the finest pal a man ever had—and wonderful good to me."

"A long time," said the man with the blue eyes—"ever since Johnny got—got his head hurt, and even before that, ma'am."

Beatrice Faring, standing rigid and still in her window, gave a low cry.

"Even before that," said the man, gently. "He's had a remarkable old life, Johnny has. Some day I'll tell you all about it, ma'am. You see, Johnny was once—"

"Yes, yes!" said Beatrice Faring. "Yes, I—Another day you shall tell me. I—do not know about the work—I will ask the—gardener." She pressed her hands over her heart that was so cold, and a hush came before her—a colored hush. Through it she saw only two hard blue eyes that stared and stared and saw through her far down into her quaking, shivering, terror-racked soul. It would have been a comfort to scream, but she had no voice.

After a long time she said, with difficulty:

"I will—see. You may come with me—if you like—to where I live. I will see about the work. Wait for me. I will—join you in a moment."

She swung the window shut with the best of her strength, and bolted it. And she turned with trembling, groping steps to make her way out of that chamber of horrors. An infinite weariness lay upon her.

"He knows—everything," she said to herself in the shadows.

"Everything! And I am lost."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she cried in despair, shaken with silent agony. "God has forgotten me, and I am all alone, and my sin has found me out. I shall lose you, Harry, after all!"

The grace of tears came to her and lay wet upon her face. But after a little she brushed them angrily away and drew a great breath.

"Not yet!" she said, defiantly, to the ancient gods who stared across at her, sitting alone. "I'm not lost yet!" she cried. "God has forgotten me, and I am all alone, but I shall fight until I can fight no longer. Oh, Harry, it may be that I can save us yet, for love's sake! It may be, Harry! It may be!"

Then, locking the door behind her, she went out to rejoin Herbert Buchanan and the man with the blue eyes.

To be continued.

Renewal

By Louise Morgan Sill

ON the highways of the world I hear them tramping,
Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Malay, Celt, and Black,
All the horses of the earth their limbs are clamping,
Blithe and eager for the lead upon the track.

In the ruff all the sails are roughly leantling,
With a hugging for the freedom of the gale,

While the silent steeds of Nature are unobtruding,
Soon to battle with the reaper and the flail.

Love and laughter fill the orchards and the gardens,
Flowers are blossoming, bees are humming, birds are gay;
All the good and mighty birds of life are rising—
Hastened hither to the highway—and away!

Men of To-day

V.—The New United States Ambassador to Brazil

By Charles Johnston

I SHOULD like to make Mr. Griscom the text of a sermon on the great part played in forming a man's fortunes by a happy temper, a gentle nature, and perfectly good manners. Mr. Griscom also possesses high qualities of intelligence and will; that goes without saying. Yet at the critical points of his career what really pulled through was the quality of tact. Every one who has come into personal relations with our young American minister has felt the spell, from the wandering Apache to the Grand Turk from the obscure Japanese student to the senior Senator from New York. We shall find Mr. Griscom, in half a dozen situations critical for his future career, where perfect manners were indispensable, always rising gracefully to the height of the occasion.

Born at Riverton, New Jersey, thirty-four years ago, Lloyd Griscom went to the University of Pennsylvania, and studied law. In his class was a young Japanese, Iwasaki by name, a quiet, strong-going youth hidden among the mass of undergraduates, and, no doubt, hiding a good deal of loneliness and homesickness under a stolid mask. Lloyd Griscom was drawn to him, talked to him, made friends with him, and finally took him home to dinner. Better acquaintance grew into friendship, and the two became fast chums. After graduating,

Lloyd Griscom felt a yearning for Old World travel, and finally decided on such a "grand tour" as young Englishmen used to make a century back. He talked of it with his Japanese friend, and found that young Iwasaki had formed very similar plans, desiring to see the countries of Europe before returning to his island home. So they sailed together across the ocean, and, like Ulysses, saw many men and many cities. At last they went their several ways, promising to meet some day in Japan, but hardly believing their promise would ever be fulfilled. Mr. Griscom from time to time gave his friends letters of introduction to the Japanese student, but beyond this they dropped almost completely from each other's life.

While finishing his law course at Philadelphia, Lloyd Griscom had a bad attack of typhoid fever. Curiously enough, it changed the whole course of his after life. For the doctors declared that he must give up study for a year or two, and his father thought that the intervening time should not be wasted. So he tried, with success, to get his son the post of honorary attaché to the American embassy in London, and Lloyd Griscom accordingly sailed east with Mr. Hayard, then newly accredited to the court of St. James's. This was in 1882, and Lloyd Griscom was then just twenty-one.

Returning to this country a year later, Lloyd Griscom took up his law work, this time in New York. But his health still gave him trouble, and he was compelled to stop work and flee southward from one tedious winter. Richard Harding Davis had already written up the doings of our troopers in Mexico, and was projecting a new trip toward the isthmus and farther; and Lloyd Griscom and a young Englishman named Somerset agreed to join him. Thus was planned the expedition of the *Three Gringos* in Venezuela, of which Mr. Davis is the historian.

On his return to New York, Lloyd Griscom served for some months as deputy district attorney of this city. He was now twenty-five. But his health again broke down, and he was forced once more to leave New York. This trip took him through New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona, and he rode for thousands of miles through the deserts and across the hills, sleeping under canvas or beneath the stars, and watching the red dawn come up like thunder over the yellow cactus wastes. Once more the personal note; in his wanderings through the land of the Canyon he made so many friends and was such ardent admirers that the good citizens of Arizona offered to make him District Attorney of the Territory if he would agree to settle down among them.

Then came the spring of 1895 and the Spanish war. Griscom shared the feelings of Mr. Roosevelt, who is said to have declared that "when he thought of the rifles crackling at the front, he could



His Excellency Lloyd C. Griscom, United States Ambassador to Brazil

not stand it any longer," and he immediately volunteered for active service. He got a captain's commission, having had some training previously in the Philadelphia Naval Brigade, and was garrisoned on the staff of Major-General James F. Wade. He and a fellow officer were detailed on duty in a fever district, where it was necessary to find lodgings for the American troops. Young Griscom got through it safely, but his companion was stricken down by yellow fever, and, in spite of Griscom's assiduous nursing, died one night in his arms.

At the end of the war Lloyd Griscom was recommended for promotion, but decided to leave the army and go back to law. Even so late as this he had no thought of a diplomatic career. He had made several short trips to Europe, always greeting his friends at the Embassy in London, and had come into very friendly relations with Mr. Hay, then ambassador at the court of St. James's. Mr. Hay was now in Washington, at the Department of State. After the war, in the early summer of 1899, Lloyd Griscom was traveling on the Continent, when a cable overtook him from Mr. Hay, asking whether he would care to have the post of secretary to the American Legation at Constantinople. Mr. Griscom, after the fullest consideration, wired back that he would be very glad to accept, and in a few days he was on board the

Orient Express, speeding through Bulgaria and the Vale of Roses to the Golden Horn. Mr. Theodor S. Straus was at this time our minister to Turkey, and was testing to the full the bitter cup of Oriental diplomacy and double-dealing in live questions, and came up: the Armenian massacres, which included naturalized citizens of this country, and the attacks on our missionaries in Asia Minor. Mr. Straus was keenly concerned with these matters; and his position was made far more difficult by the fact that, not having ambassadorial rank, he had not the right of access to the Sultan, except on invitation, which frequently meant not at all. Abdul-Hamid was playing one of his eternal games of procrastination. A few weeks after Lloyd Griscom's arrival, Mr. Straus was forced to return to this country by urgent business, and the newly appointed First Secretary was straightway made *chargé d'affaires*. Immediately the personal note began to make itself felt. The Grand Vizier fell under the attraction of the new *chapel*, and spoke of him to his imperial master. Something in his description appealed to Abdul-Hamid, who expressed a desire to see the young American. A singular attachment was presently formed between the young American lawyer and the nervous, sinister Moslem despot. Mr. Griscom admired the keen opinion of the Sultan's statesmanship and diplomatic skill, while Abdul-Hamid felt the charm of his young friend's winning personality. His regard for young Griscom became an international incident, and its results were instant and admirable. The grievous master of the Armenian massacres was presently brought up and the claims of the American missionaries were promptly settled. The attacks on the missions were punished, and the entourage of the missions was safeguarded by special provisions.

By this time Mrs. Griscom had come into the saga. She was formerly Miss Phoebe Blumson. One may say that she is the most living proof of Mr. Griscom's singular good fortune in all the great matters of life. Mrs. Griscom is admirably fitted by birth, gifts, and training for the very difficult duties which fall on the hostess of an embassy. There are problems of etiquette and precedence to be settled, which demand the higher mathematics, and only fine tact, springing from inner feeling, is a safe else through the labyrinth. There is a certain winsome wisdom in Mrs. Griscom which turns possible critics into sympathetic friends.

While Lloyd Griscom was spending a short vacation in this country the post of minister to Persia became vacant. Mr. Hay offered it to our young diplomat, who had done such good work at the sublime Porte, and Mr. Griscom was sent on his way to the land of the sun. When Abdul-Hamid heard of it, and learned that his friend expected to pass through Constantinople on his way to Tehran, he at once made special preparations to receive him.

(Continued on page 423.)



Miss Ellis Jeffreys as "Lady Clarice Howland," and Frank Worthing as "Mr. Vanderveldt," in "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," at Daly's Theatre



Miss Elsie Janis as "Dorothy Willess," in the Musical Automobile Play, "The Vanderbilt Cup," at the Broadway Theatre

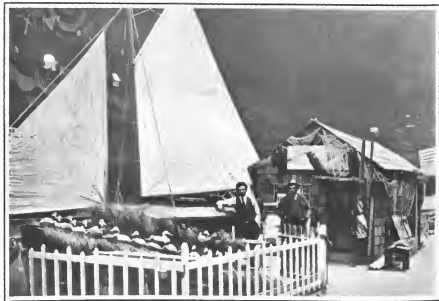


Miss Ethel Barrymore and her Company in J. M. Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"
From left to right: Jack Barrymore, as "Stephen Rollo"; Miss Barrymore, as "Mrs. Grey"; Miss Beatrice Agnew, as "Ivy Grey"; and Bruce Melton, as "Colonel Grey"

THREE PLAYS OF THE WEEK



A General View of the Sportsmen's Show at the Garden, showing the Island and the Motor-boat Waterway



A Corner of the Long Island Exhibit, with its characteristic Craft and Sporting Parasol

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The annual Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show, which was opened at the Madison Square Garden on February 21, drew a record crowd on the first day of the exhibition, when 17,000 persons passed through the gates. In view of these shows, the most interesting feature for the visitor is the exhibit of motor boats, of which there are three types at the Garden—motorized speed craft, racing boats, and smooth-water boats. Exhibits of racing craft are not conspicuous. In addition to the exhibits from various States illustrating numerous phases of the sportsman's activity, the programme of the show offers exhibition contests of speed and skill, including aerobating matches, life-saving maneuvers, canoe races, and tilting contests.

Photographs by Peter A. Jones

Men of To-day

(Continued from page 344.)

Mr. and Mrs. Girescu were invited to a private dinner at the Villa Kiosok, and both were detained. Mrs. Girescu receiving the grand marshal order of the Order. Mr. Girescu received an even more striking proof of the Sultan's favor and affection. When the time came to depart, Adnan Huseini presented him with the jeweled and exquisitely chased cane-case which he himself had used for a score of years. His father said word to all whom it might concern that Mr. Girescu was his personal friend, and that all time and effort must be shown him. The response was that Mr. Girescu's voyage along the Bosphorus and past the ports of the Empire was something of a royal progress, the Turkish officials trying with much after as to who should show him the most honor.

While in Persia Mr. Girescu was struck by two things: the somewhat faded magnificence of the court of the Shah, and the remarkable way in which Russian influence was being in the front. At that time every plan in Persia seemed tending to fall into Russian hands, and Russia had already secured important concessions in agriculture, political and commercial. Mr. Girescu was struck by this preponderance of Russia that he came to be counted a trouble in the Russian at Tehran, and he was invited to St. Petersburg on his return to the U. S. In order that he might give every opportunity of understanding the aims and aspirations of the Czar's government. While in Persia Mr. Girescu started on an expedition of exploration investigating such routes, riding many hundreds of miles through wild desert and mountain regions, and visiting districts that few white men had ever seen.

It happened that our minister in Japan had just been killed in a hunting accident, and the President declared that, if there was not a prize claimant for the post, it would be put in the place for Lloyd Girescu, whose prizes he was principally bearing home, the post was already promised to a distinguished man who had travelled in the East and who had strong supporters in the East.

This was disappointing. But the weather suddenly cleared. It seems that the favored candidate for the Tokyo ministry had found serious changes not to his liking in the last papers, and had said so, with some at Tokyo and Mr. Hay was in the course could not be considered persons seen by the Russian government. A new choice resulted. The new choice was, very appointment in December, 1902. Then came news: He crossed the continent to San Francisco and sailed for Tokyo. On arriving at the Japanese capital he was met by his old college friend, with whom he had once again made the grand tour. He discovered, to his great surprise and extreme pleasure, that of one of the largest shipping firms in the East. The friendship gave Mr. Girescu more opportunities of burning the deeper aspects of Japanese life, and he made good use of his advantage.

From the capital at Tokyo Mr. Girescu has been transferred to the embassy at London, and he will shortly go to Brazil to represent the United States in the new Latin Republic of the Amazon. There, Japan even more than the United States, though it is a quiet republic, containing only one-third million. The total is a large island, surrounded by only three of our own. The Pan American Convention, which will make for Japan one of the most interesting political points in the world, and there between the hands of brotherly love truly say to each other that the American.

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The Alaska Delegate, "Don't touch, gentlemen!"—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.



No more sliding on their heels.—*Longshore (Olan) Telegram*.



"Don't you think he's having more of his teeth taken?"
"Yes, but he can bite pretty good yet."—*Overland Press Dealer*.



"Who takes the stick?"—*Seattle Times-Mountain*.



Castro, "Caribbe, the suspense is killing."—*Toronto Daily Ledger*.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE THE CAR FOR SERVICE



FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME

The first endurance run in this country was held September 9th-13th, 1901, from New York to Rochester, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. Eighty cars, American and foreign, started, and but twenty earned first-class certificates. Among the starters were four Whites, all of which earned first-class certificates.

The latest endurance run in this country was held January 25th-26th, 1906, from Los Angeles to San Diego, under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club. Thirty representative cars started, and but two gained a perfect score. One of these was a White, and the other a gasoline car of 40 per cent. greater cost. As the White had used three gallons of gasoline less than its adversary, it was declared the winner and awarded the John D. Spreckels' cup.

All reliability and endurance competitions held in the interval between the two above-described contests have, with practically unbroken monotony, resulted in White victories.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

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both sexes; (2) the enforcement of industrial wages in all public contracts; (3) the monopolization and control of gas and electric lighting, of transportation and water supply, but of coal, bread, milk, and eggs; (4) an eight hours' bill for miners, railway servants, and government employees; (5) legislative recognition of the principle that the state should provide work for the unemployed; (6) free meals for school-children; (7) laws to limit strikes, and to free trade unions from all liability to be sued for their actions during strikes; (8) state contributions to workers' insurance funds against unemployment; (9) a complete decentralization of government, including home rule for Ireland; and (10) the compulsory sale of land and division into small holdings. All of these measures are favored by the new labor party, and I venture to prophesy that in seeking to get these passed it will play cards and drinks with the party system as it exists in England today.

The Monroe Doctrine and Morocco

(Continued from page 222.)

has always taken in regard to Africa in Europe and beyond the line so strictly observed hitherto the United States will not go and cannot be drawn. But the policy of the United States is to prove. She will not only to maintain her own peace, but the peace of the world is to her of the first importance. She will always use her influence to maintain the world's peace, acting in accordance with the language and spirit of the Hague convention. She will be drawn into no alliance, defensive or offensive or both, with any nation anywhere, and into no war by connection with any European power. Yet at the same time she will not hesitate to use her moral influence to prevent wars if her good offices can prevent them, either between the powers of Europe or in any portion of the settled part, where her efforts can rightfully be made.

To the Rescue

A WELL-KNOWN actress says that one afternoon, while she was being painted in a dressing room, a particularly engaged section of Broadway, she glanced through the window and discovered that in another room jammed against her own there sat a man she knew.

The two vehicles crouched along for some distance side by side, but all efforts of the lady to catch the eye of her friend were unavailing. Signs and telegraphic communications alike failed to attract the attention of the unconscious passenger to the right.

It would seem that the driver of the lady's limousine had observed through his very big difficulty of the actress, for in the midst of his heart he heaved over to one side and with the built of his whip prodded his driver of the other vehicle, observed:

"Tom, for Heaven's sake, tell the gentleman to smile at the lady!"

Judicial Acumen

The late Justice Daly, of New York, frequently relieved the indignation of legal gentlemen long before him by his kindly wit.

One day a suit was brought before him in which damages were claimed by reason of an assault. Plaintiff had been knocked down by the defendant and severely punished while prostrate. One of the witnesses seemed very reluctant to answer questions put to him on cross-examination in which he was asked to place of the court.

"With all due respect to your Honor," complained the attorney for the plaintiff, "the court does not appear to take any notice of the underlying principle of the case."

"In my opinion," replied his Honor, "naturally, the underlying principle is the case in your client, Mr. Attorney."

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A Matter of Equilibrium

Dr. Thomas the English evangelist who was recently conducting meetings in the West, is a man of ready wit, which he uses with effect when interrupted while speaking. On one occasion in London a libelous fellow arose and announced, water-tight, that he did not believe everything in the Bible. "I don't see how anybody can walk on water," he declared. "Can you do it, Dr. Tom?"

The preacher looked grimly at the man for a moment and then answered:

"Well, I can walk on water better than I can on sin."

Gardening as a Cure

Nine months ago a German physician declared that a number of diseases could best be treated, not by having the patient rest, but by actually putting him to work. He made a number of patients, about whom a report has recently been published, into a number of gardeners, and about fifty cases of various kinds of diseases, such as rheumatism, neuritis, rheumatoid arthritis, and the results are worth noting. It is interesting to note that a large proportion of the cases were both benefited, and the treatment is common in the patients' diseases and symptoms. The plan, however, has not yet been adopted by the gardeners' unions, which claim that if gardening were forced on a large number of sick or disabled persons, it would be a very serious matter, and would be a great loss to the nation. The theory is that if gardening were forced on a large number of sick or disabled persons, it would be a very serious matter, and would be a great loss to the nation. The theory is that if gardening were forced on a large number of sick or disabled persons, it would be a very serious matter, and would be a great loss to the nation.

Father's Forgotten Classics

William had not returned from college to spend his spring vacation. One of the boys, the daughter of his young man was angry. She had during his absence, changed from a bookish schoolgirl into a fellow and also reduced the change, and returned to his own.

"Where have you noticed how old you have become?" he asked her, and she replied: "I have noticed that you are a very young man."

"My mother is, father," said William, "but I am not."

"How can you say that?" she asked. "I have noticed that you are a very young man."

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The Jeffersonian System

Volume 12 of the *American Nation, A History*, in 27 volumes, is by Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard University. Jefferson's interesting personality is the dominant note in the period. The volume emphasizes the innate tendency toward expansion of territory, begun with the Louisiana Purchase, and other important phases of the young republic's growth.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD

General Schofield, who died at St. Augustine, Florida, on March 5, was the most distinguished of surviving commanders of the civil war. He was born in Chatham County, New York, on April 28, 1813, and was graduated from West Point in 1833, in the same class with Sheridan and Grant. After a distinguished career in the service of the Union army, General Schofield became Secretary of War in President Johnson's cabinet. He retired from that office in 1868 and became a major-general. After serving as Superintendent of the West Point Academy and as head of the Division of the Atlantic, he succeeded, in 1878, to the command of the army after the death of General Sherman. He was awarded the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1885, and retired in the autumn of that year. He was discussed as a possible Democratic candidate for President in 1896.

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COMMENT

Not long after the election of Mr. ROOSEVELT to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority, a writer in the *New York American Review* reminded him that in Roman times, as the triumphal car ascended the Via Sacra toward the Capitol, it was the custom to station just behind the exultant general a slave to whisper in the victor's ear, "Remember that thou too art mortal." The President has learned in his turn that Fortune makes a lottery of life. How could he have foreseen on the morrow of that memorable election day of 1901 that within a few months after a single year measures most earnestly desired and urged by him would have but little if any chance of being placed upon the statute-book? Yet such is undoubtedly the fact to-day. In spite of the almost unparalleled hold which he has hitherto possessed upon the House of Representatives—though no one would now venture to assert that he will long be able to retain it—he has proved impotent to get a single bill passed by the Senate in the form which he prefers. The Philippine tariff bill, which passed the House of Representatives by a very large majority—and which, of all the projects bearing the administration's stamp, commands itself most thoroughly to the national sense of justice—has been beaten, to all appearances irrevocably, in the Senate Committee on the Philippines. By a vote of two to one that committee refused to report the bill favorably. It even declined to report it adversely, and the only remaining mode of putting it before the Senate is for Mr. LOUIE, the chairman, who has had the bill in charge, to move on the floor of the Chamber that the Senate discharge the committee from further consideration of the measure and proceed itself to take it up for discussion. If Mr. LOUIE shall make a motion to that effect, the signs are that a counter-motion to lay the proposal on the table will be carried. We may therefore look upon the Philippine tariff bill as dead and buried. Yet to this bill in the forum of equity there was only a single objection, namely, that it did not go far enough, and withheld from the Philippines a part of the vitalizing boon of free trade which has been conferred upon Porto Rico.

Since justice demands it, the Philippine bill is one day sure to be passed; but not, we apprehend, in the ROOSEVELT administration. The fate which that measure has experienced in the Fifty-ninth Congress is almost certain to await the Statehood bill. The feature of that project which from the outset has excited bitter controversy is the provision that the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted to the Union as a single State. We have heartily concurred with the President and Senator BRANDEGE, in thinking that if the two Territories named are to enter the Union at all, they must be amalgamated. Even the aggregate population which the census of 1900 gave them is too small to justify

the bestowal upon them of two United States Senators, who would counterbalance the representation in the Senate of the imperial commonwealth of New York, which, if compared with European powers, will be found to rank next to Spain in respect of population, and to exceed either Spain or Italy in respect of wealth. To admit either Arizona alone or New Mexico alone would be preposterous. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the Statehood bill cannot pass the Senate in its present form, and that the two Territories will either come in amalgamated or not at all. Should the measure pass under any guise, it will be looked and, in the President's eyes, hamstrung by the FORAKER amendment providing that within thirty days after the bill shall have been signed an election shall be held in each of the two Territories named, the sole question to be submitted being whether each favors joint Statehood or not. We say "hamstrung," because there is no doubt that Arizona will vote against unification with New Mexico.

Another measure dear to the President has, seemingly, no chance of adoption. As we have formerly pointed out, the friends of the Santo Domingo treaty, even if every Republican Senator could be put in that category, can now, it is thought, although it has received many amendments which have improved it, obtain the assistance of only two Democratic votes, those, namely, of Senator McKENNEY, of Louisiana, and of Senator PATTERSON, of Colorado. That would not be enough to constitute the two-thirds needed for ratification. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the Republican friends of the railways in the Interstate Commerce Committee—galled as they are by the report of the HERRIN-TILMAN rate-hunking bill without amendment—can all be relied upon to vote for a treaty which some of them have been long reported to eye with misgiving, and only disposed to tolerate in order to save the President's face. There remains the HERRIN-TILMAN bill to be disposed of, and nobody can foretell what shape it will wear when it emerges from the Senate's hands. The Democratic Senators may make the question a subject of discussion in caucus, and desire to keep the bill intact, in which event there may possibly be enough ROOSEVELT Republicans among their colleagues to pass the measure by a very narrow majority. In that event, however, the national Republican party would be, as Senator CRAWFORD warned Mr. ROOSEVELT, split wide apart. If, on the other hand, the bill is to be subjected to amendments, no man can say what will become of it. In no event, apparently, can the Democrats fail to gain much profit from the Republican discord. As we pointed out a week ago, they have already secured a marked tactical advantage through securing the privilege of having the HERRIN bill reported from the Committee on Interstate Commerce to the Senate by Senator TILMAN, who, by the way, seems resolved to make a statesmanlike use of his opportunity. Technically, the measure should now be called the HERRIN-TILMAN bill; just as the WILSON tariff became the WILSON-GORMAN tariff after it had been manipulated in the Senate by the last-named gentleman. In that case both of the joint authors were Democrats. Of the two sponsors of the BRAND-ALLEN bill, one, of course, was a Democrat, the other a Republican. That was a perfect counterpart of the present conjunction of names.

How is the Republican party to carry the great States of New York and Pennsylvania this year, in both of which a Governor is to be elected, and which between them will send sixty-nine Representatives to the Sixtieth Congress? In the latter State the Democrats elected their candidate for State Treasurer last November, while the former is always doubtful in a non-Presidential year, Mr. ROOSEVELT himself having been chosen Governor in 1898 by a plurality of less than 18,000, while Mr. ORRILL in 1902 got less than 9000. In Pennsylvania the Republican machinery, both throughout the State at large and in the city of Philadelphia, is shattered, and it seems almost impossible to reconstruct and put it in working order in eight months. In New York, Mr. ORRILL is still chairman of the Republican State Committee, and although he is likely to be ousted from that post at an early day, he and his friends will retain control of the local organizations in a number of counties. Neither they nor Senator PERRY'S followers can be relied upon to do much

hard work for a candidate personifying the views and wishes of Mr. ROOSEVELT, whose repudiation of both OWELL and PLATT is naturally not the less offensive because it is deserved. A sign of the times is the paucity of candidates for the Republican nomination for the Governorship, which contrasts oddly with the eagerness with which Mr. HEARST is seeking to become the nominee of the Democratic national convention. No doubt if Mr. HEARST should run on a third ticket, the Republican standard-bearer would win, especially if he should be such a man as Mr. CHARLES E. HUGHES, who has suddenly acquired a national reputation by the ability with which he conducted the examination of witnesses in the investigation of life-insurance by the ARISTOCRATIC committee. It is pretty evident that Mr. HUGHES can have any job he wants within the gift of the Republican party. It is reported, for instance, that if the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill should become a law, he will be invited by the Interstate Commerce Commission to act as their counsel in the prosecution of inquiries under that statute and the ELKINS law.

The strike situation is becoming clarified. The causes of the clarification are two, each working on one of the two parties to the contest. As might have been predicted, Mr. ROOSEVELT decided to interpose for a second time, but on this occasion his interposition seems to have been prompted not so much by sympathy for the individual consumers of anthracite for household purposes—the companies producing this combustible have sufficient reserves to meet any demands that are likely to be made upon them during the summer—as by a recognition of the indisputable fact that a universal or widespread cessation of the production of bituminous coal would prove a death-blow to our present prosperity by paralyzing most of the industries for which an adequate supply of this kind of fuel is indispensable. His duplicate letters were addressed, on the one hand, to the leader of the United Mine Workers, who lately held a national convention at Indianapolis, and, on the other hand, to a conspicuous representative of the owners and operators of the bituminous coal-fields. It is possible that the bituminous operators would have paid only a perfunctory deference to his appeal; but the mine-workers, who have learned to look upon him as their mainstay, have heeded it, and have called a new convention with the evident intention of reducing materially their former demands. What, apparently, had decided a majority of their employers to evince a conciliatory temper is the attitude, ostensibly courteous but essentially pre-emptory, of the colossal United States Steel Corporation.

The directors of that powerful body, which produces a very large proportion of all our annual output of iron and steel, have politely but firmly notified its purveyors of bituminous coal that in one way or another the latter must avert a strike, for otherwise the company will treat as cancelled the contracts by which it has agreed to buy from them yearly immense quantities of that combustible. Needs must when the devil drives. The operators, who were so stiff and so hump-toned yesterday, have now seen a great white light, and the most important of them, who would have most to lose by the fulfillment of their mighty customer's threat, have evidently made up their minds to coerce their weaker brethren into the acceptance of a compromise. So all's well that ends well. The bituminous miners will get somewhat increased wages, and the huge iron and steel industry will continue its prodigious activity. It is not quite so certain that we may not witness a strike in the anthracite region, where the conditions are materially different. The owners and operators of the anthracite coal-fields have, as we have said, such large stocks on hand that they have been reported to desire a strike, apprehending that otherwise they might be forced to resort to a lockout. To ourselves this report seems hardly credible, however, and we incline to the belief that in the anthracite region the miners and their employers will ultimately during the present month agree to renew the three-year agreement, which expires on April 1, though, possibly, some trifling alterations may be made in it. The miners will probably be made to understand that if they repudiate that agreement, they are not unlikely to lose the sympathy of Mr. ROOSEVELT, whom they look upon as their best friend.

The demonstration made by the advocates of woman's suffrage at the opening of the British Parliament excited so much commotion that a large force of policemen had a good deal of difficulty in preserving order. The women were mostly of the working class, and one of them bore a huge banner bearing the inscription, "We demand a vote to work out our own salvation." As no procession is allowed within a mile of St. Stephen's on the opening day of Parliament, the woman-suffragists had to take refuge in a hall, but a lobby committee of twenty was permitted to enter the Parliament building. It was stopped, however, at St. Stephen's Hall, only a few leaders being suffered to go into the lobby. The exclusion excited much indignation, and Mrs. DAWKINS, of Manchester, expressed an earnest wish to get hold of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S whiskers. SIR CHARLES DILKE has introduced into the House of Commons a bill providing for the enfranchisement of women and the removal of all their political disabilities. The proposal has already provoked some discussion, but there is no likelihood of its passage during the present session, nor, indeed, of its meeting with a more favorable reception in the present than it met with in the last House of Commons. On the whole, the bestowal of the franchise upon women seems farther off in England now than it seemed two decades ago, in spite of the fact that the experiment has been tried successfully in some of the British colonies.

The passage of an old-age pension bill for all French workmen by the Chamber of Deputies suggests the question whether such a system of providing for the deserving poor who have outlived their usefulness will ever be adopted in this country. It will scarcely do to take a negative answer for granted, in view of the fact that an old-age pension law was earnestly advocated in Massachusetts some months ago, and the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor, after making an exhaustive inquiry, reported that the State's present expenditure on charities would, if disbursed in old-age pensions, provide \$200 a year for about one-fourth of the persons sixty-five years of age or over. A movement started in Massachusetts is likely to reach other States, and to find many supporters in great centers of industry like New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia. The experience of New Zealand, which passed an old-age pension act in 1898, does not confirm the Massachusetts assumption that the bestowal of such pensions would do away with the necessity of a simultaneous large outlay upon charity. The experience of the British colony in question has been that the public disbursements for charity are now as great as they were before the pension law became operative. The objection to old-age pensions, that they tend to make workmen thriftless, is met by the precaution taken in Germany, where, in order to secure the benefits of the legislation, a workman is obliged to contribute annually a certain sum, to which an equivalent amount is added by the employer, the State contributing the remaining third. This provision of the German act is reproduced in the French bill; indeed, in France, compulsory provision for old age has been for some years made in the case of seamen and miners. In New Zealand, on the other hand, no contribution toward a pension fund is required from the beneficiary. This is a subject, as we have intimated, about which we are likely to hear more in this country at no distant day.

It will be remembered that Dr. LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, in a hastily written book produced before the close of the contest in the Far East, described some of his observations as a volunteer surgeon in the Russo-Japanese war. A new and more elaborate work, called *The Real Triumph of Japan*, presents the ripened fruit of his experience, and should go far to accomplish his aim, which is an immediate and thorough reform of medical and hygienic methods in the United States army. He maintains that in their contest with disease the Japanese achieved a victory far greater than they won by arms over the forces of the West. To enable us to appreciate Japan's achievements in the field of sanitation and surgery, Dr. SEAMAN recalls the records of mortality in some previous contests. In the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, for example, no fewer than 80,000 men died of disease, and only 20,000 of wounds. In our civil war almost three-fourths of the hundreds of thousands of fatalities were caused by disease. In six months of the Crimean campaign the allies

lost 50,000 from disease, while only 12,000 were killed in battle or died from wounds. What was the experience of the Japanese themselves in their war with China in 1904? They lost three men from disease for every man who was brought low by cannon-shot or bullets. Consequently, when they foresaw that a struggle with Russia was impending, students were sent all over the world to study the sanitary, surgical, and medical systems of other countries. Out of the reports brought back Japan evolved an army medical system of her own, based on German practice, but with modifications.

In the Japanese archipelago no fewer than twelve sets of main hospitals were organized, to each of which from one to five branch hospitals were attached. The 25,000 beds which these originally provided were increased rapidly in number as the campaign was prosecuted. In the field every practicable precaution against disease was taken. All milk used in the army was sterilized; all the water used was boiled. Every baggage was disinfected. Chemists went ahead of the army with the vanguard, and after testing the water of every well, labelled it as drinkable or undrinkable. Fumigating-plants, baths, and X-ray machines were also kept well toward the front. It is to be noted further that before every battle the soldiers were made to bathe and don clean clothing. The result of these sanitary precautions was that while the Japanese lost during the war 52,046 men by wounds, only 11,992 died from disease. In other words, the deaths from cannon-shot, bullets, and bayonets outnumbered those from disease by more than four to one, a sanitary record which Dr. SHIMAN is justified in pronouncing not only unparalleled, but unapproached, in the annals of war. The surgical and medical treatment was scarcely less remarkable than was the sanitary system. Only one and a half per cent. of the soldiers died of gun-shot wounds, although twenty-four per cent. were wounded. It was interesting to learn on February 24, from Baron TAKAKI, surgeon-general of the Japanese army and navy, that Japanese surgery is founded on the teachings of the late Dr. SAMUEL T. GROSS, who was for many years connected with the medical school of Jefferson College, Philadelphia. It seems that Dr. GROSS's *Systes of Surgery* has been translated into Japanese, and is the principal text-book of Japanese students of surgical science to-day.

An unusually interesting meeting of the American Academy of Social and Political Science was held in Philadelphia on February 24, the subject being the prospects and significance of the third pan-American conference, which is to take place in Rio de Janeiro in July, 1906. Speeches were made by Don JOSEPH DE CARLOS, the Mexican ambassador, by Don JOSEPH NARCEO, the Brazilian ambassador, by Don IGNACIO CALDERON, the minister from Bolivia, and by Don BERNARDO CALVO, the Costa-Rican minister. We call these speeches interesting, because the speakers showed a much livelier appreciation of the MEXICAN doctrine than is exhibited in Chile, Argentina, and some other Latin-American republics. The Brazilian ambassador, for instance, asserted that the Latin-American commonwealths ought not to regard the part which the United States have had, and have, to play in maintaining the MEXICAN doctrine as in any way offensive to the pride and the dignity of any of them, but, on the contrary, as a privilege, in the possession of which the United States ought to be upheld by Latin-American sympathy and gratitude. Señor CARLOS, for his part, pointed out what had been achieved by the second pan-American conference, which was held in Mexico in October, 1901. That conference adopted a convention making the arbitration of contractual claims obligatory, which convention, having been ratified by the Congress of the United States, by that of Mexico, and by that of Peru, will soon, it is hoped, be approved by all the other Latin-American republics. The Mexican ambassador reminded his auditors that by this convention had been consecrated in a general and binding form the principle propounded by Don CARLOS CALVO, the eminent Argentine jurist, the principle, namely, that the collection of debts arising out of contract should never be made by force.

The meeting, on March 4 and 5, of sundry seekers after political righteousness at Mr. J. G. P. STOKES's house at Noroton, Connecticut, got a good deal of attention from the newspapers, but it was a private gathering, and there have

been no detailed reports of what was said. The papers called it a meeting of socialists, but Mr. STOKES said afterwards that there were only five committed socialists at the gathering. The rest were seekers who wanted to know, and thought they saw a profit in interchange of speculations. Such profit no doubt they found. To have something to talk about is one secret of having something to say, and good lively talk is the making of a house-party. Because Mr. STOKES's party was not advertised there was some disposition to regard it as a secret convalesce for the discussion of the best methods of adjusting giant-power to society. But that is absurd. It was a meeting of radicals to discuss social and political reforms, which are matters that need to be perennially discussed, and the furtherance of which interests everybody who is trying to do his duty in the world. Mr. STOKES said his guests arrived at no conclusions about anything. That is not to the discredit of the meeting, which included men of a variety of experience and convictions, and aimed rather at discussion than conclusions.

Among the seekers were a number of rich young men. That was thought to be remarkable, but it wasn't. Rich young men have leisure to think and to observe and to read, and some of them use some of their leisure in these exercises. One of these at Mr. STOKES's party was JOSEPH MORRIS PATTERSON, of Chicago, whose grandfather was the old-time editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and whose father is the present editor of that paper. Young JIM was Commissioner of Public Works in Mayor DRISCOLL's government in Chicago, and worked hard and to some good purpose at his job, but recently resigned it and announced that he had become a socialist. "The government," he said to the reporters in New York, "should own all the sources of wealth. Every man should have the same natural opportunities of making a living. Now he doesn't. Comparatively few reap the benefit of their industry, and the man is very lucky who gets all that's coming to him." To maintain equality of opportunity is a sound political aspiration, and it is quite safe to wish young Mr. PATTERSON joy and success in his quest of means to fulfil it. But that equality of opportunity would be promoted by having the government own all the sources of wealth is not easily apparent. If that befell, the way to get wealth would be to control the government. One of the greatest complaints now is that the tariff beneficiaries and others get too rich too quickly by too much control of the government. If the government owned all the sources—but we spare our readers. Enough to say that Mr. PATTERSON, being still young and apparently strenuous and thoughtful, will probably outgrow the opinion that the government should take over all the sources of wealth, though we trust he will not outgrow the desire to promote equality of opportunity. A young man possessed with a boisterous desire that every man should have a fair chance is a much more engaging figure than a privileged person seeking to wrest the utmost extension of his privileges from hands imperfectly taught to hold their own.

What makes socialists? Some are made by reading the ten-cent magazines. Others by personal contact with facts so intolerable and so pathetic that no merely scenic tour drastic for them, provided it seems to be a remedy. One of the seekers who went to the meeting at Mr. STOKES's house was Mr. JOHN STOKES. Whether he is a socialist or not we don't know, but he is the author of a new book called *The Bitter Cry of the Children*. One section of the book deals with the working child. The policy of *brides-faire* had its turn in the last century in England, and is advocated here now, but as far as working children are concerned, Mr. STOKES protests against it. He talks of children four years old at work in running-factories in New York State, and of little girls five or six years old working in Southern cotton-mills at night, and he makes a pathetic picture of little ANNETTA FERNY, four years old, working with her mother making artificial flowers in her tenement home at eleven o'clock at night. He mentions the distance run every night by a "carry-in boy" in a glass-furnace. It was twenty-two miles. He tells of a glass-factory owner who said that while it was true that machinery was as good as boys, he did not care to "bother with machinery so long as he could get boys." He speaks of protected Pennsylvania as the State that en-

slaves more children than any other. He speaks of protected manufacturers who in New York demanded the right to employ children four years old, and in the South have had laws repealed that forbade night employment of six-year-old children. The cure of these horrors does not necessitate socialism, but we need not smile nor even wonder when men who have personal and painful knowledge of great wrongs done to helpless human creatures by the existing machinery of civilization go readily to meet with other men who feel more or less as they do, to talk things over and discuss remedies.

The new edition of *Who's Who in America* gives brief biographical statistics of 16,216 persons. Another book could doubtless be compiled which would include as many more Americans of quite as much average importance to the country as those in this volume. That is because the scope of *Who's Who* does not include the great world of business, but tends to be limited (though not strictly) to writers, politicians, teachers, and professional people. The book, however, does very well what it sets out to do, and gives facts from which some interesting deductions can be drawn. The people whose names are in it may be accepted as people of note. The average age of them it appears, is fifty-one years. Where were they born? where do they live? We learn that 2857 of them were born in New York State, and that 3965 now live in that State; that 400 were born in New Jersey and 523 now live there; that 1903 were born in Massachusetts, and 1492 now live there; that 1432 were born in Pennsylvania, and 1192 now live there; that 1101 were born in Ohio, and 610 now live there; that 116 were born in the District of Columbia, and 1221 now live there; that 116 were born in California, and 503 now live there; that 997 were born in Illinois, and 1024 now live there; that 330 were born in Vermont, and 79 now live there; that 475 were born in Maine, and 140 now live there; that 505 were born in Connecticut, and 376 now live there; that 290 were born in Michigan, and 272 now live there; that 179 were born in South Carolina, and 90 now live there; that 448 were born in Virginia, and 208 now live there.

New York, New Jersey, Missouri, and Illinois, it seems, are the only ones of the older States that gather into their populations more people of note than they produce, though Maryland and Tennessee hold their own. That is, of course, accounted for by the location in or near the attracting States of the cities of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Baltimore, which offer to talent and skill the highest remuneration and the broadest markets. The District of Columbia, of course, gathers in far more persons of note than it produces, but for obvious reasons the District does not count. Boston does not quite provide for the large product of talent in Massachusetts. The case of Tennessee is peculiar. It produced 182 of the people whose names are in *Who's Who*, and it is the present residence of 184. Tennesseans seem to be fond of their homes. Indiana produced 408 celebrities, and shelters 244. The average age of these noted citizens being about fifty-one, their average time of birth was in the fifties. Taking the census of 1850 as a basis of calculation, it appears (we quote the *World*) that Massachusetts produced 161.2 persons of note to every 100,000 of population; California, 125.3; Vermont, 101.5; and New York, 92.2. Where our notables are being born now, these figures do not determine, but we should guess, if invited, that the good showing made above by New York State for our, will prove to be maintained. The State is exceedingly prosperous, and the city is constantly drawing to itself a stream of people of more than average energy and ability who, in spite of all the disadvantages of metropolitan life, are likely to have children of more than average ability, and to give them better than average educational chances and extra good opportunities to get out what is in them.

Dr. CHARLES S. MINOT, professor of embryology in Harvard University, is reported to have told the New York Academy of Medicine on February 25 that his own experiments on guinea-pigs, rabbits, and other animals had convinced him that old age begins at twenty-five, when the period of physical growth normally ends. He went on to contend, so it is reported, that intellectual growth ceases with physical growth, and that a man of thirty is not nearly so likely to have an original idea

as one of twenty-five or twenty. To most persons these assertions will seem paradoxical. There is, of course, nothing new or strange in the dictum that the human body is an organism wherein from birth a process of decay and a process of repair are going on concurrently and incessantly. So long as the reparative process preponderates over the decadent process we say that the organism grows. It is counter to observed facts, however, to allege that old age begins from the moment when such preponderance comes to an end. There is a vast amount of evidence for the current impression that during a period, the duration of which varies in individuals from fifteen to thirty years, an equilibrium is maintained between the process of decay and the process of repair. According to this, which is the common theory, old age does not begin until the equilibrium is interrupted by a preponderance of the decadent over the reparative process.

A project, which has been regarded seriously in France and Russia, contemplates the construction of a tunnel under Bering Strait, the Asiatic end of which would be connected with the Transiberian Railway, and the American end with a Canadian line. There is, it seems, an island about midway in Bering Strait, so that each moiety of the tunnel would be not much longer than that proposed under the Strait of Dover. French and Russian engineers are convinced that there is nothing impracticable in this scheme, and work upon the tunnel would probably have been already begun had not Russian finances been disorganized by the war with Japan and the subsequent internal troubles of the Russian Empire.

The pure-food bill that passed the Senate last month by a vote of 63 to 4 makes it a misdemeanor to manufacture or sell adulterated or misbranded foods, drugs, medicines, or liquors in the District of Columbia, the Territories, and the insular possessions of the United States, or to ship them from one State to another, or to a foreign country. It also prohibits the receipt of such goods. The penalty for breaking the law is a fine of \$500, or imprisonment for one year, or both. Corporation officers are made responsible for what their companies do. The chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Agricultural Department is to examine the wares defined in the bill, and if they do not come up to a defined standard, he is to notify the United States district attorney, who is to institute proceedings in the Federal courts. The general subject of pure food has been under consideration by Congress for fifteen years. The unanimity of opinion in the Senate about the present bill argues favorably to its becoming a law.

After all, when all has been said about the extortionate dispositions of the ice trust, isn't it true that we did have an extraordinarily mild winter, and that the Hudson River ice crop was pretty much a failure? The Hudson seldom produces continuous navigation and ice in the same season. In the winter just passed it gave nearly all its attention to navigation. If the ice trust could sell ice this summer at a reasonable profit without putting up its price, it is smarter than we have supposed. We know nothing about its affairs or its supplies, but we have observed the weather, and we wonder a good deal what the facts are on which some of the contemporaries base their cries that putting up the price of ice is merely a maneuver of the trust to smother the poor under pretence of scarcity. If ice isn't scarce this year, all signs fail.

Lieutenant-General JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, who died at St. Augustine, Florida, on March 4, left no veteran of the civil war surviving him whose services were as important as his. He graduated from West Point in 1855 in the same class with SHERIDAN, McPHERSON, and HOOVER, and was thirty years old when the civil war broke out. President JIMMISON, in 1868, appointed him Secretary of War. On his retirement from that office the following year he became a major-general, and on the death of General SHERIDAN in 1888 he succeeded to the command of the army, and later was appointed lieutenant-general. So late as 1896 he was much talked of as a possible Democratic candidate for President, and in 1898 he was chairman of the commission appointed by President McKinley to investigate the War Department's conduct of the war with Spain.

The Opponent of Government Rate-making

It was an interesting day in the United States Senate when on February 28 Senator FORAKER of Ohio spoke for three hours on the rate question. We are told that every seat on the Republican side was occupied, and that Democrats came over and sat as closely as possible to the speaker, so that they might not lose a word. There was not a smile, we read, on any Senatorial countenance, which, on the contrary, was fixed grim and hard under the tense strain of following a severely legal argument. An enunciation, no pleasant, nor agreeable, to anyone, fell from the lips of the Ohio Senator, and was in any case interrupted by applause, but the deep impression made by his pellucid and elegant sentences upon the mind of many a colleague was undoubtedly expressed by Senator HARLEY, who remarked to Mr. TELLER, the veteran Senator from Colorado, "If that speech cannot be answered, the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill deserves to be defeated."

In his opening words, the Ohio Senator defined his personal attitude toward the project of government rate-making for railways, which is embodied in the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill. That measure he denounced in principle and in detail, as gloriously unconstitutional and grossly inexpedient. He held it to be so contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and of such a drastic and revolutionary character, that, if not in its immediate effect, at least in its eventual influence as a precedent, it would have grave and far-reaching consequences. Reviewing the history of railroad development in the United States, Mr. FORAKER covered the existence of certain evils in the existing methods of railway management, evils undoubtedly incident to the upbuilding of so vast an interest, but evils every one of which, he said, is curable by the Federal courts, without creating a commission of doubtful constitutionality. The evils complained of, he reminded his auditors, are, for the most part, comprehended in three classes—excessive rates, rebates, and personal or local discriminations. Of these evils excessive rates are the least serious, because, if we consider the country as a whole, we find that the average charge for transporting freight per ton per mile is less than it is in any other country. More prejudicial, he acknowledged, in their consequences, are rebates, which have assumed many guises, and have facilitated all kinds of discriminations between individual shippers. For the extinguishment of rebates, however, the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill is not required. Mr. FORAKER quoted several members of the Interstate Commerce Commission itself to prove that the ELKINS law, which focuses the machinery of the courts alone, had proved effective in stopping the payment of personal rebates, and that, in so far as there are still examples of such violations of the statute, they can be stopped altogether by a rigorous enforcement of its provisions. He went on to point out that there has as yet been no residue attempt to execute the ELKINS law for the purpose of preventing discriminations as to locality, but he insisted that a glance at its text would convince any fair-minded man that the statute made efforts as broad, direct, explicit, and efficient as remedy for that kind of an evil as it has been found to offer against personal discriminations. That the ELKINS law has not been tested with reference to local discriminations is no fault of the statute, but is due simply to the fact that nobody has seen fit to apply it. In a word, so far as Mr. FORAKER'S affirmative and constructive position is concerned, it may be condensed in the statement that probably the ELKINS law, as it stands—and certainly it strengthened in one or two particulars—gives at once a constitutional and an efficient means of eradicating all the evils imputed to the existing system of railway management. That is to say, he believes in the court plan, as contradistinguished from the plan of rate-making by a commission, not alone because the former is much simpler, more expeditious, and less costly to the shipper, but because it avoids all kind of constitutional questions, whereas the rate-making plan set forth in the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill is certain to encounter constitutional objections of a weighty and probably fatal character.

Concerning the right of Congress to make rates, the Senator contended that the United States Supreme Court had never yet passed on that question, but he pointed out that many eminent lawyers are of the opinion that the Court will hold, when it has to decide that question, that Congress possesses no such power. It is, manifestly, impossible for Congress to fix by statute all the rates for interstate commerce. It would have to resort to some plan under which it could avail itself of the help of some kind of board, commission, tribunal, or agency, in undertaking to do this, however, it would have to take heed lest it should delegate legislative authority, and thus make its effort unconstitutional and unenforceable, for it is beyond doubt unconditional for Congress to delegate legislative powers. Even if the United States Supreme Court should hold that Congress has the power to fix rates for railways, that power could only be utilized under some such statutes as those enacted by the Legislatures of Iowa and Wisconsin, when in 1873 and 1874 they made laws classifying railroad, according to earnings, and providing that the officials chosen to execute said laws should, taking the classification as a basis, determine by computation what statutory rates should apply. The function delegated to such officials might fairly be described as administrative,

not legislative. Later in his speech, Mr. FORAKER challenged contradiction of his assertion that the enactment of the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill would contravene the ninth section of the first article of the Federal Constitution, which prohibits a preference by Congress of the ports of one State over those of another State. If Congress shall invest the Interstate Commerce Commission with the power to make rates for railways, that power must be exercised subject to the prohibition of the Constitution, to which we have just referred. The whole system of differentials, therefore, would have to be abandoned. Not only would the port of Boston be closed, but many other ports would be most seriously affected. The general business that could be taken as well to one port as another, under the then existing regulations, would inevitably be concentrated at the port most favored by natural and artificial conditions.

Concluding his speech, Mr. FORAKER said that he had not found it easy or agreeable to differ with the President, who, for the time being, was the head not only of the nation, but also of the political party to which he, as a Senator, was proud to belong. Believing that the welfare of the nation is beneficently affected by the supremacy of Republican policies, the Ohio Senator thinks that every man who believes in those policies should do all in his power to secure unity of action in his party, and to that end should be willing to make concessions in minor matters. When questions arise, however, of such commanding importance as are now presented by the HERRICK-TILLMAN bill, Mr. FORAKER holds it to be the duty of every man who has an official responsibility to observe with respect to them, to make a careful investigation for himself, and then to act in accordance with his conviction. Should the measure now under discussion prove disappointing, as Mr. FORAKER believes it will, he foresees that the people will not listen to Senators who can only say in their defense that they, like demagogues, legislated in response to popular demands. The people expect their representatives to act, not demagogically, but intelligently, patriotically, in conformity in their best judgment and to their oath of office, which latter binds them to disregard public clamor, and legislate for the public welfare as they see and understand it.

The United States and the German Emperor

SINCE our acquisition of the Philippines, and especially since the accession of Mr. ROOSEVELT to the Presidency, the Emperor WILLIAM II. has shown himself keenly alive to the actual and prospective importance of the part marked out for the United States to play in the theatre of world politics. He has observed with regret that the refusal of the British Unionist government to lead direct or indirect aid to Spain in the recent contest of that power with our republic has been followed by a marked improvement in the international relations of Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, a year ago, he must have noticed indications that the Washington government seemed disposed to become a party, so far as sympathy is concerned, to the *entente cordiale* which had been established between Great Britain and France. Under all the circumstances, it may well have seemed almost hopeless for Germany to attempt competition with Great Britain for American goodwill. Nevertheless, Emperor WILLIAM did not despair, and he foresaw that if he could be patient and conciliatory he could rely on the co-operation of two considerable coefficients of our population. We refer, first, to those American citizens, native or naturalized, who are of German birth, or wholly or partly of German parentage, and who unquestionably number many millions of voters; and, secondly, to those comprising the vast numbers of Americans who regard Great Britain with implacable vindictiveness, and who would rather see our country enter into a friendly understanding with any other European power than with the United Kingdom. Such Irish-American and similar many hundreds of thousands, if not, perhaps, some millions, of voters. Both of these factors in our composite population could, we repeat, be counted on to strengthen the hands of the Emperor WILLIAM, if he could succeed in winning the confidence and friendship of that element in the American community which will easily be identified, if any one will take the trouble to note the obvious racial origin of most members of the regiment, of most high officers of the army and navy, of the judges of the Federal courts, and of the Senators and Representatives in the Federal Congress. An inspection of the list of names has doubtless convinced Emperor WILLIAM that he would not accomplish much if he relied exclusively on German Americans and Irish-Americans.

Accordingly, for years, he has been trying in sagacious and courteous ways to captivate what must be acknowledged as intellectually and morally the predominant component of the complex American people. He has sent his brother, Prince HERZOG of Prussia, to visit us, while at all times he has shown himself exceptionally gracious to distinguished American visitors and to the diplomatic representatives of our government. He has earnestly endeavored in a plan intended to bring about a community of feel-

ing and interest between the friends and the beneficiaries of the higher education in both countries through an annual interchange of German and American professors. He has requested our government to accept a statue of his famous relative, **FREDERICK THE GREAT**, and he has made many a valuable gift to American institutions. It was only the other day, just before the end of February, that he gave a memorable proof of the lengths to which he is willing to go to gain the regard of our American government and people. By prevailing upon the Reichstag, through his Chancellor, Count von Bülow, to suspend until June 30, 1907, the application of the maximum duties of the new German tariff to American commodities, which ought to have been subjected to them on March 1 of the present year, Emperor **WILLIAM** practically gave to the United States far almost nothing concessions which his European neighbors have had to buy for a great price, and he has, consequently, exposed himself to remonstrances and reproaches on the part of our European rivals. Not to another country in the world would the Emperor **WILLIAM** II. have offered gratuitously such a boon. Nor is this probably all that he might consent to do for us. For an undoubtedly believes in striking when the iron is hot, and we should not be in the least surprised should he follow the suspension of the German tariff in our favor with an intimation that he will accept a compromise at Algiers, provided it is proposed and urged by the United States. Such a compromise could easily be framed on paper, but there are, as yet, no indications that the Berlin government would acquiesce in it, were it put forward by a European power. Rather does the whole drift of events in the Morocco conference suggest that Emperor **WILLIAM** is arranging to assure to Mr. **ROOSEVELT** another such a triumph as the latter achieved at Portsmouth, so that, for a second time, the President of the United States may stand forward as the peacemaker in the eyes of mankind.

Public Playgrounds

THE Jamestown Exposition Company in Virginia have now under consideration the establishment of a large seaside playground, under the general direction of Mrs. **RUTH ASHLEY HANCOCK**, for the accommodation of all the children at the exposition. Such a playground was one of the most attractive features of the St. Louis Exposition, and it was proved to be invaluable not only to the parents who wished to go sight-seeing unaccompanied, but even more so to the children themselves, who were spared the tedium and fatigue of crowded impressions, jostling humanity, and a weary dragging through scenes that meant little or nothing to them. The playground was, as well, a refuge for all the children on the grounds who were lost or separated in the crowds from their guardians.

The St. Louis Playground had eight different pavilions, offering accommodations for rest, baths, free dispensary, indoor games, while outside there were little gardens laid out and gardening tools, sand-piles, carpenter's benches, gymnasium apparatus, swings, ladders, horizontal bars, May-poles, hammocks, tennis-courts, and croquet sets. The big play-room pavilion for rainy days had a complete kindergarten in charge, and the management of the whole playground was in charge of its designer, Mrs. **HANCOCK**, who, with twenty-two helpers, four trained nurses, and a small corps of physical directors and kindergarten teachers, kept the grounds open every day throughout the exhibit to an average daily attendance of three hundred children.

At the St. Louis Exposition the public playground had special entertainments once a week. Miss **HELEN GORDON**, who was a persistent advocate of the playground, and in pursuance of whose wish the board of lady managers appropriated five thousand dollars to further the work, gave a party to the children. Miss **MARIA SUDOLSKY**, the friend of **BRUNSWICK** and **COQUELIN**, and one of the most fascinating and gifted of mortals, told her charming fairy-tales, **ANDERSEN'S** and **GRIMM'S**, looking in her quaint fairy-goddess costume of green satin and silver as if she had just come alive from the covers of one of **WALTER CRANE'S** books. Commissioner **BERNS** gave a birthday party there to sixteen hundred children. Mr. **JOSEPH LEE**, of Boston, gave a baby party. There was a specialty festive luncheon for fifty lost children on one day, a minstrel show, a maple-sugar treat, and various other festivities.

The playground, however, is supposed to be not only an accommodation, but a truly educational factor in the lives of the little folk gathered there. Every attention is given to its architectural and horticultural beauty. There are shade-trees and flower-beds, well-laid-out paths, plots of grass, and vine-enveloped pavilions and buildings.

In the larger Northern cities the playground is no novel thing. There are said to be in the neighborhood of fifty in and about New York. To the South, emerging from an agricultural to a mercantile mode of life, the institution is new. The main benefit of such a model playground at the Jamestown Exposition will be the setting before the people the real benefit of public playgrounds managed by expert and trained people.

Above all else, the foundation of worthy manhood and womanhood depends upon the happiness, health, and outdoor life in childhood. Enough of these three things will be found to do away with a great deal of punishment and thwarting. A child, whoever he is, has a right to be well and to be happy. Gloom and confinement make sin.

It is said to be statistically true that our jails are largely filled with institutionalized men and women. It is taking the child before his habits are formed and surrounding him with healthy and joyous conditions which will lessen the burden of taxation for reformatories, jails, and insane asylums.

In a recent book on *Erewhon* by Dr. **SALISBURY**, he points out that the survival of the fittest by no means need be construed into the survival of the best. It merely means that he shall succeed and survive who is most nearly suited to the environment. There are many environments in which fraud and convention and mean-ness survive and a fastidious honesty goes to the wall. It is a fine sign of the times that so much effort is being made to make the environment of the little folk what it should be.

There has been some question raised as to whether the kindergarten turned out the best students or not. First, after all, there is one thing a man must be before he is a scholar, and that is, a man who can possess his own soul and deal equably with his neighbors. There has been no question but that the kindergarten teaches the child his relations to his neighbors. The kindergarten, the playground, the free library (poor as it is, and far enough from any ideal), the garden cities, the park systems, are all movements in the same direction,—the endeavor of man to make life livable for all men. The maxim of one of the most lovable characters in English letters was, *Transferre sensum* from his machine-man and. Perhaps there is but one better to go through life with: to make many men glad.

Personal and Pertinent

HAVING lost the privilege of rhyming the Russians across the rice-fields of Manchuria, the Japanese are now studying other plans for making their legs longer.

By ordering an advance of thirty per cent. in prices, the Ice Trust seems to be laboring under the impression that the coal trust overlooked something.

Administration officials at Washington are looking for trouble in the Far East. The number of persons who have been disappointed in looking for trouble is exceedingly small.

These Senate investigating committees have a habit of suddenly suspending their sessions as soon as they begin getting information they asked and hoped they would not receive.

The War Department has not yet decided upon the place for holding the annual joint army and navy maneuvers, but there are some indications that they may be held in China.

Senator **ALDEN'S** joke in having Senator **TILMAN** made leader of the administration's railway-rate measure has a very sharp point, particularly for those Western Republican Senators who will have to seek reelection by the Legislature to be elected next November.

On the whole, Mr. and Mrs. **LESCROVER** have been well used, since their marriage, by the newspapers. Their journeyings have been widely reported, as were not improper, but they have not been "showered" and we have not witnessed a disposition to fill newspaper space at the cost of their reasonable privacy.

The newspaper which, on March 4, recorded that a French court had denied a motion to annul the divorce of an American, one of New York, from his second wife, went on to give the complete tally of this gentleman's marital experiments. It seems it has required four divorces, first and last, to secure to him the happiness which he at present he enjoys with his third wife, and with which the French court declined to interfere. He has himself been divorced, as yet, only twice—from his first and second wives. His first wife remarried after losing him, leaving with her mother one child, for whose support the father is now being sued. His second wife was a divorcee when he married her; his third wife was also a divorcee when he married her, so that four divorces have already contributed to make him the happy man he is, and he is still young and insensitively domestic. "Numerous congratulations," says the newspaper, "were sent to the present Mrs. —, whose marriage would have been invalid had her husband's second wife's appeal to set aside the divorce decree been upheld." Such congratulations show great respect for the marriage ceremony and certificate. An outsider might think that the marriage of a once-divorced woman to a twice-divorced man would be somewhat humorously regarded, but the insiders seem to take marriage very seriously in all its fluctuations, and to lay exemplary stress on successful compliance by adventurous marriages with the letter of some law.

THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION AND ITS RESULTS

By Ralph H. Graves

Illustrated from Photographs taken while the investigation was in progress



Charles Evans Hughes

The attorney who conducted the insurance inquiry

ten bulky volumes, showed that the large corporations had contributed to campaign funds out of the policyholders' money; that they had spent enormous sums to influence legislation at different State capitals and even at Washington; that the expenses had been extravagant, the salaries of officers extraordinarily high, and the perquisites of some of the directors unjustifiable; that the actuarial side of the business had become infected with unsafe theories in many instances, and that there had been cases of personal inappropiety and gross mismanagement.

Mr. Hughes first turned his attention to the so-called "Big Three"—the Mutual, Equitable, and New York Life. Then he examined the Metropolitan and a number of smaller companies. The Mutual's president, Richard A. McCurdy, defended the investment methods of the great concerns, declaring that advantageous purchases of securities could not be made in these strenuous times without the aid of "syndicates." He also contended that the officers and directors had done nothing improper when they participated in the syndicate transactions on their own account. On both of these points he was supported by most of the prominent insurance men who followed him on the witness stand.

Holding of shares in subsidiary banks and trust companies, too, was excused energetically by Mr. McCurdy. Incidentally he said that his annual salary of \$150,000 was justified, and he denied the exaggerated stories about his having bought for his private office a \$250,000 rug and a \$2000 chair.

Other witnesses from the Mutual were Robert H. McCurdy, the president's son and the company's general manager, who testified that he had not participated in syndicates, and that his yearly earnings in salary and foreign commissions had been as high as \$125,000, and Emory McCluskey, the actuary, recognized as the head of his profession in America, who favored a limiting of risks, prophesied a "safe future for insurance," and argued that deferred-dividend policies were not necessarily bad.

That the Mutual maintained a house at Albany for its "legislative agent," Andrew C. Fields, was proved; but Mr. Hughes endeavored in vain to secure evidence that this much-talked-of "house of birth" was a pleasure resort for legislators. Fields had left the city and could not be found by the subpoena-servers. The other witnesses gave an information to uphold the scandalous rumors.

In general, however, it was admitted by the elder Mr. McCurdy, and by lesser officers, that much money had been spent for legislation, though each of them insisted the expenditures were confined to proper fees and payments for public crusades against inequitable bills. As in campaign contributions, the chairman of a trustees' sub-committee, Robert Glynn, admitted that amounts as large as \$25,000 had been given in the Republican National Committee,

the examination of witnesses, and his associates were James McKee and Matthew C. Fleming. The committee of inquiry, appointed at Albany in the spring, had, as its chairman, Senator William W. Armstrong, of Rochester, whose fellow members were two other Senators and five Assemblymen.

With only such reserves as were necessary for the counsel to keep pace with their study of records in the offices of the companies, the committee worked steadily through the four months. While crowds of spectators listened, and hourly newspaper "extras" heralded fresh sensations, Mr. Hughes delved into every phase of the insurance business, only omitting the details that had to be overlooked for lack of time.

When the close of the year put an end to the testimony, the investigators had scrutinized the affairs of fifteen companies, exclusive of several assessment concerns. The evidence, collected in

ten bulky volumes, showed that the large corporations had contributed to campaign funds out of the policyholders' money; that they had spent enormous sums to influence legislation at different State capitals and even at Washington; that the expenses had been extravagant, the salaries of officers extraordinarily high, and the perquisites of some of the directors unjustifiable; that the actuarial side of the business had become infected with unsafe theories in many instances, and that there had been cases of personal inappropiety and gross mismanagement.

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The Armstrong Insurance Investigation Committee of the New York Legislature

Front row (from left to right): Senator Rochester, Senator Tallie, Senator Armstrong (chairman), Assemblyman Rogers, and Assemblyman Lee. Rear row (from left to right): Assemblyman J. McKenna, Ernst H. Wallace, assistant to the Attorney-General; Assemblyman Keaple; Assemblyman Prentiss; William Blau, assistant to the Attorney-General, and C. R. Holaday, secretary-at-large of the State Senate.



Mr. Ryan

Thomas F. Ryan, who purchased the controlling interest in Equitable Stock, in the Witness-chair

MR. HUGHES. "Your purchase of the control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society was a contribution to peace and prosperity?"

MR. RYAN. "I thought I was doing a great public service."



Mr. Hyde

James Hazen Hyde before the Committee. It was his interest which Mr. Ryan acquired

MR. HUGHES (referring to one of the executive expenditure accounts of the Equitable). "Isn't you think it your duty, as an officer of the Equitable, to ascertain the sources from which came the money for that purpose?"

MR. HYDE. "That is a very good illustration of the fact that I unfortunately relied upon other people to do right."

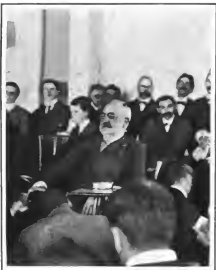
TWO LEADING FIGURES IN THE INSURANCE INQUIRY

and smaller sums disbursed for similar purposes. In one instance, as testified by a regularly employed lawyer, a contribution of \$2500 was made to the Congressional committee of each political party simultaneously.

The Equitable's affairs of latest date were made public through Thomas F. Ryan's testimony. Mr. Ryan told how he bought the controlling 502 shares of stock from James Bacon Hyde for \$2,500,000, after having decided that it was necessary for some one to avert a financial panic by taking charge of the society's management. He then sound the investigation—and, through them, the public—of his readiness to reveal the stock, for the purchase price plus four-per-cent interest, to the society whenever its directors should decide that it ought to be transformed into a strictly mutual organization.

From Mr. Ryan the committee also heard for the first time the details of the arrangements whereby Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse, and Justice Morgan J. O'Brien were to act as trustees of the 502 shares, managing the society for the best interests of the policyholders. It was after this that Mr. Ryan was led to tell how Edward H. Harriman had desired to participate in the purchase from Mr. Hyde.

The evidence given by Mr. Harriman, besides containing an attack on Mr. Ryan that showed the financial hostility of the two gentlemen, was distinguished by a defence of stock investments and syndicate participations on the part of insurance companies. Mr. Hyde alluded to the complication of contradictions by testifying that Mr. Harriman and ex-Governor Benjamin R. Odell threatened him with legislative retaliation for Mr. Odell's ship-building trust



Richard A. McCurdy, former President of the Mutual Life

Mr. HUGHES. "Do you know of any president of any other insurance company that receives as large a salary as your \$150,000 a year?"

Mr. McCURDY. "I felt all the more complimented by the fact that I believed there was no other life-insurance president that got so much."

as he could not do by any other means. It was brought out that Mr. Hergeman's industry and judgment had been almost entirely responsible for the Metropolitan's growth, and that the directors had left the management in his hands.

Of the smaller companies investigated, there were half a dozen

losses through a banking company controlled by the Equitable. This Mr. Harriman and Mr. Odell denied emphatically.

For the New York Life the principal witnesses were the late John A. McCall, president, and George W. Perkins, vice-president. Mr. McCall candidly admitted authorizing Andrew Hamilton, as the company's agent, to use a free hand in "watching legislation and taxation," for which purpose Hamilton spent more than \$1,000,000 without furnishing itemized accounts. Mr. Perkins was the first insurance officer to admit the giving of campaign contributions. He caused what was probably the most dramatic scene of the investigation by announcing that he had paid \$48,702 to the managers of President Roosevelt's campaign in 1904.

Later both Mr. McCall and Mr. Perkins defended the Republican contributions by saying that the policyholders' interests were being protected against a possible "free silver revival." The representatives of other companies presented the same defense afterwards.

John E. Hergeman, president of the Metropolitan, and Jacob Fiske, the vice-president, testified concerning that company's "industrial" insurance. Mr. Hergeman, who had told of his refusal to accept more than \$80,000 a year in salary, and of his resignation of personal syndicate profits in deference to public opinion, declared "industrial" policies to be the greatest boon to the poor man, enabling him to save his money

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George W. Perkins, former Vice-President of the New York Life

Mr. HUGHES. "Will you furnish a copy of that article [of excess purchases and sales of securities by the New York Life] for us?"

Mr. PERKINS. "I'll give you all the information in my power, and produce any records you require."



Edward H. Harriman, former Director of the Equitable

Mr. HUGHES. "It has been charged that, through your relation with Mr. Odell, you have political influence. What have you to say to that?"

Mr. HARRIMAN. "Well, I should think that Mr. Odell had political influence because of his relation with me."



SENATOR PLATT

Senator Thomas C. Platt being examined by Mr. Hughes

MR. HUGHES. "Did you make any request for these campaign contributions from insurance companies?"
SENATOR PLATT. "I did not. They came voluntarily."

that showed interesting features of management. The Home Life and Germania, after rigid examinations, were found lacking in the areas for which the larger concerns had been criticized. The Prudential was shown to be closely allied with the great New Jersey railroad and banking institutions. The Washington Life, it was discovered, had been reorganized and placed on a firm footing by Thomas F. Ryan. The Life Association of America, as its officers admitted, had paid dividends on losses. The Mutual Reserve, an assessment concern, some of whose officers have since been examined by the grand jury at District Attorney Jerome's instigation, had engaged in many complex transactions, raising assessments arbitrarily, paying fabulous commissions, and once disbursing \$15,000 to ward off damage suits likely to reflect discredit upon the officers.

The insurance men's testimony was supplemented by that of several "political witnesses." Ex-Governor Odell, besides denying Mr. Hyde's charges, declared his ignorance of political corruption by insurance companies. United States Senator Thomas C. Platt frankly said that he had collected contributions, and that the companies undoubtedly expected good treatment in return, although he was positive in his assertion that the gifts were voluntary. The other New York Senator, Chauncey M. Depew, who was also a director of the Equitable, explained rumors about his insurance activities, admitted that certain methods needed improvement, and said that he had rendered ample legal services for the annual

retainer of \$20,000 which the Equitable paid him. Francis Hendricks, the State Superintendent of Insurance, acknowledged his ignorance as to insurance matters, but excused the department's lack of efficiency by saying that the law was defective and the money supply limited. Louis F. Payn, an ex-Superintendent, who once eliminated from an examiner's report certain unfavorable criticisms of the Mutual Reserve, was another witness.

Results from the legislative inquiry came fast. While the committee was drafting its report, special investigating boards were named by the trustees of the Mutual and New York Life, and Mr. Ryan put into effect the reforms needed to place the Equitable on a proper basis, beginning by selecting Paul Morton for president. The Mutual's investigators, although an internal quarrel has resulted in the resignation of Stuyvesant Fish, have accomplished much in reducing expenses, and have recommended suits against the two McCurdys for the recovery of "excessive salaries and commissions." The New York Life's "house-cleaning" committee has submitted an exhaustive report, adjudging Andrew Hamilton liable for the money he spent without accounting. Meanwhile, Charles A. Peabody has succeeded Mr. McCurdy as president of the Mutual, and Alexander E. Orr has become executive head of the New York Life.

The report that was handed to the Legislature on Washington's birthday provides that investments in stocks by insurance com-



THE HOUSE

Former Governor Benjamin B. Odell, who denied he had threatened Mr. Hyde in order to recover \$75,000 he had lost in United States Shipbuilding Securities

MR. HUGHES (referring to James Hovey Hovey's testimony). "We are simply interested because defaults threaten were made that—"

MR. ODELL. "There is an truth in that statement—no help me God!"



R. H. McCurdy, former General Manager of the Mutual Life

Mr. HUGHES. "What is the salary of your father, the president of the Mutual Life?"

Mr. McCURDY. "I don't know."

Mr. HUGHES. "You have never known?"

Mr. McCURDY. "Never."

panies must cease, except in the case of stocks of municipal corporations, and that bonds purchased must not be secured by hypothecated stocks beyond one-third of the total security. The companies are required to get rid of their present stock holdings in five years—which means the sale of about \$250,000,000 of high-class stocks by them within that period.

Syndicate purchases are to be prohibited, as well as individual participations by insurance officers or directors, in transactions pertaining to their company. Deferred-dividend policies are to be abolished, without nullifying past contracts. The reserve of a company is to be restricted to a percentage of the net value of policies in force. An annual distribution of dividends is provided, either payable in cash, or applied to a reduction of the next premium or to added insurance. The new business of each of the three largest companies, or those with total insurance in force above \$1,000,000,000 apiece, is to be limited to \$150,000,000 a year.

Publicity for all the dealings of the companies is urged. Assessment conveners are not to be chartered in future. Expenses are to



John R. Hegeman, President of the Metropolitan Life

Mr. HUGHES. "What does the holder of an industrial policy get when the policy lapses?"

Mr. HEGEMAN. "Nothing."

be limited, and all salaries above \$5000 must be approved by the full directorate of a company.

The report suggests that all proxies in the mutual companies be made void, and all the spring elections postponed until November 15, so as to give the policy-holders an opportunity to assume the reins. It is recommended that the law shall contain ample protection and assistance for the policy-holders, as the administrators must file lists and computations ahead of time with the State Department, to which any group of one hundred policy-holders may send an independent ticket by way of rebellion.

An important provision is the repeal of the notorious Section Fifty-six of the New York Insurance Law, under which no policy-holder could sue an insurance company without the consent of the attorney-general. Further, the new law will make every violation thereof a misdemeanor, and it will also make it a misdemeanor for any man to accept a rebate. Finally, provision is made that stock companies may "mutualize" themselves, if the stockholders and directors desire the change.



Senator Chauncey M. Depew, one of the Equitable Life Directors, who received \$20,000 a Year for legal Services

Mr. HUGHES. "Did you know that \$10,000 was contributed by the Equitable for campaign purposes in 1902?"

SENATOR DEPEW. "I did not. I had a general idea that there was a contribution, but I didn't see the amount, nor by whom nor to whom."

GROWTH OF LIFE-INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES

By James Davenport Whelpley

THE figures which illustrate the growth of life-insurance in the United States are almost incomprehensible. Since 1843 American life-insurance companies, exclusive of beneficial societies, fraternal orders and industrial concerns, have issued 68,836,765 policies. They have paid to beneficiaries and policy-holders \$3,517,041,523, and now hold \$2,518,001,792 in gross assets, constituting the combined reserve fund for the payment of policies now in force, making a total of \$6,035,133,204 in benefits to policy-holders. The companies have received \$6,006,673,293 in premiums, so as the account now stands it shows a profit of \$29,459,921 to the policy-holders. The premium receipts last year were \$469,342,922, as compared with \$283,039,202 in 1909.

The ratio of assets to liabilities of the three big companies at the close of last year, figured on a twenty-per-cent. basis—which means that one-fifth of all premiums is set aside for expenses, the remaining four-fifths going to the reserve and for the payment of current claims—was: Equitable, 124.71; Mutual Life, 120.59; New

The amount of life-insurance in force in other countries, much of which is in American companies, is as follows: Great Britain, \$4,344,522,975; Germany, \$1,329,163,683; France, \$720,209,000; Austria, \$370,021,530; Scandinavia, \$130,000,000; Switzerland, \$70,300,250; Russia, \$47,935,570.

Industrial insurance, in which poor people, by the payment of a few cents a week, insure their lives for from \$50 to \$500 to pay funeral expenses, is a product of recent years, but it has had a wonderfully rapid growth. The money comes in in pennies, but the profits are enormous and have built up three rich and powerful companies. Though the premiums are small in amount they figure up, at the end of the year, from forty to fifty per cent. higher than the rates charged on ordinary business. The amount of insurance of this class in force in 1909 was \$335,500,467. At the beginning of this year there were outstanding 14,862,739 industrial policies, insuring \$2,653,073,214.

American life-insurance has not only survived an ordeal which would have wrecked half the banks in the country, but, in the face



George Cleveland

James H. Hyde

George Washington

The Trustees of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, seated by Thomas F. Ryan, and to whom he delivered the 502 shares of Equitable Stock which he bought from James H. Hyde for \$2,500,000

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York Life, 111.07. The percentage of expenses to income last year was: Equitable, 18.77; Mutual Life, 20.50; New York Life, 20.07.

In 1909, all of the companies reporting to the New York insurance department had outstanding insurance amounting to \$141,497,977. The insurance in force on January 1, 1908, in all American companies and societies was as follows:

No. of Companies	Insurance in Force
Regular companies	\$12,547,957,441
Assessment societies	480,781,584
Fraternal orders	7,273,869,328
Total	\$20,302,608,353

Percentage of increase since December 31, 1909, 14.248.

The total resources of the national, State, private and savings banks of the United States and loan and trust companies doing a banking business are \$12,108,900,000. The resources of the national banks have increased 40.60 per cent. since 1903.

The combined assets of American railroads, owning all property owned by them of whatever nature, are \$14,862,111,544, as compared with \$1,266,716,000 in 1900, an increase of 1073 per cent.

The material wealth of the United States, as estimated in the last census returns, was \$14,300,000,000, as compared with \$10,132,800,000 in 1900, showing an increase of 40 per cent.

of all of the strife and storm and scandal, it has steadily, if less rapidly, increased its multiplied millions of trust funds. Another impressive fact, developed by the recent legislative investigation, is that its untold wealth of assets will continue to grow.

This is particularly true of the three "giants" which have been under fire—the Equitable, New York Life, and Mutual Life—and the statement holds without regard to whatever new legislation may result from the legislative inquiry. Even if they did not issue another policy, which is an impossible development either from law or sentiment, the accumulating premiums would increase the assets of all of the big companies by fifty per cent. or more, representing hundreds of millions, before they would begin to fall in response to the increasing demands of death claims and maturities. As matters now stand this piling up of assets would continue for almost eight years, and it is evident that it would not be seriously interfered with by lapses, for stand all of the clamor the policy-holders have not become panic-stricken, and are not throwing away their insurance.

Avoid from this statistical development of a badly muddled and often misrepresented situation, life-insurance will continue to grow in the ordinary course of events. But its growth will no longer be forced by an overpowering desire for mere "legends," and it will be developed along ways that do not lead to pitfalls. Inevitably the

(Continued on page 357.)

BILLY CAMPBELL'S JUNGLE STORY



By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by Albert Levering

"SHALL it be torrid or cold storage?" inquired Billy Campbell, the strolling actor, as he knocked the beef from his pipe and crammed in some plug-cut, very strong, that he was given to consuming.

With a shiver I glanced at the strings of sheet slapping the window-pane of my room and replied, "Torrid."

"Then we'll have to go to Chihuahua," decided Campbell, as he settled down contentedly before the grate and drew long and deep at his briar. "And this is the only way we can visit the home of frijoles and tortillas," he added. "For ever since Tiberius Smith wratched four of his countrymen from the rude grasp of the Aztecs that republic has been closed to us. And say, the exit of Tib from the home of the Montezumas cost him one of the best animal shows that ever growled through the streets of a country town at 11 A.M."

"Suppose, old chap, you begin at the beginning," I suggested. "All right. Now, look. It was early in the winter when we reached the southwestern circuit with a wild-animal show, and Tiberius decided to run down to Chihuahua from El Paso. His object was threefold. He wanted to obtain some Mexican specimens for his outfit, and he believed he could meet expenses by satisfying the childish curiosity of the mestizos, who, by the way, form one-half of the population in old Mexico, and are in as abject a state of slavery as were their forebears under the first passenger-list of Spaniards coming over in the Mayflower. And lastly, he had contracted to capture a troupe of bull-fighters and Marescau-like Dogs for a big wild West show. So much for the incentive."

"We arrived healthy and flea-bitten, and easily picked up the

secrecy desired by the colonel, and were considering a tempting offer to show for the winter in Mexico City, when a sun-kissed peon, with a large quantity of aguardiente concealed about his person, came to our show-trail and tried to bite his way by the rotund Vermont man without crossing our palms with silver. That's largely autograph, as we let them in for what they had, except the stouthe, who entered deadhead. 'Take what you can,' was our motto; but the half-breed forestalled a shake-down by explaining, in badly fractured English, that he had a message for Don Hidalgo Berio, which he would only deliver in return for a front seat. It was written by an American, he said, who was in Querita, an adjacent town.

"We yanked him within the portals and placed him perilously near the hyena's cage and then procured the note. I could see Tib was worked up over the contents, for his round face was drawn down in four curves as he digested it.

"'Too bad, Billy,' he said, in a whisper. 'And one of them worked in Vermont once.'

"'Poor devil!' I sighed; for as Vermont was Tib's home State, I knew my irrelevant remark would make him mad.

"'Criminally it's poor devil when a white man fresh from that blessed State is in this plight,' he snapped, his brown eyes becoming two points. 'Here, read!'

"It seems there were four 'poor devils,' all Americans. They were in Querita, the letter said, waiting to be sent to the salt-mines for life. Now a man who knows Mexico would rent the salt-mines out to his dearest enemy and live in Hialeah—if he owned both. The letter was a brief one, the writer merely stating his prospects,



"With force putting your man barrel through the shipping!"

and saying he had heard from his guards of Smith's presence in Chihuahua. He begged Tiberius to rescue him if he had any love for the children of the Star-Spangled Banner.

Tib knew Spanish more or less, chiefly less, but he carried a gift-brochure that would make up the difference in effect on the average alcade, and a quick trip to the halls of justice gave him an insight to the situation. It seems Murphy, the writer, and his friends had been foolish enough to hire out as a train crew on the Central, and that their train, *saw* Quetta, had run over a big-kay's hired man. Now the average peon, after absorbing all the visible supply of aguardiente, will hunt all over the map for the most *outré* place in which to sleep off his pink rabbits, and nothing appeals to his sordid imagination so much as a busy railroad-track when it comes to trundle-beds. But while the U. S. lines yearly cause the battle of Gettysburg to blush when it comes to looting of earnings, our little *hennette* brother beyond the Rio Grande has a way of making it uncomfortable for train crews when a simple life is crushed out. It isn't because a peon is highly prized as a bit of social bribe-brace, but because, I reckon, the train crews are usually made up of, or bossed by, Americans.

"The alcade admitted the defendants had no course to choose, except to run over the man, but he added with a graceful flourish of his hands: 'The man is dead. What would you have? The lesson must be taught.' He also said that the three judges who sat on the case at first were of the inclination to let a line of bare-footed riflemen toy with the quartette behind a 'violet wall.' But," he concluded, "we are merciful, we are merciful!"

Incidentally to slip into Murphy's hand a note of minute instructions.

"This dose, Tib, tried to get me to go north and sit on the farther bank of the Rio and await the last curtain. Of course I won't for that, and he blessed me and said I would probably wind up as salt-miners. Then he directed me to throw some hardware and cartridges into the cages, and on Saturday morning, with two closed animal-wagons, we started for Quetta. We had our man who could drive chain lightning, let alone the most erratic Mexican mole, and, best of all, we could trust him. He had lived in Mexico for years, but had never forgotten he came from the land of greatness and graft. He led the way, while Tib and I did the brake act on the second tally-ho. The rest of the show we left at Chihuahua.

"It took as a day to cover the short stretch over their rotten roads, but at last we arrived at Quetta, amid a Teftee bus of excitement, and pitched the side-show tent, as if preparing for the Sunday performance. Tib explained to the head injun of the town, who met us two miles out of the place to make sure of the tickets, that if the rest of the treat arrived *per schedule*, Quetta was to enjoy a highly moral entertainment that would be the red-hot and starting-point on all Mexican calendars for all hence. And he cemented his promise with a sheaf of free passes. You can wager the mayor was there with a group of corn-fed peasants to erect the tent when we did arrive. And so the time came for us to set down and wait.

"My plans are built like a watch, and if it don't happen in five



"Tiberius, standing near Murphy's cage, hissed, 'Growth, you villain, growth!'"

"After kicking the hyena to stop his howling, Tib sat down by the hearth that night and thought steadily for ten minutes. Then he jolted his hat over his right ear, and I began to realize we were about to become fair and merry night cravants.

"Billy," he declared, "I could never paint polka-dots on a greynose and believe he was a leopard if I left those men to go to the country of satins pure and true we can get them out of Quetta this a quick dash to the Rio, and farewell to the Dons of the blue Pacific."

"That was his poetry. Whenever he was stung into radical action he always talked in verse type. But he had a scheme back of it all that caused my sapphiric eyes to bulge out and touch the walls of the tent. I asked him if we were to invade a hostile asylum that we must indulge in such opera bouffe. I even doubted if Murphy and his friends would submit to being rescued by such ingredients.

"I've thought it all over and it's our only way," replied Tib. "The relatives of the deceased would go without fire-water a week if those sons of Uncle Sam would only escape into the open and give the bereaved family a chance to shoot them up. Why, look! They are doing real work out-of-doors, and I don't doubt but what their guards are yearning for them to make a lark for liberty. If they did they would never get ten miles from Quetta. So, my way is the only way, my bosom the only haven of refuge."

"The upshot of it all was I hustled back to El Paso, where we had some greenroom effects of a new opera staid, and as best-footed as possible I hiked back to Chihuahua, accompanied by two big trunks. Meanwhile Tib had sent our bill-poster to Quetta to hang up a few valentines, advertising the coming of the show, and

minutes I've missed fire," growled Tib, as we unlocked the covers to the carts.

"Then it happened. First we heard a yell; then half a dozen champagne-bottles opened in quick succession, and the little chapel-bell began ding-donging excitedly.

"Next, with fierce panting, four men burst through the chaperon that came up to the rear of our tent and plunged inside the white walls. I had just time to notice they were ragged and unkempt, and then in a second the wooden covers were down to allow them to enter the cages, and then snugged back in place again.

"I'm afraid, Billy," declared Tib, calmly, as he began sorting out some posters, "that the rest of the show won't arrive in time for to-morrow's performance."

"Just as he said this a levy of villagers, headed by our trusty driver, Collins, burst through the canvas, yelling and brandishing carbines and other impediments.

"Four men escaped from the soldiers, Mr. Smith, and I told the guards I thought they came this way," panted Collins, with an expressive wink.

"What?" roared Tib in Spanish. "Law-breakers escaped! Free passes to the brave men who capture 'em. I believe they did pass this way behind the tent in the brush. I heard a cracking and thought it was a snake. My lion growled fiercely. Hark! He is growling now!"

"The gang passed in running away to hear the growl, and Tiberius, standing near Murphy's cage, hissed, 'Growth, you villain, growth!'"

"And thereat a most blood-chilling roar came from Murphy's



"Don't sit with folded arms. That's too much, even in a hyena!"

den, and the others, to make sure, began to throw in a series of yells that would cause a Bowery gallery-god in go home and through sheer entry take lessons. The crowd fell back in a wave: It simply swept 'em off their feet, sir. To cap the climax, Collins cried, 'I don't let 'em get excited, Mr. Smith! Remember the three men mailed to death in El Paso!'

"After they'd gone Tib turned to me and grinned. 'I think we'll win the trick. And isn't that Collins a jewel?'

"Now each cage was divided by a grating of bars, and in each every nook was one of the same-open suits I'd brought from El Paso. In designing these animal make-ups Tib had made use of air-chambers, so that when a man got tucked into one and the bicycle-pump had been agitated for padding, you had a real life-like beast, with muscles standing out like harness on a forgotten dredge. Of course at the last it was a mere counterfeits, and when the quadruped forgot and stood on his hind legs the effect was simply stupendous. First, Tib ordered Murphy to slip into the lion's pelt, and Murphy was mad. He said he was Irish and would pose as a bear, but never as the emblem of Merry England. Tib talked in him like a hired son to a sick horse, and at last the metamorphosis was effected. Then the others were speedily transformed into a black bear, a tiger, and a hyena respectively.

"After they had struggled into their masquerades and Tib had used the pump on the air-pockets we dropped the covers in get the tout cascade. Dear! dear! Scrimus as the situation was, Tib and I sat down and cried like children. And then if you could only have heard 'em sneeze! All hour going at once, with their front paws thrust through the bars and snaking at us. They were half starved and hysterical, you see; besides, there are cooler things in Mexico than fur suits. But Tib soothed them down at last and reminded them of what they were missing in the salutes, and they promised to be good and ant east any more. As they were quitting down and we were replacing the covers, the lion's amazed head was thrust inside the flaps, and he said: 'I heard you shouting at the lions, now. Such a confusion, I had to look within. Surely, they must be devils. I must see them all to-morrow.'

"Tib snapped the barricades in place in a jiffy, and said, stiffly: 'I never give a performance unless I have all my animals. These are but the advance-weapons and tent. If the others do not arrive, I cannot exhibit!'

"But, señor, I have tickets. I have invited my friends. As a sleight of hand command you to exhibit to-morrow to prove you are not a bungler, cried the intruder.

"That comes of promissory, Murphy; growled Tib, after the shackle left us. 'I brought these suits along as a safeguard, so that if any one should get a peep the hefting glance would not arouse suspicion. Now, hang it all! we've got to give a performance to placate the mayor. For if we don't we can never leave town. So you've got to learn your will-said lessons, my boys!'

"For mercy's sake, please a drink of water!" roared the bear, "A sup of th' erasther!" howled Murphy, and before we could quiet them we had to pass a bottle.

"We didn't dare allow them to remove their disguises, and between the temperature and the dew I am afraid they posed a troubled sight. But early next morning we fed them up and carefully outlined what they were to do.

"Above all things, Murphy, don't sneeze," begged Tib. 'It's immoral, and again, lions, as a rule, covet promissory. And don't, Reynolds, don't sit with folded arms. That's too much, even in a hyena. Fourth, that's the idea, crouch! and snarl occasionally. The tiger must lie on his side, asleep, the lion on his stomach, dignified and solemn, and the bear should huddle up in a ball.'

"Then the unthankful beasts began to protest, and Murphy and Reynolds wanted to be the tiger and sleep, but Weisman swore he'd claw the lining out of any one that disturbed his fellow nose. Burke, the bear, didn't know what kind of a nose to make, and it took Tib ten minutes to teach him to say 'woof' in a bawny-manner. Then we took each one in turn and gave the key, and made him practise his call of the wild so there would be some individuality. Then we waited for the mayor.

"I remember Tib wore a pink shirt and a suit of clothes that resembled one of a bookman's board. But it would have done you a world of good, sir, could you have seen him walking to the entrance in his old cheerful manner, smiling pleasantly as he confronted the rabble and explained that no show would be given until all of his menagerie had arrived. He compromised, however, explaining that the shackle and his friends could come in for a private inspection of the few animals now on hand, and the shackle silenced all grumbling by telling the crowd that Don Tiborio was an honest man to refuse their money until he had his best to offer. Then Tib took up the passes and called me to stand guard while he arranged the mayor and a dozen men and women on the marvellous points of his collection.

"I can't see in the bloody thing," growled the lion, as the party swept aside.

"Silence!" roared Tib to the king of beasts. In English. 'The villagers approach. Be better to be a circus lion than a deliver after table salt, known only by a number. Remember that, my lad.' With this admonition he began to spout to the jabbering, half-embled jays in his unique Spanish.

"Fear them not, señores and señoritas. For though they rage and writh in anger, they know their master's voice—Look out, Burke, pull in your left leg!—the last in English. 'They never dream of incurring my displeasure. Nero here, your Excellency, are three men and two women before he was brought low in captivity, and has added a choice collection of thumbs and fingers to the total since then. The villagers near his wild fire house called him 'Ah-Gee-Hak,' which being interpreted means, 'He Who Eats-Men-Gladly.'—I guess, Murphy, Ah, not so loud. Even a lion has limitations! And the sound of the Irishman buying freedom with a series of bull-like bellows except by me and enjoyed the chocolate poppette without a shudder.

"Now we come to the hyena, the most treacherous of all beasts," continued Tib, skillfully drawing the spectators away from Murphy's rage, as that animal, I observed with horror, tried to scratch his left shoulder-blade with a most unlikable contortion. 'His record was kept for three years by my head trainer as to the number of digits he has chewed off, then the task was given up because of its monotony. So, too, near señores and señoritas, not so near. See him show his teeth in vain—show your teeth, Reynolds!—repeating for his native air. Note his antipathy to serpents, the monarch of the Abyssinian wild, for he hates and dreads his rent.—Now, Murphy!'

"But Nero, in desperation to escape a flea, began to clamber to his hind legs, and Tib saw the move just in time to jump to the lion and snarl him to the moon.

"Don't!" muttered Nero. "It's all the same!" it sounded as though he spoke! gasped a little, dried-up señorita.

"Ahem! His long association with men has given his hoarse growl an almost human quality," said Tib, his face going a bit white at the inside of his teeth as the men he has eaten. Down, you devil! down!" he cried, jumping to the lion's cage and striking him with his cane to distract their attention. Reynolds was lying quiescent at the time, and at the blow promptly raised

his head in amazement. 'Scur!' hissed Tib, in English, and Reynolds made good with a long-drawn hoat that sounded like a buzz-saw suffering from diphtheria.

'These idiots will see their finish yet, Billy,' cried Tib to me, in disgust. 'It's them to the salty brine all right, I guess.'

'This caused the quartette to averdo it as they attempted to catch freedom by cunning acting. Some of them had ever read nature stories, however, and only Tib's ready cane and warning—'Back! back! Not too near!'—saved the day. 'Where I can approach with impunity,' he explained, turning easily to the alcide, 'you would feel their cruel fangs. Ah, late, would you! This to the bear, who was lying perfectly quiet, and Tib gave him a poke that brought a cloud of dust from his flanks, whereat he raised his paw to straighten his head, that now was at right angles with all the laws of nature.'

'Behold the lion about to spring!' shrieked Tib, thrusting into the ribs of the king of the forest and thus bringing him into a more reasonable posture.

'Fer th' love iv—o-o-gh!' spoke and snarled Murphy, in his rich brogue.

'Wonderful!' gasped the alcide and his followers.

'But I never heard a lion use such a delightful Irish accent before or since he giving his howl of rage.'

'Now we come to the royal Bengal tiger, bought by me from the Sultan of Skowhegan for \$10,000,' rattled Tib, rapidly, drawing his audience to the second bin. To his horror he found the royal stretched out on his stomach, legs straight before him, while the head, turned upside down, stared complacently at the top of the cage.

'Notice the wonderful elasticity of his neck,'—and snap! Tib had reared in and turned the head-piece into place. It simply swept 'em off their feet, sir. It didn't need a naturalist sharp to detect that the tiger was abnormal in some respects.

'Thanks, mate,' growled Weisman. 'The dead—'

'But the lion and the hyena promptly came to the rescue and drowned the visitors' exclamation of wonder in a series of prolonged yells that put cramps in my tympanum even at the entrance.

'Ah, he purrs, sedors. He purrs, sedors.——Purr, Weisman. At last he is in good humor,' cried Tib. Then in sotto English: 'Group your legs, you would-be alcide! Cluster yourself! It's no use, Billy,' cried Tib to me. 'I would have saved them if I could, but they won't have it me; and all the time he was pausing dramatically at the bear. 'Kindly throw something at Murphy. He's about to stand up.' I tossed a trout-peg, that didn't do the harp a bit of good, and his muttered curse was only drowned by Tib's addressing the bear.

'Well, sir, it was the most exactly fifteen minutes I ever put in. You see, if the game was discovered, we were in as bad a box as the fugitives. And when the sight-seeing began to file out I felt as limp as a rag.

'I shall come again when the whole menagerie is here,' declared the alcide, on leaving. 'Wonderful and marvellous!'

'Some first and certain,' panted Tib, closing the tent-flap leisurely, while I shoved bottles and fodder to the animals. In three seconds their disgusted faces were slipped free from the head-pieces and were busy with food and drink.

'Then we held a council of war and decided we would leave immediately while the alcide and other citizens were having their sleeves. And the way Collins and a dozen poms consulted the Arab in striking that tent was a caution. From the natives we learned the guards had got no trace of the fugitives, and that Chibwahua was being searched by inches. Tib accordingly decided to skirt the town and make for the Rio.

'We got away from Quetta all right, and whenever we met any of the home people we stopped and inquired for the missing caravan, while the inmates of the wagon let off a few howls to heighten the effect. By night we were abreast of Chibwahua and drove slowly north until morning, when we got a change of mules. Then we crept nearer freedom, but never appearing to hurry, and on the second night out we allowed the four men to ride on top of their homes in their underclothing. But with the sun they again put on their trimmings and hopped inside. By this time Tib and I were nearly dead for want of sleep; for although we let Collins slumber every little now in a while, we dared not quit our posts. At last we reached the Rio, and the men wanted to take off their suits and make one dash for it, but Tib said nay. On inquiring from a half-breed we at last learned we had only a few miles to make.

'Now let's go through with a rush,' I suggested, wearily.

'We'll have to,' replied Tib. 'I see the glitter of their shields.'

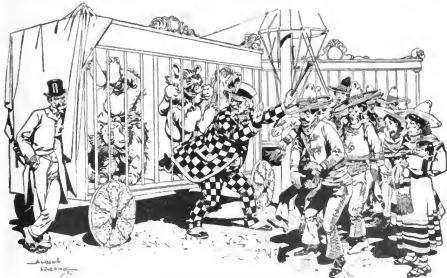
'And looking back I made out a party of horsemen galloping a mile in our rear, while the sunlight played brightly on something they carried in their hands.

'With a yell the souls we bumped and tore along, the heavy wagons swaying fearfully as we went down a decline. Nearer and nearer crept the pursuers, their shouts now reaching us, but before they could get within good shooting distance we caught the glimmer of the Rio, where in the dry season the stream is a mere trickle. Smash went the head cart against a ladder, and a wheel was broken into toothpicks. Then in a second we were all out, making for the rock-studded stream, while the soldiers coming up dismounted and began to take pot-shots at us.

'They had got wind of our game some way and did not seem to be greatly surprised at beholding four fierce denizens of the jungle scrambling, wading, and swimming through the stream, each armed with a rifle or revolver.

'I reached home bare first, closely followed by Collins. And, sir, I shall never forget that spectacle. There was the lion, unable to loose his head-piece, swimming profusely in rich felt as he sent back shot for shot. There were the hyena and tiger, very clumsy, using revolvers. And in the rear, in the midst of the danger zone, old Tiberius was rubbing his show-clothes by supporting the bear by the scruff of the neck. I hauled to the lion, and he firmly turned and went back to assist my patron. There they got Huric ashore we found a neat bullet-hole through his neck, but no arteries or large veins were cut. And I didn't feel a bit bad when I saw that two of the enemy needed the kind care of a physician when they rode away.

'Well, that's all. The fellows couldn't thank Tib enough, for he had saved them from worse than death. And in doing it he lost one of the best animal shows that was ever foolish enough to leave the States.'



"This caused the quartette to averdo it"

THERE IS A NEW KING IN DENMARK

By Paul Harboe

ALTHOUGH Denmark was greatly moved by the death of its old King, there was nothing poignant nor violent in its grief. The nation did not stagger under the shock, the political structure did not tremble; indeed, the wave of the event hardly stirred the ship of state. It was otherwise in 1863, when Christian's predecessor, Frederick VII., passed away, leaving the country face to face with one of the direct misfortunes that over befell it: the war with Germany and the subsequent loss of the duchies.

The explanation is, not that Christian IX. was disliked by his people, or merely tolerated, —on the contrary, his place in their hearts is second only to that of Frederick VII., "the people's King"; but it is years since the father of England's Queen retired from active service as a ruler, years since the Crown-Prince became the virtual head of the government. Still, King Christian never abdicated, nor did he risk at any time to have it understood that he had passed the reins of power into the hands of his son, now Frederick VIII.

The life of the King of the Danes was not very eventful. He walked slowly and carefully, as it were, through the ways of being. He never stumbled, he never dealt in passion, or tempted trouble. His nature had the aspect of a typical Danish landscape, — nothing was rugged or crude or aggressive in his qualities, — in short, he was anything but a picturesque Norse legend.

King Christian occupied the throne of Denmark for a longer period of years than had any other monarch of the House of Oldenburg before him. It is a curious fact that one of his sons, Wilhelm, became King George of Greece a few months before his father was chosen to rule over the Danish people, in 1901. Princess Alexandra



Frederick VIII., Denmark's new King

had already then married the Prince of Wales.

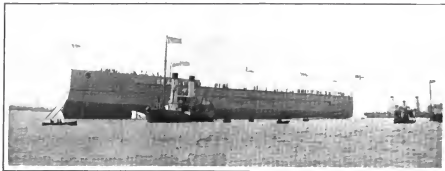
No monarch ever lived "the simple life" more consistently than Christian IX. He rose early, exercised, out-of-doors when the weather permitted, lunched at one, dined at seven, retired at ten. His favorite evening pastime was the game of whist, which he played after dinner with his physician or others, always for money, though the "limit" was never high. He smoked, as most common mortals do,—never excessively, however, nor did he drink drop of the wine-cup. A little claret and water, or a small glass of Madeira, were the only "strong" spirits he tasted at meals on ordinary occasions. And yet the royal cellars of Denmark contain some of the choicest wines in the world. The German Emperor can testify to the truth of this statement!

The new King of Denmark, Frederick VIII., is now sixty-three years old. As a young lieutenant he was attached to the Nineteenth Regiment, at the little town of Nylars. The young prince was extremely well liked by all the men who had to do with him and who learned to know him. In 1863, shortly before the outbreak of the war, he entered the university of Oxford, only to be forced soon after to give up his studies and return to fight the Germans. The time came, however, when Oxford saw fit to award

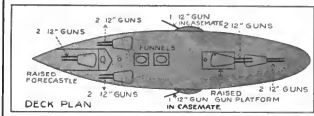
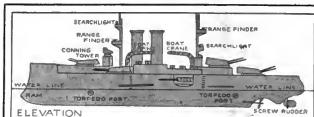
him an honorary LL.D. Between the present ruler of Denmark and the German Kaiser the most cordial relations are said to exist. Frederick VIII. has been so closely associated with crowned heads, and has been for so long an apprentice in the workshop of royal authority, that he enters upon his reign with a large fund of experience, and there is no doubt that he has the full confidence of his subjects.



The Body of King Christian IX. lying in state in the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen



The "Dreadnought" brought to Anchor in Portsmouth Harbor immediately after the Launching



THE battle-ship "Dreadnought," of the British navy, represents a marked advance in marine construction. Her distinguishing feature is a main battery of twelve 12-inch guns, so placed that she will be able to fire eight ahead, six astern, and nine in broadside. This battery, calculated to be effective at 9000 yards, and an exceptional speed of twenty-one knots, combine to make the "Dreadnought" the most formidable vessel of her type afloat. Her length is 490 feet and her displacement 18,000 tons, which is 3000 tons greater than that of the "New Jersey" class of the United States navy. The "Dreadnought's" novel hull conformation, and the disposition of the guns in her main battery, are accurately shown in the accompanying plan and elevation.



King Edward VII. at the Launching of the "Dreadnought." He is looking upon the Gun which has won her name indispensable to him. At his Right is Admiral Fisher. As the "Dreadnought" started down the Ways the King cried, "Good luck to the Ship and all who sail in her!"

KING EDWARD AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE BRITISH "DREADNOUGHT"



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XVI

BEATRIX LOOKS HER DOOM

FARING returned home late on the third day after his departure. He was just in time for dinner—they made a habit of dining early, so that they might have the best of the sunset and the beginning of dusk in the garden—and Beatrice was waiting for him at the inner gate of the long lawn.

His face went quite white when he saw her, for these three days and what had

occurred in them had altered her terribly. He leaped down from the trap which had brought him and stood holding her hands, staring into her face, quite silent until the trap had driven on to the stable and the footman had taken his luggage into the house.

"What is it?" he said then, in a whisper. "Oh, Betty, what is it? What has happened?"

She broke into a dry sobbing, and hid her face on his breast, and in the circle of his arms she crept closer, pressing against him until he felt the soba shake her from head to foot.

"Nothing, Harry!" she said. "Nothing, nothing! Only—don't go away from me again! I can't!—Really, it's nothing! Believe me. But I can't bear being alone. Such—things might happen. Don't leave me alone again, Harry!"

Faring began a little nervous, overwrought laugh.

"I shan't let you out of my sight again," he said. "I shan't go out of yours—ever. But for a moment you frightened me horribly. Has it been so lonely, Betty?—you know, I haven't had such a very jolly time myself! If I weren't ashamed to, I should have belted back home within twenty-four hours. Anyhow, I don't go alone any time. That's certain. Look up!" he said.

She raised her face to him, and the joy of having him back, of again having his strength to cling to, the touch of him, the sound of his voice, were so powerful that, for the moment at least, the strain and fear seemed to have passed from her, leaving a glory in their place, and Faring laughed again—a laugh of relief.

"Ah, that's better!" he said. "That's more you, Betty! You did frighten me."

"Hold me closer, Harry!" she cried in a little drowsy whisper. "Closer! I want to forget everything except that you're here again. Ah, never go away from me again, dearest! Never, never!"

They dined, after a fashion—a rather ally, homely, and fashion such as early Victorian painters were so fond of portraying—and afterwards walked in the garden.

Down below the roses, in the walled enclosure of old-time flowers, the man with the hard blue eyes bowed himself, and too feverishly, with a watering-pot, and Johnny, quelling his amiable smile, looked on from the vantage of an overturned barrow.

"Hello!" said Faring. "Who are those two? New gardeners?"

"One of them is," said the woman, "the one with the beard. The other is a poor old man—a tramp, who is ill and worn out and cannot work much. He was sent to me by—she started to say by Arabella Crowley, but there might be danger in that—"

"By some people up in that Pinner-street village of mine," she said. "He has had a very bad time of it," she said, "and I want to make him comfortable for a while. You must let me, Harry. You mustn't stop me. It's a whim of mine."

Faring laughed gently.

"You shall have all the whims you like," he said, "and you shall follow them all out! The poor old beggar looks as if he needed a remarkable time. Don't that's a noisy cough! Are you putting him up in one of the beds? Good!"

He halted near the urn with the watering-pot, and looked at him attentively with a little frown as if he were trying to remember something.

"I've seen you somewhere before, my man," he said at last.

The man said, "Yes, sir," civilly, and as Faring did not immediately go on, he said:

"It might be abroad anywhere, sir. I've been about a good bit."

"Yes," said young Faring, frowning intently. "I should like to know where, if it's rather odd."

Suddenly Beatrice saw something come into the hard blue eyes. They seemed to widen a bit.

Then for an instant they dropped and the man put up one hand over his mouth. She imagined a smile there—a triumphant smile, very odd.

"I think I know where it was, sir," said the man, looking up again.

"Yes?" and Faring. "Where, then?" The man looked towards Beatrice, and she drew a quick breath.

"I think it must have been in Cape Town, sir, three years ago," said the man. "I was down from Mafeking just about then."

"Yes," said Faring again, slowly. "It may be. I was there at that time. I think I have seen you since then, though. It doesn't matter, of course."

"Yes, sir," said the man, still looking at Beatrice Faring.

She pulled at her husband's arm.

"Come, Harry!" she said. "We're missing the sunset. Come!"

And they turned away. But Faring paused for an instant more to look at the little gray man, who sat smiling on the overturned barrow.

"Mrs. Faring tells me you have been ill," he said. "I'm glad she has taken you in hand. We shall have you right again soon, doubtless—but if I were you I'd keep in bed out of the night air. It isn't too good for coughs."

Herbert Buchanan made a sort of bobbing courtesy.

"Thanker, sir!" he said. "The beautiful lady has been very good to me, sir. I feel fine, being fed so proper and so often and having a real bed to sleep in."

Faring smiled cheerfully, and they turned away towards the foot of the garden, where the path began to mount to Faring's little hill of vantage. As they turned, Beatrice stumbled, and would have fallen if Faring had not caught her in his arms. She gave a small cry.

"It's—nothing!" she said. "I—rushed my foot. Come! We'll go on."

She turned a bit behind, and her husband as they walked, and drew his arm close about her shoulders. Faring thought it was one of her many little expressions of tenderness, and when they had gone out of sight of the two men he stooped and kissed her lips.

As a matter of fact, she had come very near to falling. She had not reached, until it was over, how terrible a strain she suffered when Harry Faring stood face to face with what remained of Herbert Buchanan and spoke with him. She had brought the meeting about rather deliberately, because it had to occur, but when it was over, when Faring turned away with a careless nod, the man went suddenly black before her eyes, and she cried out and would have fallen but for her husband's arm.

Stilling up in the little open pavilion with his wife's head in the hollow of his shoulder, Faring looked out to the golden west, and the glowing effect at twilight again paled at his brows.

"It seems as if he forgot mine," he said. "And it seems we still more to forget people. Where have I seen your villainous garden man before? These hard eyes of his are extraordinary. One would hardly forget them, I should think, and yet—I vaguely connect him with something—shady, but I can't think what."

What's the matter with his left cheek, by the way? He lets his beard grow high up on the cheek bones, but on the left side there's something like the beginning of a scar above the line of beard.

If I could see him shaved now I should remember, I think. Let me see! A man with hard blue eyes and a scarred cheek! If only he hadn't that scabby head!"

Beatrice stirred her head uneasily on his shoulder, and he gave a little laugh and bent down over her.

"Hang beads and scars and blue eyes!" said he. "They're nothing to us!"

"No!" said the woman, turning her face away. "Oh, no, they're nothing to us, Harry. Let's forget them. They're nothing to us."

It seemed to her that her soul must be writhing and shivering. That golden glowing splendor of the western sky darkened before her, and out of it two cold lights burned, hard lights, pale blue lights—a pair of steady, unblinking eyes that watched and waited, never closing, never wavering, either by night or by day.

"He knows—everything!" her quaking soul said to her. "Everything! When will he tell?"

Faring spoke to her. Some outward, mechanical second-self heard him and mechanically answered. Presently she became aware that this outward second-self was engaged in an extended and varied conversation which it managed with surprising fidelity to life—quite as she would have done it herself. Inwardly, she stood alone with her naked soul and covered before it, striving to elude it from those hard pale eyes that stared and stared and laughed and bided their time.

This endured for, it may be, two hours. Then the night came down, black and damp, and a little chill breeze bore up from the invisible sea.

"We must go in," said the man. "You will be chilled through if we wait here longer."

They went, clasped, embraced, as they were wont to go, save that Beatrice Faring's heart was a little heap of gray ashes instead of a passionate thing which shivered with joy. They went through the garden, where strange odorous growths, night-transmuted, leaped towards them out of the gloom, and so on into the lamp-lighted house and up the stairs.

In her own bedroom, dim chamber Beatrice turned to her husband and pulled his head down so that his face lay upon hers. And she gave a great sob, with-out tears, and pushed him towards the door which opened from her room into his. He kissed her and went, but behind his back he heard the door close sharply and the key turn in the lock.

He turned with a sudden exclamation. There had never been a locked door between them, nor even a closed one. He stood thinking for a moment, one hand on the door-knob. It occurred to him that Beatrice had been hurrying herself all the evening—silently, distrust, preoccupied.

He went out of the room and along the corridor to her door, which the two had not closed on entering, so that it still swung half open. He knocked upon it lightly and went in. Beatrice was crouching upon the floor beside her bed, and her head was between her out-stretched arms. He called out to her gently: "Betty! Betty!" And she rose silently and turned towards him.

"You locked your door," he said. It was as if he had said, "You struck me in the face!" "You locked your door, Betty!" he said.

She nodded, looking away.

"Yes," she said. "I know."

"But—why? why?" cried Faring, and put out his arms to her. "You've never—locked me away from you before, Betty! Why?"

She came into his arms, but passively, without response, her head turned away over his shoulder.

"Oh, dearest," said he, "you must tell me what is the matter! You're very far from being yourself. I felt that something was wrong the moment I arrived, and I've felt it ever since. What is it, Betty? For Heaven's sake, can't you tell me if anything is troubling you? Must we hide things from each other?"

"Oh, trust me, Harry!" she said, in a voice that was much sadder than tears could have been. "Trust me! I'm doing nothing that—that is unnecessary. I—locked the door because I had not the heart to say what—what the locked door said so briefly. I hoped you'd understand, or misunderstand, or something, and not come back. The door must be closed—locked, for—the present. And—don't ask any questions! Trust me! I'm doing only what I must do." She turned in his arms, facing him.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, "if you think I am doing this for any light when, if you think that my love for you is the lightest, blindest, blindest, if you think that I can bear being away from you without agony, I think I shall die. You must trust me, Harry, and not ask me any questions."

"Trust you?" said he, with his face against her hair. "Trust you? I couldn't distrust you and go on living. But I wish—"

He gave a sudden cry.

"Betty! Betty!" And he tried to turn her face up to his, but she held it against the strength of his hands. "Oh, child!" he cried, "do I know what it is! Have I guessed it?" Poignant and joyful imaginings raced through his brain.

"Is it—that, Betty?" he said. "Are you going to make me even happier than I was before? Is it that?"

Beatrice stared blankly at him through the half-darkness. Then she gave an exceedingly bitter moan and turned away across the room.

"Ah, go! go!—go, Harry!" she said, and once more dropped down upon the floor, crouching beside her bed, and hiding her face between her outlying arms.

Faring took one step towards her, then he turned and tiptoed softly out of the room, closing the door behind him.

After a long time the woman stirred, writhing on the floor.

"I am stained and blackened from head to foot," she said. "That Harry should have thought—that! That I should let him think that!"

She bent her hands together very miserably.

"Shall I ever be clean?" she cried. "Shall I ever be free of lies and deceit?"

Again, after another long time, she arose.

"And I did it all for love's sake, Harry!" she said. "All for love's sake! Are you going to turn from me—like God—when you know?"

CHAPTER XVII

JOHNNY AND KANSAS MAKE THEIR PLANS

MEANWHILE Little Johnny and the man called Kansas had gone to their lot at the foot of the orchard, down beyond the greenhouses. The lot was a tiny structure, a story and a half in height, with two connecting rooms below and a loft above.

The man Kansas lighted the lamp which stood on a table against the wall of the larger room, and then bowed himself with filling his pipe from a paper of black tobacco. Little Johnny sank into a chair, and a fit of coughing seized him and severely shook all his wasted, shrunken body. It was piled in now, but one would not have expected a show of emotion or it from that singularly emotionless individual with the



Drawing by Will Leitch

"You must trust me, Harry, and not ask me any questions"

lured blue eyes. However, the man really had, it would seem, something like a heart which could be touched by the suffering of this wretched wreck whose fortunes he chose to share. He stepped with the pipe half-way to his lips, and his face twisted as if he were in sudden pain. Then he crossed the room in the chair where Johnny crouched, bent double with his rending paroxysm, and struck the lacerated shoulder as tenderly as a woman could have done.

"There, there, Johnny!" he said. "There, there, little man!" And Johnny, albeit with crimson face and starting eyeballs, grinned up to him, and, presently, when the fit had passed, leaned his head against the other's arm, gasping and breathing hard till his feeble strength had come back to him.

"That was—a nasty one!" he said, whispering. "That there was a nasty one!"

"Ay, Johnny," said the other man, and went back to his pipe. "A nasty one it was! We mustn't let you stay out in the night air so late another time." He lighted the pipe and sat down in a chair across the room.

"That's it!" said Johnny, eagerly. "It's the night air does it. It's damp like, Grrr! It hurts in the middle of my chest. There's something burns there, most remarkable had."

The other man did not answer, but sat still in his chair, puffing great clouds of smoke and, through them, staring very thoughtfully across the room. Suddenly he gave a short laugh, quite without mirth, and said, "I've seen you somewhere before, my son!" he quoted, with seeming relish, and laughed again, very grimly.

"Ay, governor, that you have!" he said. "That you have! And it weren't in Cape Town, neither. Ho, ho!"

His fell silent once more, puffing great clouds of smoke from his pipe, but he seemed to be thinking hard, for at intervals that odd mirthless laugh broke from him and he nodded his head. When once he laughed little Johnny, watching his face, worshipfully, dog-like, laughed also his variant, meaningless laugh and shuffled his feet on the floor. The other man smoked in silence for a long time.

"It's come," he said at length, staring into the cloud of tobacco smoke as one who saw things there. "It's come at last, and, Grrr, it's come queer!"

"Most remarkable queer!" echoed little Johnny from across the room.

"We'll just be a-going on soon, Johnny, lad," he said. "We've had enough of trading little flowers and stoncking our caps when people comes near. We'll just be a-going on soon. Like that, eh?"

"Ay, Kansas, wouldn't I, just!" cried the best little man, handsly. "It's so foolish like, a-living in one place for days and days when there's the road a-waiting out yonder. I want to wake up with the sun shining comfortable in my eyes," he said, "and the little ants a-crawling over me. That's what I want."

"And your pockets full of money?" said the man with the blue eyes. Johnny grinned with humorous appreciation of the jest.

"I haven't never waked up just like that," he said. "I don't know where the money is a-crawling from."

"Maybe not, little man," said Kansas. "Maybe not, but I do. Heaps and heaps of money we'll have. Money enough to buy yourself in. Money enough to buy houses if you took a fancy to 'em. Money enough to be a gentleman and never do nothing but go about throwing it away."

The other manifested the feeble grin of one pleased at a jest somewhat beyond his reach.

"I don't know," he said, doubtfully. "I haven't never had any money."



"She'll do anything to keep it quiet," he said, nodding.

Drawn by W. H. Gould

"Never, Johnny?" said the man with the blue eyes. "Never?"

"No, never!" he said. The man with the blue eyes bent forward, pipe in hand.

"Once there was a man called Bushman," he said. "He had heaps of money."

Little Johnny's eyes clouded, and he stirred in his chair.

"Are you a-going to begin that all over again, Kansas?" he pleaded. "It's all so damn foolish, and it makes my head go round, and I don't know, I'd rather not." The other man sighed, leaning back in his chair.

"Never mind," said he. "It's no good, anyhow. You've forgot altogether, haven't you, little man?"

Johnny shook his head gloomily. "I expect I must have knew such a man," he said. "because his name makes my head go round, but I can't remember, and I don't like to try. When are we a-going away? I don't like it here. My head's had most of the time. I want to get out on the road again."

"Very soon, Johnny, very soon!" said the man Kansas, nodding into the shadows. "It ain't quite safe here now, with that gentleman come back. I don't like the look of him. Some day he'll remember where him and me met before. He'll remember that it weren't in Cape Town. I'd like to be away then."

"You ain't afraid of him, are you, Kansas?" drummed little Johnny, anxiously, and the other laughed.

"No, Johnny," he said. "He's afraid of me—lastways he would be if he knew some things—and if he's ever afraid of any thing. I wonder, but just the same we'll go in a day or two. To-morrow night, maybe, after I've had a little talk with your beautiful lady. No, I don't like the look of him. He's a bulldog, Johnny. He'll never let go, once he took hold." The man smoked for another long time in silence.

"Easy! easy!" he said, finally. "Easy as you like! He seemed to be speaking his thoughts aloud, forgetful of the man across the room.

"She'll do anything to keep it quiet," he said, nodding. "She's frightened blue. Anything to keep it quiet. How much now, I wonder? Something down and something every quarter or every month. That's his!"

Again he dropped back into his brooding silence of thought and smoke, and so continued for an hour or more, muttering to himself at intervals, shaking or nodding his head judiciously. Towards midnight he rose, stretching his arms, and looked across to where his comrade sat huddled against the wall, chin drooping sleepily upon his breast.

"Time for bed, Johnny!" said he. "You ought to have went long since. I was thinking things over, and I lost track of time. Tiff with you now!" Johnny rose, blinking.

"Maybe it's the last time we sleep here," he said, rubbing his eyes. "I'm glad. I want to wake up with the sun shining in my face and the ants a-crawling over me, comfortable like."

At the door to the other room he turned and put out his hand, touching the other man's arm.

"You're the finest and a son-of-a-bitch, Kansas!" he said, as shyly as a girl. "I don't know what I'd do if you wasn't about."

Oddly enough, a sudden flash came over the man Kansas's face. "There, there, Johnny!" said he. "Just along to your bed! You've sat too late already. I'll whistle up the dog to come in and sleep with you if they haven't chained him. Get along to your bed!"

He opened the outer door of the hut and whistled twice.

(Continued on page 351.)

Buchanan's Wife

(Continued from page 280.)

Something stirred in the darkness near by, and the great horror, which had made such a demonstration over the best little tramp on the occasion of his first arrival, came into the light. The animal slipped quickly past the men pressing against the door casing, and disappeared into the lesser room. The sun Kansas stood for a moment looking after it.

"I wonder why that beast doesn't like me," he said, aloud. "Animals never does. I haven't got time to play with them. That's it. I expect. Johnny he can kick that dog all over the shop, and pull its ears, and feed it pepper, and it still comes a-ringing and a-barking at his feet. If I should hit at it it 'ud eat me alive."

He stepped out into the odorous darkness, where the cool slight wind came from the garden, and he turned his face towards the north, where the house boomed black against a starlit sky. One upper window showed a gleam of yellow light.

"Still awake!" said the man with the hard blue eyes. "A-plotting and a-planning and a-thinking, eh? and a-shivering too, I'll warrant! A-shivering for fear. Ho, ho!" A sudden laugh broke from him in the darkness. "A-shivering for fear!" he said again. "Yk, you'll shiver more afore we're done, me lady. Shiver and pay. Shiver and pay."

He stood for some little time watching that lighted upper window, and then at last turned back into the hall, closing the door after him. He pulled a chair across to the table where the lamp stood and made himself comfortable in it. Then he took a book from the table, and turning to a certain page which was marked by a slip of paper began to read.

The book was *The Minister's Wooing*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

To be Continued.

Couldn't See Him

AN Ohio man tells of the sad case of a young fellow, the son of a wealthy Toledo manufacturer, who, against his father's wishes, insisted upon going to Chicago to make his way, whereas the parent desired that the son turn himself in the Toledo business house.

At first the lad did very well in the larger city, but it was not very long before he was making urgent appeals to his father for financial assistance. To these the old gentleman, who had himself been trained in a hard school, turned a deaf ear.

Finally, the desperate boy wired his father in these words: "You won't see me starve, will you?" The old man's reply came in the form of the following telegram: "No, not at this distance."

Then the boy decided to return to Toledo and go to work for the old man.

Bookbindings in Europe

AN official of the Congressional Library was recently remarking upon the difference of the bindings put upon the documents issued by the United States government and those of European countries.

"Here, for instance, is a volume issued by the French government upon fish culture," he said. "You will observe that the paper, press-work, and illustrations are the finest, while the binding or cover, rather, is a very cheap paper. A volume somewhat similar is the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution in this country, but upon this report is put a good binding of green cloth."

"The reason for this is simple. Practically every book-collector or institution in Europe has its private binding, it being possible to have this work done at a very moderate rate, and the paper covers are intended merely as wrappers until the volume shall have reached its destination. In this country there are a few individuals and some libraries which have their books bound in a private binding, but the cost of such work is so great that it is far from being usual.

"This is one reason for the fact that the paper and press-work of a French book, for instance, are so much finer than those of an American book of the same price."

Bumped-into-the-Bureau Kind

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the Supreme Court, despite his length of service on the bench, still preserves that elasticity of spirit and love of a joke that have distinguished him all through his career.

On circuit last year the justice rendered considerable merriment in a Western court. A learned counsel was arguing the question as to what circumstances constituted an "accident," and was offering instances of what he considered would properly come within that term and what would not, on the other hand. "Suppose, your Honor," said he, "some one were to hit me in the eye, making it black in consequence. The fact of its becoming black could not be called an accident."

"Perhaps not," suggested Harlan, with a chuckle, "but you would doubtless explain it on that ground."

In Camera

A SAINTLY ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial at court, the other day, for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men, and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

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Music And The Opera

MACDOWELL'S ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

WITHIN the last fortnight, New York and its neighborhood have had the very unusual experience of hearing, in close succession, performances of all but one of the orchestral works of an American composer—about the most distinguished of those whom one may claim as such, Edward MacDowell. The fact would, of course, occasion less surprise were it not for the realization that these attentions were prompted, quite naturally, by the peculiar personal circumstances of Mr. MacDowell's case.

But although one encounters affliction in order to being themselves to the notice of our lords of musical publicity, one cannot but welcome such exploitation, whatever its immediate cause. The event is especially gratifying in MacDowell's case for the reason that, while his working in the smaller forms is well known to a large section of the cultivated musical public, his orchestral works constitute, to all intents and purposes, a territory unexplored and unexplored. Their scores are, of course, not intelligible to the average music-lover; and they are so seldom played by our orchestras, especially in New York, that their recent performance had, for most of those who heard them, an astonishing air of novelty. The representation was admirably complete: we heard from the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Seibel, on March 3, the first performance by that orchestra of the "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" studies; the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Dausbach, played the two "Fragments" after the Song of Roland—"The Saracens" and "Lovely Alda"; on March 10 the New Music Society of America, under the direction of Mr. Modest Atschuler, did the "Indiana" suite; and, as this goes to press, there is in prospect a performance, on March 15 and 16, of the first suite (op. 42), by the People's Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Aron.

This is a noteworthy showing, for it accounts for all of MacDowell's orchestral works except his symphonic poem "Lancelot and Elaine" (op. 25)—of which it may be hoped that a performance will soon be forthcoming, for it is in some ways MacDowell's most interesting orchestral achievement. That, as a general thing, he is an individual and compelling in his orchestral works as in his writing for piano, will scarcely be maintained by those who best know the quality and scope of his art. Partly because his orchestral music, with the exception of the "Indian" suite, represents a comparatively unexplored period in his creative activity (it was all, saving this Suite, produced during the first ten years of his work as a composer), it lacks, naturally enough, the ripeness and distinction of such mature achievements as the "Sea Pieces," the "New England Idylls," and the last two sonatas, which disclose the finest flower of his art.

The "Hamlet" and "Ophelia" studies—two "poems" for orchestra, he calls them—were written two decades ago, during MacDowell's memorable Frankfurt days. Their performance on March 3 and 4 by Mr. Seibel and the Philadelphia Orchestra—the first one by

that organization—was of uncommon interest, for it was the first performance of them in this neighborhood in more years than one likes to think of. They were composed while MacDowell was still in his early twenties, and they give sufficient evidence of this fact; for, despite much that they have of tenderness and sincerity of emotion, they are somewhat lacking in penetration and depth of insight. The "Lancelot and Elaine" music, which was written some years later at Wiesbaden, is a more noteworthy accomplishment. It is sifter in its emotional grasp, of a deeper and finer beauty, than the earlier work, and it is decidedly more individual.

"The Saracens" and "Lovely Alda," admirably played last week by Mr. Dausbach at the last of the season's New York Symphony concerts, stand in the list of MacDowell's works as op. 20. They were written at Wiesbaden, and were originally intended to form part of a "Roland" symphony—a plan which was finally abandoned. They were published in 1891 in their present form: as "Two Fragments from the Song of Roland." The first, "Die Saracenen" (to give the title as it is printed in the score), is a sonnet picturing of the scene in which the lance-charge scenes to commit treason against Roland; while the "Saracens" forest amid the firing of pikes fires and the wailing of sinister music. It is a forceful—though too brief and incomplete—conception, barbaric in color and rhythm, and scored with ingenuity and imagination. The second "fragment," "Die Schöne Alda," is a more memorable work. The music depicts the loveliness and the grieving of Alda, the wife of Roland, who died, broken-hearted, after the fall of her hero at Roncesvalles. Despite its strong Wagnerian flavor the music bears the impress of his own thought, although it has not a great deal of his essential quality. It has, however, moments of compelling beauty, and it is orchestrated with exquisite art.

The suite, op. 42, is the most familiar of his orchestral works, and, as I think, the least important. It is very Babbalanza-like, more in conception than in effect—and it is a product of that imperfectly realized romanticism which I have elsewhere attempted to separate from the intimate spirit of sincere romance which MacDowell has so often succeeded in embodying. It has atmosphere, spirit, undeniable vitality; yet somehow it does not impress one as being either as poetic or as distinguished as one imagines it might have been made.

The second suite, entitled "Indian" is in a wholly different case. Composed in 1892, performed for the first time in 1893, and published a year later, it had been heard in New York but three times before its performance last Saturday, at the first concert of the New Music Society of America. Although this music is admittedly, for the most part, based upon authentic Indian melodies, it is saturated from beginning to end with the rich and unmistakable flavor of MacDowell's own personality. Not only does it constitute the high-water mark of his orchestral writing, but it is, one may be permitted to say, the most impressive achievement of symphonic magnitude yet made public by an American composer.



Harold Bauer

This distinguished pianist who has been heard here recently in concert and in recital

Our Trade in Shoes

EXPORTS of leather and leather manufactures from the United States during the calendar year 1905 were the largest on record, being valued at \$39,546,422, against \$35,354,892 in 1904, \$27,109,614 in 1903, and \$12,275,470 in 1902. The growth in this feature of the foreign commerce has occurred chiefly during the past decade, especially the last half of that period. As far back as 1885 the exports under this head had reached a total of practically 10 million dollars, and they ranged between that amount and 10 millions up to about 1897, since which date they have more than doubled.

The exportations of leather and leather manufactures, as classified by reports issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its Bureau of Statistics, fall under three principal heads: Sole-leather, upper-leather, and leathers and shoes. About one-half of the total is in the form of "upper-leather," but use in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and about one-fourth is represented by boots and shoes and sole-leather respectively. Hides and skins show a total of a little over a half-million dollars, and other leather manufactures 1-1/3 million dollars. Exports of boots and shoes have increased about 4 million dollars since 1904.

While the United States is now exporting leather and leather manufactures to the value of nearly 40 million dollars annually, it is still importing leather and manufactures thereof in no inconsiderable quantities. In the year which ended with December, 1905, our total imports under the above head aggregated \$12,052,510, against \$10,870,214 in 1904 and \$13,297,706 in 1903. The principal articles under this class were gloves of various grades, \$5,424,437, about two million dollars' value each coming from France and Germany and a little over one million dollars from other Europe; skins for moccasins, \$2,311,017, skins and upper-leather, dressed, \$2,082,823, and hides and patent, enamelled, and japanned leather \$691,345.

No Sense of Humor

AN old Georgia dorky owned a small and ancient mule, but which, at a casual question as to the price at which it was held, became suddenly endowed with all the virtues of the best blood of Kentucky.

"But he is at least twenty years old, mule," the would-be purchaser protested.

"Dat mule," Uncle Moses said, indignantly, "No, uh! Et dat mule's no' an six years old, Ah hopes he dies fo' mawin'!"

Upon visiting his stable the next day, Uncle Moses was struck with consternation to find his animal stretched lifeless on the ground.

"Look at dat, now!" he exclaimed, with intense disgust. "What yo' think o' dat? Never did see sikh or loak mule—couldn't even take or lil' joke look dat!"

How He Knew

Not long ago a man was about to purchase a barrel of apples at the establishment of a produce-dealer. They appeared to be especially fine ones, but an old farmer standing near whispered to him to look in the middle of the barrel. This the would-be purchaser did, to find that with the exception of a layer at each end, the apples were small and inferior.

"I'm much obliged," he said, turning to the old farmer.

"I've got some nice ones on my wagon I jest brought in," the old fellow ventured, diffidently.

"I take a barrel from you, then," the man said, paying him the price and giving him address for their delivery.

"Say," a bystander asked, as the purchaser walked away, "how did you know those apples in the centre of the barrel were no good?"

A twinkle came into the old coddger's eye. "Oh, that was one of my lar's," he said.



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"A Three-cornered Match and The Odd Men Stick"—*Boston Herald*.



"The Modern Atlas"—*Syracuse Journal*.



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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

The Growth of Life-Insurance in the United States

(Continued from page 311.)

cost of life-insurance will be cheapened. Things already are moving in that direction through the cutting off of extravagances, and the application of the strict business methods which hereafter must prevail.

The amazing growth of life-insurance in recent years has been a product of last-house evolution. Starting out as a protection to widows and orphans, it became a gamble, and, in later days, it has been held out as an investment. The speculative feature is certain to be done away with in the new order of things, and life-insurance will no longer pose heavily as an investment enterprise. There will be a return to first principles, and protection to dependents will be furnished at the lowest possible cost.

In the beginning there practically was only one form of policy on which the premiums were paid annually until death, when the exact amount for which the person was insured was paid to his beneficiary. In the last year for new business the greater assets, which brought about the evils that now are being eliminated, changes in and additions to the policy forms followed each other with increasing rapidity. One of the big New York companies now has on the shelves in its policy department nearly 1400 different forms, of which almost 500 are in daily use. Of the latter, more than 100 are for use in the United States, 130 are printed in English for use in other countries, and 250 are in foreign languages covering all the world.

Fashions change in life-insurance, as in all other things, and the deferred-dividend policy, which has been the chief cause of the wonderful growth of life-insurance, seems destined to go out of style for a while. The element of speculation entered largely into the original deferred-dividend policy, as the premiums paid in by those who allowed their policies to lapse, less their proportion of death claims and expenses, plus the earnings of the accumulations, were divided among those who continued their payments to the end of the period. Policies maturing by death during the period were paid in full, but received no share of the earnings.

This arrangement, long ago abandoned, produced large dividends, which have recently been used as a basis for unfavorable comparisons with dividends paid under more equitable conditions, but it also worked so injuriously to those who were unable to keep up their premium payments, in modified form, with protection to those who were compelled to surrender their policies, the deferred-dividend plan has been continued; and under ideal conditions—sound and economical management and careful investment—it probably is the most satisfactory form of insurance, in spite of all the criticism to which it recently has been subjected. The great objection to it is that it creates an enormous fund, which is a continual temptation to extravagance, or worse. On the other hand, accumulating dividends compound the interest which they earn, and become available in a lump sum at a time when they will be of the most value, instead of being paid in small instalments when the insured is young or in middle age.

With the changes in policies have come more liberal conditions. In its infancy, insurance was open only to men in the ordinary course of life, and the policy was burdened with all sorts of restrictions which produced many lawsuits. Gradually the restrictions have been lessened, claims are paid promptly, and litigation is rare. In most companies a policy is irrevocable after the first or second year. After three years a policy has a cash-surrender value equal to its share of the reserve fund, or the amount of the insurance is automatically extended for a graded period without further payment. The list of risks allowed on hazardous or extra-hazardous has been greatly reduced as the result of experience, and outside of the tropics, missionaries to China, racing automobilists, and bartenders now are the only people who cannot secure insurance even by the payment of increased premiums. Fire-

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By W. J. HENDERSON

It is a very clear and concise statement of essential facts concerning the handling of a ship at sea, and furnishes information indispensable to every one connected with the navigation of a vessel.—*Army and Navy Journal*, New York.

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men, policemen, officers of the army and navy, and even life-savers, except those stationed at very exposed places, are no longer regarded as hazardous risks, though they are placed in separate dividend classes. Automobileists who operate their own machines are accepted at ordinary rates, but chauffeurs pay an extra premium. Makers and handlers of dynamite are penalized in proportion to their intimacy with the explosive. Even the man who is not in perfect health can secure insurance, for there are sub-standard policies for slightly impaired lives.

Practically, life-insurance calculations are based on the American Experience Table, which gives the limit of life at sixty-six years. The annual premium on any policy is based on this table, and is made up of two parts—the net premium and the loading for expenses and other contingencies. The net premium, plus three-per-cent. interest, constitutes the mortality fund from which all maturing claims are paid. The balance on hand, which is accumulating for the payment of future claims, is called the reserve. Theoretically, the reserve is just sufficient to pay off all claims as they mature, until the last policy-holder is reached at the age of sixty-six, when the balance will exactly equal the face of his policy. However, all insured lives are carefully selected, so there ordinarily is an annual saving in mortality and often in the loading. These savings, added to the excess of interest earned over the legal requirement of three or three and one-half per cent., as provided in different States, make up the dividends. In estimating future dividends years ago, the insurance companies made the mistake of basing their expectations on a continued interest rate of six and seven per cent., which then prevailed, and there have been many disappointments in consequence as policies matured.

The rates now charged by American life-insurance companies are generally lower than those of foreign concerns. At age twenty-five for the English rate is \$23 12, the French, \$23 50, and the German, \$25 82, as against \$21 40 in the United States. At age thirty-five the rates are: English, \$28 00; French, \$30 70; German, \$28 02, and in United States, \$26 11. At age forty-five the rates are, respectively, \$28 13, \$32 00 and \$30 21, with \$30 35 in the United States.

On a non-participating policy for \$1000 the rates in the United States are again lower than in England and France. At age twenty-five for the English rate is \$16 17, the French, \$21 20, and the American, \$17 37. At age thirty-five they are, in the same order, \$23 75, \$27 60, and \$22 00, and at age forty-five they are, respectively, \$33 13, \$36 40, and \$32 68.

One result of the present agitation is likely to be the building up of stock companies, which, with directors who will actually direct and prevent waste, for their own profit if for no other reason, will sell life-insurance on a responsibility rather than on a speculative basis, and at a price which will be low enough to meet and increase the demand.

Should Have Pushed

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, is considered to be possessed of the keenest and most sarcastic wit of any member of that body.

Last spring Mr. Williams, in order to reach a certain town in time to make an address to a political meeting, was obliged to avail himself of a notoriously slow train.

The train made its fifteen or twenty miles as slow as right, but to the impatient Williams it was the slowest thing on earth, and he told the conductor so several times. Finally, the latter, as is not uncommon in such cases, took these observations to be in the nature of personal insults. "If you don't like the speed of the train, you can get out and walk," he exclaimed angrily, not knowing the identity of his passenger.

For fear of being crushed, Williams calmly replied: "I would, only the good people of Augusta don't expect me till the train gets in."

Actors Who Have Left Fortunes

SOME interesting facts concerning the relation between stage fame and wealth have been brought forward by an English observer. Probate of the will of the late Sir Henry Irving was recently granted to his two sons, Messrs. H. H. and Laurence Irving. Details of the dispositions of the will have already been published. The gross value of the estate was £20,527 10s. 4d., of which the net personality has been sworn at £16,623 10s. 4d.

Those who contribute to the entertainment of the public, whether as managers or performers, although sometimes they earn large incomes—always, however, exaggerated by report—have leave of death large fortunes. Constant attendance, direct and indirect, is deemed essential to their business, and is costly. They are expected to be lavish in their generosity, and to give whenever asked in the cause of charity free performances which they cannot afford to give.

It is the custom in the theatrical profession to call an actor's salary at least thirty per cent. more than it is, and the temptations are many to live up to or beyond the nominal rather than the actual incomes.

An Interesting List

Among the fortunes left by members of the theatrical profession have been those of:

Wilson Barrett, aged 37; left £2000 for charities	£30,562
Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), aged 82	27,000
Edwin Booth, aged 39	24,000
Sir Augustus Harris, aged 44	23,677
William James Lewis (William Terrie), aged 50	13,257
Frederick Hobson (Fred Leslie), aged 37	16,113
George Wild Galvin (Dan Leno), aged 45; and to have earned £150 a week, and probably did earn twenty some time £100 a week	10,994
Herbert Edward Stoney (Herbert Campbell), aged 61	4,477
William Rigdon, aged 68	4,196
Maxwell Fleischmidt (Jenny Lind), aged 47	40,630
Ernest Dichter (Ernest Nicholson), aged 62, the famous operatic tenor singer	44,540
Richard Corney Grain, aged 50	18,950
Frederick Burgess, aged 67 (Moore and Burgess Minstrel)	10,884
Frederick Charles Hengler, aged 67, circus proprietor	50,653
Frederick Ginnett, aged 67, circus proprietor	32,170
Frederick William Sanger, circus proprietor	10,000

The estate of Richard D'Oely Carte, aged fifty-five, of the Savoy Theatre, was sworn for probate at £240,071, probably the largest sum ever left by a public entertainer.

Sterling Advice

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining:

I, therefore, turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out—
To show the lining!

Sizing Them Up

Near long ago Governor Folk of Missouri, upon reaching his office at the Capital in company with a friend, found a number of men waiting in the anteroom. He paused as he passed through, and made a joke that was a decided chestnut. When the Governor and his friend were in the private office, the friend remarked:

"See, that was a fearfully old one you got off just now."

"I know it," was the complacent reply.

"Then why did you do it?" the puzzled friend asked.

"Did you notice which of those fellows laughed?" Well, they are the ones who have favors to ask," was the explanation.

Safe

A New York man was stopping for a month at an inland town in Florida. This man is exceedingly fond of swimming, but has a horror of snakes, and this fear kept him from indulging in his favorite sport in the near-by river. He was fishing one day, and mentioned his desire and the barrier to its enjoyment to his guide, a lanky and successful "cracker."

"Oh, I kin fix 'ya all up all right," the guide drawled, and led the way to a beautiful little lake some distance back from the river. "Ain't nary snake in hyah," he said.

The Northerner enjoyed a half-hour's sport in the clear water, and then coming back to the white sand beach began to dress. He then observed that what he had taken to be several logs floating upon the water were in motion.

"Wonder what causes those logs to move?" he said.

"Them ain't logs," his guide calmly replied, chewing on a straw; "them's gators. That's howcom' they ain't no snakes in hyah—'gators keeps 'em off."

He Knew

MISS DE STYLE. "What is a good recipe for home-made fruit-cake?"
GRUNT (a *dyperdile*). "Pepain, nut com-
ics, and bicarbonate of soda."

What He Thought

THE man stammered painfully. His name was SIMONS. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He led the pretension to stay out late and sup-
piciously one night, and to account for it before the magistrate at the Police Court next morning. "What is your name?" asked the court.

SIMONS began his reply: "Sim—what is—"

"Stop that noise and tell me what is your name," said the judge, impatiently.

"Sim—what is—"

"That will do," said his Honor, severely. "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"I think, your Honor, he's charged with sody water."

Identifying Them

SOME lady visitors, going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent, came to a room in which three women were sewing.

"Dear me!" whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly replied the superintendent.

Too Much to Ask

A TRAVELER in the Highlands observed, while at a tavern in a small village, a very beautiful collic. At his request the owner was pointed out to him, and he asked the man what he would take for the dog.

"Ye'll be taking him to America," the Reid asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, if you sell him to me."

"I no want part wile Reid," the dog's owner then said, emphatically. "I'm muckle fond-like o' him," and liberal offers were no inducement.

To his astonishment the traveler later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered, and after the drover had disappeared, requested an explanation. "You said that you could not sell him," he remarked.

A twinkle came into the Highlander's eyes.

"No; I didna say I'd no sell him—I said I couldna part wile him," he said. "But he'll be home in two or three days frae me, but I couldna ask him to swim across the ocean. Na, that wou'd be too muckle to ask!"

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"I 'aven't got a brother."

—(From an unpublished drawing by the late Phil May)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. L

New York, Saturday, March 24, 1906

No. 290

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"THOSE ARE ONLY TO LOOK AT"

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COMMENT

DURING the week ending March 10 the Statehood bill in its original form met with the fate which had previously befallen the Philippine tariff bill. By a majority of thirteen Senator FOWLER carried his amendment providing that the question whether Arizona and New Mexico desire to enter the Union as a single State should be submitted to the inhabitants of each Territory separately, and if a majority of those voting in either Territory should reply in the negative, the amalgamation should not take place. It is believed that the amendment would have killed the project of joint Statehood, so far as Arizona and New Mexico are concerned, because a large majority of the voters in Arizona are alleged to be opposed to the plan. The opponents of the measure, however, resolved to make assurance doubly sure, and, accordingly, by a majority of two, they eliminated all reference to Arizona and New Mexico from the bill, and sent it, thus mutilated, to a conference committee. As the bill now stands it provides only for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory to the Union as a single State. What course will be pursued by the House of Representatives is not known with certainty. It will be remembered that in the House the bill encountered for a time strenuous resistance on the part of a considerable minority of the Republicans as well as from the Democratic members. Speaker CANNON, however, by a relentless use of the large powers vested in him and in the Committee on Rules, succeeded in quelling the revolt to a large extent and in securing the passage of the measure.

What will now be the attitude of the former insurgents? They can now say that the original Statehood bill has been condemned in the Senate by many Republicans as well as Democrats, and that Speaker CANNON cannot consistently undertake to discipline them for opposing the measure in its original form, unless he purposes to read eighteen Republican Senators out of the party. Obviously, it is unreasonable that Oklahoma and Indian Territory, which conjointly will have a population entitling the proposed State of Oklahoma to five Representatives and seven Presidential electors, should remain excluded from Statehood because Republicans happen to differ among themselves concerning the expediency of fusing Arizona with New Mexico. We ourselves have advocated the fusion on the ground that neither of the two Territories last named has now, or is likely to have for many years to come, a population justifying its admission to the Union. As it is, too many rotten boroughs have been permitted to balance in the Senate such imperial commonwealths as New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, and Texas. We want no more of them. That is not to say that Oklahoma and Indian Territory, which before long are likely to have two million inhabitants, ought to be barred out of the Union for no fault of their own.

The owners and operators of the anthracite-coal mines have rejected all the demands of the anthracite miners, but have offered to renew for three years the agreement concluded three years ago under the auspices of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission appointed by Mr. ROOSEVELT. They have made this offer in spite of the fact that they consider some of the provisions of that agreement extremely onerous. That agreement, although on its face it was made terminable in three years, was believed by the members of the commission which framed it to present a just basis for the permanent regulation of the relation of miners to their employers. There is no excuse for a second interposition on the part of the President. He professed on the former occasion to interpose between the striking miners and the mine-owners in the interest of the community at large, or rather that part of it which is accustomed to use hard coal. He can offer at this time no such pretext. The aggregate reserve of the anthracite-mine owners is now computed at twenty million tons—a quantity amply sufficient to carry the consumers of hard coal through the spring and summer. It has been announced on good authority that there will be no material increase in the price of the commodity. As soon as the reserve stock is seriously depleted the mines will resume operations with the help of non-union labor. This year there will be no cowardly attempt on the part of the State authorities to shirk the duty of maintaining order. The improved constabulary and the militia will see to it that non-union workers are thoroughly protected. The mine owners and operators can rely at this time upon the sympathy of the community. If the United Mine Workers refuse the liberal offer to renew for three years the agreement sanctioned by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, worse will befall them. If, after the failure of the strike, the owners and operators consent to employ them at all, it will be under conditions very different from those by which they have profited during the last three years. At this critical juncture the leaders of the anthracite miners may do well to heed the Scriptural injunction, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him." As for their action that the American community, at a time when it is neither undergoing nor threatened with privation or hardship, will tolerate any interference on the part of President ROOSEVELT with freedom of contract, they will find it entirely without foundation.

Why have several regiments of infantry and some batteries of artillery been sent to the Philippines? The impression which the Federal authorities at Washington have industriously striven to convey is that a considerable military force may be needed at any moment for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of Americans in China. Of late, however, there has been a great deal of testimony to the effect that, with the exception of two or three local outbreaks against missionaries, which have been quickly repressed and severely punished, the lives and property of American citizens have not been threatened; while as for the boycott, about which so much has been made as an index of anti-American feeling, it is pointed out that our exports to China are actually greater now than they were before the boycott was started. We are now inclined to think that additional troops have been sent across the Pacific not because they may be needed in China, but because they are urgently needed in the Philippines. Naturally, Secretary TART, who, during and since his visit to the archipelago, has repeatedly declared that the islanders have been pacified and are now completely reconciled to their connection with the United States, does not like to acknowledge that he was misinformed. Letters to the newspapers from private persons residing in the Philippines tell a very different story. These writers assert that the Filipinos are more widely disaffected and rancorous against Americans than they ever were. The recent necessity of killing in the island of Jolo more than 500 insurgent Moros, together with many women and children, seems to indicate that, whatever may be the case in Luzon and some islands of the Visayan group, the inhabitants of the Sulu archipelago and of Mindanao (where also there are many Moros) are by no means contented with American rule. There are even rumors, which seem to find embryo in some private circles in Manila, that a wholesale butchery of all Americans in the archipelago has been planned. One Smith's refusal to give the Filipinos, who have lost their old Spanish customer, an equivalent market

for their principal products in the United States may well have added the last drop of bitterness which has made the cup to overflow.

On March 7 the House of Commons, by a majority of 238, passed a motion introduced, not, as might have been expected, by a representative of labor, but by a Liberal capitalist, Mr. W. H. LEVER, in favor of paying members of Parliament £1,500 a year. The Premier, Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANMANN, accepted the demand in principle, but said that the government at present had neither the time nor the money to carry it into effect. We do not believe that either of the reasons given for inaction will be accepted as adequate. By applying the demand expressed in the resolution, and the House of Lords would undoubtedly concur, even if that body should consider that it had a constitutional right to dispute the exclusive jurisdiction of the Lower House in the premises. As for the amount of money, only a little more than a million dollars would be needed. It seems absurd to say that the British Treasury could not stand such a requisition. Even Russia, which is in sore financial straits, is to pay every member of the State Duma, or National Assembly, twelve dollars a day during the session. We can recall no European country except the German Empire, Italy, and Spain where, as regards the payment of members of the popular branch of the national legislature, the British precedent is followed.

French Senators and Deputies get nine thousand francs, or about \$1,750 annually. The members of the Austrian Lower House receive about four dollars a day, while the Hungarian Table of Deputies allows a salary of one thousand dollars a year and \$325 for house rent to every member. In Belgium members of the Chamber of Deputies are entitled to \$789 annually and to free travel over the railways; in Holland, to \$900 and travelling expenses. Switzerland is economical; the members of the Swiss National Council obtain only \$3 80 a day, together with the cost of travelling. Prussia buys her legislators more cheaply yet, giving the members of her Chamber of Deputies only \$3 50 per day. The members of the Norwegian Storting have to content themselves with \$3 20 per diem and mileage. In Saxony the members of both the Upper and Lower House of the legislature receive only \$2 85 a day with mileage. Denmark cuts underneath these figures, paying its legislators only \$2 a day during their presence in the Landsting. Japan, on the other hand, pays both her Peers and her Representatives two thousand yen annually in addition to mileage. Compared with these statistics, the treatment of members of the Congress of the United States is munificent. The bill passed twenty or more years ago which gave Senators and Representatives \$7,500 a year was repealed principally because it was not made applicable solely to successful Congresses. It is well known that at present every member of Congress gets not only \$5,000 a year and twenty cents a mile for travelling expenses, but also a number of perquisites, of which the allowance for stationery alone has been valued at from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars, which is about the amount awarded by way of salary to the members of the Greek Chamber of Deputies and to the members of the second branch of the Swedish Diet. Yet a great many members of our Congress assert that they are unable to live in Washington on their pay. On the other hand, one of the new members from Missouri has proclaimed his intention of saving the whole of his annual stipend, and living on his mileage and perquisites.

On March 6, in a series of *skisser*, the Czar defined the constitution of the coming Russian Parliament, which, it seems, is to be bicameral, the function of an Upper House being delegated to the Council of the Empire, only half of whose members, however, will continue to be appointed, the other half being elected. The body's powers of legislation will be equal to those of the State Duma, or National Assembly, as regards even the right to initiate money bills. The elective half of the members are to be distributed among the land-owning nobility and the clergy, certain representatives being also allotted to the Academy of Sciences, the universities, and to the chambers of Industry and Commerce. The organization of the Upper House is evidently designed to provide a check upon the popular branch of the national

legislature. The ministers may be interpellated in either chamber, but, as in the case of the German Empire, they are not to be responsible to the Parliament. They remain agents of the sovereign, accountable to him alone.

Other precautions are taken to safeguard the Czar's supremacy. He reserves the right to convoke and dissolve the Parliament, though it must meet once a year. Any bill passed by the two Chambers may be vetoed by him. Certain subjects are expressly excluded from the jurisdiction of the Chamber—to wit, reports of the Minister of Finance upon the state of the treasury; charges of malfeasance against members of the Council of the Empire, Ministers, Governors-General, and Commanders-in-Chief of armies; the establishment of stock companies with special privileges; and, finally, questions relating to entailed estates and titles of nobility. We observe, also, that the government has been careful to retain the power of promulgating "temporary" laws during the recesses of Parliament. It follows that, in time of stress, the Czar would be able to rid himself of an obnoxious legislature, and proclaim, by executive decree, such regulations as he might deem needed to meet an emergency. We add that the President and Vice-President of the Chamber will be appointed by the Emperor. In this respect the State Duma will be deprived of a privilege possessed by the Reichstag. These elaborate attempts to make the Russian Parliament conservative will in practice be counterbalanced to a very large extent by provisions that the sittings of both the National Assembly and the Council of the Empire shall be public; and that the members of both Chambers shall be immune from arrest during a session, except by permission of the bodies to which they belong. Experience has shown that, with such concessions, a nation's voice is almost certain eventually to become irresistible. In the work of naturalizing free institutions, it is only the first step that costs.

During the week ending March 10 substantial progress was made at Algiers toward an agreement of the powers represented in the Moroccan Conference. The French delegates receded from their original demand that France should have exclusive control of the police employed to maintain order, not only on the Algerian frontier, but also in the eighth Moroccan *cajima*, and accepted Russia's proposal that Spain should share equally with France in the exercise of the policing function. An Austrian delegate, speaking, apparently, as much for the Berlin as for the Vienna government, suggested subsequently that while French and Spanish officers should organize, train, and direct the Moorish policemen appointed by the Sultan for the purpose of preserving order in *ceren* of the *cajimas*, the commander-in-chief of the whole force should be a Swiss or a Hollander, who should also possess exclusive police authority in the eighth port, *Casa Blanca*. It is probable that a compromise will be reached upon this point, France accepting a Hollander or Swiss for the post of inspector-general, but not for that of commander-in-chief. There is also reason to expect an accommodation of the conflicting views of Germany and France with reference to the management of the Bank which is to be entrusted with the administration of Morocco's financial affairs. Germany will acknowledge that France, which, through its *cajimas*, has lost more money to Morocco than any other European power, shall have the largest representation in the Bank's directorate, while France, on her part, will accept a smaller increase of preponderance than that upon which she at first insisted.

What, then, will be the outcome of the conference, from which so much was hoped and feared? It is evident that France must resign herself to a large abatement of the privileges which, ostensibly, were accorded to her in the treaty negotiated by M. Drouot with Great Britain and Spain, but against which the German Emperor protested. She is not to be permitted to make of Morocco a second Tunis or a second Egypt. That she has special interests in the Sherifian dominions is conceded, but she will not be allowed to transmute special into exclusive interests. An open door in Morocco is guaranteed to all the signatory powers, not only for the forty years originally promised by France, but for an indefinite period. The German Emperor, on his part, may justly feel that he has established the principle that no combination

of European powers may arrogate the right to settle, without Germany's consent, the future of any country in which Germany is interested.

We have often pointed out the desirability of doubling the salary of the President of the United States. He has far greater responsibilities and incomparably more work to do than has the President of the French Republic, who, nevertheless, receives nearly \$250,000—or, to be exact, a salary of \$120,000, plus the allowance of an equal sum for expenses, besides the use of two furnished palaces, the Elysée and Fontainebleau. It seems that we have not been able to convince some of our fellow citizens in Kansas. In the course of a somewhat heated newspaper discussion of the subject, an inquisitive individual has instituted a minute investigation of all the appropriations made by the Federal government for the Executive Mansion. Besides the salary of \$250,000 a year paid to the President, a number of employees engaged in executive or quasi-executive work receive their stipends from the Federal exchequer. These include a private secretary who gets \$3250 a year; an assistant private secretary, \$2500; a stenographer, \$1800; five messengers, each of whom gets \$1200; two doorknockers, \$1200 each; four other clerks at salaries varying from \$1500 to \$2500; a telegraph operator, \$1200; two day ushers, \$1400 each; one night usher, \$1200, and a watchman, \$900. Besides these expenditures for the performance of what may now be deemed executive duties, though there was a time when the President defrayed the outlay for such purposes mainly from his private purse, the government furnishes a man to take care of the fires at \$864 a year, a steward at \$1800, and also places at the President's disposal two special funds of \$40,000 and \$8000 a year.

Of the former special fund \$12,500 is for repairs and for refurbishing; \$15,000 for gas, matches, the maintenance of the stables, and diverse miscellaneous objects; \$4000 for the greenhouse, and \$2500 for fuel. The smaller special fund is for stationery, for carpets (which, apparently, are not regarded as furniture), and for the care of the stable, which, seemingly, is distinguished from disbursements for feed, equipage, harness, etc. To sum up, the tenant of the White House gets from the government in one form or another more than \$100,000 a year in addition to about \$25,000 paid to employees assigned to so-called executive work. On the whole, the people of Kansas seem to think that the President has nothing to complain of, and it is, we believe, a fact that Mr. ROOSEVELT has not contemplated any proposal to increase his salary. He possesses some means of his own, however, and doubtless derives considerable income from his copyrighted books. We should bear in mind, however, that many Presidents have been less fortunate in these particulars, and it seems only reasonable that the most opulent country in the world should pay its Chief Magistrate enough to allow him to save something for his old age.

Governor JOHNSON, of Minnesota, is credited with saying that he does "not believe that any man should have more than \$10,000 a year, for if he lives right he does not need any more." He is not belligerent about it, nor does he propose to take away the excess of income from persons who have more than \$10,000, but merely suggests that the excess should be devoted to good works. Ten thousand dollars a year is a good deal of money, especially when it comes in without labor and leaves its possessor the use of his time. But it is a great deal more money in some places than in others. There are very rich men in Minnesota who could spare \$10,000 out of their incomes a good many times a year and not miss it. Nevertheless we presume that in Minnesota that amount of annual income commands a moderately luxurious style of living. The possessor of it can probably live more comfortably than the great majority of his neighbors in the same social group as himself. But in New York it is a modest income on which the family of a merchant or professional man may subsist comfortably with careful management and give children better educational chances than the public schools afford. It isn't riches, by a long shot. A New York family can "live right" and need very considerably more than \$10,000 a year without effort or compunction. What we need depends in considerable measure upon what our neigh-

bors have, and what scale of living prevails among our natural associates. Right living, moreover, does not consist in living cheaply, but in living usefully. There are many people in New York whose usefulness is promoted by incomes vastly larger than \$10,000. If Governor JOHNSON will modify his opinion to read that no man in Minnesota should have more than \$10,000 a year, we will not quarrel with it, though Mr. HILL may. But it isn't a sound opinion as applied to New York.

SARAH BROWELL ANTHONY died at her home in Rochester on March 13, eighty-six years old, a greatly honored and respected woman. She was one of the group of remarkable American women who first became conspicuous in anti-slavery agitation days, and who, starting their public life in that period of storm and stress, got a broader and deeper renown as public characters than women have attained in this country before or since. Miss ANTHONY's father was a Quaker, a cotton-manufacturer in Massachusetts, who had his daughters carefully educated. SARAH was sent to a Quaker boarding-school in Philadelphia, and after graduation became a school-teacher. Her first inclination towards the woman's rights movement came with the indignant conviction that women teachers ought to be as well paid as men for doing the same work. A little later, being a born reformer and bent to reform something, she became interested in temperance, and being refused admission to a temperance convention because of her sex, she was the more assured that women's rights needed looking after. In this conviction she was joined at this time by Mrs. STANFORD, her early associate in temperance reform and her lifelong friend and colleague. As early as 1854 Miss ANTHONY began to demand a fair deal for women. She was a truly strong-minded and courageous person, and she demanded it with aggressive vigor. In 1856 she became a regular agent of the Antislavery Society, and shortly afterwards gave up school-teaching for politics and public life. As antislavery soon ceased to need discussion, she gave all her strength to the woman's rights and woman's suffrage cause. In 1860, under the stimulus of the demands of Miss ANTHONY and her coworkers, the New York Legislature passed the act giving to married women control of their earnings and the guardianship of their children. Since that time women in New York and all, or very nearly all, the other States of the Union, have had accorded to them by legislation pretty much all the rights and privileges relating to personal liberty, property, education, and the pursuit of happiness and gain that their champions have been able to suggest. In these great and beneficent acquisitions of power and independence for her sex Miss ANTHONY took a leading and conspicuous part. Doubtless many things that she contended successfully for were on the way anyway, and were the irrepressible fruits of popular education, republican institutions, and the general diffusion of enlightenment. That, however, in no way detracts from the credit due to her devotion and generalship.

The one great boon, long sought and hard fought for, which was denied to Miss ANTHONY was woman suffrage. Not even that failed entirely, for they have it without limitations in some of the Western States and limited forms of it in many States, but taking the country as a whole, it has not come yet, and there is no present certainty that it will come. The great obstacle to it is that the great majority of women are either indifferent to it or adverse to it. Most women do not care to vote themselves, and considerable groups of them in this and other States object so strongly to having political responsibilities forced upon womanhood that they have put up an organized opposition to the suffragists and the suffrage movement. For that or other reasons the woman-suffrage movement has seemed of late years to be at a standstill, if indeed it is not going backward. The average man seems to be willing that women should vote if enough of them want to, but he is not urgent about it, and doubts whether it would do any good. If it had been practicable to bestow the suffrage upon women like Miss ANTHONY who wanted it, without imposing voters' obligations on the rest of the women, no doubt it would have been done long ago. That, however, would by no means have appeased Miss ANTHONY, whose interest was not in getting the voting privilege for herself, but in arousing the spark and promoting the mastery of all womankind.

What Miss ANTHONY thought of men, or that she ever took much thought about them except as inconvenient but indispensable supplements to women, we do not know, nor does it matter. She was one of the bravest figures of her generation, and outliving and outfighting the ridicule and disparagement that met her early demands, she came to be honored as her single-minded courage deserved, and in her later years to be affectionately regarded by thousands of observers who did not share her views. When she died she was by very much the most distinguished citizen of Rochester. Perhaps they will set up her statue there some day.

We spoke last week of the scheme for a tunnel under Bering Strait and a railroad through it to connect St. Petersburg with Seattle and the rest of North America. A St. Petersburg despatch, published on March 11 in the New York *Herald*, spoke of this enterprise as beginning to look up again. The American Trans-Siberian Company is said to be pressing the project vigorously again, and to offer to bore the tunnel and connect it by 3000 miles of railroad with the existing Siberian Railroad in return for land grants (alternate eight-mile sections on the railroad) and mining concessions. The company, it seems, expects to find the Siberian side of Bering Strait as rich in gold as the Alaskan side, and to dig out pay-dirt in its tunnel-building. Mr. WITTE is said to be sympathetic with the enterprise because it promises to foster closer commercial relations between the United States and Russia, and the Emperor has appointed a commission to huddle with the company. The company, through Baron de LORNA, wants eighteen months in which to begin work and then ten years to finish the road. These details make this prodigious enterprise seem a tangible possibility. How will it be regarded by the patrons of the Yellow Peril spectre? The last time the Dover-Calais tunnel project was pressed, a scare about its opening England to invasion defeated it. Shall we be invited presently to shudder at the thought of a railroad that might deliver an endless chain of Asiatics upon American soil at the rate of 100 a minute—or say, 100,000 a day? What ingenious master of imaginative history shall he join on the press with a Battle-of-Borking story of the stupendous conflict of the Comptons on the far-off shore of Bering Strait?

President ROOSEVELT being credited by DEACON RUSSELL, of Brooklyn, with knowledge of statistics demonstrating that eighty-two per cent. of the prisoners in the penitentiaries for crimes against morality were Jews, has formally disclaimed possession of any such knowledge. DEACON RUSSELL says that he read the statement that he quoted in the *Globe American*. We don't know what are the statistics of crime among the Jews in New York, but whatever they are it must be remembered that they concern a group of people seven-eighths of whom are recent comers from southwestern Europe, very poor indeed, and living closely packed together on the East Side. It makes for clarity and precision of judgment about Jews in New York to keep this large group of seven or eight hundred thousand (mostly Russian) Jews of recent immigration distinct in the mind from the group of sixty or seventy thousand Jews, mainly of the German stock, who have lived in New York as long as most of the other New-Yorkers, and are thoroughly Americanized and enjoy a high average of prosperity.

General Wood says it is true that many women and children were killed in the fight with the Moros at Dajo Hill, but he explains that there was no help for it, because many of the women wore men's clothes and fought desperately, and the Moros used the children as shields in the hand-to-hand fighting. Evidently the fight was at best a very nasty job, as to which the important question is whether it was imperatively necessary. Perhaps President ROOSEVELT sent his message of congratulation to General Wood before he had received the details of the battle. "I congratulate you and the officers and men of your command," he said, "upon the brilliant feat of arms wherein you and they so well upheld the honor of the American flag." Heaven save the mark! If General Wood's command performed a pressing but repulsive and dangerous duty effectively and in the only way it could have been done, we do indeed owe them our grateful

acknowledgments, and the more repulsive the job the greater our debt. But the disposition of our people would be rather to send General Wood their condolences than their congratulations. A feat of arms that compassed the destruction in a trap of 600 semi-savage men, women, and children is better characterized as deplorable than brilliant, and though it may warrantably demonstrate the resoluteness of the American purpose, surely it does not appreciably embellish the honor of the American flag. The like, on a smaller scale, has often been done in years past by American troops in Indian-fighting where there was no other practicable course, but nobody was proud of it or talked much about it, least of all the officers immediately concerned. The exploit which General Wood has reported must not be misjudged nor condemned merely because it wasn't nice. War is not nice, even at its best. To the victors at Dajo Hill we offer our respectful and sympathetic thanks for having completed what seems to have been a warrantable job of extermination. We congratulate them in having got to a point where they can rest and wash up, in which last exercise we hasten to join them.

Mr. CARNEGIE has agreed to finance a campaign by the Simplified Spelling Board to facilitate the reading and writing of the English language. The board is the property of the National Educational Association, and includes Professor BRANDIS MATTHEWS, chairman; Dr. WILLIAM HAYS WARD, Mr. HENRY HOLT, Dr. I. K. FINE, and Colonel SPRAGUE, who form its executive committee. For a beginning, Mr. CARNEGIE provides \$15,000 a year for the work of the board. Mr. MATTHEWS, as the papers quote him, says that what the board hopes to do first of all is to encourage every one to spell just as he sees fit, in order to introduce the system of phonetic spelling, and thus advance to a much simpler and at the same time more unified system. The reforms to be introduced will aim primarily to do away with all unnecessary letters. It is easy to foresee that this effort will meet not only with ridicule, but with an opposition not untinged with resentment. To call a man "out of his name" is apt to be regarded as disparaging, and tends to make the man cross. So, to take liberties with familiar words, endeavored to us by long and intimate association, is sure to make a great many people cross. Mr. SUTSWANE, for example, who has long been on terms of the freest and most affectionate intimacy with the parts of speech, shows prompt indignation at the proposal to meddle with them. "A monstrous, barbarous absurdity," he calls the proposition. Without doubt the board will have a hard row to hoe.

It seems an excellent board, but whether it is the best possible body to undertake the proposed work is debatable. If it were desired to simplify the spelling of the French language, it could best be done, if it was possible to do it at all, by the French Academy. We have heard it rumored that there exists in this land an association, or the skeleton of one, which came into being as the result of an aspiration to create a distinguished depository of literary tradition and authority fit to be compared with the circle of the Forty Immortals. We have understood that this American Academy has a distinguished membership, but no dwelling, no endowment, and no definite job. If Mr. CARNEGIE should investigate the status of this American Academy, and furnish it (if his inquiries encourage him) with a house and an endowment, this effort to reform our spelling would supply the association thus stimulated and buttressed with an exceedingly competent occupation. The Academy might not be able to execute the job, but it could discuss it interminably, and the more interminably the better, because the job would take care of the Academy. Nobody will object to spelling reform if only it is gradual enough. If it is to be accomplished systematically and according to the preconcerted plan, it must be entrusted to some permanent and self-perpetuating body that has all the time there is at its disposal, and that has a strong and lasting motive for keeping at its work. A strong group of American academicians, who would agree gently and gradually but firmly to spell reform, might in time accomplish some beneficent modifications of the prevailing orthography. As an incentive to effort it would be well that the members of the group should receive salaries—modest ones. It would be worth it, for only an altruist of superhuman devotion can regard illiterate-looking spelling as its own reward.

Mr. Morton on Proposed Life-insurance Reforms

INTEREST and widespread interest attaches to the hearing which began on March 9, and is to be continued on March 15, of the objections made by life-insurance companies to the restrictive and regulatory legislation proposed by the ARMSTRONG Investigating Committee. On March 9 about five hundred representatives of the life-insurance business came in Albany from New York city, and other hundreds from the rest of the State. It was agreed by President PEABODY of the Mutual Life, and by President THOMAS of the New York Life Insurance Company, that the principal plan for certain modifications of the ARMSTRONG proposals should be made by their conferees. Mr. PAUL MORTON, President of the Equitable, Mr. MORTON's remarks were couched in an admirable spirit, and apparently made a favorable impression on the committee. He began by assuring the legislators that, with the general purposes which they have in view be personally in full entire accord, and he added that, in the main, their recommendations seemed to him well adapted to accomplish those purposes. He singled out their recommendations on the subjects of political contributions, lobbying, publicity, and State supervision, the prevention of re-bating and deception, and, above all, the prohibition of personal profit by officers, as worthy of the highest commendation. He proceeded to say, however, that some of the committee's proposals, while evidently well meant, seemed to him likely to injure seriously the life-insurance business, and to defeat the very results which the committee seeks to accomplish.

President MORTON did not take exception to the committee's decision that hereafter there should be a radical restriction in the scope of investments, and that future investments made by life-insurance companies should be practically limited to loans secured by bond and mortgage, and to a specified class of bonds. Among the securities to which the ARMSTRONG Committee objects, but in which the three largest insurance companies have invested a great deal of money under the existing law, are collateral trust bonds, railroad stocks, and bank and trust-company stocks. The grand total of the sums invested by the Big Three in these classes of securities is upwards of \$200,000,000. President MORTON, while acquiescing in the prohibition of future investments of the kind, argued that the companies should be allowed to retain such of these investments as they now hold, provided they are found to be sound, and not to tend to create any of the evils which the committee seeks to remedy. He pointed out that if the companies were compelled to throw upon the market their collateral trust bonds, for instance, which represent more than \$107,000,000, the operation could only be effected at a serious loss, even if a period of five years were allowed for the purpose; and the societies would be unable to invest the proceeds in other classes of bonds which, while equally well secured, would yield an high rate of interest. There is an obvious reason why the collateral trust bonds could not be marketed without a loss. The reason is that the insurance companies have heretofore been among the most important purchasers of collateral trust bonds, which are not legal investments for savings-banks. The fact that life-insurance companies have hitherto been permitted to purchase this class of bonds has materially had a material influence in fixing their price. If the insurance companies should now be compelled to market their holdings, these would have to be sold very largely to private investors, and the knowledge that a large amount of bonds had to be marketed within five years would seriously depress their value. This is undeniable.

Mr. MORTON also accepted heartily the conclusion of the ARMSTRONG Committee that experience has shown that life-insurance companies should not be permitted to control or dominate financial institutions. He willingly assents, therefore, to the conclusion that the insurance companies which now control or dominate banks or trust companies should be forbidden to continue such control or domination. At the same time he invited the committee's attention to the fact that, with unimportant exceptions, the actual investments of life-insurance companies in banks and trust companies are sound and profitable, yielding an excellent return upon the values at which they are now carried on the companies' books. He went on to point out what, perhaps, had escaped the notice of the committee, that if the legislature should enact a law compelling the sale of the actual holdings in banks and trust companies, it would place the life-insurance companies at the mercy of a comparatively small number of men, who, within certain limits, could, by acting together, fix the price at which these stocks could be marketed. There are, it seems, indications that movements in this end are already on foot. Mr. MORTON's recommendation, then, with reference to existing investments is that life-insurance companies be permitted to retain their present investments in collateral trust bonds and railroad stock, and also their present investments in bank and trust companies, provided that in no case shall an insurance company hold over twenty per cent. of the stock of a bank or trust company. Accepting, generally, on the other hand, the conclusion that insurance companies shall not hereafter invest in stocks of railway corporations and in collateral trust bonds, Mr. MORTON suggested that

the restriction might be qualified to a certain extent without danger to life-insurance companies, and with the result of widening substantially the scope of investment. He advised the committee to permit investments in collateral trust bonds issued by companies operating railroads, though, if thought expedient, a proviso could be inserted to the effect that the railroad company by which the bonds are issued should not have defaulted for a period of ten years in any of its interest payments. It is patent that, under such a provision, collateral trust bonds issued by holding companies having no independent credit would be excluded. The committee was also urged to permit investments in preferred or guaranteed stocks of railway companies, provided the stocks have regularly paid dividends for five years at an average rate of not less than four per cent. per annum. Here, again, Mr. MORTON would insert, however, a proviso that no insurance company should acquire over five per cent. of any such stock issued.

Turning to another subject, Mr. MORTON expressed a firm conviction that it would be unwise for the legislature to prescribe standard forms of policies, and that the insured would be better off if the companies should be left to adopt their own forms of policies under proper supervision. It, however, the members of the ARMSTRONG Committee should finally determine to recommend standard forms of policies, Mr. MORTON advised them either to postpone the adoption of standard forms of policies until the next legislative session, or else to empower the Superintendent of Insurance to approve standard forms.

To the proposed limitation upon the amount of business which an insurance company may take in a given year, Mr. MORTON, on his part, made no objection, for the reason that the policy which has been adopted by the present management of the Equitable Society will automatically, in all likelihood, keep that company's new business within the suggested limits. He recommends, however, that the intended restrictions should be so modified as to enable an insurance company in any year to take enough new business to make good the reduction suffered during the previous twelvemonth by terminations. He also argued that the total expenses of insurance companies should be limited to the total loadings upon the premiums, and that some limitation should be placed upon the cost of securing new business. He thought, however, that the purpose which the committee had in view would be accomplished if, after requiring that a company's aggregate expenditure must be kept within the aggregate loading, the law should prescribe the maximum percentage which, in the way of premiums, may be paid to agents in the form of commissions, a salary, or other compensations for securing new business.

The ARMSTRONG Committee was evidently much impressed by Mr. MORTON's subsequent declaration that a requirement that the contingency reserve of large companies should be but two per cent. of the legal reserve would be a serious menace to the safety of policy-holders, and that any law fixing a maximum limit upon the contingency reserve would be unwise. The fact was recalled that if such a law had been in force during the depressed, not to say panic-stricken, condition of the market for stocks and bonds in 1901 and 1902, many important companies would have become insolvent had their contingency reserves been restricted to two per cent. We believe that in this and more than one other particular indicated by Mr. MORTON common sense and forethought will cause the legislation originally proposed by the ARMSTRONG Committee to be materially modified.

The Clash between State and Church in France

Even since the law providing for the separation between church and state began to be enforced, the clash headed by M. RUFFIN had been threatened with overtones, and during the week ending March 10 the expected catastrophe occurred. The scene of disorder ensued, not only in Paris, but in many provincial places, by the violent resistance offered to the taking of inventories of church property, and especially of the objects held sacred in Catholic eyes, by the civil authorities, and the overthrowing of one of a butcher who was taking part in the defense of one of the churches in a village near Dunkirk. The popular excursions provoked in certain sections by the incident encouraged the moral opposition—which is composed of Monarchists, Imperialists, Nationalists, the so-called "Radical" Republicans, and those Moderates or Progressives who are led by ex-Premier RIBOT—to make a concerted attack upon the government, on the ground that it had not enforced proper enforcement and fast in the execution of the Separation law. The attack would have failed, however, had not the Opposition obtained temporary assistance from the Advanced Left, almost all the Socialists and many extreme Radicals holding that the government, instead of lacking enforcement and due consideration for religious sentiment, had been too lax and lenient in the application of the anti-clerical legislation. The hostile majority thus composed was by no means a large one, and obviously could not be restrained as in any sense a victory for

the Catholics. M. RIBOT, for instance, would have found it impossible to construct a durable administration, because the Socialists and Extreme Radicals would have been far more fiercely opposed to him than they were to M. RIBOT.

The only possible solution of the crisis was, manifestly, to confide the task of forming a new cabinet to some Radical who could be trusted to be even more rigorous than the late Premier in the enforcement of the Separation law. After some hesitation, the choice of President FALLIERE fell on M. SARRIEN, who has had a long and creditable experience in public life. Perhaps we should more correctly say that the real reason of the new ministry was not M. FALLIERE, but the man to whom he owes the Presidency, Senator CLEMENTEAU, who now seems to have emerged definitely from the cloud by which his prospects were darkened through his implication in the affair of the Panama Canal. It is believed in Paris that, though acting in the background, he brought about the elevation to the Presidency, not only of M. FALLIERE, but also of the latter's predecessor, M. LUBET, and that, for some years past, no cabinet could maintain itself without his support. At last, as we see, he has come out into the open, for he has accepted the office of Minister of the Interior, by far the most important post just now from the view-point of internal politics, because the quadrennial general election for members of the Chamber of Deputies is to take place in the coming April. If anybody can maintain the Radicals in their present preponderance, it is M. CLEMENTEAU. He ranks with M. CUNYAN, and M. DUMER, among the "strong men" of recent years in France. Many shrewd onlookers, nevertheless, are inclined to think that, no matter with what energy the tremendous resources of the Ministry of the Interior may be employed, the Radical majority will undergo a considerable reduction. In the rural parts of Brittany and in some other outcountrysides where the population is largely agricultural, the Radicals are expected to lose seats. This, although the irritation caused by the French peasant at the enforcement of the Separation law is as yet purely sentimental. His pocket nerve has not been touched. Thus far he has not felt the strain of maintaining bishops and priests by his personal contributions. By an amendment of the Separation bill, the government agreed to pension all the existing members of the episcopate and priesthood. It is only their successors who must rely exclusively upon the support of the Catholic faithful. That Jacques Bonhomme will do when the full weight of the new burden is brought home to him, nobody can predict with certainty, but those who know him best expect that he will stop at nothing to secure the downfall of a regime which has forced him to pay for religion out of his own savings.

So far as the foreign policy of the French Republic is concerned, there is no apprehension of any change. Ex-Premier Bismarck, who has accepted the Foreign Office, is as well qualified, and as well disposed, to pursue a conciliatory course as was his predecessor.

Building

The limited express that runs from Paris to Geneva makes only a stop of a few minutes at the little town of Bourg in Savoy, and few of the passengers get off and ramble in the rocky stages over the narrow cobblestone streets to one of the big, roomy, noisy houses built round their stone courts. But while Bourg itself is like many other little towns, wrapt in its own desuetude, dimly dreaming of a happier past, at the end of a long struggling climb of steep houses where politics and wine have been made, there stands one of the most beautiful churches in all France. The church of Brou stands high in a field, and cuts the distant blue of the Savoyard hills with its airy outlines. A narrow road made a long narrative poem of this church and its picturesque story, and here in the essay on de BELLAY does it as one of the best types of early French renaissance; or rather, as the final Gothic blossom of the middle age, "the last flowering splendor and St. Martin's summer" of medieval architecture.

The great charm of the church of Brou is inside. The brightness, the clear light filtering through the weather-stained glass of the clerestory, the delicately ornamented Gothic architecture, and something in the adjustment of the proportions that gives one a sense of great airiness and space, almost as of a large piece of outdoors vaguely enclosed and beautified, are incomparable. So bright, so airy is the inside that the swallows have built their nests in the rafters, and they whir back and forth through the nave, their shrill chirping and chatter echoing in the surrounding walls. It illustrates quite literally the passage: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. . . . Yes, the sparrow hath built her a house and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God!"

But if the general impression is one of airiness and grace, the wealth of adornment, the detail, the art, and the rustic with which the effect is gained, justify PATE's comparing it in that early rise of French poetry which experimented so freely with the structure of verse and added so much to the building of a

national language—"giving it lustre," as de BELLAY says. It bears another resemblance to that poetry of the "Period" in that it belonged to the outburst of individualism which came with the Renaissance. The church of Brou was a monument to a great private sorrow, and yet even so it maintains in itself the cheeriest of aspects, its beauty being the very embodiment of airiness and laughing grace. It may be that it is this very fact of no little individuality going into a sort modern building, so little either of personal joy or of personal sorrow, that makes it all so amazingly dull, ugly, and uniform.

The church of Brou was carried out by French, German, and Italian workmen, thus gathering together in one place the charms of execution, the varied methods of ornamentation, of the three great arts of Europe. The veins of its sixteen great pillars are in one jet from base to vaulting, and are crowned by armorial bearings, richly carved at the points of intersection, and the white stone niches of the great screen are so richly adorned that they seem to fall about the gracious figures of the prophets and apostles like drapery of life.

And the building was the undertaking of a lonely woman who tried thus to fill in the spaces of life when all was fled that had meant happiness. MARGUERITE of Bourbon, newly wedded to PHILIP of Savoy, saw her husband in the first year of their married life brought to her from the hunt dead. In those days, doubtless, it was more difficult than now to deaden sorrow with activity. MARGUERITE, however, vowed to build a monastery and a chapel where incessant prayer should be offered for her dead husband's soul. It was MARGUERITE of Austria who married PHILIPPER the beautiful, the son of the first MARGUERITE, who, in her own widowhood, finally accomplished the vow, raised the beautiful walls of Brou, and built inside the three wonderful tombs for her husband, her mother-in-law, and herself. Exquisite as are the stells, wrought in that age when wood-carving was at its height of perfection, the tombs surpass them in interest and beauty, owing to the profound feeling with which they were conceived.

Nothing about this inaccessible little church touches one more than the thought that in all its beauty and gay grace it was the outgrowth of a great sorrow and loneliness—one of those fugitive things used to fill up the days of a life empty of delight. Fugitive and forced, doubtless, the building seemed to its founder, but this is the service of sorrow that it builds a concrete beauty in the world which shall outlive the sufferer. The satisfied soul has enough to do with enjoyment of the moments as they pass, but it is the broken-hearted, those who seek a refuge from themselves and from memory, who create beauty for posterity.

"Four classes of men work righteousness and worship me: O ARJUNA," said KRISHNA, instructing the young prince of India: "those who are afflicted, the searchers for truth, those who desire possessions, and the wise, O SON OF BHARATA." The afflicted, the spirit-broken, men of science, the industrial worker, and the sage we should rank them in modern days, these men who, though moved by different motives, yet build in the world and mould shapes for the comfort and the happiness of all who come after them.

Personal and Pertinent

MANY a budding statesman loses by mistaking an incident for an issue.

Manufacturers of adulterated food-products are trying to make it plain that they use only pure poisons in their business.

The Chinese and American boxes are much alike in respect. Action is always preceded by education.

With Secretary TAFT on the Supreme Court bench, there will be more room on the Presidential aspirant's bench for ROOT and FAIRBANKS, who have been considerably crowded of late.

The proper name of the proposed Russian National Assembly is *gouderstremain* downs. Our own national assembly is often called worse names than that.

The recent election of Mr. WHITNEY WARREN, the well-known New York architect, as a corresponding member of the Academy of Fine Arts of the Institute of France, confers upon Mr. WARREN a distinction not bestowed, we believe, upon an American architect since it was received by the late RICHARD M. HUNT. The Academy has eight architect members in Paris, and six corresponding members, three of whom are in France.

Biographical statuary does not seem to appeal to the Society of American Artists. Of three works sent by PAUL NOUVEAU, the sculptor, to the society's exhibition, two were taken and one left. The one declined is a statuette called "A Presidential Variation," and shows our President, wearing his hunting clothes and his quail, holding a bear by the scruff of the neck, and a beer can in his upraised right hand. An interesting work without doubt, and sure to draw a crowd, but probably not adapted to illustrate the dignity of art.

THE UNITED STATES AT ALGECIRAS

(FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT)

By Sydney Brooks

THE article on "The Monroe Doctrine and Morocco," in the WEEKLY for March 10, has, if I may say so, the interest and the authority which anything from the pen of Senator Lodge always commands—and commands, let me add, as much among Englishmen as among Americans. I am not an enthusiast as to attempt anything in the nature of an "answer" to it. Its point of view, in my judgment, is rational and legitimate; its facts are not in dispute; and the conclusions that the Senator draws from those facts follow, I am bound to say, with a happy air of inevitability. Mr. Lodge is surprised that any one, either in Europe or the United States, should question the propriety or the policy of America's participation in the Algeiras conference. He points out that for more than a hundred years this country has actively concerned itself in Moorish affairs; that it has acted either alone or conjointly with European powers in the discussions and settlement of Moorish problems; and that if it had now held aloof, when Morocco is again on the carpet, its abstention would have been far more singular, far more open to criticism, and far more of a departure from its settled policy than its actual and prominent collaboration. Mr. Lodge laughs out of court the notion that the Monroe Doctrine or Washington's warning against "entangling alliances" precludes the United States from sharing in such a conference as is now assembled at Algeiras. He gives a list of various treaties and international agreements and conventions to which the United States has been a signatory power. "The policy of Washington," he says, "does not exclude, and never has been held to exclude, the United States from agreements with one or more European powers as to matters affecting trade or commerce, or from international conventions which are entered into for the impementment of conditions in war, or for the promotion of the world's peace." He thinks that the Algeiras conference comes well within the scope of this definition. "We are at Algeiras," he declares, "because we are signatories to the previous treaties, and because our commercial interests are involved in the settlement of recent differences"; and he adds that the influence of the United States has been and will be exerted consistently with a view to the composing of feuds and differences and the promotion of peace.

But does this quite cover the whole ground? Mr. Lodge, it will be observed, specifically limits American intervention in European affairs to matters affecting trade and commerce, conditions of war, and the promotion of the world's peace. Now it is of course true that in the deliberations at Algeiras questions of trade and commerce have arisen. But they have been wholly subsidiary, and Mr. Lodge is far too well informed not to be aware that the true and

sole raison d'être of the conference is political. It is a conference summoned as a possible, and I fear a futile, means of escape from a situation that last June brought France and Germany to the edge of war. Its cause, its composition, and its objects are as essentially political as were those of the Berlin Congress, and to base America's participation in it upon the derivative but wholly unimportant side-issues of trade and commerce is to ignore the facts that are central and determining and to cling to the facts that are secondary and in a sense incidental. I do not, however, wish to pursue this point or to examine Mr. Lodge's other argument that the United States, having been a party to the Madrid convention of 1880 (which dealt with a very minor set of questions), was more or less bound to attend the Algeiras conference, even though it was summoned to discuss problems of a wholly different and infinitely graver nature. The pros and cons of such points as these are, after all, of little moment. The outstanding and the only weighty fact is that the United States is sitting and voting at a round-table conference on a question that is predominantly if not exclusively a European question. The reasons that have induced her to take this step, and the arguments by which it is defended or attacked by Americans, naturally do not interest Europe. But the fact itself does; and my present purpose is rather to set forth the attitude of European, and especially of English, opinion towards that fact than to appear to be challenging Mr. Lodge's apologetics.

The first thing to be said is that English opinion links the fact of America's presence and activities at Algeiras with another fact, the other fact being that the United States claims the right to supervise and to limit whatever action France may think fit to take against the egregious *Castro*. The chain of policy that joins Morocco with Venezuela, a chain of which Washington is the centre, seems obvious enough to the European onlooker, though its reality may have escaped Americans. The coincidence that the Morocco conference met just at the time when the dispute between France and President *Castro* entered upon a more serious phase was made the text of more than one disquisition in the English press on American foreign policy. If I were to summarize the gist of these disquisitions and to put them in the mouth of "the man in the street," I should imagine him expressing himself somewhat in this fashion: "It has always been understood in Europe, and I believe it has often been proclaimed by the Americans themselves, that the ambition of the United States to exercise a suzerainty over the republics of South America involved indifference to and abstention from the political disputes of Europe. A free hand in the New World was to be purchased, roughly speaking, by non-interference in the Old. The implied counterpart of the Monroe Doctrine was that



The Moroccan Delegates, who go to the Conference on Malchir

America should leave European politics alone. Monopoly in one hemisphere was to be balanced not merely by neutrality but by rigid non-participation in the political affairs of the other. Whether it is possible in these days for such a power as the United States thus to divide the world of politics into water-tight compartments, is a fascinating question. Perhaps it is not possible. Perhaps in the long run it will be found that world-wide interests, whether of



Delegates on their Way to a Session of the Conference

commerce or diplomacy, entail world-wide responsibilities and activities. But the idea that such a division is practicable has hitherto been the theoretical foundation of American foreign policy. Americans have repeatedly pointed to it as the equivalent for the predominance they assume in South America. If the fiat of the United States is, indeed, as Mr. Olney once declared it to be, law throughout the Americas, it is so only on the well-understood condition that Washington rules itself out from the complications of European politics. That has been the accepted principle. It is a principle that cannot be departed from without disturbance to the whole scheme of Europe's relationship with North and South America.

That, I imagine, fairly represents the average opinion of Englishmen on the general question. Holding such views, they felt no difficulty about applying them in the Moroccan and Venezuelan cases. Unless the cables entirely misrepresented the instructions that were issued to the American delegates, Mr. White and Mr. Gurnea entered the conference authorized to advocate the open door, better protection of American citizens, an improvement in the treatment of Jews in Morocco, and an international system of police. I may frankly say that these instructions were considered in England to outline a policy wholly irreconcilable with the principle of non-interference. They were thought to raise one question—that of the Jews—which but for the initiative of Mr. Roosevelt, would certainly not have been discussed; and to prejudice another—that of the police—on which it was known that the success or failure of the conference would depend. It was with more than a little surprise and disappointment that Englishmen learned of America's commitment to the German—that is to say, the "international"—solution of the police problem. It seemed to them that the American representatives were entering the conference not to reconcile and harmonize, but to take sides; and the side which they appeared to favor was not the French and English, but the German side. This struck Englishmen as the more remarkable because neither commercially nor politically is Morocco an American interest, nor, it is safe to prophesy, will the United States assume the slightest responsibility for carrying out the recommendations of the conference. In English eyes the United States was and is almost wholly unconcerned in the issue of the conference. She admits no liability, reflex or direct, for the results of whatever decision it may reach; they do not and cannot touch her. Nevertheless, she interposes in a matter that within the last few months has brought the two leading Continental nations to the verge of war, and she has it in her power, and ostensibly—if the published instructions to the American delegates were the real instructions—in her inclinations, to throw her influence on the side of one of them and against the other. In the earlier stages of what threatened to develop into a European quarrel of the first magnitude the United States had neither part nor lot. In the effort to adjust it she claims to make her voice heard and the claim is allowed. But with the consequences that must flow from that effort, whether it succeeds or whether it fails, she has absolutely nothing to do.

Such is the American position in Morocco. What is it in Venezuela? Against Venezuela France has complained which the world is at one in regarding as well founded. A valuable concession granted to her citizens has been frivolously cancelled. Her Minister has been treated with studied and contemptuous indignity. But before exacting reparation for these and other injuries France must seek the sanction of the United States. If the action she contemplates is adjudged to be consonant with the tenor of the elastic and irresponsible Monroe Doctrine, that sanction is more or less grudgingly forthcoming. If it is adjudged to be at variance with

the Monroe Doctrine, France can only proceed to take it at the imminent risk of war, not merely with Venezuela, but with the United States. In any case her freedom of punishment is rigorously circumscribed. She is informed that under no circumstances will she be permitted to occupy permanently a single inch of Venezuelan territory. Even a temporary occupation exposes her at once to the animosity and suspicion of American opinion. If I am not mistaken, Senator Lodge himself was arguing only a few weeks ago that even a temporary seizure of South-American territory by a European power was something that the United States ought not to tolerate. I do not know whether all Americans go so far as this, but it is certain that the employment of force under such circumstances as confront France in Venezuela is deeply resented by the American people. The landing of troops, the seizure of a custom-house, or the bombardment of a port provokes immediately a wild cry that the Monroe Doctrine is being infringed and a saintly South-American republic outraged by the brutality of European aggression. The cry is repeated from Venezuela in every accent of pliancy; Congress at such moments is all for the prompt assertion of American dignity; and in the end the United States comes out officially as the defender of the *protege* whose misdeeds she has done nothing to avert, and for whose actions she denies all liability; France and Venezuela are forced back upon arbitration or the Hague tribunal; and the egregious Castro, so far from having been taught a lesson, blithely initiates another crisis. The Franco-Venezuelan trouble may, of course, develop on quite other lines than these. What I have been describing is the normal run of such complications as seen through European glasses. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt wishes the United States to exercise a certain supervision over the republics whose cause she advocates, and even looks forward apparently to a time when this country will receive something like an international mandate to act at once as the policeman and the official liquidator or reviver of the vast Southern continent. But the Senate does not seem to relish his policy, and many details of great intricacy and embarrassment would have to be adjusted before Europe could assent to it. So far as Mr. Roosevelt's programme aims at placing the United States on the side of order and "decency" in South America it has the cordial approval of most Englishmen. But so far as it means that England or any other European power that may happen to be at odds with a South-American republic is to place the rights and interests of its nationals unreservedly in the hands of the American President and to abide by his decision, it is viewed with a certain suspicion. In the San Domingo case, for instance, the United States, if Mr. Roosevelt has his way, will liquidate only such portion of the foreign debt as certain commissioners appointed by the President may decide to be "just." But the European idea of what constitutes a just debt may differ from the American, and the last state of European creditors may be worse than the first. Moreover, what guarantees are to be furnished to the powers of Europe that the United States will act impartially as between Americans and Europeans, and will not unjustly favor the claims of her own citizens? There are precedents on record, with which every one who is interested in South-American affairs is already familiar, that do not make the necessity of such guarantees by any means superfluous. Nor are these the only points on which Europe would like fuller information of the American sincerity over the Southern republics: it is converted from an irresponsible action to a responsible policy, pointed by all the activities of intervention. Meanwhile—and this is the root of whatever criticisms may have been passed in Europe upon America's share in the Algiers conference—the contrast between the liberty the United States enjoys in Europe and the restrictions she imposes Europe to enforce in South America, make itself felt as something of an international anomaly. Demanding equality in the Old World, she enforces monopoly in the New. Intervening in Morocco, she peddles Venezuela, and warns all who approach the barriers that admittance is only to be obtained with her approval and on such conditions as she sees fit to impose. Rightly or wrongly Europe considers that in this arrangement there is a one-sidedness not altogether to her advantage.



A Group of Moroccan Delegates waiting the Arrival of the European Envoys

IN THE NAME OF THE AMERICAN BISON

A PLEA FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE BUFFALO, AND SOME EXPERIMENTS IN ITS DOMESTICATION

By Ernest Harold Baynes

Secretary of the American Bison Society

AT last it really seems as if the American people were to make a determined effort to save from extinction their finest native animal, the bison. They have waited until the eleventh hour; it is almost too late, but not quite. The great shaggy creature, which played so prominent a part in the early history of our country, is still with us, but in numbers pitifully small. This is literally "the last call"—he must be saved at once, or he will pass forever.

It was with this belief in their hearts that a goodly number of persons met recently at the New York Zoological Park, to organize a society which should have for its object the preservation of the last few hundred head of the grandest animals which ever trod American soil. With Mr. William T. Hornaday as temporary chairman, there was formed at that meeting the American Bison Society, and the following were elected officers: Honorary President, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States; President, William T. Hornaday, Director of New York Zoological Park; Vice-Presidents, A. A. Anderson, President of the Camp-Fire Club of America, and Dr. Charles S. Minot, Harvard University; Secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, Meriden, New Hampshire; Treasurer, Edmund Seymour, 45 Wall Street, New York; Advisory Board—Professor Franklin W. Hooper, Director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; Professor David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University; Professor Morton J. Eklund, University of Montana; Professor L. L. Byrbe, University of Kansas; Professor John H. Gerould, Dartmouth College; William Lynna Underwood, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Madison Grant, Secretary of the New York Zoological Society; Ernest Thompson Seton, Cyn Club, Connecticut. Executive Committee, William T. Hornaday, Madison Grant, Frederick H. Kennard, of Boston, William Lynna Underwood, of Boston, and Ernest Harold Baynes. Since the meeting, Dr. T. S. Palmer, Department of Agriculture, Washington, has been appointed to both the Advisory Board and the Executive Committee.

Authorities on the buffalo have agreed that if the animal is to be preserved it must be taken out of the hands of private owners, who, no matter how good their intentions may be, can scarcely ever resist the temptation to sell the animals for their heads and hides when opportunity offers. The recent sale at public auction of the entire herd owned by Messrs. Burgess and Hanson at Luana, Iowa, and the fact that the animals in almost all the other herds, including that of the Corbines, are always for sale, prove conclusively that as long as the few remaining buffaloes are in the possession of private individuals, there is no guarantee that they will not be sold to the first customer who appears with the money. Moreover, since the greater number of buffaloes now living are in a few comparatively large herds, there is constant danger that contagious disease may destroy a considerable percentage of these at one blow.

At the present time there seems to be just one way in which these dangers can be avoided, and that is by government ownership of several herds, maintained in different parts of the country.

To this end, then, the American Bison Society is now working, and in its work it feels that it has a right to ask for the support of every woman, child, and man in the United States—and in Canada as well, it hopes, for Canadians should surely be interested in a plan to save from extinction their largest and finest native animal.

When, about two years ago, I first turned my attention to the subject of the preservation of the buffalo, I found that most of the people I approached were anxious to have the great creature saved for his own sake—because he was the grandest beast of animal on the earth; because he was a picturesque relic of the once unconquered West—a great historic figure, without the living presence of which coming generations could never comprehend the real life of the Indians and of the pioneer settlers of our country. It is realized that there are many who take no interest in the welfare of an animal unless it can be handled in confinement at a profit, by being put to a practical use like other domestic animals. Now, it has long been known that if buffaloes have a reasonably large area over which to roam, they are not only as easy to rear, but actually less expensive to keep than domestic cattle. It is known also that buffalo beef is not distinguishable from the domestic article, and that there is a good and permanent market for the hides and heads—the former for robes and coats, the latter for mounting.

It is known, too, that buffalo wool can profitably be woven into useful garments. If, in addition, it could be shown that the bison could be made a desirable beast of burden, it seemed that this would complete the long list of good reasons why the government should be urged to take immediate steps to save him from extinction. I was aware that, at odd times, in the West, buffaloes had been broken and used more or less as draught animals, but most of the people to whom I talked seemed to have forgotten this fact. If they had ever known it at all, and it was with a view to bringing the matter forcibly to the attention of the public that I determined to try my hand at breaking buffalo calves both to the yoke and to harness.

No one could have had a better opportunity to make such an attempt. In the first place, I happened to be living near the Blue Mountain Forest Game Preserve, which now contains a herd of about 160 pure-blood buffaloes, and I readily obtained Mr. Corbin's consent to take whatever calves I might need for the experiment.

In April the calves were born, and in order to have a complete pictorial as well as a written record of the experiment, I went with my cameras to take photographs of the youngsters before they were separated from their mothers. The Corbin herd, which for the greater part of the year has a range of twenty-four thousand acres, is yarded in the winter months for convenience in feeding. The yards are at what is known as "Central Station," on the east side of Crooked Mountain, and it is here that most of the cows bring forth their calves. With rare exceptions, buffaloes are as harmless as domestic cattle, save during the time



A Herd of Bison on one of the Ranges of the Blue Mountain Forest Game Preserve



An exhilarating incident during the photographing of an availing One Bison

when the calves are very young. At this trying season, when even the greatest old burn-yard bossy is likely to become savage through fear for the safety of her young, most buffalo cows will gallop away with their offspring if they have space enough. But in a small enclosure from which there is no escape they become veritable demons, prepared and overwilling to kill whatever may threaten to approach their young. It was in several such enclosures that I hoped to get my first photographs of the calves. I had two assistants—a friend from New York, in search of the single life, and "Bill" Morrison, a Scotchman, who for sixteen years has had charge of the Corbin buffaloes. It took the New-Yorker about a minute to see that the life here was not as simple as he had expected, and like a wise man he got up a tree and stayed there. Morrison, who is afraid of nothing with horns and hoofs on it, stuck to the game from start to finish, and though he had several very narrow escapes, he always had more thought for my safety than for his own. An account of one incident which occurred during our efforts to photograph the calves will give a good idea of the day's work. Among the subjects I was especially anxious to get a picture of was a very young light-colored calf not more than a few hours old. In the course of time I got a chance at it, as it was standing with its mother well out in the open, and at some distance from any of the trees with which the enclosure was dotted. The cow was angry to the very tip of her short tail, which stood erect in the air, and fairly twitched with the violence of her emotions. The chance seemed as good as any I was likely to get, and I took it. I felt certain that she would charge, and only hoped that she would control herself until I had made my exposure. As I walked forward slowly, she shook her head and rolled her eyes, pawing the earth savagely, and occasionally giving a hoarse deep grunt, which shook her entire body. I crawled up until I felt that she would not stand another foot, and then I touched the button. The cow did the rest. Hardly had I heard the soft buzz of the shutter, when I saw the shaggy head drop in the earth, and the well-earred horns coming my way with every ounce of the old lady's might behind them. The nearest tree was little more than a sapling, and the race for it came very near being a dead heat. Just as I dodged, the great head came up with a vicious jerk, the horns ripped the air close to my right shoulder, and I felt the rush of wind on my face as she went by. She knew well enough that she had missed me, and tried to check herself. But she tried so much "wax" on that she slipped to her haunches and slid along. But in an instant she whirled, and came charging down on me again. There was nothing to do but dodge, and this I did for dear life, smashing my camera against the tree in the operation. Then, having missed me again, the angry cow went off to join her precocious calf. As I came from behind the tree I met Morrison coming on a run, brandishing a big stick in his hand. There was a very grave look on his face as he remarked:

"By the gods, sir, she came varen near gettin' you that time. Ah was comin' as fast as ah could, but it wouldn't ha' bin any use. Na, aa, she wouldn't ha' tore you all to bits; that is, unless her calf had followed you; but you wouldn't ha' done any work for a year, ah'm thinkin'."

After getting all the photographs we needed, the next thing to do was to separate the calves from their mothers, and then to put them into crates for shipment over the mountain to my home near Meriden, New Hampshire. This was accomplished by driving the four calves I had selected, with their mothers, into a series of cattle-pens, opening one into another. Here, by quick work in the opening and shutting of gates, and some daring feats by Morrison, the cows soon found themselves in one pen and the calves in another.

Then began the work of eating the calves. The tawny little

rascals positively refused to be driven into the crates, and it was necessary to catch each cow by head, and to carry him kicking and struggling to the wooden receptacle awaiting him. Four of the strongest men on the place, besides myself, went into the big pen together; but before we came out, most of us had been laid in the dust at least once. The lusty calves reared from point to point, and every now and then one of them would catch a man below the waist-line—double him up like a jack-knife. One by one, however, each of the calves was caught and carried to a deer-erale, into which it was slipped and allowed to butt and plunge to its heart's content. There were two crates, and it was decided to put two calves in each. The moment the second youngster was put in, each occupant mistook the other for an enemy, and a vigorous luttling match was the result. Happily this time they were pretty tired from their exertions, and soon lay down on the straw in the bottoms of the crates. After a fifteen-mile drive over Craydon Mountain, Morrison arrived at my house with his charges at nine o'clock

at night, and we went to the barn with a lantern to unload the calves. A special pen, some thirty feet square, had been made for them on the barn floor, and to the door of this pen we barked one of the calves. A moment later two calves shot out on to the floor as if they had been fired, and with characteristic vigor began to butt their own shadows, which the lantern threw upon the walls of the pen. Next we turned in the other pair, and then there was a battle royal, each calf butting every other which came anywhere near him. I went into the pen to try to make friends with them, but they went into such a frenzy of excitement that I came out at once. Then remembering that freshly caught deer may be approached and handled freely if only they are put into a perfectly dark room, I ordered the lights removed, and then entered the pen for the second time. For a minute all was silent, as I groped about, trying to find one of the calves. Then one of them found me. I forgot just where he hit me, and it really doesn't matter, but the next instant I received a stinging blow from quite another direction, and almost before I knew it the entire quartet had got my range, and were "putting it all over me." I attempted to retreat in good order, but a well-aimed shot laid me flat on the barn floor, and the retreat became a rout. I fled the field with the determination to advance again at daylight.

Next morning Morrison felt so sure that I should never be able to rear the calves, that he begged to be allowed to take two of them back to their mothers. Knowing that his request arose from



Bison Calves are strenuous indeed at Feeding-time



Bison Calves being trained to the Yoke at the Age of ten Weeks

his love of the buffalo and from loyalty to his employers, I let him have his way, with the understanding that if the two calves which I kept were alive in ten days, I was to have two more. A look of great joy came over his honest face—joy tempered only by the thought that he could not take all four of his precious babies back with him.

As soon as the ten days were up, I called for two more buffalo calves, but profiting by my experience with the first two, which were three weeks old when I got them, I asked for younger ones, and received a heifer calf fourteen days old, and a little bull only ten days old.

For some weeks I fed the little buffaloes very frequently, giving them small quantities of milk at each meal. They were all inclined to be very aggressive at first, jumping into me and butting vigorously at the slightest provocation. But I liked to see this spirit of self-protection, and I admired the splendid courage of these handsome little beasts; it would surely prove an important factor in the effort being made to preserve the race from extinction. In finding that no one hurt them, they quieted down, and then I took the oldest pair of bulls, which we named "War Whoop" and "Tomahawk," and began to break them.

The first step was to get them accustomed to the halter, and this was done by putting a halter on each and leaving it there. The calves jumped about a good deal, and sought to get rid of the strange feeling about their heads, but in a few hours they went to grazing as contentedly as ever. Then I tried to lead them, but it was hard work for the first few days. Then I found that they went much better if both were taken out at the same time, and after that I usually took them out together. I took them on the roads as a rule, that they might become used to seeing horses and

people. When they were ten weeks old I put a half-rope on them, but in ten seconds they turned it inside out and broke it. I got a stronger one, and in less than an hour the calves were jogging along the road so steadily that I scarcely thought of the fine black eye they had given me as I was adjusting the bows.

When they were about four months old, I made the calves do their first bit of real work. I hitched them to a heavy stone-boat, and by means of reins and ordinary pony-bits, I drove them for five miles on the road. This trip I made them repeat several times during the days which followed, and they exhibited such splendid strength and courage as I could not have believed possible for youngsters still in their first summer. To be sure, they were a trifle headstrong, and once they ran clean away with the drag; but then, even domestic steers will do this if they get a chance.

While the babies were getting used to the yoke, I had made two sets of harness, single and double, and a cart with both pole and shafts. Instructions concerning the making of the cart were few; it was to have but two wheels, and be strong enough to stand the impact of an express-train. The two calves took their first experience in single harness quite differently. War Whoop deliberately lay down and rolled on his harness, until I made him jump to his feet again by screaming like a wildcat close to his ear; while Tomahawk celebrated his introduction to harness by kicking and buck-jumping for about twenty minutes. But the result was the same; both became used to the harness. When finally the cart was ready, I hitched them to it, first in the yoke and then in double harness. At the very start there was usually an inclination to run away, but I made this impossible by hitching the heavy drag to the axle of the cart and applying the brake. But after the first two or three drives neither drag nor brake was necessary and have not since been used, even on steep hills, where the little fellows quickly learned to hold back a load.

When between five and six months old, the buffalo team was exhibited at an agricultural fair in New Hampshire, where it caused a sensation by the splendid speed it exhibited on the track. All the farmers present admitted that no team of steers of the same age could begin to match it for either speed or strength.

Of course, nothing is absolutely proven by a single experiment of this kind. But this I am inclined to believe, that although more difficult to break, when once broken buffaloes will prove faster, stronger, and of better courage and endurance than domestic oxen. If any one doubts this, I know two sturdy, hairy little buffalo bulls that would hugely enjoy an opportunity to try conclusions with their domestic cousins.

But whether the bison is or is not of great value as a domestic animal, he long ago earned the right to our protection. I recently heard the Scandinavian explorer Nordenskiöld lecture on his two years' experience in the Antarctic, and he spoke in a hushed voice of the deep gratitude felt by every member of his party toward the seals and penguins, which time and again saved them from death by starvation. The buffalo thus saved the lives of thousands of American pioneers and early settlers, and there are many now living whose relatives or friends would have suffered great hardship, if not death itself, but for the presence of buffaloes on the plains. There is no other animal on earth which can appeal to us so strongly from so many points of view, and this appeal must not go unheeded. Let us act and act at once; as members of the American Bison Society let us join hands and save for ourselves and for the coming generations of Americans this noble animal, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude, and which up to date has been repaid chiefly with brutality and with persecution to the very brink of extermination.



Mr. Baynes driving "War Whoop" and "Tomahawk," six-month-old Bison Calves



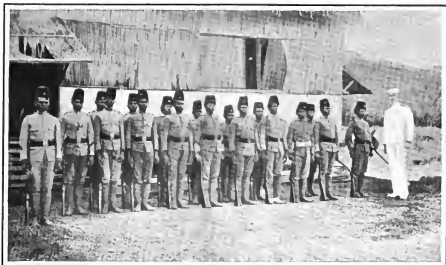
Captain White

Lieutenant Furlong

Captain John R. White, with Lieutenant Leonard Furlong, in his District Headquarters at Siasi, from which he was ordered to the Scene of Action at Jolo



Rodriguez, Type of Moro Sergeant of the Philippines Constabulary



Captain White and a Detachment of the Philippines Constabulary which was engaged in the Battle with the Outlaws on Mount Dajo

THE EXTERMINATION OF SIX HUNDRED MORO OUTLAWS

Major-General Wood reports from Manila the most serious engagement that has occurred in the Philippines since the close of the insurrection—a two-days' battle between a band of 600 outlaw Moros at Jolo, on the island of Sulu, and the American forces. The Moros, who had terrorized the grateful inhabitants in defiance of the Sultan's authority, were trapped in the crater of Mount Dajo and completely exterminated. The Americans had 18 killed and 52 wounded. General Wood in his report vigorously commends the bravery and efficiency of the entire constabulary, of which 17 out of the force of 44 engaged are numbered among the killed and wounded. Their commander, Captain John R. White, was among the most severely wounded.

MEN OF TO-DAY

VI.—THOMAS F. RYAN

By John Kimberly Mumford



THE pictures which makers of cartoons and "general miscellany" have drawn so vividly during the last decade, of John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan in proprietary possession of the earth, have lost color of life, since Thomas F. Ryan, for some purpose of his own, problematical to most, and by some means which in view of all the circumstances seem almost necessarily, bought James H. Hyde's hereditary control of the Equitable Life. It seemed for a few hours on the day when Ryan's absorption of the Equitable was announced as if the Street had forgotten Rockefeller, Morgan, Skidmore, Hills, Belmonts, Harrimans, and even the recurrent Lawson. For the first time in his business career of nearly thirty-five years Ryan was a "head-liner." His name was on everybody's tongue. His photograph was in

urgent demand in every newspaper shop. The prints from one ocean to another heralded him as the new dominant figure in finance, and "the man of the hour."

Now nothing, perhaps, is truer, if you stop to think, than that the "man of the hour" is invariably years in the making, and it was never truer than in the case of Ryan, as a person of this brief story will show. Survey of the financial arena at the present time reveals, to the average citizen, no more mystifying figure than Ryan. He has had even Wall Street guessing as to what has done for years. The reason of this is very simple—one that is common among the properties of playwrights and painters of pictures. It is merely that this amazing coup of the Equitable stood out against a wholly neutral background, the establishment of which seems to have been intentional. Contrast gave it its extraordinary force. During all his formative years, this man had noiselessly and consistently evaded the limelight. Others had straddled in the radiance of publicity and done the talking. Ryan had planned, systematized, worked as no storeroom would have the heart to work, in the shadows which this same limelight cast.

Therefore it was that in the majority of persons this man, as suddenly grows into a prominent almost titanic, had been not best only a name, and an unfamiliar one at that. Most people had never heard of him. But Wall Street, whose business is to fathom motives, to discern undertones, to peer keenly into the dark, and to hear quietly and profit quickly of the things that are done in a corner, knew him, even if St. Lawrence County didn't. The purchase of Equitable, in that great corporation's darkest hour, when it was rent and disordered, and worse remained behind, was an enigmatical stroke. Just why he bought it, or just what he meant to do with it, nobody knew, and no explanation was forthcoming from the purchaser. The effort, however, was immediate. The great insurance company was on the verge of a receivership, the market was trembling like a jelly-fish, and general collapse seemed imminent. From the moment it was announced, the change of ownership acted as a tonic. Investors and traders heaved a sigh of relief, and considerably inflated a movement which resulted in the strongest and broadest "bull" market known in years. Irrespective of other considerations, it is safe to assume that the accretion in value of Mr. Ryan's personal securities amounted to many times the sum he paid for Mr. Hyde's stock.

It was agreed, nevertheless, that along with the coveted 502 shares of Hyde stock, the new owner of Equitable had purchased a peck of trouble. The report of the New York Superintendent of Insurance on the results of his strenuous investigation of the Equitable muddle still boomed dark and threatening in the background. When a few days later it was published, with its caustic two-line message to Mr. Ryan—counseling the Governor that Equitable should by all means be removed not only from one-man control, but from the control of "Wall Street influences" altogether—two men, one of them the pillar of a great corporation, sat in a Wall Street office talking it over.

"It would look," said the younger, "as if Mr. Ryan had got his five millions down on a dead yard."

"No, sir," was the reply. "Ryan doesn't put his millions down on dead ground. It's his unbroken record that he never has done so."

"But," rejoined the other, "there was a man named Napoleon Bonaparte who once had a similar record."

"True, and the difference between him and Ryan is that Bonaparte, in his great crises, intrusted the execution of his plans, and therefore his destinies, to his marshals. The reason Ryan has never met a Waterloo is that he always brings up his own reserves."

Nothing could have portrayed the essential character of Ryan with more photographic accuracy than this. From the day when, at the age of twenty-three—a graduate from a Baltimore dry goods store—he first went into Wall Street, he has been known as the most secretive and self-dependent of men. Through his many long struggles—and they have been bitter ones at times—for the mastery of great interests, through all the patient, unintermitting labor of reorganizing and uniting and solidifying countless

properties, he has studiously—almost angrily—held his tongue. The world of money has pointed to him in perplexity as the one of its citizens whose purposes no man was qualified to declare, whose actual doings, even, no man was aware of until he was ready to tell them himself.

A well-known commentator on current affairs quotes Roscoe Conkling as saying: "Ryan followed hidden lines in junction strictly, and never let his left hand know what his right hand did; and William C. Whitney, long associated with him in enterprises of vast magnitude, declared that Ryan was 'the most adroit, subtle, and noiseless man he had ever known.' That was saying a great deal for Mr. Whitney, who was himself an industrious knapper of his own counters, had a phenomenal faculty for gathering about him men whose lips habitually kept each other close company."

Searching the published record of Thomas F. Ryan through the past twenty years, as set down in the stories of corporations with which he had to do, find, up to the time when he bought the Equitable control, only two occasions when he talked for publication, and the sum total of those utterances would not fill twenty lines of a newspaper. In an age of garrulity and printer's ink this is amazing, and it illuminates the nature of the man. Even after the purchase of the Equitable, a stroke so big, so sudden, so inexplicable that it left the seasoned schemers of Wall Street numb for the moment, Ryan's remark upon it, in the press, were confined almost to monosyllables. He said:

"The purchase of the Equitable was made for the sake of putting an end to the present unfortunate condition of the company's affairs, not only for the interests of the policy-holders, but for the general interests of the country."

That was all. The rest of the world, financial and otherwise, went on guessing and speculating as to what use this man of silence intended to make of his purchase.

Wall Street has again and again seen men pay five millions or over for the control of corporate properties, but it is not accustomed to seeing them, simultaneously with the purchase, divest themselves of that control, and without any tangible or traceable sign or token of an equivalent put it wholly and indisputably out of and beyond their reach. But that, apparently, is what Ryan did. There has been attempt in some quarters to show that this abdication of power over the vast finances of the Equitable was merely ostentation and trickery, but it will be difficult to convince many intelligent Americans, of whatever political faith, that Grover Cleveland, in undisputed supremacy over the affairs of the Equitable, will ever say decisive acts his own conscience, or that Judge Morgan J. Oliver will wink at shimmers. In the choice of his three trustees and the elimination of himself from the management, Mr. Ryan went about as far as a man could go to demonstrate his purpose, and thus far at least there has arisen no ground for belief that his intent was other than he set forth: "To put an end to the present unfortunate condition of the company's affairs, not only for the interests of the policy-holders, but for the general interests of the country."

Assuming, or conceding, the sincerity of this declaration, Ryan's extraordinary action can be scanned in its broader and better aspect. The popular mind had been shocked and alarmed by the



"Ryan . . . clear of eye, sensible of crowd, mighty of speech, a compeller of men"

revelation of abuses in the Equitable. Poor men, and some not so poor, small opportunists and unstable consciences of every type, were saying, officer, and more loudly as the days went by, that they regretted they had made the mistake of doing honest work for a living. It was half jest with most, but it was whole earnest with many. The increasing burden of such talk as this made it plain enough to men on an eminence that in the Equitable Company things were fast reaching a stage where cure would be impossible. "Ruin," in the general belief, was written large above the portal of the great Lona building on Broadway. The public, here as well as in France or Russia, is gregarious, and the downfall that menaced the Equitable, if it had been permitted, would have vitiated popular confidence to an extreme degree, and nullified the business of every insurance company. The market would have been inundated with millions of dollars' worth of the less desirable securities, and the outcome must have been universal panic and a paralysis of all business.

It was not a pretty picture for Mr. Thomas F. Ryan or anybody else to contemplate; less pleasant to Mr. Ryan, perhaps, than to some of the pessimists, for Wall Street says he has \$50,000,000 in sundry enterprises. It is the verdict of those who have known the man longest and best that money, of itself, is not what he hungers for. Perhaps he is ambitious; certain it is that no one besides himself can define his ambition. But here, in any event, he foresees a shattering of public confidence in instituted things, a suspension of enterprise during a term of years, and all the misery that such periods invariably bring. With the clear vision of a financial diagnostician, who had healed the maladies of many a big sick corporation where others had failed, he marked the indicated treatment. He saw, too, the opportunity to put himself, in a moment, in the first rank of the world's financiers—a place for which he had long been in training. The money involved was a secondary or even a tertiary consideration. There are plenty of men in business life who would have found no difficulty in getting together two and a half millions of dollars to toss into the caldron of the Equitable, then so dangerously near to boiling over. Just the thing to be noticed is that the silent Ryan is the man who did, the student of character, a lover of dramatic contrasts, would with difficulty point upon the canvas of imagination a more extraordinary picture than the meeting between Thomas F. Ryan and James Halsey Hyde that resulted in that momentous transfer. In all New York two beings do not exist who are more diametrically antithetic, one to the other, in every item of birth, training, mental organism, physical attributes, facial cast, dress, manner, viewpoint, habit of life and thought, than these: Hyde, tall, lithe, graceful, black-headed after the Parisian fashion, educated in the highest degree, a fastidist in books, pictures, and every higher art; Ryan, stout of the plain, rugged Scotch-Irish stock that breeds the towering mountains of western Virginia, big, point, broad-shouldered, heavy of bone and brawn, square-jawed, grin, lucky in his boyhood to have got a fair amount of the three vital K's in a country school, a toiler from youth, a maker of his own way, a fighter of his own battles, grinded by years of fierce combat with the most merciless set of fives on earth, clear and cool of eye, immobile of visage, niggard of speech, a compeller of awe. You would have thought this was the last man alive that Hyde would yield to, for there is something common to them both—namely, the possession of the highest robes.

The Equitable Life Society was to Hyde an ancestral felix. The memory and the life-work of his father were as sacred to him as if he had been a Japanese. He had guarded them as a shrine as does her belongings, and yet, when these were perished, Ryan had the restraint of the Equitable, which as many men had schemed and battled for, safe in his inside pocket.

People whose habit it is to solve problems in the easiest way have



A visit from the "oldest policy-holder"

proposition, and to great trustees, directors, lucidity, and calm presentation. His eyes, level and cold, and an almost phenomenal power of mental concentration upon the matter in hand, are all that could give ground for any notion of a hypnotic suggestion in the man. In manner he is smooth and dignified. In speech he is deliberate and straightforward, positive, and, above all, economical. In argument he is unyielding, because he is sure of his ground; in anger he is a bad man to bother with; and in a long fight—like most of his race—he is "licked when he is dead."

I have said that Wall Street knows Ryan. That is an error. In a way, Wall Street knows of Ryan, extremely well. That it knows him is not easy of belief. Seldom as his name has appeared in print, little as he shows in the official personnel of large interests, it remains that there has been no transaction of moment in the Street in a decade, at least, in which he has not had an important part. A column of fine type would scarcely contain a list of companies, of one sort and another, in which he sits as director. Those which he has himself built up, or in which he holds a preponderant interest, may himself always be distinguished by the fact that Ryan's name appears last in the list. He seems to find a grim delight in ordering himself as an "also ran." This in business antithesis is one way; in another it is a manifestation of the old humor which underlies his reserve.

Ryan succeeded in the acquisition of the Equitable because it was the task which, by active qualification in the first place, and by years of incessant work and indurating experience in the second, he had been preparing for. By temperament and training he is a leader of forlorn hopes, a worker out of the improbable. His long and unintermitted series of triumphs over the most difficult situations and the most obstinate of opponents inevitably call to mind Mr. Kipling's

"I'm the prophet of the miserably absurd.

Of the hopelessly impossible and vain.

When the thing that really couldn't be occurred,

Gave me no time to change my log and go again."

One after another during his years of financial warfare he has taken up involved and decrepit properties, which had lapsed into the last ditch of embarrassment and impotency through mismanagement or lack of perspicacity on the part of their present owners, cleared house for them, straightened them out, and set them face forward on the path to prosperity. He has spent his business life in standing financial eggs on end, revivifying corporate corpses, substituting surplus for deficits, and forestalling the entrance upon the scene of financial underwriters. And he has done it all at a cost from the background, like Ithaca. He has hardly been a creator in the sense of origination, but from the beginning he has gathered



He fulfills the ideal of a director who directs

together impaired and seemingly worthless fragments of property, trimmed or enlarged them, matched them, dovetailed and joined them into useful and lucrative institutions.

Since Ryan became a member of the Stock Exchange in 1874 every day has been his busy day. He set his mental machinery at work first upon the problems of street-railway and lighting systems, and from the beginning showed that characteristic aptitude for big reconstruction work.

His first railroad labor of great magnitude was the historical one of Richmond Terminal, seven years elapsed, years full of storm and stress, from the time of Terminal's first quasi-reorganization to the day when Mr. Ryan and his associates picked it up out of the slough of bankruptcy and made it over into that admirable unit now known as the Southern Railway. In 1867, under the new management of Alfred Sully, Terminal had bought the Richmond and Danville and the first preferred stock of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, and with that the trouble began. A year later a syndicate headed by H. B. Hollins and Isaac L. Rice planned the elimination of Sully and the substitution of General E. B. Alexander, then president of the Georgia Central. That brought in another big element, for Georgia Central, with its 2400 miles of road and its line of steamers from Savannah to New York, was one of the most powerful properties in the South. When Terminal bought the stock of the Central things looked rosy. To avoid the Georgia law the purchasers organized the "Georgia Company," practically a holding corporation, to control it. Then Terminal had to pay the bidder and issued bonds.

It was a seductive thing. It put Richmond in control of the largest railroad system between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, besides an ocean service. The syndicate members made money. Republican newspapers shrieked against this "greatest of railroad monopolies," for J. H. Inman and Calvin S. Brier, of the Democratic National Committee, happened to figure in Terminal.

In 1890 the real trouble began. Suit was begun against Messrs. Brier, Inman, and General Sam Thomas for conspiracy in the purchase of Georgia Central. The aggrieved people wanted Richmond Terminal's charter taken away. In 1891 money was scarce in the treasury, and the company had lost power to borrow. Bankers wanted a decrease of capitalization. There had been no default then, but it was only a matter of time. Readjustment and reorganization committees made plan after plan, all equally futile and impossible of accomplishment. Debts, including those of Georgia Central, were piling up. Then in the crisis a new committee appeared, with General Thomas, W. P. Clyde, and W. E. Strong in its membership. "Wall Street," said the papers, "does not know what interest may lie behind this new committee trying its hand at reorganization."

Ryan knew. There was a new charter out, in the name of the "Southern Railway," with power to issue a hundred millions of new bonds for the purpose of consolidation and reorganization. There were to be seventy-five millions of common stock and forty-three millions of preferred. With these commodities the whole situation was to be straightened out. In August the payments were not met, and there was no provision for September 1, when \$10,500,000 was falling due. They were staring a foreclosure sale and destruction of equities in the face. In 1892, Walter C. Cushman, son-in-law of Roscoe Conkling, and president of Terminal, had been made receiver. There was a meeting at Richmond, and things at last began to move. In the board of directors chosen at that meeting the name of Thomas F. Ryan appeared for the first time in connection with Terminal affairs. In December suit was begun against Messrs. Inman, Hollins, and others to recover the securities exchanged for the control of Georgia Central. The charges of fraud and falsification of Central's condition were swayed.

In 1893 the heaven began to work. Drexel, Morgan, & Co., who had once refused to undertake the work of reorganization, wrote that they had changed their minds. Their letter was addressed to W. P. Clyde, George F. Stone, W. E. Strong, and lastly, as usual, to Thomas F. Ryan. No plan was outlined. It was a blind pool. Now the Ryan method was fully in evidence, and everything went like clockwork. The securities were collected; Richmond Terminal was swiftly wound up, the subsidiary lines were bought at a public auction, Richmond and Danville was purchased, and its name changed to the Southern Railway. The affairs of Georgia Central, so closely connected with those of the Terminal System, were straightened out almost simultaneously and by similar methods, and its possible plan of reorganization in 1892 announced, that the road would be leased to the Southern to be conducted as a separate property. What Ryan did for Georgia Central is best shown in the change in market value of its securities. When he took it in hand the first income bonds were selling at 20, the seconds at 7, and the thirds at 3. At the time of writing this corresponding quotations are 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, 87, and 84.

"Hocking Valley" is another of the railroad properties which Ryan has succeeded in pulling out of the financial mire. This, one of the strongest of the so-called soft coal roads, was reorganized in a way in 1881. Five years later there was confusion and an admixture of scandal. In those days Wall Street called it "ill-fated Hocking Valley." It went from bad to worse till 1889. Montaine Ryan had bought largely of its stock. He saw something. Together with Samuel R. Davis, Charles B. Van Nostrand, and C. H. Alexander, a minority of the board, he called a stockholders' meeting, and began war against President Shaw and his directors. A resolution was adopted calling for their resignations, but Shaw refused to get out. Mr. Ryan secured the appointment of himself and Messrs. Davis and Van Nostrand as trustees, and then set hard to work upon the restoration of the road. In February of 1894 the word went out that Hocking Valley was to get control of the Flint and Pere Marquette Road, one of the most valuable outlets to the north, but at that time not availed of. In this connection I find a second instance where the alert Ryan talked for print, thus: "I have fought a large interest in the Flint property, large enough to entitle me to representation in the board, and I will probably be elected at the next meeting. My intention is to bring about the most amicable relations between the two roads, and I think it is only a question of time before the two will be consolidated." Consolidation, when it came, under a new thing of Pere Marquette. When Mr. Ryan went into it the stock was selling at 3. In the fall of 1903, prior to the sale of C. H. & D. Rell, Pere Marquette was at par, and was guaranteed by the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton on a five-per-cent basis.

In February, 1897, the Central Trust Company brought a friendly suit to facilitate the appointment of a receiver for Hocking Valley, and at the news of it the stock went up. Several competing roads, owing to the depression and rate troubles, had been jured to the wall. What Hocking needed was medicine, and Ryan did it. He took twenty millions of consolidated mortgage and bond-year 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -per-cent gold bonds were issued, secured by all property included in the reorganization, also by lien on 20,000 acres of coal-lands. There were ten millions of preferred stock and six millions of common. And plans of extension were at once developed by the purchase of the Tuscarora and Ohio and the Columbus, Mansfield, and Hocking roads. The fixed charges of the company were reduced from \$1,200,000 to \$750,000. The majority of its stock, which in 1890 was well-nigh worthless, was sold within a semester to four or five roads, headed by Lake Shore, at 103.

Seaboard Air Line is another luminous example of Ryan's way, and it illustrates better, perhaps, than any other property he has had to do with his relish of a fight and his ability to wait. In 1886 Seaboard looked troubled and troublesome and valuable enough to be tempting. General Gill, of Baltimore, made offers of \$100 a share for its control when the shares were at 45 in the market, and a hot contest was fairly started between him and the president, B. Curzon Hoffman. Suddenly in the fall of the year it was announced in Wall Street that Ryan had bought it at \$125 a share, and would join it with Georgia Central. Then there was a split. The pooling committee wouldn't deliver the stock, and Mr. Ryan immediately began suit to compel them to turn over to him 3200 shares. That was the time that Ryan got mad and spoke his mind.

"Only one of two conclusions is possible," he said: "either that they deliberately misapprehended the facts at the time they said they could sell me the stock, or that they intended to cheat me out, or they deliberately broke a contract which they were in fact able to perform. What new light these gentlemen obtained between October 6, when they made their representations to me and

agreed I should have the right to examine, and October 12, when they refused me that opportunity, I do not know, but they seem to have preferred to break their contract rather than to verify their representations."

He denied that he was making the purchase of Seaboard for anybody save himself. "I own now," he concluded, "more stock of the Seaboard company than all of the directors and officers of the company put together, and I expect to have something to say regarding its future." He did, but it was a long time after.

"The light the gentlemen had seen" soon became apparent. Ryan went on fighting President Hoffman at law, but soon there was a new Richmond in the field in the person of John Skelton Williams, who, with Middendorf & Oliver, had organized a new syndicate, and offered \$200 a share. They planned a connection with Baltimore and Ohio. Baltimore judges refused Mr. Ryan an injunction to prevent the transfer of the stock to the Williams crowd, and it was made. Things were going against him badly, but he never rested. He kept hammering at them all along the line, and at last his turn came—the chance he had been waiting for. In an unhappy day the Williams and Middendorf interests got into financial difficulties, and to bridge these pledged the stock of the Seaboard.

Years ago Mr. Ryan decided to do something in tobacco. He organized the Union Tobacco Company, and acquired control of the Blackwell Bull Durham Company and the Liggett & Myers concern of St. Louis. These enterprises grew like a snowball, and by and by, after a series of absorptions, became an important part of the American Tobacco Company, in which Mr. Ryan is now a director. How thoroughly he fulfils the ideal of a director who directs will be seen from the manner in which the English situation was solved. The American, looking for the scalp of the Imperial, the dominant British corporation, secured control of a competing English concern, Ogden's Limited. In 1902 the giants

world for an American industry. But—as usual—nobody else had thought of it. He not only thought but acted, so promptly and effectively that amazing results have ensued.

In the conservative field of banking Mr. Ryan has been equally successful. He brought about the fusion of the Morton Trust Company and the State Trust Company in 1900, when the combined resources of both were only about \$24,500,000. The consolidation, under the name of the Morton Trust Company, rapidly advanced to a front rank among the trust companies of the city. Its total resources on June 30, 1903, stood at \$76,186,464, representing a growth of more than twofold in five years.

Down to 1903 there was but one bank in the United States with a capital of \$25,000,000, and that a recent creation in respect to its amount of capital. Mr. Ryan determined that there should be another. He set to work in his usual unobtrusive manner to accomplish the necessary combinations. First, the Hyde and Leather National Bank was acquired, and its name changed to the National Bank of the United States. Its deposits in 1901 were only \$2,620,000 and its gross resources \$3,543,000. It soon became evident, however, that the Bank of the United States was to be an important factor in the finances of New York. Mr. Ryan quietly secured control of the Western National Bank, already an institution of high rank among the national banks of New York, with resources in 1902 of \$68,000,000. It was at first intended to unite the two under the broader name of Bank of the United States, but circumstances occurred which led to a slight change of plan. Control was secured of the National Bank of Commerce, one of the oldest institutions of America, which had been given special privileges by Congress during the civil war in order to induce it to come into the national banking system. It was because of these special privileges that it was determined to retain the name and charter of the National Bank of Commerce. Its capital was raised to \$23,900,000, with



Oak Ridge, Mr. Ryan's Virginia Home, including the Site of his Birthplace

were in deadlock; all the leading spirits of the American Tobacco interests were in London for months on end, fighting with a bitterness which was not surprising when the menace to British trade supremacy was considered. Mr. Ryan crossed the ocean when the struggle was at its height. He remained in London about a fortnight. At the end of that time he had secured peace and an understanding, fired with the British forces upon a satisfactory division of the world territory for the tobacco trade, and the whole American contingent came home happy, with the expenses of their fight paid, and stock of the British corporation, now worth \$25,000,000, for deposit among the American company's assets.

It is said that personally he regards this as his greatest achievement. The fundamental idea was simple—nothing else than to obtain the protection of the British flag in the markets of the

a surplus of \$10,000,000, and in the autumn of 1903 a board of directors was created containing the leading financial names of the city. Mr. Ryan's name appeared in a modest place as vice-president, the last name ahead of the warring officials. Its capital and profits steadily grew, with a distribution of eight-per-cent. dividends from the beginning, and it has now become one of the chief factors in the commercial supremacy of New York.

The settlement of the Equitable imbroglio, therefore, with all the ominous monetary conditions that loomed behind it, was peculiarly and essentially the sort of thing that had become with Ryan a habit. It is a worn saying that opportunity knocks once at every man's door. The Equitable—the correction of its grievous wrongs, the protection of its 600,000 policyholders, the restoration of confidence, and the averting of financial disaster—was Ryan's great opportunity, and it found him home.



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XVIII

KANSAS MEETS WITH A
DISASTROUS RESULT

ON the morning after this day Faring came down to his breakfast at the hotel. Beatrix was not in the breakfast-room, but that was not in the least surprising, for she was almost always late, not only at breakfast, but at every other occasion. He waited a few minutes, and then, since she still did not appear, lighted a cigarette and went out upon the garden porch. There was a broad strip of turf between the path and the first ranks of roses, and the man with the hard blue eyes was busy sprinkling this with water from a garden hose. The little gray tramp sat near upon an overturned basket, busy with nothing.

Faring nodded, and the man with the garden hose touched his cap respectfully and went on with his work. The little gray tramp merely smiled, a deprecating, apologetic smile. Faring frowned towards the man with the hose, and added, in a half-reproachful tone, "You are late, and you are not to be angry. As he had said to Beatrix on the evening before, it annoyed him to forget people or circumstances, for he took a certain pride in a memory which was commonly accurate and un-failing.

"Fearing," he said to himself, "I connect him with something unpleasant—shady, or worse. And I don't like his eyes, either. He's a wrong un. I must get Betty to turn him out. He looks quite capable of thieving or anything of that sort."

Just then Mrs. Faring's maid came out on the porch to say that her mistress would not be down to breakfast, and begged not to be disturbed until lunch-time, as she wished to sleep.

Faring said, "Yes, yes; to be sure!" but he was rather absurdly disappointed. He had lain on his back, still, open-eyed, staring into the dark and down all the long night through, thinking, wondering, exulting over this extraordinary and unparallelled splendor which had come to them to crown their joy, and he had said that in the morning they would talk it over together, would together rejoice and exult as two souls of such uncommon intimacy might well do. It seemed to his simple and inexperienced mind that it was none too early to begin with plans and preparations, since this glorious thing was manifestly quite outside previous human experience. But first of all he wanted to rejoice, to celebrate. He wanted Beatrix in his arms, her face against his. He wanted to tell her a great number of things which he seemed suddenly to have found words for. He wanted to tell her how very wonderful she was and how unlike any other woman who had ever existed, and he was bitterly disappointed to find that he was not to have the opportunity until afternoon.

He went indoors very low in his mood, to go through a rather sleepily absent-minded, after which he wandered gloomily about the house and the garden. When he finally looked at his watch, thinking it must be near noon, it was a quarter to ten. He shook the watch and called it rude names. Then an inspection came upon him. They lurched at two. That left something about four hours to dispose of.

"I'll go and see Aunt Arabella Crowley!" he said. "Four hours! That's heaps of time. I can reach Red Rose in an hour and a half. That'll give me an hour to spend there. Somehow, I think—I think Aunt Arabella'll be a comfort. You can talk to her exactly as if she were a man." He spoke to one of the grooms, whose duty it was, upon occasion, to act also as chauffeur, and the man began to pull the covering off the big motor-car. Then Faring went to the house, and by a back way went up-stairs that he was going to make to Red Rose, but would return for lunch. By the time he had found his key and unlocked the automobile was ready, and in another moment he was off.

Behind a closed upper-story window, one white, with burning

eyes and clenched hands, watched him go, and, quite hopelessly, prayed that death might smite her before his return. Old Arabella received him with shrieks of joy. She was quite alone at Red Rose, for Alanson Trevor had deserted her to hide a stricken heart somewhere in regions unknown, and the Tommy Cartwrights were in Europe. So she was very tired of herself and inclined greatly to underestimate life in general.

"Thank God for even you!" she said, piously, to Harry Faring, "though the same God knows that there's no bearing you in these days. You and Beatrix are positively offensive. Get out of that smelly car and have it sent out of my sight. Sit down, the sort of whisky that Mr. Faring likes! I think it's Irish—and a great deal of ice. And a lemon squash with rum in it for me. Look sharp! Also, Mr. Faring will stay for lunch."

"Oh no, he won't!" said Faring, as he came up the steps of the porch. He can't, really, Aunt Arabella. He's got to be back at home for lunch. I came over only for an hour. Betty has sat herself up for the evening, and that left me without occupation. You were the most amusing thing I could think of, so I came here."

"As I have stated before," said old Arabella, wearily, "you and Beatrix are positively offensive. I have no patience with your billing and cooing and such. If only something would happen to you to make you interesting!"

Faring began a little uncertain, excited laugh, and he dragged his chair confidentially nearer.

"I'm—I'm none so sure, you know, Aunt Arabella," he said, "that—that something hasn't. I'm none so sure, by Jove!" And with many halts and stammerings and exclamations he told her what he thought he knew.

Mrs. Crowley was clamorous with astonishment and delight.

"How very clever of you both, Harry!" she said. "I'm sure I had never thought of such a possibility. Yes, and how very—er, prompt, so to speak! Almost indeed, I call it. Really, though, I'm frightfully pleased. It's exceedingly nice and wholesome and old-fashioned. So few people go in for that sort of thing nowadays. I can't think where the next generation is to come from—incubators, I dare say. Fancy that dear child with a child of her own! It's incredible. She was never very domestic by inclination. Of course she'll be quite silly over it. They always are. She won't even notice whether you're about the place or not. You may think she's fond of you, but just you wait a few months, my lad! You'll be wanting to murder that precious infant forty times a day, like a tomato or whatever wretched animal it is that becomes jealous and eats its offspring."

"Jealous!" cried Faring, with his wide and imbecile smile. "Not I, by Jove! Not I, Aunt Arabella! Think of it, will you? Betty and I with a kiddie quite our own. My Jove, I—I can't be quiet over it. Just think of it, will you?"

Old Mrs. Crowley betrayed some slight signs of becoming bored. "Yes, yes; quite so!" she said. "Only don't you get into the way of thinking that nobody's ever had a lulu before. Of course, I grant you that nobody has ever had anything like such an altogether magnificent baby as this will be. Still— Well, what is it, Stearns?"

"The telephone, ma'am!" said the man from the doorway.

"Still, don't overexcite yourself quite so early," said old Arabella, getting heavily to her feet. "Drink your whisky like a good little man, and don't go lolling off among the clouds in that absurdly ballooning fashion. I shall be back in a moment."

She returned laughing very gay. "How very gay!" she said into the depths of her lemon squash. "It was Beatrix, no, no!" as Faring sprang to his feet. "No, I don't mean Beatrix in person. Just a message that her maid

telephoned down. You're to stay here to lunch with me. Your affectionate wife means to keep her rooms all day long, and she doesn't want to be bothered."

The keen, kindly old eyes saw a sudden gloom darken the man's face, and she put out a protesting hand.

"There, there, lad!" she said, in a different tone. "Now don't you go manufacturing troubles for yourself! It's only a whim of Betty's. You're quite old enough to know that at times like this a woman is full of incomprehensible whims—ups and downs and little fits of temper. Humor her, my dear Harry, and take nothing to heart except that it's all perfectly natural and to be expected."

Harry laughed a little more cheerfully, and the old woman nodded approval.

"Ah, that's better!" she said. "Now, if you've any sporting blood I will make a wager with you. I will wager a thousand dollars that it's a girl. I take that end because, being a man, you would, of course, like a son. A thousand dollars that Betty gives you a daughter! What?"

"Done!" said Faring. "Done, by Jove!"

And so, thanks to old Arabella's kindly skill, the two had a very merry luncheon together and sat through the afternoon in the best of spirits. Faring went away at about five o'clock, and Mrs. Crowley waited with him at the porch steps while his car was being brought round from the stables.

"Now mind!" she said, in final warning, "you're to ask Beatrice when I may come to see her, but you're not to tell her that you've said anything of all this to me. She might not like it."

Faring frowned anxiously. "I expect I shouldn't have told," he said. "But, you know, I—I couldn't keep it in, somehow. I had to talk. Aunt Arabella. I shouldn't have told anybody in the world but you—truly—but I had to have it out. I'll tell her sometime later, not now. Good-by and—oh yes! Thanks for being so patient with me. Good-by!"

Then, when he had covered a third of the distance homeward, a chapter of accidents began to waylay him. First it was a bad tire puncture, too bad to be repaired on the spot, and he had to run at a snail's pace into the nearest village and there have the car. He spent three-quarters of an hour over this, and it was past six o'clock. The village was not on the railway, but he succeeded in finding a horse and a man to drive him the three miles to the nearest station. He could have driven right home, but that would have meant two hours at the least, and he thought he should manage it by the rail—there was a change necessary halfway—in an hour.

But here again fate warred against him, for something happened on the line ahead of the crawling train, and he sat still in fuming idleness while time dragged interminably past. It was eight o'clock when he left the train, and half an hour later when he came through the long lane, where night was already gathering, and reached the house.

A servant told him that Mrs. Faring was in the garden, and he went there at once without waiting to dress.

She was among the roses. He caught a glimpse of her white evening frock while he was yet far off. There was a certain rustic seat placed under what was to be, in God's good time, a rose canopy, and there she sat, her back towards the house, waiting. He walked cat-footed, thinking to take her by surprise, and he was very near before he discovered that she did not sit alone. At the other end of the rustic seat was the new gardener's assistant.

Faring drew breath to speak, but at that moment Beatrice, wringing her hands together, said, sharply:

"For God's sake name your price and have done! I can bear this no longer." And he held the breath and stopped where he was, with fear shaking in him.

The under-gardener faced Mrs. Faring, still, unswerving, expressionless. There was no hint of insolence either in his bearing or, when he spoke, in his voice. His face, as always, had an odd, dead look as if the motor nerves and muscles were out of play.

"It might be worth a great deal, ma'am," he said, gently.

"Name your price and have done!" said Beatrice Faring.

"You see, ma'am," he went on, unheeding, still in his civil, polite tone, "you see it might be worth a very great deal, with you married again and living so happy and all. It wouldn't ever do to have ghosts—like ghosts, buying your garden, ma'am!—come up nowadays and spoil everything. Oh so, that wouldn't never do."

The woman wrung her hands again silently. It would seem that she was beyond speech just then. And as with her it would seem to have been with Harry Faring. A power not within him—far beyond his control—bound him, hand, foot, and voice. He could not stir or speak.

"And me and Johnnie, ma'am," said the under-gardener, politely. "we're very poor. It would be fine if we was to come by money enough to keep us comfortable for the rest of our lives. Fine, it would be!"

"How much do you want? Oh, how much do you want?" she said, in a whisper.

"Why, I was thinking, ma'am," said the under-gardener, "of maybe ten thousand dollars down now—cash, of course!—and then a thousand dollars every quarter, sent to some good safe place that I might name. If you thought that was all right, then Johnnie and me we'd go away very quiet and you'd have no more trouble, never. It's worth it, ma'am. It really is."

A quiet as of utter and abandoned despair seemed to fall upon the woman.

"And if I refuse?" she said.

"Why, then, ma'am," said he, "I should feel like I would have to leave the whole thing to him."

Faring saw his wife give a sudden great shiver of agony, and he strove manfully to thrust his hands, but a paralytic hold him fast. He could not stir.

"Such a sum," she said, "is—out of the question. I could not get together so much money and—and so on. It would be impossible."

The under-gardener regarded her without emotion.

"I'm afraid you're got to, ma'am," said he. "I'm afraid there isn't any other way. You're very rich. You can do it, I expect. You wouldn't like to have me blow the game, would you, ma'am? And you a living here so happy and peaceful!"

She rose to her feet, breathing hard.

"It is—impossible. I tell you so!" she said. "Impossible!" But the under-gardener rose with her and moved a step nearer. His face was still and expressionless, but a sort of dark shade seemed to have come up over his pallor.

"Well—see about that," he said, in an odd low tone.

He put out one hand upon her arm as she shrank before him, and at the touch Harry Faring's hands were loosened from him so suddenly that he almost reeled. He passed his wife in two quick strides, and as he went he spoke to her over his shoulder. He said:

"Go into the house, Betty! Go into the house at once!" Then he sprang silently at the under-gardener's throat.



Drawn by Will Lock

The man fell half across the rustic seat and lay there still

The man had no chance. He was taken quite off his guard, and, moreover, if he was afraid of anything in the world he was afraid of Harry Faring. He gave a quick little cry and one hand went towards his pocket, but Faring saw it go, and struck the man heavily under the chin. He went over without a sound.

Then Beatrice screamed and caught at her husband's arm. "Go back!" said Faring, without turning his head. "Go into the house, Betty, as I told you!" But she began to sob and to cry out hysterically.

"You wasn't, Harry!" she cried, stammering. "No, Harry! Oh no, not! You don't understand. Oh, Harry, let him alone! Let him alone and come with me. I'll tell you—everything. Ah, no! Don't touch him again. I tell you you don't understand. Won't you listen to me? Won't you?" She swept on, calling out to him, pleading incoherently, but her husband did not listen. He did not even look back at her. He was watching the undergardener, who lay twisting among the broken crocks.

The man got slowly to his feet. His face was very white and it writhed. He did not speak, but his hand moved again unsteadily towards one of his pockets. Then Faring took him by the throat and shook him. He was very angry—in that still, dangerous rage which comes, under great provocation, to a certain type of man. He shook the undergardener as if the man were a little child, and bent him with his free hand until his arms were throbbing. Then he flung him away, and the man fell half across the rustic seat and lay there still.

"And now," he said, "you will go. You will put your belongings together—if you have any belongings—and leave this place within the half hour. If you are found here at the end of that time the men will lock you up in the stable and I will send for an officer to arrest you." He turned about to where his wife stood with her hands over her face, and he said:

"Come, Betty. Come into the house!" She dropped her hands, facing him in the gathering twilight.

"You have heard, Harry!" said she.

"Yes," he said. "Oh yes!"

"Then," said she, "I can fight no longer. This is the end of everything. I have fought hard, Harry." She looked towards the man who crumpled before them lying across the rustic bench.

"It makes no difference what happens now," she said, as if to herself. "This is the end."

She turned away very wearily, and they went up through the trees and into the house.

CHAPTER XIX

TWO GUILTY SOULS TOGETHER

THAT went through the long dining-room heedless of the lable spread and laid for four, involved of the servants, who tiptoed at them and at each other, agitated with curiosity, and they went at once without question or hesitation up to Beatrice's own room.

The last of the day came in through the row of western windows, and filled the place with a soft glow which was neither light nor darkness—an odorous fragrant twilight out of which deep shadows grew and glowed towards the far corners.

The women moved towards an open window and stood there for a moment, staring out into the golden west. Oddly, one of her strange little whimsical fancies came upon her. She nodded to the splendid sky.

"It was only a cloud," she said. "After all, our throne was only a cloud. I might have known."

She turned and faced her husband.

"I do not know how much you heard, Harry," she said, quite without emotion. "Enough, anyhow, so that you must hear it all now. That little gray mad tramp who is dying of consumption is Herbert Buchanan. Herbert Buchanan is still living."

Faring put out a hand quickly and held himself by a chair.

"Say it—again, please!" he asked.

"Herbert Buchanan is still alive," she said, patiently. "That little tramp who cannot remember is he. He is dying of consumption, but he is still alive."

Faring raised his head a little way from the chair-back and made as if he would speak, but his lips only whispered incoherently. The woman took a quick breath.

"I don't want you to—misunderstand," she said. "I don't wish you to be—so sorry for me—I think that I deserve pity, even. I want to put you right at the beginning. It is all due to me what we have—what has been done. When I came home from Paris, when I saw that—body which you thought was Herbert's, I knew it was not he. I lied deliberately."

"Betty!" cried the man, shaking. "Betty!"

"Yes, I lied," she said. "I wanted our happiness. I wanted poor happiness, Harry. Of course you will not believe me. No one would, but it was that I thought of first and last and through it all, your happiness, I wanted to make you life beautiful, because I—loved you, and I had never brought you anything but suffering."

"I was sure that he was dead!" she cried, and for the first time her voice began to show the strain under which she wrought. "Something inside me said on day and night, I was absolutely convinced of it. I was as sure as I was that he had deliberately gone away—of his own accord—that dreadful night. I was right about that, too. He did go of his own accord. I tell you I knew that he was dead—I had to have proof or I could not marry you. So I—the chance came—a miraculous chance—an unbelievable chance—and I took it and I tricked you. It seemed the only way."

"Oh," she cried, "I cannot make you understand how sure I was of his death. I thought it was God telling me in His own way so that I might be happy. And so now, Harry, you know

what I am—how unspcakably low I have grovelled. I tried to make you happy. I tried to steal happiness for us both, and, instead, I have utterly wrecked us. That's me, oh, Harry, and have done with me! There is nothing to do."

"Wait!" said he, "wait a few minutes. 'Wait! let me think. Give me a moment to think. I—don't—I can't think—concocted. Give me a moment!'" He began to walk up and down the room, his hands clapping and marionette behind him in a way he had. And the woman, standing by her window, watched him in a sort of apathy. A great surge of love and of passionate tenderness rose in her, with an unbearable longing to soothe and comfort and protect, but her brain answered to it coldly as if from an unattainable distance. It seemed to her that she was dead and watching the sufferings of a man whom, alive, she had loved. The passion of the living woman came very faintly to her, like songs heard from far away. The living woman, she thought, must be sorry and tortured to see her man so in agony, but, for herself, she was beyond pain—beyond all feeling save a thin faint pity that life should be a thing so bitter.

Faring halted in his walk and dropped into a seat by the chair. He sat down, steadying himself by the arms of the chair, as if he were very tired or weak. And he made a little pointing gesture.

"Please go on," he said. "And—wasn't you sit down? There was nothing to be told from his tone, and, as he sat, his face was in shadow, so that told nothing, either."

"And then," said the woman, "would—stand—thank you, and then—say, very much more—say, is there?" she said.

"You know it all now, really. The rest is only filling in. I have lied and cheated and tricked you. I have wrecked your life. There is nothing more to be said. The fact that I did it in the hope of making you happy is worth nothing now. What I tried to do I failed in. So the tricking is worth nothing." A sudden fit of sobbing clutched her.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she cried out. "I did it for love's sake! Can't you see that I did it for love's sake? I had been so starved of love all my life, and you laid, too. I wanted happiness for you and me, and I was so longed for it, asked for it. And then—then when that telegram came—when I thought that Herbert's body had been found, I was—Ah, I cannot speak of that! The temptation was so cruelly strong. That very dear, Harry, that they made so much of! Herbert did have a scar on the inside of his arm—the same arm, but it was a different sort, quite different. I made up my mind all at once in the few minutes when they left me alone with that wretched, unknown body. My hopes had been so high—so heavenly high! I wasn't strong enough to give them up and go back to the old interminable waiting. Often I've told you that there was something weak in me, that my sense of right and wrong was unsteady, something. You laughed, but it was true—very true. But you want to know how true? Listen, then! If I had all this to live through again I should do it over again just as I've done it. I should take the same frightful risks for the same great gain—or loss. I expect I'm very, very wicked. Oh, yes, of course I'm that! But I'd do it over. I'm not sorry that I did it. I don't think I would very willingly die by tortures to save you one little moment of the pain you are suffering now. I'm as vile a thing as you like, my dear, but I've loved you more deeply than any other woman ever loved any one, I think."

For a moment she covered her face with her hands, but the man in his shadow did not move or speak.

"What more?" she said, after a moment, very wearily. "Oh yes! Then, the other day you went away, and within an hour he came, shambling in through the lane. I knew him almost at once. At first it seemed singular and best that I should kill myself, but there was a chance that I might be able to keep the truth from you, and so long as there was the slightest chance I was determined to fight. It was the other man who wrecked me, the one you nearly killed a little while ago. Somehow he knows, I don't know just how. Perhaps he knew—before—before Herbert had the illness or nervousness left him so weak. Anyhow, the man knows. He was trying to get more than he knew as the price of his silence when he came upon us a half hour ago. And that is truly all. I cannot go into—greater details now. Don't ask me, please." The fit of sobbing threatened again to seize her, but she crushed it back. She pressed her hands very hard over her breast as if something hurt her there, then she turned to the man, who sat still in his shadow, and took a step nearer.

"And now, Harry, it is all over and done with," she said, and she managed a little white smile. "I've fought hard—oh, harder than you will ever know—and I've won. I've won. I've won. I know you too well what you think of such things as I have done. I know only too well how high you set honor and truth over everything else. Curse me, Harry, for wrecking your life! Tell me, if you wish, how vile and contemptible I am in your eyes, and then I will go. Only—only, oh, Harry, do it quickly! He quick, for I cannot bear much more than I have borne. I shall—break down in a moment. Be quick, Harry! quick, quick!" She began to shake, and she swayed a little on her feet.

The light out of the western sky was by this time almost gone, and the shadows were darkening to gloom. Out of them she heard a faint stir in his chair, stir and draw a great deep breath. Quite suddenly he rose before her. She could not see his face, but he moved forward. Then he put out the arms which had for three months bounded her world and his, and took her into them. She gave a little sharp cry, which she thought was a scream, and she knew that he had grasped her strong by the arms, and she—knew that. Then, for an moment more she knew nothing more, because she had fainted quite away and was

hanging by and heavy against Faring's breast, where she had thought never to lie again.

Long afterwards, when she had come to her senses, the two clung together in the dark, and Beatrice wept—weakly, easily, like a little child.

"It is impossible, impossible!" she said. "Oh, Harry, I am mad or you are mad, or this is not real at all. Think what I have done! Think! I have utterly ruined your life and mine—ruined it hideously, yet you hold me in your arms. One of us is mad—or both."

"Both, if you like," said he. "I do not know. I know only that I can't seem to care. What you did, Betty, you did for love's sake. Maybe we are wrecked—ruined—ah yes, I suppose so—but in any case we're wrecked together, and I can't seem to care very much what happens so long as it leaves you and me together. Maybe I've something the matter with my morals, too—so you say you have."

"Together!" said the woman in a whisper, and so they sat in the gloom, pushed herself a little apart from him with her two hands. "Together," Harry said. "Why, you—you don't realize. He's alive! Herbert Buchanan is alive. He's my—husband." She began to shiver again.

"I don't care," said Faring, suddenly. "If you have forty husbands alive, I won't give you up. I won't go away from you, and if you should try to go away from me I'd lock you up and keep you."

She gave a great cry.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she said, "do you mean that? Do you truly mean that? You'd stick by me in spite of everything? You wouldn't cast me off now that you know what I've done?"

"Try to leave me, and see!" said the man, and at the little note of fierceness in his tone, she cried out again and pressed closer to him in the dark. He drew her up until her face lay in the hollow of his breast as they had used to sit.

"Oh, my dear," said he, "shall you be the only one whose love is great enough to override law? Shall you shame me by loving the more? Law, principle, honor? I cannot make their call ring very loudly. Love's so much the bigger thing. In the beginning, perhaps. I don't know. Now, we've gone much too far to give each other up for any earthly reason or scruple. Neither of us could live, I think, without the other."

"It's horribly, hideously wrong," she said.

"Oh, yes," said he, "it's wrong. I know, but it's inevitable. We can't stop now. We're two guilty souls, Betty, clinging together in the dark, but cling together we must, for all time, whatever comes."

After a little spell of silence, "Ah, now, Harry," said she, very sadly, "now I have come to the lowest depths of my abasement. Now I am prostrate, indeed, to have brought you to this—to have made you what I am. If only you had cast me off, if you had cursed me and gone away, I should have taken some small miserable comfort for that at least I had not sinned you. I should have wrecked your happiness, but saved your soul. Oh, now I am indeed prostrate!"

He fell to soothing her, whispering to her, his lips against her face.

"Never say that, Betty," he pleaded. "Oh, never say that! How comfortable should I be sitting apart on my cold height of self-righteousness while you wept in the shadows. A fine, piteous, noble figure I'd be! Oh, my dear, if there's a just and pitiful



"It is all over and done with," she said

Drawn by Will Geiss

God shift, yonder, as the books say, what would life have me do, do you think? In what regard would He hold a man who, having very solemnly sworn to cherish and love and protect a certain woman for as long as they two might live, should cast her off, holding his skirts aside, just because, for love's sake—for his sake—in a passionate striving for his happiness, she had broken certain laws? Oh, my very dear, if there's a God who holds by faithfulness and constancy, and the love of a man for the woman who loves him, He won't be very hard on my soul, and if the God you're told about isn't that sort of a God, I don't want any dealings with Him at all. I'll go it alone. So don't feel low because I'm not a deceiver and a blackguard."

Then, after they had been a long time silent, he said, bending his head over her as she lay in his arms, "Betty!"

"Yes!" said she. "Betty," he said, "what do you suppose Adam said to Eve when they'd been driven out of the garden, and were sitting together—like this—thinking it over?"

She gave a little shaking, uncertain laugh in the dark, and she said:

"I expect he said, 'Now you've been and done it—just like a woman!—and it can't be undone, and so we'll—' If I just have to stick together and patch up some sort of a life—the best we can.' That's what he said, I expect."

"Yes, I expect that was just what he said."

And again they were silent for a long time, so long that Beatrice, overstrained and overtaxed, worn out to the point of physical exhaustion, went off into a sort of doze and lay heavily still in the man's arms. She awoke from this with a violent start and a cry.

"I thought he was—trying to take me away from you, Harry!" she said, shivering. "I thought he had—come for me."

"Heb, dear!" said Faring. "Neither he nor I can ever take you away from me. We're together for all time, whatever may happen to us."

Then presently she sat up with a deep breath.

"We must look to the future," she said. "We must talk of what is to become of us. Is there still any way, Harry, in which we may be saved? I mean outwardly saved. Where we stand in our own eyes we know and we shall always know. Day and night it will be before us. Oh, we shall pay, dearest, we shall pay in full measure! But for our friends' sakes, and for—many reasons—we must prevent this thing from being known if we possibly can. What is to be done?"

"I have been thinking," Faring said, "while you were still and asleep. I expect I must, after all, stop that man who knows, from going away. He won't have gone yet, I am sure. He'll have waited for a last appeal, a last threat, now, I must stop him and make some sort of bargain with him. After all it will not be for long. The other—the little tramp—the could not bring himself to say 'Herbert Buchanan'—I cannot live for a year, I should think. He is far gone already. There he is—dead—the other man's hold upon us is gone. Of course he knows that."

He kissed her and put her from him and rose to his feet. He struck a match and made two or three lights in the room.

"It is half past nine," he said, looking at his watch. "I must go down at once. Shall I send your maid? You must have some— (Continued on page 424.)

SIMPLIFYING OUR SPELLING

By Brander Mathews

Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University

For years there has been a persistent outcry against English orthography, because of its lack of logic, its preservation of archaic forms, and its retention of silent letters in countless words. In order to hasten an improvement in orthography, by arguing reasonable changes, a Simplified Spelling Board has been organized at the suggestion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. In the following article Professor Mathews, a member of the Board, outlines the scope of the undertaking.

THERE is an old story of a Quaker who was present when a sudden misfortune befell a poor man, and when the bystanders were loudly expressing their pity. The Quaker instead for a little space to these sympathetic protestations, and then he turned to the person nearest to him, and asked a pertinent question. "They says they pitie him. But how much does that pity him? I pity him five dollars."

For many years almost every one who has given thought to the English language has bewailed loudly the present condition of its orthography, which is inaccurate and inconvenient, misleading in itself, and wasteful of time and money. Reformers have come forward with all sorts of schemes, and associations of scholars have made ineffectual recommendations. Circumstances happened to intensify the rooted conservatism of the two peoples who have the English language as their birthright, and the needed improvements in our spelling seemed no nearer at the beginning of the twentieth century than they had been in the sixteenth and seventeenth. Then Mr. Carnegie followed the example of the Quaker, and gave practical expression to his emotions. At his suggestion a Simplified Spelling Board has been organized, and he has undertaken to supply the means of war for an active campaign in behalf of a more reasonable orthography.

The growth of the two nations who speak English is one of the most obvious and one of the most remarkable facts of the nineteenth century. Five hundred years ago English was spoken only by the few millions who inhabited the British Islands. To-day it is the language of two great empires. The number of those who now speak English is greater than the number of those who speak French and Italian added together, and the rate of increase is also large. If this rate of increase continues, the hundred and thirty millions who have English for their mother tongue in the first decade of the twentieth century will have swollen, in the last decade of this century, to five hundred millions. English has had to be the world language of the future, as French seemed likely to be two hundred years ago, and as Latin actually was two thousand years ago.

To be the fit instrument of universal civilization, English is singularly apt in that it is an easy language to acquire by word of mouth, since it has got rid of the grammatical complexities which still encumber other leading modern languages. It is not quite the grammarless tongue that it has been called, but it has far less grammar than any of its rivals. Its one striking inferiority is in its orthography. The spelling of English is unworthy of a practical race. It misrepresents the derivation of the words; it is wholly unscientific; it is as wasteful as it is absurd; and it is inferior to the spelling of French and of German, and far inferior to the spelling of Italian and of Spanish. No better example could be found of the inconsistency of human nature than the fact that the most businesslike of races has been so long content with the most unbusinesslike of orthographies.

And yet, however wasteful and archaic are ridiculous English spelling may be, any attempt to alter it violently is doomed to failure. The English-speaking race is essentially conservative, and it declines to be driven too fast. It will resolutely refuse to give up the symbols to which it is accustomed. For this reason, if for no other, any scientific phonetic reform is absolutely impossible; it lies outside the sphere of practical politics. This is a fact that certain earlier enthusiasts failed to recognize; and as a result they were able to accomplish little. But although phonetic reform is impossible, even if it was wholly desirable, improvement of some sort is possible, if too much is not demanded too suddenly. Indeed, improvement has been going on ever since the users of English began to pay attention to their spelling.

This improvement has been along the line of least resistance. It has consisted chiefly in the effort to make the spelling of a word conform to its sound by the omission of those silent letters which were plainly useless. Thus *muscle* has been reduced to *musle* and thus *freely* has been reduced to *freely*. Thus at the present time readers are being made more familiar with the curtailing of *program* and of *catalog* and of *the*. *Music* and *travels* are now accepted by all; but there was a time when these two words were as strange to a majority of readers as *prolog* and *allo* are to many of us to-day. These are but specimens of that simplification by omission of which there have been thousands of instances in the past, unperfected ones but used now without objection. And thousands more are awaiting adoption,—*sync* or *sync* for *rhyme*, for example, *sigret* for *secret*, *honorage* for *honourage*, *esthetie* for *aesthetic*, *mansever* for *manoeuvre*.

To hasten along the improvement of English orthography by urging the omission of useless letters, this is the practical task which has been undertaken by the Simplified Spelling Board. Simplification by omission,—this is its platform; this is its motto. It is not an innovation; it is not a new principle; it is a principle which has been at work for centuries; it is a principle the application of which will arouse the least possible resistance and produce the most immediate results. To call attention to this principle will be the first duty of the Simplified Spelling Board, and to urge every user of the language to apply the principle for himself at his own convenience and to whatever extent he himself may see fit. To this simplification by omission and to a host of words simplified in accordance with this principle the Simplified Spelling Board proposes to lend the weight of its authority—and the authority of its several members.

It is a consequence of our regard for the common law that we like to rely on authority, and that we like to be assured of the precedents for our actions. In matters of speech we turn to the dictionary for guidance; and among the members of the Simplified Spelling Board are the editors of several of the foremost American dictionaries. In matters of science we look for guidance to the officers of our universities; and there are on the Board representatives of half a dozen of our leading institutions of learning. In matters of usage we like to be guided by the practice of men of letters; and certain of the foremost authors of America have accepted advice to this body. In matters subject to dispute we desire to hear the opinion of the public press; and on this Board are to be found the editors of periodicals of high character. And in matters of practical business, we look to the practice of men of affairs; and there are also business men on the Simplified Spelling Board. The membership is not yet complete, but it now includes themselves Andrews, of the University of Nebraska; Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court; President Butler, of Columbia University; Mr. O. C. Blackmer, of Chicago; Mr. Andrew Carnegie; Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain); Dr. Melville Dewey; Dr. Isaac K. Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard Dictionary; Mr. Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Richard Watson, chief editor of the Century Magazine; Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Professor George Hearp, of the University of Michigan; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Mr. Henry Holt; Professor William James, of Harvard; President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; Professor Thomas H. Lounsbury, of Yale; Professor Francis M. Maude, of the University of Chicago; Brander Mathews, of Columbia; Judge Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court, California; Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, editor, and Dr. Charles P. G. Scott, etymological editor, of the Century Dictionary; President H. H. Seeley, of the Iowa State Normal School at Ames, Iowa; Mr. Charles E. Sprague, President of the Union Time Savings Institution; Professor Calvin Thomas, of Columbia; Mr. E. O. Vail, lately editor of *Johns Hopkins*; Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the *Independent*; and President Woodward, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

This body is not an irresponsible collection of cranks and of foolish enthusiasts representing ordinary or fanatical citizens who believe that the time has come for an organized effort to make English a more fit instrument for the hundreds of millions who are soon to use it. They are practical men, who propose to work without haste and without rest, not asking too much, but gaining here a little and there a little. They are determined, above all, to avoid the pitfall of those who have failed in their orthography. They propose to call attention to the many words in regard to which usage is unsettled; and they intend to urge the adoption of the simpler of the two forms. Perhaps most of us are in the habit of writing *board* and *strep*, but we are not unfamiliar with *boards* and with *strep*, older forms, preferred by not a few of the poets. Transcendentalists like to write *crust* and *droop*; and Lowell and Lander had each of these similar likings for the older and the simpler form. Perhaps the English spelling that was good enough for Transcendentalism and for Lowell may be acceptable to other long-lived writers.

The Simplified Spelling Board will try to make everybody understand that there is not now, and there never has been any general agreement as to English spelling, or any authority having the right to lay down any rules for it. There is divided usage now in regard to hundreds of words, and there has always been divided usage. There is no special sanctity in either *muscle* or *musle*, *being* or *evn*, *follet* or *folet*, *phonetic* or *fonetic*, *mansever* or *mansever*, *comptroller* or *controller*, *pedagogue* or *pedago*, *technique* or *technic*, *plough* or *plow*, *though* or *tho*. Every one of us has a right to his own opinion; if he prefers cumbersome complexity he can have his own way; and if he would rather employ the briefer and more direct spelling, he is within his rights as a human being.

The most diverse diversity of usage is far wider than those usages who have given no attention to the subject. Various bodies have resolved to adopt such simpler forms as they themselves desired. The United States government has a board on geographical names, which has cast out many needless letters, spelling *Bering Strait*, for instance. The National Educational Association some years ago formally adopted a list of twelve simplified spellings, including *program* and *catalog*, now widely familiar, and *the* and *allo*. The American Association for the Advancement of Science decided years ago to omit the final *e* of certain words where its retention served no useful purpose; and this is why we find in scientific writing, *metaphor* and not *metaphor*, *potter* and not *potter*.

To urge the adoption of the simpler of two spellings now contending, and to advocate further simplification by the omission of other useless letters, these are the immediate aims of the Simplified Spelling Board. And it purposes to employ all the usual machinery of a reform movement,—a central office in New York, and a committee of writers, to continue to conduct an active campaign with pamphlets and with addresses. It hopes to win the support of organizations in sympathy with progress, of teachers and of subscribers, of publishers and of printers, of men of science and of men of affairs, of all who are awake to the immense waste of time and of effort due to our present spelling, and who can see how much of hindrance this is to the speedier adoption of English as a world language.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

A NEW story by Otilie Liljevenant, who wrote *A Ward of King Canute*, is certain of a warm welcome; for this novelist is almost without a rival in the field which she has made her own, and her tales, dealing with palatinate Saxon or Norse society, have a vigor and stress of action, and a genuinely poetic quality, which are both very characteristic of those old Teutonic ancestors of ours. In *Randvar* the Sogsmid, as her latest story is named, Miss Liljevenant has caught the very spirit of the old Norse life, with which the tale has to do,



Otilie A. Liljevenant

The action of the story takes place in America at the time when, according to the legend, this country was visited by the Northerners. Its hero, Randvar, is represented as the son of that viking who, in Longfellow's poem of "The Skeleton in Armor" carries off the daughter of King Hildebrand and builds for her the tower of Noranunga. Randvar is a "songsmith," or bard, and in this capacity he enters the service of Helvin, the young Jarl of New Norway, as America is called. Helvin is the victim of a strange mental disorder which sometimes drives him to acts of treachery or cruelty, and it is in this connection that the author makes use of one of the most unpoetic of the old Norse superstitions. It is probable that the belief in werewolves, widespread among the early Northern races, had some foundation in fact. Warriors under the influence of the Berserker madness acted very much as if possessed with wolfish spirits, and to the primitive mind the inference was doubtless plain. To the civilized understanding the man who acted the wolf seems surely to have been afflicted with a species of insanity. Thus, as it is gradually revealed that Helvin is at times a werewolf, the reader does not come to regard him as a character outside the pale of sympathy, but, on the contrary, the tormented Jarl is a profoundly moving and tragic figure. The story strongly appeals to man's love of the supernatural, and at the same time has a degree of human interest very remarkable in a story of the kind. It is obvious that in combining these two elements of interest the greatest delicacy of treatment is requisite, and Miss Liljevenant has employed all the finesse of the practiced writer of mystery tales, together with an appreciation of character and an emotional power more commonly associated with stories of a different school.

The character of Helvin is necessarily surrounded with gloom, but Randvar represents the other and more normal aspect of the Norse nature—the poetic temperament, the courage that is cheerful rather than grim, and especially the brave old virtue of self-sacrifice and loyalty to a friend. The romance of his love for Brynhild, the Jarl's sister, is brightened by the heroism which Randvar shows in renouncing her, as it seems, forever, in order that he may remain true to Helvin, whose madness leads him several times to attempt the life of his friend. Brynhild, in her pride and aloofness, is the true daughter of a viking, and when at last she yields to her love for Randvar, one feels that it is a triumph of manhood.

Miss Liljevenant has given her story a plot of the most modern ingenuity, but its spirit is that of the Sagas. It is instinct with the joy of living in the open, as felt by the old Norse warrior, who

could scarcely abide to have a roof over his head. Its time and place render the tale unique, and the fact that it deals with an episode which may be regarded as half legendary and half historic gives it a peculiar attraction. In setting in the primeval forest of America, its connection with the old tower of Noranunga, and the circumstance that it deals with a people who are of the same kin as our own ancestors, all help to bring the romance home to the reader.

The most illuminating writers upon science, and especially upon scientific philosophy, are usually not specialists, but men who have made a general study of human knowledge in its various branches. Herbert Spencer was a man of this type, and while he could claim to be a scientist in no such sense as could Darwin, still the philosophy that he built upon the foundation which Darwin and others laid was all or chiefly his own. The writings of Spencer, however, are exceedingly voluminous, and their style is not particularly attractive. In order to interest the general reader, whose time is more or less limited in the evolutionary philosophy, there is need of another class of thinkers who shall interpret the doctrines of Spencer in somewhat the same way in which he himself interpreted the great mass of scientific knowledge. Among the foremost of such authors we must rate Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who wrote *The Order of Life*—one of the most readable books of its kind. Dr. Saleeby is not only an extremely lucid but a suggestive writer, and he has in a high degree the happy faculty of stimulating thought in others, so that it is impossible to read his works with indifference. He has, moreover, the gifts of condensation and apt illustration which are so much appreciated in a popular treatise.

In his latest volume, entitled *Evolution the Master-Key*, Dr. Saleeby gives, incidentally, a clear outline of the evolutionary theory, but his object in writing the book was not primarily to reiterate the truth of that general doctrine. It was rather, as he expresses it, "to show the validity of evolution in the light of the most recent knowledge." In the very title of the volume the author declares that evolution is a universal principle in the universe, and he has not shrunk from upholding this opinion in its full implication. He assures us in impressive language that "destiny, dynamics, and dogmas" change in accordance with evolutionary laws, and he adds that the universal application of these laws is more easily demonstrable today than when Spencer wrote his *First Principles*. New sciences which have come into being since that time have but corroborated the testimony of those

which Spencer invoked. There is a formidable list of them, including comparative mythology, comparative psychology, embryology, and physical chemistry, but in his references to these subjects the author is always clear and untechnical, so that the prospective reader may rest assured that he will not be bored by scientific details.

It is with the latest discoveries in the realm of science, rather than with the stock illustrations of the evolutionists, that Dr. Saleeby principally deals, and in respect of these the book will prove a revelation to most readers. The interesting discussion of radium may be taken as an example of what the book contains. It is an astonishing truth that, with the aid of this remarkable substance, it has been shown that the atoms themselves are really elementary and that the atoms bear their name, since they have been proved to be divisible. Moreover, the transmutation of metals, long regarded as the wildest chimera of the scientific imagination, has been actually accomplished: for radium has been transformed into helium. Dr. Saleeby shows that these facts point to the astonishing conclusion that the atoms themselves are products of evolution.



Dr. C. W. Saleeby

Music And The Opera

NEW CHORAL MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



It is not often that the admirable activities of the Musical Art Society, which are largely concerned with the performance of ecclesiastical or capella music of the highest type, offer so varied and significant an array of modern choral music as was presented by the Society at its concert of March 8. The program embraced, in addition to the usual proportion of choral works by the old masters, compositions by moderns of such diverse quality as Max Reger, the young German radical, who is being forced by his adherents into an injudicious rivalry with Richard Strauss; Hans Koeßler, a belated and not too individual romanticist; Steuermann himself; and Charles Martin Loeffler, whose compositions have hitherto appeared as little ecclesiastical as could well be imagined. Reger was represented by his setting—for solo alto, solo tenor, solo quartet, mixed chorus, violin, cello, and organ—of the melody of a hymn attributed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the famous "Passion Choral." Mr. Reger has, particularly in Germany, a reputation of an awe-inspiring sort as a contriver of elaborate and "neoclassic" effects. He has, indeed, encountered the misfortune which befalls so many modern men of more evident genius than himself: he has inspired a riot. There is now in Germany, I understand, a clamorous and undaunted Reger faction, as there was, not so many months ago, to be a Strauss faction; and the pity of the matter is, of course, that mere effrontery and determined ineptitude seem able to create in some souls as unconquerable a passion for propaganda as does authentic and individual genius. Mr. Reger's reputation rests, I believe, largely upon his command of a new and vivid order of eloquence, and upon his reputed mastery of constructive technique.

In the new choral which we heard the other day the ingenuity was evident enough—it was, indeed, flagrant; but of the kind of impulse which eventuates in either beauty or sublimity there was very little trace. There were moments in which the thought of the composer attained a certain austere and grave impressiveness; but such intervals were all too rare. Dull is the word for such writing—the dullness of anxious and barren intellect. One must hope that this work does not adequately disclose the measure of Mr. Reger's gifts.

Mr. Hans Koeßler's "Hymne an die Nacht," which occupied second place among the modern works on the program, offered but little matter for serious contemplation. Koeßler, who is one of the pedagogues of the National Bohemian Academy at Budapest, has made an eminently appropriate and unexceptionable setting of Lemay's expressive lyric, "Weil auf mir, dankendes Auge,"—one which provokes a comparison, unfortunate for Mr. Koeßler, with the setting for single voice by Franz.

Richard Strauss's unaccounted appearance upon a program of choral music was occasioned, apparently, by Mr. Damrosch's interest in his extraordinary setting of a poem by Rückert, beginning, "Jakob, dein Verleugner sein behret wider." It is an a capella chorus in sixteen real parts, and is of such appalling and well-nigh prohibitive difficulty that an adequate performance of it is virtually impossible. It does not impress

one as quite justifying, on the whole, its extreme elaboration of structure, although it contains passages of an engrossing and cumulative impressiveness. When one recalls his brutal and hoministic "Tailfeiler," which was heard in New York a year ago, one is moved to the conviction that this indubitable genius is decidedly not at his best in writing for voices in mass, either with orchestras or a capella. He is essentially a genius shaped for instrumental utterance,—despite the loveliness and distinction of many of his songs. Let it be noted here, incidentally, that Mr. Damrosch's choir accomplished a monumental *tour de force* in its singing of Strauss's hymn. There were, it is true, moments of extreme peril; but the wonder is that it could be sung with any semblance of confidence and precision.

Mr. Loeffler's "By the Rivers of Babylon," which had not been heard here before, is a setting of the first six verses of the 137th Psalm, and the third and fourth verses of the 136th. It is contrived for a singular and highly effective combination (Mr. Loeffler is peculiarly apt at such things)—a chorus of women's voices, accompanied by two flutes, cello, harp, and organ. The music does not represent the more recently developed phases of Mr. Loeffler's art; nor, one must admit, has it a great deal of his rarer quality. It is always a pleasure to celebrate the unquestionable genius of this remarkable music-maker, whose rank among the first of modern tone-poets is winning an increasing recognition; but "By the Rivers of Babylon" scarcely shows him at his best. His most memorable moment is reached in the affecting passage, for the instruments alone, at the close of the piece—Mr. Krebshilf, by the way, observes in his programme notes that Mr. Loeffler, "by reason of his long residence in the United States," "has been reckoned among American composers."

I have no wish to agitate a subject that is rich in possibilities of contention and dubiety; but, much as one would like to be able to arrogate so admissible a master as Mr. Loeffler to the slender ranks of American music-makers, will the most liberal extension of patriotic control justify the appropriation to ourselves of a composer who is Alsation by birth, Franco-German by training, and persistently and uncompromisingly French by a filiation and predilection, although "American" by the accident of residence? I am uninformed as to whether or not Mr. Loeffler has ever taken out naturalization papers; if he has, I suppose one must regard him as an American. But, somehow, that would not seem altogether to settle the matter. I, for one, should prefer to regard him merely as a citizen of the world—an artistic cosmopolite.

With every year of its existence the Musical Art Society fixes itself more securely in the high place which it has long held in New York's musical activities. Its aims are as admirable and distinguished as its actual artistic accomplishment is authoritative. It is possible to wish that the scope of its purposes might be so enlarged as to make it feasible for the Society to give an increased attention to modern choral works not wholly a capella, yet that do not demand as onerous a symphonic proportion.



Charles Martin Loeffler

Whose chorus, "By the Rivers of Babylon," was recently performed by the Musical Art Society



Ellen Foster

Dallas Washburn ("Mr. Hopkinson")

H. H. Brown

Olive Thorne

A Scene from "Mr. Hopkinson," at the Savoy Theatre

"Mr. Hopkinson," the new farce by R. C. Carton, now being played at the Savoy Theatre, has for its central figure a humble tradesman, "Mr. Hopkinson," whose sudden accession to wealth and position is the occasion for many humorous complications.



Richard D'Oyly

Raymond Hitchcock

L. D. Brown

Harold Brown

Ray D'Oyly

Theresa Lamb

A Scene from the First Act of "The Gallipoli," at the Garden Theatre

Richard D'Oyly's comedy, "The Gallipoli," in which Raymond Hitchcock plays the star part, tells the story of a rich and not too subtle young American, who, for the sake of following his passions in the wake of the Greek-Turkish war, invents a rebellious patriotism. The results are temporarily disastrous to himself, but amusing to the audience.

TWO OF THE SEASON'S PLAYS

Further Anecdotes of
Mark Twain

In his early Hartford days Mark Twain took an active interest in baseball in common with most of his fellow citizens. While attending an exciting match he lost a gold-headed umbrella, which he advertised in the local papers somewhat after this fashion:

"Lost—\$10 Reward. A gold-headed umbrella was lost by the undersigned on the grand stand at the baseball ground on Saturday. It was probably stolen from him while he was engaged in cheering the Hartforders for their victory over the Providence ninos—presumably stolen by a red-headed, freckle-faced boy about twelve years old. For the body of the boy and the umbrella delivered at my house on Farmington Avenue, \$10 will be paid. For the body of the boy or the umbrella separately, \$5 for either. For the boy alive, nothing under any circumstances." This advertisement was signed with his full name and address.

At a dinner given by some local mercantile or business organization Mr. Clemens responded to the toast of "Hartford." In his speech he glorified the city as the one place in the world which provided for every possible human need. He said that Hartford wrote life-insurance policies to protect men's lives, accident policies to protect their persons, and fire-insurance policies to protect their future. It made guns and pistols with which to kill men, but printed books to tell them how to live and bibles to tell them how to die. In short, it supplied all their needs, not only here but even hereafter.

When Rev. Dr. Smith, president of Trinity College, a warm personal friend, was hesitating as to accepting a call to a Western bishopric, Mr. Clemens wrote him a letter of discussion, closing by suggesting a form of letter to send to the diocese which he would guarantee would prevent his being troubled with future calls of the same nature. This formula was: "Dear brethren of the Diocese of —, I have received your call to be your bishop. In reply, I will say that I would see you — and first."

Mark Twain's correspondence is always delicious. His letters are written in terse, plain, and their meaning is unmistakable. I recall a letter of his, written in connection with an attempt to break the will of an old soldier, Captain Jim Smith, of New London, Connecticut, from whom Mark Twain drew the character of "Admiral Hurdman," who, it will be remembered, never had any difficulty in believing in the miracles of the Old Testament, for which he always gave a perfectly natural explanation. For example, he explained the miracle of Elijah's wearing fire from heaven upon the altar when the priests of Baal failed, by saying that when Elijah poured "water" over the altar, as stated in Holy Writ, he really poured kerosene, with whose properties only he was at the time familiar, and, later, set it on fire with a kerosene match. This "Captain Smith" was an old acquaintance of the writer, and each of us was encouraged to testify as to his sanity at the time when an attempt was made to break his will, in which he had cut off some relatives for whom he entertained strong dislike. With all his peculiarities, if ever there was a man on earth who knew exactly what he wanted, it was Captain Jim Smith, and Mark Twain, who had sailed with him in the Pacific, wrote us that he should testify to that effect. We did not have to go into court, as the will was sustained entirely by local testimony.

The following characteristic letter was written from Montreal in February, 1885, in response to an invitation to Mr. Clemens and George W. Cable, who were reading together, to be guests of the writer and some friends when they should reach Baltimore.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN.—We thank you ever so much, but we can't. The readers connected with this circus must attend strictly to business—no social life allowed them. Sincerely yours, S. L. CLEMENS.

Oh, Surely

"PRESIDENT, the jury has declared you guilty."
"Oh, that's all right, judge; you're too intelligent a man, I think, to be influenced by what they say."

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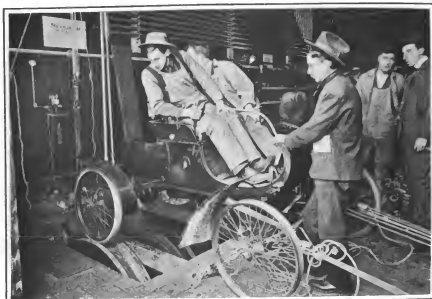
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SCENES CONNECTED WITH NEW YORK'S SCHOOL FOR AUTO-DRIVERS

A school has been established in New York City for the purpose of providing instruction in the theory and practice of automobile driving. Novices, either previously or not, now take a course in the school. They are shown the workings of the various mechanisms, and are taught by an experienced chauffeur how to control an automobile in actual practice. The photographs on this page show two scenes connected with the work of the school.

Photographs by Peter A. Jany

Buchanan's Wife

(Continued from page 415.)

thing to eat. We've had no dinner, either of us."

"She shook her head. "I don't wish anything to eat—no, no. I must know first. Go at once, Harry! I'll wait here for you."

He went out of the room, and the woman sat where he had left her, silent and still, her chin in the palm of her hand, her eyes glistening across the room towards the shadows which hung there.

In ten minutes he was back, and by the look on his face she knew.

"He is gone!" she said, in a whisper. "Path of this," said the man. "Clean gone without trace. No one saw them go."

Beatrice sprang to her feet and came to meet him, catching at his arm. The old terror, the old panic, flashed from her eyes.

"You must find him, Harry!" she cried, and shook the arm her hands clung to. "Oh, you must find him and bring him back! While that man is abroad we hang upon a man's edge. He would do anything! Have you seen his face, his eyes? Anything! You must find him."

Facing awakened suddenly from something terrible.

"Yes," he said, gently. "I must find him. He must not be left at large. I will go at once."

He lived himself and moved towards the door. Then he turned and came back. He took her into his arms and kissed her mouth.

"The groans are out now, searching the neighborhood," he said, "but I do not think they will be successful. The man is clever. I may be away for some days. I shall not meet back until—we are safe."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she said, under her breath.

"I think I should send for Aunt Arabella (even if I were you)," he said. "She would like to come, and she will hear you company. You can say that I am in New York on affairs of importance."

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Perhaps I will do that. Oh, Harry, be careful. Do not take risks. He is very desperate, that man, and I think dangerous."

Facing shook his head.

"He wants money, not blood," said he. "He is not dangerous. I rather wish he were."

Then after a little more he was gone, and she heard him speaking to his man in the hallway outside her door. Presently the door was gone also, and she was left alone.

She stood where he had left her for some little time. Afterwards she moved slowly about the room, putting things needlessly to rights here and there. She did not in the least mind what she was doing. Her head

ached dully and she put out the lights, thinking that they hurt her eyes. A silver

rod of sunlight shined in through the windows, and lay in four great patches on the floor. They looked

like four white coffins, and the woman sat there for a long time, very thought-

ful!" she said, aloud. "For

as he is longed to be. And one

Buchanan. He'll need it soon.

I wonder! Two left! One

me for me." She tried to

it would be like to be in a

if forever, with fading flowers

and her hands crossed. It

so powerful and pleasant.

she were already there.

everything," she said

it did be very nice to rest

to speak again, never

A strain against odds

is so much trouble

for hours

her a little with

down upon her face

and rested her face

Person, under

the varied

interest of his, as

he had to be an ex-

hausted body, as for

he was in a state

which could be well

described.

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A Hopeful Outcome

WILLIAM ARMY WHITE says that the most amusing "personal" note that ever he came across in a country newspaper was that which last year caught his eye while reading a Missouri paper. The item was something like this:

"Nels Andersen met with a painful accident last week, a fishhook becoming entangled in his eye. Nels is being attended by Dr. Phil Morion, who says his eye will come out all right."

Small Risk

Once while making a political canvass at Missouri, the Honorable Champ Clark one evening found himself obliged to accept the hospitality of a blacksmith's house.

When Mr. Clark arose the next morning, he observed that the house stood on the bank of a deep, swift stream. In fact, the stream really flowed through the back yard of the blacksmith's place. On the bank there were at least ten or twelve children at play.

"Molten," said Mr. Clark to the smith's wife, "are you not afraid to allow your children to play so near a treacherous stream like that?"

"We don't mind," was the laconic reply.

"But, molten," persisted Mr. Clark, "should I should think you would live in constant dread lest one of your little ones would be drowned."

"No," responded the woman, "we've only lost four or five that way."

By Way of Experiment

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS tells of a darky in Jackson, Mississippi, who married a daisy belle of Meron, Georgia.

A year or so after the union of these two, the wife during a spell of sickness became convinced that she was about to die.

"Dink," she observed, mournfully, "be here a good while in 'n, an' now I've dyin' I want ye to promise to do me a favor."

"What is dat?" asked the husband.

"Dink, I want ye to berry me wid my own folks in Meron."

The husband's lamentations roused long enough to enable him to reply:

"Naturally, I can't do it. It's too expensive to take you to Meron."

"Dink," sobbed the wife, "ef ye don't take me to Meron I'm goin' to hang me!"

"My specie'll come back to ye," Dink, it shore will."

"Well, ef it comes to dat," said Dink, "I s'pose I'll have to humor ye; but, naturally, be gone to try you in Jackson first."

"Stringing" Him

A CRABBY young fellow called out to a friend who was sitting next to him in a car.

"Well, dere, old fellow, you sure, I strap the fruits."

"Make you will," said the farmer, "for I'm wearing hemp."

The Last Straw

One of the younger members of the House of Representatives, a dapper Pennsylvanian, has as his back as rule, an excellent servant in all respects, with the exception of one tendency to indulge in provincial speech.

Recently, the Pennsylvanian had been very busy, when his servant disappeared without that his good nature was being imposed upon. So when the culprit returned here was no longer required. With characteristic Celtic inconstancy, the servant paid no attention to the dismissal, but resumed his duties in the morning.

This proceeding the Irishman turned up, considerably annoyed for his little errand, to be met with the customary discharge.

"Look here, Mr. Blunk," he exclaimed, indignantly, "I'm getting sick an' tired of dis. If I'm fired again, I'll quit the job!"



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EDITED BY

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A Few of the Leading Articles:

Chemistry and the Food Supply

Professor ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN, who is abroad investigating for HARPER'S MAGAZINE the latest scientific discoveries and their application to industry, shows how chemistry will protect the world's food supply, so that even though the natural fertilizing properties of the earth become exhausted, crops can be successfully raised, fruits grown, etc., by the application of wonderful artificial means which the German chemists have discovered.

Herbert Spencer—the Personal Side

An intimate picture of the home life of the great thinker, written by two persons who shared his home during his later years. Their narrative discloses a new side of the man. It recounts his own amusing version of his one love-story and his almost pathetic disappointment on seeing a picture of the lady in later years. It tells of his rather original jokes and of his many naive and amusing ways and habits.

Mr. Howells on the English Washington Country

Mr. HOWELLS has wandered over that part of England from which the Washington family came—in the neighborhood of Northampton. A delightful paper on a country of peculiar interest to all American readers.

New Letters of Charles Dickens

A group of hitherto unpublished letters written by the great novelist during his stay in Switzerland to friends in England. They are characteristic and important. They tell about his work on "David Copperfield" and other books, and in one of the letters Dickens expresses very freely his opinion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then being discussed everywhere.

Pedantic Usage of English

Professor LOT ARMBURY, of Yale, finds "pedantic usage" one of the menaces to our language. His article discusses the attacks of pedantry on our idioms, the question of a passive verb followed by an object, and other much-debated points.

A Cruise on a Whaler

CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY, the artist, recently made a cruise on a whaler of the old type from New Bedford to the coast of Africa. He acted as one of the crew of a whale-boat, worked with the men at treading out the oil, and saw and experienced every phase of the exciting life. His first article, with many of his own remarkable drawings, appears in the April number.

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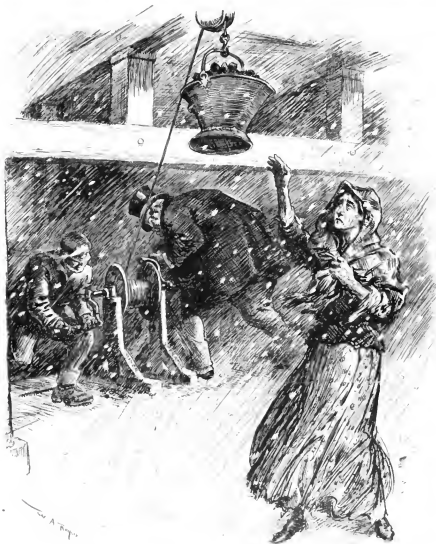


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New York, Saturday, March 31, 1906

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THEY SEEM TO PULL WELL TOGETHER

Illustrated by A. Rogers

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COMMENT

It is interesting to note the further comments, newspaper and individual, on the suggestion of WILSON. Wilson's name as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908. An important characteristic of the comments, which we quote on another page, is their invariable recognition of the merits of Mr. WILSON. The *Truy Press*, for example, which is inclined to treat the suggestion impatiently, is forced to admit the truth of all that has been said of the equipment of the president of Princeton for the national office. After quoting with approval the tribute which appeared in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of March 10, it asserts that Mr. WILSON cannot be nominated, and cannot be elected if he be nominated, because he is comparatively unknown, and therefore it is opposed even to the suggestion of his name. According to this critic, Mr. WILSON has proved himself to be a "competent executive"; that he is "a statesman of breadth, depth, and excellent sagacity"; that he is a notably sane idealist, and that he is a "genuine orator"; that he "stands for everything that is sound and progressive"; that he has the respect of all men and the admiration of educated men; that he is faithful to the interests of the whole people; that he has profound convictions; that he has no enemies. In a word, it is admitted that Mr. WILSON possesses qualifications for the Presidency in an extraordinary degree, but it is asserted that all those will not count with the Democratic party because he is not now known to it; and that if he were nominated, the country would not elect him because he would be such a recent acquaintance. It is, of course, a mistake to assume that WILSON WILSON is not widely known. There is no man who writes on government and on politics who is so generally and so favorably known. However, the mere fact that the only opposition to Mr. WILSON as a candidate that has yet been expressed is put on the ground that the Democratic party will not nominate an exceptional man whom it does not know to-day, and that the people will not elect a man of acknowledged virtues to whom they have just been introduced, is very illuminating. So far, it is clear, no valid objection has been expressed, and therefore the suggestion of Mr. WILSON's name becomes all the worthier of that serious consideration which we have invited. It would probably be very difficult to defeat a man so endowed as is Mr. WILSON because the country has learned of his fitness to serve it only recently.

The assertion made by ex-Judge ALVIN B. PARKER, during his recent tour in the South, that the next nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency ought to be a Southern man, has attracted a great deal of attention in Washington, as well as in the States directly concerned. Judge PARKER pointed out that during the last ten years it has proved impossible to secure harmonious action on the part of Western and Eastern Democrats. In 1896 and in 1900, while Judge PARKER himself in 1904 failed to poll the full Democratic vote in the West. The deduction from these facts is that prudence dictates the selection of the next nominee from a different section, to wit, the South, which has no enemies within the party, because it has loyally supported the Democratic nominee, no matter whether he has been a Western man or an Eastern man. It may also be pointed out that, since the South's manufactures have required enormous development, a Southern man would no longer be accused or suspected of hostility to a protective tariff, though he could undoubtedly be trusted to advocate the revision of certain schedules of the DUTY ACT. He would therefore appeal very strongly to the Republican revisionists, of whom there are so many in Massachusetts and in some other States. We add that, as there are few, if any, great fortunes in the South, and as the railroad interest is comparatively unimportant, the wishes of Northern voters would not suspect a Southern man of being a tool of railroads or monopolies.

We think, too, that a sense of justice would cause many a fair-minded Northern man to desire the election of a Southerner to the Presidency. It is now more than forty years since the Civil War came to an end, and, although decades have passed since all of the former Confederate States have ostensibly regained their political rights, the rehabilitation is nominal rather than actual, so long as the right to present a nominee for the Presidency is withheld or undemanded. It is true that Southern Democrats themselves since 1844 have refrained from putting forward a native of their section as a candidate for the Presidency in a national convention—JOHN C. BARKER was the nominee, not of a national, but of a sectional, convention,—but this course has been supposed to be commensured by expediency, the dislike or distrust of Southern men by the North being taken for granted. Of such dislike, if it ever existed, there is no longer a trace. On the whole, we incline to think that, both on sentimental and political grounds, a Southern man would prove an ideal nominee for the Presidency.

Can the Democrats capture the next House of Representatives? At the first glance one might be likely to reply in the negative, for the Republicans have had control of the popular branch of the Federal legislature ever since THOMAS B. REID became Speaker in 1895. Moreover, in the present House there are 239 Republicans against 137 Democrats. For the Democrats to secure even a majority of one they would have to carry fifty-seven districts and hold all that they at present possess. That should not be very difficult, however. Few well-informed persons doubt that the Democrats will make great gains in the State of New York; considerable gains in Pennsylvania, where last autumn they elected a State Treasurer; gains in Ohio also, where last year they won the Governorship; material gains in Illinois; and gains also in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Massachusetts, with the programme of tariff revision. They certainly ought to regain most of the seats lost in Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland in November, 1904, though, of course, certain districts in these States are normally Republican. We must remember that in the middle year of HANCOCK'S administration the Republicans lost control of the House, and that the same mishap befell the Democrats in the middle of Mr. CLEVELAND'S second administration. There are many indications that the community at large, though it still believes in Mr. ROOSEVELT, is heartily tired of the "stump-speeches," and is ripe for revolt against them. Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising or unprecedented if the existing Republican majority of 112 in the House should be transformed into a Democratic majority of about fifty. To that end it would only be useful for the Democrats to carry about eighty districts which at present they do not control. The fight, of course, will have to be made on the tariff-revision issue. It cannot be made on the government rate-making issue, for the Republicans will point out that a Republican President adequate and all the Republican members of the House (except seven) voted for the HERRIN bill.

As we write, it seems probable that during the week ending March 21 public attention will be concentrated on the discussion of the HERRIN-TILLEY bill in the Senate. Can

riously enough, the Democrats seem to be almost as widely split upon the subject as are the Republicans. It is well known that Mr. DOLLIVER and the other Senators who concur with President ROOSEVELT in favoring the HERMAN bill as it came from the House desire to minimize the power of the United States courts to review the rate fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, whereas a large majority of the Republican Senators do not wish to limit that power. Especially do the latter want to uphold the right of a court of equity to suspend by injunction the operation of the commission's rate pending final adjudication of its validity. A few weeks ago it was assumed that the Democratic Senators as a body would vote on the side of the administration, as the members of their party had voted in the House of Representatives. It now turns out that there is nothing like unanimity among the Democratic Senators on the point. At a meeting of seventeen Democratic Senators on March 18 in the house of Senator NEWLANDS—a meeting held for the purpose of determining the course of Democratic Senators on the rate question—it turned out that there was no agreement attainable as to the insertion in the HERMAN-TILMAN bill of a clause limiting the power of the court to prevent by injunction the immediate enforcement of a rate fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Evidently some Senators thought that the inherent power of a court of equity to stop by injunction the operation of a commission-made rate pending the final adjudication of its legality could not be taken away by legislation.

The Republican Senators who are opposed to that part of the HERMAN bill which undertakes to restrict the powers of a Federal court seem likely to agree upon the fifth section of Senator KNOX's substitute for the HERMAN measure. This section authorizes the taking of any matter decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission to the United States Circuit Court, but requires the railroad companies to deposit the difference between their own rate and the rate fixed by the commission pending the final adjudication of each particular case. This amendment would leave intact a court of equity's power to suspend by injunction the operation of a rate. A good many Democrats, on the other hand, are working with the aim of securing an amendment of the HERMAN-TILMAN bill which shall explicitly prohibit the lower courts from suspending rates fixed by the commission. Senator TILMAN, who has the bill in charge, wants to insert a provision prohibiting railway companies from producing and owning the commodities—coal, for example—which, as common carriers, they transport.

It may be remembered that the demands made by the miners' organization in the anthracite coal region were rejected by Mr. GEORGE F. BAXA, chairman of the coal-operators' committee. Mr. BAXA intimated that the ultimatum of the operators would be a renewal for three years of the agreement reached three years ago through the mediation of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. That agreement embodied, he said, all the concessions that the miners had a right to expect, and all that the operators could afford to give. Mr. BAXA also made it plain that, unless the miners were willing to accept his proposal, any further conference on the subject would be useless. The convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis was disposed to resent Mr. BAXA's letter, and to order forthwith a strike in the anthracite region which would begin on April 1. Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, however, prevailed upon the convention to authorize him to make one more appeal to the operators, and he did so in a letter very suggestively framed for the purpose of eliciting public opinion on the side of the miners. He was careful to assure his correspondent that the anthracite coal miners are not ungrateful of the great public interests involved in the controversy as to their future relations with the operators, neither are they unappreciative of the efforts made three years ago by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission to establish a relationship between employers and employed that would insure a just and permanent peace. Mr. BAXA, in his letter, had assumed that the arrangements made by the commission were intended to be final. Mr. MITCHELL replies that if his correspondent will refer to the wording of the award of the commission, he will find that the commission itself was in doubt as to the permanency of its findings, and expressed the

hope that at the expiration of the triennial agreement the relations of operators and employees would have so far improved as to make impossible such a condition as then existed throughout the country in consequence of the strike in the anthracite region.

Mr. MITCHELL adds that the miners had entertained the hope that their adherence to the letter and the spirit of the commission's award, and the absence of general or local strikes in the anthracite region during the last three years, would have entitled them to the confidence of the operators, and justified them in expecting a serious consideration of their claims at this time. We repeat that Mr. MITCHELL's letter is well calculated to gain public sympathy for the miners. The fact remains that, so vast are the reserve stocks at the disposal of the principal producers, the consumers of anthracite coal have nothing to fear during the summer, beyond, possibly, a slight increase in the price of the combustible, and that, consequently, a strike would be likely to prove a failure.

As we go to press, it seems probable that the conference at Algiers of the powers represented in the Madrid Conference of 1880 will reach an agreement on the crucial point of the policing of Morocco. Yielding to the pressure exerted by the neutral powers, Germany, it is believed, will cease to insist upon the acceptance of the Austrian proposal that one of the eight Moroccan seaports—to wit, Casa Blanca—shall be controlled by a police force offered by the subjects of some power other than France and Spain, and that an inspector-general, designated by some power other than the two just named, shall, besides policing Casa Blanca, exercise supervision over the Franco-Spanish officers in the seven other seaports. According to a dispatch to the *London Times* from Algiers, Germany will permit the police of Casa Blanca, like the police stationed in the rest of the Moroccan seaports, to be offered by Frenchmen and Spaniards, provided France shall acquiesce in the appointment of a Dutch or Swiss inspector-general. It is possible that Germany will also request France to abate her claim of preponderance in the management of the international bank which is to finance Morocco. That is to say, Germany desires that France should content herself with three instead of the five shares which the French delegate has hitherto claimed. If this dispatch be well founded, the end of the Morocco Conference is in sight.

It does not follow that the troubles of France, are over. A German newspaper, which is regarded as a semi-official organ, announced the other day that after the conclusion of the Morocco Conference Germany intends to bring up the problem of the status of various European powers in Abyssinia, and will suggest that the question should be discussed at another international conference. The situation in Abyssinia is this: France has built a railway from her seaport Djibouti to the Abyssinian frontier. A continuation of this railway to Addis Ababa is contemplated, but Emperor MELEK has declared that he will not permit the construction of this road by foreigners unless England, France, and Italy agree to internationalize it. Germany resents the omission of her name in the list of supervisory powers, on the ground that her trade with Abyssinia has been signally increased through the operation of the commercial treaty concluded by a German embassy to the court of the Negus about a year ago. In other words, Germany wants to take part in the building and control of the Abyssinian Railway. Under the circumstances, she seems to have as reasonable a claim to participation as have England, France, and Italy.

The really important personage in the new French cabinet is not the ostensible Premier, M. SARRAEN, nor yet ex-Premier BURDEAU, who is the Minister for Foreign Affairs, but Senator CLEMENCEAU, who, as Minister of the Interior, will wield the tremendous powers of that office in the general election which will take place in April. In the earlier years of the Third French Republic, M. CLEMENCEAU was next to GARIBOLDI and JULES FERRY, the most potent politician. Unfortunately for him, just as he was attaining his apogee, he, like M. ROCHER, was involved in the Panama Canal, failed to retain his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and underwent a prolonged eclipse. He took refuge in the Senate, where he

gradually acquired behind the scenes tremendous influence. It is understood that the COMBES and ROUVIER cabinets were of his creation. He is credited with being the real inspirer of the abolition of the Concordat, and he can, therefore, be trusted to enforce the Separation law with even more rigor than his predecessor. French Catholics are probably justified in fearing that CLEMENCEAU's little finger will be thicker than the loins of the last Minister of the Interior. Evidently, when M. ROUVIER, after a long term of retirement and silence, was summoned to the Premiership, M. CLEMENCEAU felt that for him too it was high time to emerge. Minister of the Interior to-day, he will, in all likelihood, be Prime Minister to-morrow. All Frenchmen, whether they like him, fear him, or hate him, admit the superiority of his intellect and the strength of his character. It is an interesting fact that M. CLEMENCEAU sojourned for a considerable time in the United States.

All the talk that has been going on in England ever since the South-African war about conscription, or some other means of giving great expansion to the British army, seems to have been only wind. The new British government will not listen to it. Mr. HALDANE, the new Secretary for War, announced on March 8, in the House of Commons, that there was no thought of conscription on the part of the government, which was convinced that in England all military training must be voluntary. The Ministry accepted, he said, in its full significance, the so-called "blue-water" principle, the principle, namely, that the navy, so long as it shall retain its present absolute and relative strength, will be capable of defending Great Britain from invasion, and, consequently, renders it possible to cut off much of what otherwise would be necessary expenditure on the army. In pursuance of the principle of exclusive dependence on the navy, the BANNERMAN government has decided that the ammunition stores constructed for the defence of London are useless, and shall be immediately removed; and that some three hundred guns mounted for defensive purposes at various points along the coast shall be taken away. Moreover, the troops stationed at Wei-hai-wei, China, are to be withdrawn, and some colonial garrisons to be reduced. With regard to the Anglo-Indian Empire, the War Minister expressed the opinion that the northwestern frontier of India was no longer in danger, having in mind probably the treaty by which Japan has bound herself to come to England's aid in the event of a Russian invasion of the Indian peninsula. Such extensive retrenchment will, no doubt, satisfy taxpayers, but to onlookers it scarcely seems conducive to England's security or dignity. The German navy is justly regarded by many Englishmen with apprehension, not only because it is receiving immense extension, but also because it is concentrated at a point whence the British coast could be reached quickly. There are those also who doubt whether the Japanese will long feel respect for a power which puts the brunt of the defence of its own territory on an ally.

The overwhelming majority by which the Lower House of the Japanese Parliament adopted a proposal for the purchase and operation of all private railways by the state brings to mind the remarkable progress made in railway construction by the Island Empire since the first short line, that from Tokio to Yokohama, was built thirty-four years ago. Even as late as 1900 there were only 550 miles of state railways and 558 of private roads in Japan. In the fiscal year 1903-4, on the other hand, there were 3140 miles of private railways and 1344 miles of state lines. At present, the state has 780 miles of new track under construction, and private companies have about half as much. It is noteworthy that in Japan the government railways have been managed almost as economically as the private lines. The former have earned seven per cent. net; the latter, about eight per cent. If the scheme of purchase is sanctioned by the Upper House of Parliament and by the Emperor, the shareholders will receive, for their stock, government bonds, and there seems to be no doubt that the railways purchased will earn the interest on those bonds, together with a sinking-fund. Of bonds previously issued by the government in aid of railway enterprises—the aggregate amount was nearly \$95,000,000—only \$11,000,000 are outstanding, the remainder having been redeemed. It is well known that the Tokio government has

another extensive railway enterprise on its hands, namely, the extension of the Korean line from Seoul to a town on the Yalu River, and the construction of a road from the latter point through Manchuria to a junction with the railway running from Port Arthur to Mukden and further north.

It seems as strange and surprising to read about railroads in Alaska as about railroads in Japan. As a matter of fact, forty-five miles of railroad have already been built by the Alaska Central Railway in the Shushitna Valley. The starting-point is the town of Seward on Resurrection Bay, west of Prince William Sound. The projected length of the line is about four hundred miles, the proposed northern terminus being the mining-town of Fairbanks, near the head of navigation on the Tanana River, the principal southern tributary of the Yukon. It is said that coal-fields have been discovered about a hundred miles beyond the present northern terminus of the road, and that the quality of the coal is pronounced excellent by members of the Geological Survey. The Alaska Central is not the only railroad which has requested Congress to put the stamp of its approval on the enterprise by guaranteeing the payment of interest. Another claimant for government aid is the Alaska Railroad Company, which proposes to construct a railroad through the Copper River Valley. The Copper River flows into the Gulf of Alaska a short distance east of Prince William Sound—that is to say, at a point on the southern coast of the Territory about midway between the Alaska Panhandle and the eastern extremity of the Aleutian Islands. There seems to be no doubt that the Federal government, which has promoted railroad-building in every other part of the United States, will do something for Alaska. It is predicted that the construction of one thousand miles of railway in that Territory would increase its production of gold from \$18,500,000—the figure reached in 1905—to more than \$75,000,000 a year. It is also believed that railways would greatly increase the value of the Territory's commerce, which even a year ago bought from other parts of the United States goods valued at \$14,500,000. It is further pointed out that the opening of the Alaska deposits of the highest grade of steam-coal would save the United States navy on the Pacific coast, where it now has to rely on Welsh coal, some \$600,000 a year. Especially striking is the forecast that the rich valleys of lower Alaska, whose climate conditions are more favorable to tillage than those of Denmark or southern Sweden, would attract a large fraction of the 150,000 Americans who are annually migrating to the Canadian Northwest.

An inquest on the victory of Dajo Hill seems to be wanted. The excuse we all make to ourselves and one another for so destructive an action is that it was indispensably necessary to the pacification of Jolo, but just how necessary it was that Jolo should be pacified we are not quite sure. An explanation of the fight made in the *Boston Transcript* by ROWLAND THOMAS, a Harvard graduate, and lately for several years a teacher in the Philippines, is highly plausible, and imparts what looks like sound information. Mr. THOMAS introduced himself to the public a year or two ago by winning a considerable (first) prize in a story contest engineered by *Collier's Weekly*.

The Moro, he says, is the Malay of fiction and fighting, very favorably disposed towards piracy and handiwork, and the urgent adherent of a degraded Mohammedanism whereof the tenet to which he pays most attention is that in which he finds a warrant for stubborn scorn of all men not of his faith, and for lively hatred of Christians. As we all know, the Moro islands are ruled by a host of chiefs, independent of one another, and very slightly influenced by any central authority except ours. Our people in the first place tried to let the Moros alone as much as possible, but have found it necessary to interfere in order to protect the Moro tribes from each other and themselves, and to protect the rest of the Philippines, and the trade of Borneo and other closely islands, from their raids. Jolo is a lively little island, dominated by Mount Dajo, in the old crater of which has been domiciled a lag Moro family, whose throb has preyed on the farmsteads and track of the rest of the island. He and his crew were a public nuisance, like the hunted James boys, or the Decease,

or any old-time robber baron who had plundering propensities and a fastness. They had to be abated.

A Manila despatch, dated March 18, says that before the attack Governor Scott had spent eight months trying to persuade these outlaws to surrender, but they would not treat, and were persuaded that they could stand off attack for two years. The conclusion of our representatives that it was necessary to clean them out seems to have been sound. They were cleaned out, two hundred other Moros assisting, the reports say, under direction of their Dattos. There were women and children killed. That was deplorable, of course. The latest despatches say they were killed at long range by shell-fire, and add that many were left alive. It was a bad mess, but at the same time it was a difficult, dangerous, and, apparently, a necessary job well done. We can get no information about it that warrants the declaration of Mr. MOONSHIELD STROY, President of the Anti-Imperialist League, in a letter to the *Boston Herald*, that "the spirit which slaughters brown men in Jolo is the spirit that hatches black men in the South." To us it looks more like the spirit that runs down JAMES boys and punishes lynchings. If the Mount Dajo game were not incredible and fanatical bandits, they have been likelier. We had no acquaintance with them, but all the available accounts agree in declaring that their characters were irreclaimably bad. We are not much interested in the Sulu Islands as a convenient field for General WOOD to hunt in for desirable military experience and reputation, but there must be a fair deal even for General WOOD.

Judge PARKER is quoted as expressing the opinion that President ROOSEVELT intends, and has intended all along, to ask the Republican party for another nomination. This opinion he disclosed, as appears, while the guest of Governor VASSAMAN. The Judge's estimates of the Colonel have never, so far, done the Judge much good, and this one is not likely to change the record.

The Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals seems not disposed to accept blindly the President's recommendation of a lock canal, but is studying the question with all the help it can get from experts familiar with the problem. It has called upon Professor W. H. BIAN, Engineer PARSONS, former Chief-Engineer JOHN F. WALLACE, and others who favored the sea-level canal, for opinions, and has got undeniably a great deal of imposing information. The engineers who favor the sea-level canal express unaffected distrust of the great locks and dams necessary for the other structure. Mr. WALLACE, whose testimony is the latest that comes to us, estimates ten or twelve years as the time necessary to build a sea-level canal, and from seven to nine years for the structure with locks. He opposes the authorization of any type of canal "the destruction of any important feature of which would block all use of it until its restoration, particularly when such interruption of traffic would extend over several years." He also questions the possibility of getting secure foundations for a Chagres River dam at Gatun, and thinks Gamboa a better place for such a dam. We do not envy the competent fathers their task of reaching a conclusion, satisfactory to themselves and posterity, on a highly technical question about which the best experts disagree. Nevertheless, the careful attention they are giving to the matter is commendable.

According to the newspapers, Canal-Chief SMOYTH is looked for retirement, chiefly because of the embarrassment caused by his continued connection with the Clover-Leaf Railroad. He has not been willing, it seems, to burn his ships, but has hung on to the presidency of this railroad, in which his interests are highly important. If Mr. SMOYTH owns, as is reported, three million dollars' worth of the stock of the road, his reluctance to let go of its management is comprehensible. It seems a case like the familiar one of the Arkansas man who wrote for the price of a sawmill, was told \$2500, and wrote back, "If a man had \$2500, what would he want of a sawmill?" If Mr. SMOYTH has three million dollars' worth of good railroad stock, it is impossible but that the question should arise whether his need of the canal work is urgent enough to make him the ideal man to lose it. Yet Mr. SMOYTH has seemed a very capable boss, and it will be a disappointment if the force of circumstances compels him to withdraw.

If that should happen, his successor as commander-in-chief of the work at Panama may be Chief-Engineer STREYER, who thus far has had unusually good luck in impressing observers with the idea that he is the right man in the right place.

Senator BRANCHER, of Connecticut, a member of the Senate committee that stifled the Philippine tariff-relief bill, is receiving something besides compliments from his State for that exploit. Seventeen notable captains of industry in Connecticut, representing the most important commercial concerns in the State, joined in a letter to him, deprecating his action. Among the Connecticut newspapers, the *New Haven Register* (independent), the *Hartford Courant* (Republican), the *Waterbury American* (independent), and the *Waterbury Republican* are leaders, with a large following, in expressing the dissatisfaction of the people of the State with their new Senator's course as a committee-man.

Cursory and casual observation discloses that our neighbor the *Independent* spells through "thru," and that the *Springfield Republican* spells catalogue "catelogue." No doubt they both practise all the analogous economies in orthography, and doubtless other journals and patrons of the printing-press do the like. That the journals mentioned are alive, active, and in good society helps the suspicion that simplified spelling as preached by the Simplified Spelling Board is not quite so radical and risky a departure from conventional practice as may be supposed by persons not conversant with what is going on in the world. According to Dr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, in this paper last week, the practical task which has been undertaken by the Simplified Spelling Board is to hasten along the improvement of English orthography by urging the omission of useless letters. This is not a new principle. The only thing that is new is the organization of a body of men to push it, and the dedication (by Mr. CHANNING) of a little money to help them. The principle is centuries old. In the opinion of the board it is the principle the application of which will arouse the least resistance and produce the most immediate results.

The liveliest resistance may be expected to come from persons who do not take the trouble to inform themselves what is intended. When Mr. RUSCH HAGAMAN, for example, says that the language of SHAKESPEARE and the Bible is good enough for him, he seems not to remember that the aspiration of the simplifiers is to better, not the language, but merely the spelling, and that the spelling of the language of SHAKESPEARE and the Bible has changed so much in a few centuries that in the first chapter of Genesis as printed in 1611 there are 135 spellings that are different from those in the modern version. "The sounds," says Professor LEECHMAN, "are the real life of the language." And he says another thing: "I know of no class of men who are so ignorant of the history and derivation of their own language as the average English men of letters. I am not referring to English scholars, for they know. But the English author regards the speech of to-day as sacred, unmodifiable of the fact that its spelling has undergone many changes and is being constantly altered." One would think from that that the chances for reform in spelling were better in America than in England, but Professor LEECHMAN does not think so. He says that if reformed spelling ever does succeed, it will be through the English and not through the Americans. "It takes the English," he says, "a long time to get started, but once they get a grip they do not let go." He adds that the English scholars already recognize the desirability of the change.

Current despatches from Columbus, Ohio, record that the Legislature of Ohio has passed and sent to the Governor an antilazing bill, which provides that any student of any university or school, public or private, found guilty of lazing shall be fined not more than \$200, or imprisoned for not more than six months in jail, or both. Heads or instructors of schools who knowingly permit lazing are amenable to a fine not exceeding \$400. No legislation is as yet reported concerning babies who throw their bottles at the nurse.

Yale to OUST DEWEY.—*Newspaper headline.*
Don't. He has served Yale faithfully. Let him alone.

The Negro at the North

THE recent shocking revelations of crimes committed by negroes against white women in the city of New York have recalled attention to the facts and figures published not long ago in *Christianity* with regard to the social and economical conditions under which negroes live at the North. Of nearly a dozen articles dealing with the subject, we have been particularly impressed by one contributed by Mr. CARL KELLEY, of the University of Pennsylvania. He makes it plain that a strong current of migration from the Southern States is carrying the negro Northward. In 1880 the number of non-Caucasian natives of the South living in the North Atlantic and North Central States was only 230,034. In 1900 it had risen to 336,670, an increase of 45.6 per cent. In other words, each 10,000 negroes born in the South Atlantic States, 403 lived in the North Atlantic States in 1900. Of the 403 only fifty-one were in New England while 352 were in the southern North Atlantic States—or, so to speak more definitely, in New York and Pennsylvania. The extent of this migration is also shown by the fact that while the median age of negroes ranges from seventeen to nineteen in the South Atlantic States, it rises to twenty-five and twenty-six in the North Atlantic States. Mr. KELLEY is undoubtedly right in averring that profound causes must be operating when, in the great majority of the counties of such a State as Virginia, there is an actual decrease of negro population during a decade. The decrease bears witness to the existence of a widespread discontent. What is the cause of the discontent? In Mr. KELLEY'S judgment, the discontent impelling the negro to migrate to the North is largely economic, due, first, to the increasing difficulty of getting satisfactory returns from old land; and, secondly, to the negro's rising standard of living. The effect of the competition of Western lands with the exhausted soil of Virginia is evident, Mr. KELLEY says—and, apparently, he speaks from personal observation—to the visitor of rural districts. To cope with such adverse conditions requires more agricultural knowledge than the negro possesses, other unfavorable conditions require consideration. A young negro man at the South may get employment as a farm-hand, but the hours are long, the labor is hard, and the pay is small. He can easily buy land for himself on easy terms if he wants it; already in some counties of Virginia over ten per cent. of the really owned by negroes. The schools are better than the average in the South. The young negro does not have Virginia leeches to be disfranchised, for he never took much, if any, interest in voting. Neither in Virginia is he in constant danger of being lynched. It follows that if the negro population of Virginia has decreased, it must be because the colored ones find it difficult, if not impossible, to make a living. Mr. KELLEY sums up the situation in a few words. A generation or more of reliance upon one crop—tobacco—and neglect of other crops and of stock, has resulted in a deterioration of the soil. Farm-hands in Virginia get by the month seven dollars or eight dollars and board; women get thirty-five cents a day for work about the house. The day-laborer gets about fifty cents and his meals, but for special work during harvesting is paid more, the daily wage rising even to \$1.30. The inevitable outcome of such a state of things is a decadence of agricultural conditions and a shrinkage of land values.

It appears that foreign immigration has not as yet affected the economical situation in the South appreciably. It is true that we hear from time to time of attempts being made to attract Italians to the South, and especially to Louisiana, and we sometimes hear of the success of small colonies of Italians. According to Mr. KELLEY, however, the Italian has thus far played absolutely no part in causing the exodus of native blacks. It may be otherwise hereafter, for Italians are being sought for plantation work.

Another useful article contributed to the same number of *Christianity* was an analysis of the composition of negro city groups by Miss JULIAN BLAXFORD, secretary of the Committee on Social Statistics of the New York Charity Organization Society. Miss BLAXFORD reminds us that the two traditions of the negro, both in Africa and on this side of the Atlantic, are essentially agricultural. The colored man is not adapted by either his African or his American experience to urban conditions, and, consequently, when he goes to a city, he becomes a serious problem, a problem whose seriousness is rapidly increasing. In 1900 there were no fewer than 2,901,121 negroes living in cities and towns containing at least 2,500 inhabitants each. Thirty-two cities scattered through twenty States had more than ten thousand negroes each. The largest single group was in Washington, and numbered 86,702, but Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York each had over 60,000. In the South, which still contains ninety per cent. of all the negroes in the country, in spite of their movement Northward, there is little difference between the two races in respect of distribution. Nearly five-sixths of both negroes and whites are found outside cities of 2,500 inhabitants. In the North and West, on the other hand, the proportions are almost reversed, half of the whites living in cities of 2,500 or more inhabitants, and seven-tenths of the negroes. Moreover, the drift toward the cities is more marked in the North than in the South. In the

North and West there were fewer negroes living under strictly rural conditions in 1900 than there were in 1880. In the South during the same decade there was no decrease in the rural negro population.

Apparently the migration that is going on from South to North is a migration to cities, rather than a movement to the North considered as a geographical section. Of course the drift cityward is not a phenomenon peculiar to the negro element of our population. Miss BLAXFORD finds evidence, however, that, on the whole, the negroes are increasing in the large cities of the country at a more rapid rate than are the whites. Precisely where the negroes in the Northern cities come from it is impossible to ascertain from official statistics, though, by an ingenious combination of reasons, Miss BLAXFORD arrives at the conclusion that New York draws chiefly from the States easily accessible from the Atlantic coast seaboard, while negro emigrants to Chicago follow up the Mississippi.

Miss BLAXFORD brings out the interesting fact that in the total urban population of the country the negroes show an excess of sixty-six females in every thousand, as compared with an excess of four among the whites. On the other hand, the rural negro population shows an excess of ten males in the thousand. The difference between the sexes in the cities, moreover, increased greatly between 1880 and 1900. The excess of females in the negro urban population is not uniformly distributed. It is greatest in the South, and next in the sections roughly centered from the South Atlantic States, while in the sections comprising the States bordering the upper Mississippi it is barely perceptible. The most moderate in New York, Philadelphia, and Detroit, Baltimore, Washington, and New Orleans, and in St. Louis and Cincinnati.

In point of age composition, all the negro urban communities have an abnormally small proportion of children. In nine Northern cities, the children under fifteen years of age formed in 1900 only twenty per cent., in contrast with the forty per cent. which they formed in the negro population in the United States at large. The infant mortality among urban negroes is excessive, being two and a half times as great as that of the whites in the same cities.

As regards conjugal conditions, Miss BLAXFORD shows that the composition of the negro population in the Northern cities is peculiar. In eleven Northern cities containing over 250,000 inhabitants each, there is an abnormally large proportion of single men and women as against the married persons in the negro communities. Among the negro women the percentage of persons reporting themselves to the census authorities as "single" is also remarkably small. The missing women neither married nor single are found in the "widowed and divorced" class, which contains the extraordinary proportion of eighteen per cent. of all the negro women. Miss BLAXFORD says that the size of the widowed class is due not only to the high mortality rate prevailing among negro men in cities, but also to the assumption of the honorable title of widow by unmarried women who have illegitimate children and by deserted wives.

Another point in which the negro population in Northern cities is peculiar is the large proportion of wage-earners. Miss BLAXFORD points out that the census figures for the eleven largest cities of the North show that eighty-eight per cent. of the negro males of ten years or upward were engaged in gainful occupations. Of all males, white and colored, only eighty-three per cent. were so engaged. It is among the women, however, that the greatest difference is remarked. Of all the women, white or colored, of the eleven cities mentioned, only a fourth were breadwinners, but nearly half of the negro women (49.31 per cent.) were thus classified, and in New York city the proportion rose to fifty-five per cent. What kind of work do negroes do? It appears that three-fifths of the 30,000 male negro wage-earners in the eleven Northern cities named, and nine-tenths of the 30,000 female negro wage-earners, were engaged in "domestic and personal service." The greatest difference, however, between the white and colored races in respect to the proportion of wage-earners is found among the married women, the proportion of negro wives classed as breadwinners being about eight times as great as the proportion of white wives. We observe, lastly, that Miss BLAXFORD attributes the excessive criminality with which city negroes are charged to the abnormal proportion of young men and women lacking family ties, living in lodgings and boarding-houses, and seeking employment under conditions to which they are unaccustomed.

New York

AN old friend and reader of the WEEKLY writes to us as follows:

New York's growth seems rapid and runaway. Besides all the immigrants at present because they are too poor to go farther and helpless to penetrate beyond their point of entry, it most curiously draws American citizens from other towns. Please tell me if you think these newcomers like the place, and are glad they came to it. Is New York a good place to live in?

We think they like it very much if the business that brought them here turns out to their satisfaction. Only rich Americans come to New York for social or purely residential reasons. What attracts the crowd are the markets and the opportunities of a metropolitan life.

New York makes hardly a pretense of being, physically, a particularly good place to live in. Its climate is good as climates go—much better than the average American climate,—but Manhattan Island is overcrowded, and all the nearby suburbs have defects. What it does claim is that it is a good place to work in: that its atmosphere, mental and physical, is stimulating, and its opportunities abundant. Well-to-do people manage to make themselves pretty comfortable in New York while they are here, but rich and poor plan to be away from down as much of the year as they can. The primary object of living in New York is the same as of living elsewhere, and is stated with unvarnished accuracy in the Shorter Catechism. The secondary object is to make enough money to live out of town a good part of the year, and to invite one's soul, and grow in grace, and give one's children a chance to become real people. Sometimes these two purposes conflict, but a good many persons manage to realize them both, and many others, whose realization of the second is imperfect, still find the drawbacks to life here less objectionable, all things considered, than the objections to an imperfectly satisfactory existence elsewhere.

Perfect all-the-year-round paradises are pretty scarce. Some have too much society, others too little. Some are dull in summer, some in winter; some have mosquitoes, and some are nasty in the spring. In old times migration or hibernation was the rule for nearly all animals, as migration still is for birds and reindeer. Men go contrary to nature's plan when they try to spend the whole year in one place, and they need not expect to make a perfect success of it even when the spot they select is New York.

But all things considered, we must say "yes" to our correspondent's questions. It may be argued that a taste for New York is like the taste for gin, easier to acquire than to cure. But the facts remain and are apparent, that New York is a good place to live in for those who like it, and that a great majority of the people who try it do seem to like it and are loath to give it up and live elsewhere.

Personal and Pertinent

INSURANCE magnates are learning that the Yellow Dog's bark and bite are equally dangerous.

BOOKER WASHINGTON says the negroes of the South are learning to follow his advice. If that is true, Mr. WASHINGTON should advise the negroes to carry safety razors.

ERNA MAY insists that she will never marry again and has no interest in any living man. That being the case, ERNA's former husbands may as well resume their maiden names.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that books and trunk companies must show their depositors' accounts to the nosessor. Looks like a direct thrust at the Indiana novelists.

Dr. WILEY insists that half of our apes are adulterated. The average American housewife will insist that Dr. WILEY has missed it by about forty per cent.

"Work on the Panama Canal will go on after every liar has been heard," says Secretary TAFT. It begins to look as though it will not go on until then.

Physicians are now trying to prove that persons with small hearts are very liable to tuberculosis. In spite of the general information that persons with small hearts are always the last to cough up.

Senator KNOX says he prefers a horse to the automobile, because when a man gets an automobile he spends too much time on it. The average man who gets an automobile spends too much time under it.

Auto Worship Boston's Cult for this Week.—*Read-line in the Boston Herald.*

How many people outside of Boston know what "cult" means, and can work it into a sentence?

The purpose of the recent visit of H. H. ROSS and JAMES D. ARNOLD to the White House is no longer a mystery. They wanted to consult with the President to see if some plan might not be devised by which the trio could get control of the Congressional Gas Works.

When the canvasser for a political party called at Senator PATTERSON'S home in Denver the other morning and asked to what party the Senator belonged, the auld, who had been long in the family service, replied with truth and candor: "I don't know. We did not get my letter from him today."

Wall Street bankers state that there is no pressing need just now for the increase of deposits of Federal funds in the national banks, but they hope they may be accommodated when they need money next fall to move the crops. They need not worry. No Secretary of the Treasury has yet failed, in that kind of an emergency, to come to town making a noise like a cash-register.

One of the best-dressed men in Congress is Representative P. P. CAMPBELL, of Kansas, who has been almost persistently active in an effort to induce Uncle Sam to chase the Standard Oil Company out of Kansas. CAMPBELL'S taste in dress has been one of his friends to describe him as "the only member of the Kansas delegation who does not look like a Kansas."

What MISS ANTHONY thought of man we do not know.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ISA HENRIET HARPER, Miss ANTHONY'S biographer, says: "There was a prevalent belief that Miss ANTHONY hated men. It would not have been at all strange if this were true, for never in all history was a woman so misrepresented, ridiculed, berated, and maligned as she was by men, publicly in her early years and privately when general sentiment would no longer tolerate outspoken criticism. It would have been most natural for her to hate men. But she did not hate them. For many of them, indeed, she felt a profound contempt, and the hypocritical compliments to herself personally by those who were the enemies of all that she stood for filled her soul with weariness and disgust. But for men who were fair and broad enough to recognize the justice of her cause, and to treat it and its advocates with respect, she had the highest appreciation; and for those who reached a helping hand she felt the deepest gratitude and friendship. As to herself marrying, Miss ANTHONY often said to the writer: 'Any woman will marry if the man she loves asks her. I am no different from other women.' Very few men came up to her standard for a husband, and in her young days the men who proposed marriage had no attraction for her. As she grew older she was so completely absorbed in her work that she did not have time to think of it."

SURRENDER VALUES

New York, March 26, 1906.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—You do the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company a very grave injustice in the alleged quotation from my testimony before the ARNOLDSEN Committee which you place under my portrait in your issue of the 17th inst.

The alleged extract, which you put in quotation-marks, nowhere appears in the testimony, except in connection with a question asking what surrender value is paid on policies which lapse within twelve months from their date.

No company, either industrial or other, has ever given surrender values when a policy has been less than a year in force. The following question and answer contain the *real testimony* on the treatment of lapsed policies:

Q. And in case of the failure of the insured to continue the payment of these premiums he is not entitled to any surrender value or payment from the company?

A. He is entitled to a pull-up policy after the original is five years old. (Page 2520.)

You will see that this is the exact opposite of the quotation given by you. I believe that nothing more remarkable in the entire testimony before the ARNOLDSEN Committee appeared than the generous treatment given to industrial policy-holders by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It was testified that millions of dollars had been paid to these policy-holders beyond what was expressed or implied by the terms of their contracts, and contracts being non-participating, and these millions given as a pure gratuity out of the profits, and in order to keep down the surplus to about ten per cent. of the assets.

Very truly yours,

JOHN R. HEIDEMAN.

The question and answer which HARPER'S WEEKLY printed, and to which Mr. HEIDEMAN takes exception, are as follows:

MR. HEIDEMAN. "What does the holder of an industrial policy get when the policy lapses?"
MR. HEIDEMAN. "Nothing."

MR. HEIDEMAN'S answer, as he says, concerned policies that lapsed within twelve months; but according to the ARNOLDSEN Committee's official report the holder of an industrial policy in the Metropolitan which lapsed within five years got nothing. The report says that about sixty per cent. of these policies have lapsed, heretofore, within five years. We believe it is true, however, as Mr. HEIDEMAN says, that millions of dollars have been paid to policy-holders beyond what their contracts called for.

THE PANAMA CANAL AS A BENEFIT TO AMERICAN COMMERCE

A PROPHECY OF WHAT THE PANAMA CANAL WILL ACCOMPLISH FOR THE TRADE OF THIS COUNTRY, BASED UPON THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE TEHUANTEPEC RAILWAY, THE NEW MEXICAN NATIONAL LINE BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC WHICH IS TO BE OPENED IN A FEW MONTHS

By Henry Harrison Lewis

WITHIN the next few months a factor almost entirely unknown to the American public will enter into the general Panama Canal subject. There has been so much discussion about the preliminary work in connection with the canal, there have been so many investigations and criticisms, and such hesitating reexamination and denial, that little notice has been taken of an important enterprise now being quietly conducted by our neighbor, the Republic of Mexico, that has a significant bearing on the canal project.

It is clearly understood that the building of the Panama Canal is intended to accomplish two vital things—to provide a passageway of strategic importance for our naval fleet between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts—which need not be discussed here—and the shortening by thousands of miles of our commercial traffic routes, which is of prime importance.

It has been claimed that the Panama Canal will not materially benefit the United States, a country supposedly supposed to have little interest in foreign trade. It has been claimed that the opening of the great canal will mean simply the offering of a desirable short cut for the merchant marine of our formidable rivals in the world's trade—Germany and Great Britain. Statistics show that the commerce of the world is, for the most part, carried in foreign bottoms, and that the American flag has little share in this lucrative business. This is true enough, and the fault rests with the Americans themselves—in the laws they have made, and in the stupendous internal commerce engrossing their attention; but that the Panama Canal will not be of material benefit to us is not true.

This assertion will find its proof within the next few months through the opening in traffic of the Tehuantepec National Railway, the Mexican enterprise referred to above. Clearly to understand the importance of this new factor in traffic routes, it is necessary to know something about the location of the road and its history. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec is a neck of land about 153 miles in width separating the waters of the Gulf of Mexico from the Pacific Ocean. It forms the extreme southern part of Mexico, and is 800 miles south of New Orleans.

The foresight of President Diaz of Mexico caused him to have constructed across this narrow neck of land, in conjunction with a prominent English promoting firm, a splendidly equipped, standard gauge, double-tracked railroad, with a gulf terminal at Coahuaco, and a Pacific terminal at Salina Cruz. This railway was completed in part in 1893, and some time later the Mexican government entered into a contract with an English firm for harbors at both ports, the installation of the latest and most-improved port and terminal facilities, and the prompt reconstruction of the railway, involving the cutting down of grades, the reducing of curves, and the ballasting of the line from end to end with crushed stone; the old fifty-six-pound rail was replaced by an eighty-pound rail, all temporary and timber openings were replaced with permanent structures of steel and masonry, and the line was equipped with modern rolling stock.

Forty millions of dollars have either been expended or contracted for. The two ports of Coahuaco and Salina Cruz—both open ports, with few natural advantages—are being converted into splendid commercial harbors, giving thirty-three feet of water alongside masonry quays, where freight will be handled directly between ships and cars. All of the quays are provided with travelling electric cranes, with a reach from vessel to warehouses or cars of more than 100 feet. The warehouses and cars are provided with removable roofs to permit the handling of freight in a single operation, which means untold advantages in a land where labor is scarce and poor.

All this has been done, and done quickly, at an enormous

cost. And for what? The Isthmus of Tehuantepec affords few opportunities at present for local traffic, and it will never be able to support a \$400,000,000 railroad. What, then, was the idea that President Diaz and his English advisers had in mind when they constructed the road?

If you look at a map of the world you will find a little dot in the Pacific labeled "Hawaii." Hawaii is, and will be, a spot marked "Japan," and beyond that a great speck called "China." If you start from China, or Japan, or Hawaii and trace a route to New York you will either run against the American continent or be compelled to go thousands of miles south to the Straits of Magellan.

Since the beginning of time there has been a barrier between these communities, and also between the Pacific coast of the United States and the Atlantic. Ships and steamers laden with cargo going either way are compelled to go south to the Straits, or to Panama, where there is a railroad, or shippers desiring to send their goods in either direction have been compelled to send them across the Atlantic coastwise by rail. This condition of affairs can truthfully be called a restraint of trade by nature itself. And that is why the Panama Canal was projected, and why it will be built. And that, also, is why President Diaz, a man well beyond his generation, used a plumb-line on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and volunteered to pay out \$400,000,000 from the national treasury of his country.

Let us see how he made his estimates, and how it was possible for him to conclude that the spending of such an enormous sum would prove to be a profitable investment. In the first place, the eastern part of the United States received half a million tons of sugar from Hawaii during the fiscal year ending June, 1903. This enormous freight traveled either by way of the Straits or across the American continent. At the same time there was an equally enormous traffic in other goods going both ways. One must also take into account the great cargo traffic between Japan, the Philippines, and the eastern coasts of the United States, and between our western coast and Europe, and vice versa. Without resorting to dry statistics it is easy to understand that President Diaz thought it would not be a bad idea to throw a railroad across his Isthmus.

It may occur to one that President Diaz must have some fear of the waterway being excavated at Panama by his American neighbors. He had no fear of competition from the Panama railway because it was to the south, and not as well placed in an axial sense as his own railway; and, anyway, it would be kept busy by the canal builders. But the crowd itself, what of that?

There is no disputing the advantage of a water channel over a railway, when it comes to the carrying of freight in bulk. The Panama Canal, when completed, will be preferred by all steamer lines needing a short cut.

That is, if the American government carries out its present philanthropic plan of small tonnage dues, flat it will be some time before the Panama Canal is completed, and in the eight or ten years that seem bound to elapse before it is opened, the Tehuantepec National Railway can earn a very fair percentage of profit on its investment.

There is no question that, for its promoters, there could not have been a more auspicious time than the present for inaugurating a new and efficient traffic route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Its prosperity, at least until the Panama Canal is open, seems assured. Recognizing the vast superiority of the new route, several established steamship lines have perfected arrangements to utilize it. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, long a force in the Central American and Mexican trade, and in the through traffic between the two coasts, has announced the addition of Salina Cruz to its ports of call.

HOW THE PANAMA CANAL WILL SHORTEN STEAMSHIP ROUTES

Between		Miles
New York and San Francisco		7808
" " " Port Townsend		7808
" " " San Jose de Guatemala . . .		6700
" " " Mazatlan		7000
" " " Valparaiso		3707
" " " Callao		6500
" " " Melbourne		2159
" " " Honolulu		5575
San Francisco and Liverpool		5479
" " " Hamburg		5403
Liverpool and Valparaiso		1378
Hamburg and Valparaiso		1302

Probably the most important development, however, is the plan inaugurated by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company to transport the enormous sugar crop of Hawaii to our eastern ports and to Europe by way of the Tehuantepec route. This steamship company, which is the successor to an old line of clipper ships established in 1850 to ply between the Atlantic and Pacific by way of Cape Horn, has inaugurated what it calls a "triangular route" between Salina Cruz, San Francisco, and Hawaii. Steamers will load at Salina

Cruz, taking on cargoes crossing the isthmus from the East, and will proceed thence to San Francisco and to Hawaii.

Sailings will then be made direct to Salina Cruz with sugar, and back again to San Francisco. The company is also inaugurating a line from Puget Sound via San Francisco, down the coast to Salina Cruz, for the purpose of handling freight intended for Atlantic ports. It is expected that this route will be a strong competitor of the transcontinental railways.

The opening of the Tehuantepec Railway promises to sound the death knell of the Panama Railroad as a commercial factor. It seems likely that this consummation will be witnessed with great pleasure by the government at Washington. The handling of commercial freight, something like 400,000 tons annually, has caused the Canal Commission untold annoyance, and has served materially to retard the building of the canal. It is now well known that through the failure of a former commission to provide for an enormous increase of traffic due to the handling of canal supplies and material, the Panama Railroad has suffered great congestion.

It was actually decided at one time to cut out commercial freight-carrying entirely, but the inconvenience bound to result from this, and the almost fatal effect such a course would have on our already small export trade with the western coast of South America, caused the administration to change its decision. The opening of the Tehuantepec Railway will in all probability enable the Canal Commission to restrict the Panama Railroad in the serving of its own interests. In fact, it is believed that the Tehuantepec Railway may be used to some extent in the transportation of canal ma-



President Diaz's Forty-million-dollar Railway Enterprise

advance agent for the canal. By the time the big ditch is ready for business there will be concentrated at the isthmus of Tehuantepec a number of steamship lines whose traffic itineraries will have been established and proved. These lines can transfer their routes to the Panama Canal without trouble. The effect of this loss of traffic upon the Tehuantepec route is problematical, but it is believed by the proprietors of the route that by the time the canal is open there will have been developed on the isthmus, and adjacent to it, enough agricultural industries to maintain the road.

The completion of the Pan-American Railway into Guatemala will serve to divert the carrying of that country's valuable coffee crop to the Tehuantepec route. The Pan-American Railway, which connects with the Tehuantepec road at San Gerónimo, thirty miles north of Salina Cruz, has been completed as far south as the Guatemala Central Railway, with the exception of a break of about 150 miles, for which rails, steel bridges, and equipment have been ordered. The road traverses the coffee area and, in connection with the isthmus route, will offer a short cut of decided value.

There seems little room for doubt that the Tehuantepec Railway will offer many advantages to the United States in the direction of traffic development. It will avoid the canal in developing the same industries and the same sections of the country, and will immediately give cheaper and more expeditious access to Pacific markets. It will benefit not only the Northeastern States by giving them cheaper raw materials and deeper markets for their varied manufactures, and the Southern States by increasing their exports of cotton, cotton goods, farm products, iron, and steel manufactures, and fertilizers, but also the Central West. The

material from the United States.

At the beginning of this article the opinion was advanced that the opening of President Diaz's railway would serve to prove the value of the Panama Canal to the United States. Long before the canal is finished we shall be able to see the effect of a new and short trade route between the oceans. It will have, on our foreign and transcontinental traffic. That the effect will be greatly advantageous goes without saying.

Another factor equally important is that the Tehuantepec route will, in all probability, not as an



A General View of Salina Cruz, the Pacific Terminus of the Tehuantepec Railway Line



A View of the Terminus of the Tehuantepec Railway at Coahuacalco on the Gulf of Mexico

Central States are manufacturing for the foreign and domestic trade. The Tehuantepec route and the canal will give them a larger business with the Pacific coast, and enhance their ability to meet European competition in western South America, Australasia, and the Orient.

The natural resources of the Pacific coast States are such that their industries require an extensive commerce. Manufacturing activity is confined to a relatively narrow range, and large quantities of manufactured articles must be secured from the eastern part of the United States and from foreign countries. The domestic and foreign trade of the Pacific coast States is hampered with especially heavy transportation costs, whether the shipments be made by water or rail. The cost of rail transportation is such that the tonnage of bulky articles moved across the country for sale in America and European countries is now comparatively small; it follows, therefore, that cheaper transportation by an all-water route like the Panama Canal for the North Atlantic trade of the Pacific coast States will be of great assistance in that section.

Sprinkling particularly of the coal, there is no doubt that the market for American coal will be materially affected by the opening of the waterway. Vessels engaged in our own or European commerce through the canal will find it to their advantage to purchase American fuel on our Atlantic or gulf seaboard, or in West Indian or Central American stations. The large commerce which the canal will cause to move across the North Pacific may increase the demand for the product of the Puget Sound mines. The low cost at which coal can be placed at tide-water on the gulf and Atlantic seaboard, and the fact that there will be considerable assortment of vessels in ballast or with part cargoes westward, through the canal, make it probable that the coal required for industrial purposes on the west coast of North and Central America, and for commercial use in those regions, and to some extent in the coaling stations of the Pacific, will be supplied from the mines in the southern and eastern sections of the United States.

It is quite certain that the Panama Canal will effect large results in developing the industries and commerce of Pacific countries and in increasing their trade. These countries possess abundant natural resources, produce large quantities of food products and raw materials indispensable to the people of the United States and Europe, and export many manufactured articles and elsewhere obtainable.

The commerce of the Pacific at the present time is of great importance to the United States and Europe, and is rapidly increasing. The isthmian canal will enable the United States to control a greater share of the Pacific trade than could otherwise be obtained. The canal will be especially beneficial to the trade of the United States with western South America, where Europe now controls most of the foreign trade. In this matter, the new route will give us a decided advantage over Europe, as regards distance.

This question of distance is most important when it is considered that the carrying-trade of the world is now being conducted in great part by steamships. Quick voyages mean less coal and smaller expenses. The two seaboard of the United States, for instance, are, on an average, more than 13,000 nautical miles apart by the shortest ocean route—the one followed by steamers through the Straits of Magellan. Steamers take sixty days to make the voyage between New York and the Pacific coast of our country. The canal will shorten the ocean distance between our Eastern and Western States between 8,000 and 9,000 nautical miles—in other words, by less than forty per cent. of the length of the present routes—and will bring the countries of the eastern half of the Pacific closer nearer to the eastern part of the United States than to Europe.

An illuminating instance of the possible value to be derived from such a short cut as the Panama Canal can be found in the transportation of goods from Chicago to Australia. The time taken to carry goods between these points varies from sixty-five to eighty-five days, ten days of that time being required for getting the goods to New York. Such shipments are generally made by way of New York because it is cheaper. When the Panama Canal is opened, it will be possible to save fully twelve days in these shipments.

Between now and that day, eight or ten years hence, when the canal will in all probability be opened for traffic, many changes may take place, changes in the conditions of our battle for the world's markets, and changes in our merchant-marine laws; but it seems reasonably safe to say that the Panama Canal will not only prove of great strategic value to us, but will prove also to be a good commercial investment for the American nation. In the mean time we shall proceed with the task of building the canal, at the same time watching the results of President Diaz's forty-million-dollar venture down on the isthmus of Tehuantepec.



Constructing the Railroad City at Coahuacalco

BUILDING TEN TORPEDO-BOATS IN FIFTEEN WEEKS

AN AMERICAN'S SOLUTION OF A RUSSIAN NAVAL PROBLEM

By Henry Townsend



Lewis Nixon

LONG before the United States had taken the place among the nations of the world to which destiny called it, the whole world knew of American enterprise and American achievement. So many things had been done by Americans beyond the borders of their own country, so many things which the Old World had deemed almost impossibilities, that the American had won for himself a reputation not only for the performance of incredible tasks, but for that most valuable of attributes which in this country is called nerve, but which is nothing more nor less than a superb confidence.

The most recent example of American achievement concerns the building of a fleet of ten torpedo-boats for the Russian government, with requirements which daunted the most noted ship-builders of Europe, and gave the task to an American whose nerve might well have been characterized as overconfidence had he not succeeded. Seldom, indeed, in the long list of American achievements has there been such a "setting" for this accomplishment; because

there is almost an element of comic-opera libretto in the demand of a government that a torpedo-boat should be assembled and floated, with everything in place and her engines ready to make twenty knots, and all within six weeks. But this was achieved, and Europe learned another lesson from America.

The romance of business is something which the world is growing more familiar every day. It has served as the theme of countless stories and provided models for the brushes of a legion of artists. The romantic is by no means wanting in the history of the building of these Russian torpedo-boats, as there were seemingly insurmountable difficulties in the way of guarantees of performance—limited time, work with untrained and unfamiliar labor, and governmental and bureaucratic red tape without end. The story is an industrial epic.

In the first place, Russia was in a state of great unrest arising from the unsuccessful prosecution of the war with Japan. The government wanted torpedo-boats; more than that, she desired boats which could be transported on cars to any part of the empire, over sharp curves, and through tunnels in which the curves were even sharper. She demanded, briefly to enumerate the requirements, that each torpedo-boat should carry a 47-millimetre rapid-fire gun, a torpedo-tube, two automatic machine-guns, and a search-light, have an endurance of 1000 miles at a speed of ten knots, and be able to make twenty knots at full speed.

Some of the European ship-builders probably read the specifications from beginning to end, but it is far to assume that some of them stopped when they had gone thus far; at any rate, none of them was willing to undertake the contract. None of them thought it possible to build such craft shorter than one hundred and thirty feet, and at this length they could not have been transported by rail, owing to the sharpness of many of the curves of the Russian railroads.

Now enters the American after Europe has shaken her head and retired. Lewis Nixon, the ship-builder, had become interested in gas-engines, and predicting the possibilities of their use, the wonderful performances of American craft so propelled, offered to build the torpedo-boats for Russia, and guaranteed to meet every requirement.

When the specifications had been prepared the difficulties in the way of the builder were painfully apparent. One clause set forth that there should be a penalty for failure to attain the required maximum speed of twenty knots, and this penalty was \$5000 per knot per boat, which, in other words, would have meant the loss of \$30,000 for the entire fleet had the boats fallen off a single knot in speed; but the matter of greatest importance, however, was the limit set upon the time of construction. In the first place, all the material for these ten boats had to be collected in the United States, properly numbered as to parts, carefully crated, and this, of course, within the shortest possible time. Then from the day of the arrival in Russia of this great mass of material only six weeks were granted to the builder in which to launch the first torpedo-boat with everything in place upon her and within her, the machinery in running order, and in such running order as to enable her to start on her exacting trial trip. More than that, the other nine torpedo-boats had to follow the first into the water at intervals of one each week. Then came another penalty, that

of \$1000 forfeit per day on each boat that failed to be completed, equipped, and ready in the specified time of seven days. In order that one may understand the magnitude of the task as just set forth it should be known that the contracts for torpedo-boats of the Mackenzie type for the United States navy granted twelve months for construction, a time limit which, in several instances, was exceeded.

The torpedo-boats which Nixon undertook to build had to be put together in the Russian navy-yard at Sevastopol. The space allotted to him was at the end of the yard and was, in fact, only a courtyard paved with cobblestones which ran along a sea-wall five feet high. Along this wall the boats had to be built, and as there was no other way of launching them, it was necessary to lift them bodily from the ways by means of a great derrick. But there was no time to consider difficulties; there was only time enough to build the boats. It was arranged to build three of them at the edge of the wall so that these might be readily lifted into the water, but the positions assigned to the other seven imposed the task of skidding them sidewise in order to get them under the derrick arm.

In the course of time material for the ten boats arrived, after transshipment at Antwerp, in a state of deplorable and almost hopeless confusion. A great deal of it had been seriously damaged. Angles were bent, plates were distorted, boxes were broken, and many parts had been altogether lost. And only six weeks before the first torpedo-boat must be in the water! However, the material was collected, superintended, and stored in place for riveting. Each vessel had to have 82,000 rivets driven in it, the hulls had to be faired, lines for machinery run, struts and bearings lined up, gun-foundations prepared, two engines of 300 horsepower set up on each vessel, with tanks, pipes, and auxiliaries fitted in place, and a great deal of this work could not be settled on until the hull itself was in shape.

At the same time workmen speaking a foreign tongue had to be selected and arranged in proper gangs so that all work could go on at once. Methods of work at variance with the plan of the builder had to be overcome and explained, and even habits had to be changed to suit the man who knew that no excuse, no matter how plausible, could ever cover a failure to launch the vessels on time.

The Russians soon seemed to develop a liking for this strange "Amerikansky" who worked so hard when he didn't have to.



Lifting one of the Torpedo-boats with a Crane in order to Launch it

He soon learned their names, and though he made them do things so Russian officers had thought of trying to make them do, such as giving up their eight o'clock breakfast hour and working until twelve instead of eleven, and even breaking in upon the quietness of their cherished five-days by forcing them to work. While strict in discipline and inflexible in requiring compliance with orders, he was kind to them, and worked with them. When they did understand he would teach them patiently and carefully, and it was no anonymous thing to see a workman lead Nixon all the way across the yard to show him something that he felt was well done, and smile all day after being praised for it.

There had been a great deal of skepticism among the Russian officers at Sevastopol as to the possibility of actual performance

of contract, because they could not understand how any one, even an American, could build the boats in so short a time. Perhaps this feeling may have entered the hearts of the Russian workmen in the navy yard, but far from discouraging them, it must have spurred them to unusual activity, because it is a fact that the first torpedo boat was put overboard with everything in place in just five weeks and five days, two days ahead of contract time. The workmen nearly went crazy with joy and excitement. They surrounded Nixon, placed him in a chair, and with much cheering raised him many times above their heads. To this enthusiastic demonstration he submitted, but he was absolutely inflexible in refusing to be kissed by the entire assembly, as is the Russian custom on such occasions.

But one launching was a very naturally, only the beginning of things, and while this was an achievement, it is a remarkable fact that the second boat followed in three days' time. Then came the others at brief intervals, and at last the tenth was lifted into the water within the stipulated time.

Trial trips of the most severe character followed immediately. A boat would be taken out and put through her paces, and as soon as the adjustments required were thoroughly understood she would be brought back, and another would be sent to sea. Thus, in a few weeks ten official trials were held, and, to record another phase of this American achievement, the boats exceeded by a good margin the speed the Russian government had required, and, instead of having an endurance of 1000 miles the trial board of Russian naval officers reported that each craft had an endurance of 2000 miles; furthermore, it was found possible to add another machine-gun to the armament.

During the time that the design of these torpedo boats was being discussed, it was said that such extreme results could be obtained only by a sacrifice of structural strength and general seaworthiness. Nixon's answer was characteristic.

"I intend," he said, "to make these vessels for the Russian government stronger, proportionally, than any sea-going destroyer afloat,



Hoisting a Torpedo boat close to the Wall before Launching



The Torpedo Fleet ready for the Trial Trips

workmen did not in the least resent Nixon's methods. As a matter of fact, they became devoted to him, and while the officers in the yard received from them in passing the formal salute of the regulations, Nixon invariably received a low bow and a smile. It is said that the men were very proud of working in the "Amerikansky Promekt," as they christened the rubble-paved court where the torpedo-boats were built. And when Nixon would pass a group of them in the evening they would never fail to let him know that they were there and that they recognized him. Their method was ingenious; they would give voice to about all the English they knew and say, loudly enough to be heard by him, "Hurry up, damn it, hurry up!" And it must be said that this form of greeting sounds suspiciously like a quotation. In all probability it was a potent factor in the accomplishment of the remarkable task.

and I am determined to prove the seaworthiness of the type beyond any question."

It was just at this time that Nixon was preparing the material for the ten boats to be built at Sevastopol. As soon as it had been shipped he built a vessel exactly similar in every detail and, with rare courage, started her across the Atlantic in midwinter. This was the *Gregory*. She made the voyage successfully, and Nixon met her in Constantinople, and he and Mrs. Nixon went in Sevastopol in her, across the stormy Black Sea. Nixon considered this ample proof of what he had pledged to do.

When the *Gregory* came under the observation of Russian naval experts she was examined with no such care as a warshipmaker gives to a watch. It was found that even after a 6000-mile voyage the *Gregory* showed not the slightest effect in either engine or hull, and when peace with Japan was declared the Russian government bought her and she was renamed *Number One*.

There is one interesting and amusing incident in connection with Nixon's work at Sevastopol which is well worth chronicling. To accomplish his task it was not only necessary for him to work from seven in the morning until five at night, but to drive the men under him at the same speed. But as there are various and sundry ways of driving men, the Russian



A Trial Run in the Black Sea—Twenty knots, and more!



Earl Grey, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada

Earl Grey will come to the United States to attend the dinner of the Pilgrim Society, on March 31, at the Waldorf-Astoria. He will be accompanied by several Canadian cabinet ministers.



Miss Susan B. Anthony

Miss Susan B. Anthony, widely known as the most distinguished representative of the woman's rights movement, died in Rochester, on March 13, at the age of eighty-six.



Captain William Jay Miss Jay August Belmont

Miss Randolph

Miss Adelaide Randolph, who is engaged to the second son of the late Earl of Cavan

Miss Adelaide Randolph, who is engaged to marry the second son of the late Earl of Cavan, the Honorable Lewis Leavelle, is the stepdaughter of the late William F. Whitson. Miss Randolph's mother was Miss Edith May, whose first husband was Colonel Arthur Randolph, of England. Miss Randolph with her died four years ago at Mr. Whitson's New York home.

PERSONS IN THE DAYS NEWS

THE REVOLT OF BRITISH POLICY-HOLDERS

By One of Them

WHAT I have to say relates more particularly to the Mutual than to the New York Life or the Equitable. This is because I am, together with over 50,000 other Englishmen, a policy-holder in the Mutual, and have actively concerned myself in forming that Policy-holders' Protective League of which Lord Northcliffe (better known as Sir Alfred Harcourt) is the chairman, and of whose opinions and demands the directors in New York, if they have any desire to do any stroke of business in England, will do well to take account. It takes some time to get Englishmen stirred up to the point of action, but when that point is reached they do not back down easily. Mr. Dooley's description of Americans as "the greatest crusaders that ever was—fit a short distance" does not apply to Englishmen. They are insouciant crusaders, and they have entered upon this conflict with the New York directors of the Mutual most reluctantly, but most determined to fight it out to the last gasp. That is their temperament; and in the present instance reason reinforces what instinct prompts. They believe they have the whip-hand of the Mutual. They are in no sense hostile to it, but they would not be hostile to their own interests, but they are resolved that for the future Englishmen shall have a greater share in its management, and that the interests of English policy-holders shall be made to count. And they are convinced they have the power to enforce their intentions. The 25,000 Englishmen who have insured the policy in the Mutual are the men of the means, the men of the wealth and influence. I venture to prophesy that the great majority of them will very shortly be formally enrolled in the Policy-holders' Protective League. They have already resigned one of the ablest of English lawyers, and they are perfectly ready to put up money enough to carry on, should it be necessary, a protracted fight. Their ability to influence opinion in Parliament and the Press is simply sufficient. The very agents and employees of the Mutual throughout the United Kingdom are on their side, and I speak from certain knowledge when I say that to band together all the policy-holders of the company, not merely in England, but on the continent of Europe, into one compact and fighting league is merely a question of organization. What is the Mutual going to do about it? If it attaches any value at all to its English and Continental connections (which are, as a matter of fact, most valuable) it will scarcely venture to disregard the wishes of Lord Northcliffe and his associates. They are not, let me repeat, out to blood. Their movement is a movement not against but in favor of the company. They wish, as much as any trustee in New York can wish, to re-establish it in English opinion, and to see it prosperous and expanding. But they held that these ends could be attained under the old system of management, that the purely American directors of the company were both morally and financially sound, and that the company which is international in scope must henceforward become international in character and composition.

This is a point I should like to emphasize. It has been a source of somewhat bitter comment in Englishmen to note how completely American have failed to appreciate the breadth and the height of these insurance revelations. Even the Armstrong Committee appeared to treat them as a purely American affair; and to judge by many comments I have read in the American papers there are those who are inclined to look upon them as a purely New York affair. The true view, of course, is that they are an international affair, and of just as much importance and interest to Englishmen and the Continental peoples as to Americans themselves. The Big Three are only less well known from Lord's Den to John O'Grat's than from New York to San Francisco, and the exposure of the irregularities in their management has kept all England on a stretch of sustained concern. I am bound to say that the disclosures have dealt a staggering blow at America's reputation for commercial and financial honesty. If Americans will recall the disgust with which they followed the developments of the Panama and Breyfus affairs, they will get some idea of English sentiment from the first outbreak in the Equitable to the resignation of Stewart. Still, when the revelations first began it was said that not American life-insurance itself, but only its management was on trial. That position had to be abandoned. It came to be seen that the questions raised by the disclosures of the Armstrong Committee were questions of administration, not of policy. The ethical and financial shortcomings of some of the directors were felt to have their counterpart in the economic shortcomings of the system they directed. In other words, Englishmen worked round to the view that the issue concerned definitive methods as well as defective morals. That is a point which is technically inseparable of discussing. Whether the deferred dividend plan is really as fundamentally unsound as some critics have asserted; whether the ideal insurance company should pattern itself on the Equitable Life Assurance Society of London, and neither employ agents nor pay commissions; whether the American companies spend too much in attracting new business, whether their premiums are too high; whether they have succumbed to the American mania for mere bigness; and whether their growth should be limited by law—all these are points on which a layman's opinion can be of very little use. The question of morals, on the other hand, is within every one's competency, and Englishmen have emphatically agreed themselves on this, even pushing it to the point of offering that throughout these insurance scandals the American character itself has been on trial. Not, of course, the American character as a whole, but the American character in its business,

commercial, and financial relations. There is no need to repeat all that has been said in England on this subject. The actions of the McCordys, the Alexanders, the Hydens, and their brother directors filled England with a pained and puzzled amazement. Englishmen could find no explanation for them except that American commercial morality was in what might be called the Robin Hood stage of development, and that the code of high finance permitted honest men to do dishonest things, just as in bygone times Christian men bought and sold slaves, prostitutes and apostles, and killed their friends in duels, and ministers of religion thought it proper to build churches by lotteries. Englishmen fastened upon the too palpable dimming of the fiduciary sense among the trustees of these vast corporations as by far the most serious feature of the revelations. How to account for it they did not know. Was it due in part to the "one-man power" that develops as naturally in American businesses as in American politics? To the boundless opportunities that in the United States inflame the desire for wealth? To the peculiar commercialism of the ordinary American's outlook, traditions, and environment? Englishmen could not tell. But they saw that the directors of the big American insurance companies appeared to have lost their sense of trusteeship, that they had persuaded themselves to look upon the premiums of the policy-holders as though they were their own, to waste them in excessive salaries, to employ them in supporting subsidiary corporations for their own enrichment, and to contribute from them to the campaign of political parties. They saw, in short, that American insurance directors had evolved and practised a code which was different from the code of common honesty recognized by common people; and not until the public opinion of America declines to distinguish any longer between capitalist dishonesty and ordinary dishonesty, will even that it is right for a man to do as a director and wrong for him to do as a man, will the standard of conduct in American "high finance" in the judgment of England, be permanently improved.

I have dwelt at some length on this point, because in English eyes the bed-rock issue is whether American insurance management is to be honest or dishonest. This must be borne in mind if the action of English policy-holders in the Mutual is to be really understood. Meanwhile, among the subsidiary and more or less technical details divulged by the legislative committee of investigation, the one that most startled Englishmen was the great inadequacy of the State system of insurance supervision. No doubt they ought to have realized it before, but they did not. Most of the English policy-holders in American companies, I believe, imagined that by State supervision was meant Federal supervision. They guessed when the realities of the situation were made clear to them, and when they learned that the much-trumpeted State supervision, so far from being a check upon the interests of the policy-holder, but too often worked out in practice as an elaborate plot against those interests. This is how a London journal tried to explain the legislative chaos in which the American companies live and move and have their being: "If we will imagine that the State system of insurance supervision is outside of Middlesex except on conditions prescribed by the local legislatures of the counties in which it desired to extend its operations: if we will further imagine that all these county councils were free to prescribe what conditions they pleased as to taxes, licenses, fees, deposits, statements, investments, and so on; that in each county there existed a county superintendent of insurance, appointed for political reasons, whose duty it was to enforce these regulations; that the regulations in question varied with each county; that each county councillor thought himself competent to propose amendments to them indefinitely; and that the insurance company had either to accept every one of them or get out of the county—if we will imagine all this, we shall get some faint idea of the difficulties under which an American insurance company has to transact business." That the companies under these circumstances should have found it necessary to employ agents and lobbyists for the special purpose of "squearing" the legislatures struck Englishmen as a thing that was not only not natural, and in some sort inevitable. The directors who called in the aid of corruption to defeat justice, and to bend off unwelcome factious assaults upon the interests of their policy-holders, could successfully plead at the bar of English opinion that the system, and the laws rather than the companies, were to blame; the system seemed in Englishmen (who have, of course, an almost inspired ignorance of the intricate inadequacies of the American Constitution) simple enough. They would like to see the whole management of State supervision and State laws swept away and replaced by a single uniform law enforced by permanent Federal officials, and the reform which Mr. Roosevelt made in this proposal in his November message to Congress met with the unanimous endorsement of English opinion.

I come back to the special case of the Mutual. We in England thought for a long while that the Mutual had weathered the legislative investigation most successfully that any of its rivals. We were inclined to regard the Mutual of the grover officers against morality and sound business principles. Its management had, indeed, been shown to be wasteful and extravagant and to be penetrated with nepotism. We did not relish the doings of the McCordy family, or the contributions to campaign funds, or the other sort of holding out of the company. But for all these improprieties we found a certain amount of excuse. They did not appear to be so unobjectionable as the irregularities

(Continued on page 120.)

MEN OF TO-DAY

VII.—HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, PRESIDING JUSTICE OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION

By Charles Johnston

A GOOD sermon should have a good text. There is one for my present theme.

"I wouldn't tell her, said the little girl, scornfully. 'They couldn't understand. But, auntie, I want to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, and—her voice became solemn—"beyond human contrast."

I am afraid that little girl is hardly likely to realize her ambition, but it may console her to know that Justice O'Brien is about as far from realizing his. "When I took up law," he said, "I had in mind Coke's saying that the law is a jealous mistress and will bear no rivals, and I determined never to take public office. But it seems that I have done nothing else all my life." Justice O'Brien carried out his intention so far, however, that he never sought public office. The office always sought him, and time and again he was appealed to by warring factions as the one man whose candidature would be acceptable to all. This lifelong tenure of office represents a life-long sacrifice of the kind which has twice called forth such warm admiration of Mr. Root.

Quietness, gentleness of act and speech are among Justice O'Brien's dominant characteristics. I have heard him speak in exactly the same gentle tone while telling fairy stories to his youngest daughter, or replying to a toast at a public banquet, or presiding on the Bench of the Supreme Court.

Morgan J. O'Brien was born in 1852 in New York city.

Whither his father had come from the south of Ireland thirty years before, at the time when Daniel O'Connell answered Grattan as the leader of the Irish race. Morgan O'Brien studied first in the New York public schools, and afterwards at St. John's College, Fordham, which has since developed into Fordham University. He then entered the Columbia Law School, graduating in 1875 with the degree of LL.B. Morgan O'Brien's father had gained a conspicuous position in the commercial life of New York, and the future judge soon laid the foundations of a very lucrative law practice. From the first he was engaged in the intricate commercial cases springing from large corporate interests, which are almost peculiar to our time, and which bring at once such laborious work and such large prizes. In his own words: "the litigation in this metropolis is, without doubt, the most important that is conducted anywhere in the world."

From the first a conspicuous figure, Morgan O'Brien soon made his mark in city and State politics, as well as at the bar. He gained a reputation for capacity and character, and we find him presently in the responsible position of Corporation Counsel of the City of New York under Mayor Hewitt. While supporting the regular Democratic organization, he has been independent in politics through his whole life. For example, he took a part in drawing up the platform on which Grover Cleveland was elected Governor of New York State. This platform contained a civil-service plank, which met with no great opposition in the State convention. In the city, it was another matter; for many Democrats held office who might have found a complex examination very little to their liking, and there were many who thought that civil service meant the erosion of a "caste" of office-holders. Nevertheless, Morgan O'Brien was perfectly clear in his own mind that the civil-service plank should also be introduced into the city platform, and he spent a long day arguing the point with the members of the committee. He put the case so strongly, and stood his ground so well, that the orator of the party, first an opponent, then acquiescing under protest, finally made a glowing beseege in favor of the measure, and carried the organization with him triumphant.

Morgan J. O'Brien was for years a trustee of the New York public schools, and only consented to give up this difficult task when the burden of work on his shoulders made it absolutely necessary to do so. He took a leading part in a matter of greater import: the organization of the American forces which helped the



Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien

Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court

Irish Land League agitation initiated by Parnell and Davitt in 1879. This movement was the turning-point of modern Irish history, for to the forces then set in motion we must attribute the series of Irish land laws passed by Gladstone, Arthur Balfour and George Wyndham, which have simply revolutionized the conditions of land tenure in Ireland.

In 1887, Morgan J. O'Brien, then in his thirty-fifth year, was elected to the Supreme Court, being up to that time the youngest man to receive that honor in the State of New York. For the next five years his work lay in the Circuit Courts and the Special Term of the Supreme Court. Some time before this, Justice O'Brien had married a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Crampton, whose son, Hon. John D. Crampton, fills so high a place in the Catholic society of this city. He has been singularly blessed in his home life, and to see Justice O'Brien with his family about him is to see the most attractive side of a winning nature.

The most critical work which fell to Justice O'Brien during these early years on the bench came to him in 1891. Justice Kennedy, of the Supreme Court at Syracuse, had issued certain abolition orders, which were deemed very favorable to the Republican party. Governor Hill designated Justice O'Brien, who was then on his way to the West, to sit as additional judge in the fifth district, and it was at once asserted that the two judges would fight the matter out on party lines.

Justice O'Brien at once quailed the eleven. He and Justice Kennedy talked the whole matter over with him, and arranged for a united and harmonious plan of action. The opinions of Justice O'Brien were sustained by the Court of Appeals; and, indeed, all through his long years of work, he has had singularly few decisions reversed on appeal.

In the year following the Syracuse election case, Governor Hill appointed Justice O'Brien a justice of the General Term; and in 1893 he was appointed by a Republican Governor, Levi P. Morton, a member of the Appellate Division. There was a singular unanimity in the praise with which this choice was greeted. One of our leading dailies described him as "strong, true, upright, studious, vigorous," while a writer of the opposite political party spoke of his "candor, kindness, and thorough excellence." A striking instance of that kindness is worth recording here. In the time of Governor Morton, the students of the law who passed their examinations and all tests of character and knowledge, had still to be admitted to practice by the Appellate Division. It happened that in Brooklyn death and disease had brought the judges of the Appellate Division below the needed figure, and it seemed that the future distinguished lawyers would have to wait many months before being admitted to the practice of their profession, a very real hardship and privation. Justice O'Brien learned this, and immediately arranged to resign from the Appellate Division in Manhattan; thereupon he was appointed to the same division in Brooklyn, admitted the grateful candidates, and once more resigned from the Brooklyn Bench. He was then reappointed to the Appellate Division in New York, and the papers of the time, commencing with his act, declared that it was "just like him."

Having served his term in the Supreme Court, Justice O'Brien may now have thought that his public duties were fulfilled, and that he was at last free to devote his private interests, by returning to the practice of law. This design remained merely a hope, however, for he was immediately re-nominated by acclamation, all parties joining in the nomination, and elected to serve until the year 1915. Last autumn, the death of Justice Van Brunt opened the way for the one promotion which still remained; and Governor Higgins, a Republican, but experienced the universal feeling, when he asked Justice O'Brien to take the place of Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division.

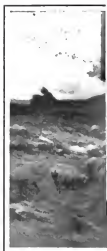
Any sketch of Justice O'Brien's life would be quite incomplete (Continued on page 157.)



"June," by Childe Hassam. (Winner of the Carnegie Prize)



"The 'Boathouse Richard' and the 'Scrapie,' by Carlton T. Chapman



"New England B..."



"Boy in White," by John J. ...

NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL



by Catharine Wiggins



Ennet. (Winter of the 1900)



"Flying Kites," by Charles C. Curran

Copyright, 1900, by Charles C. Curran



"Spring in the Berkshires," by H. Bolton Jones

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XX
THE LAST MOVIE IN THE
GAME

N EARLY certain ancient and long-deserted quarry—of which mention has already been made in the course of this chronicle—just where a hoarse rattle of moose-horn, upspringing from the sea meets the flank of a wall of fire, there is a one-roomed hut, deserted like the quarry, half its value, half its growth with vegetation.

THE Russian found had crept closer to the other side of the hearth and lay still, his muzzle between his paws.

Little Johnnie coughed once or twice, but the dog had warned the cat of cold out of his lungs, and he fell into a deep, breathless slumber. Also, after a time the man who watched began to nod. He had been without sleep for three days, and almost without food, but he was a strong man, hearty, hardy, and so there must have been

some further, supplementary reason why his face had gone so white and drawn and haggard, and why he swayed on his feet when he walked. He moved and looked like a man exhausted. He nodded in the warm glow of the fire, and recovered himself, and nodded again. Presently all three, the two men and the Russian dog, were asleep, while the fire crackled and hissed on its stone hearth and the rain pattered gently on the roof.

There came a scratching at the door. The two men slept on, but the Russian found, quick-eyed after his kind, raised his head to listen. The scratching came again, and the dog rose silently to his feet and moved into the centre of the room. After a moment he growled. At that the man who sat asleep beside the hearth started up, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"You speak, Johnnie," he asked. Then he saw the dog standing with nose outstretched, and his lower lip down in an alert little frown. He took into his hand something which had lain across his knees, and rose to his feet.

The scratching came again at the door, and the Russian dog barked.

"What up, you fool!" said the man Kinsas, and stood considering.

"It's one of the other dogs that tracked us here," he said at last. "If it was men they wouldn't come a-scratching at the door, they'd break it in."

He waited a few moments, but there came no more sounds. Then, walking on tiptoe, he went to the door and opened it. A gust of wind and fine rain beat into his face, but in the wet gloom he could see nothing. He took a step forward, holding the pistol well before him, and stood listening. There he gave a low whistle, but nothing stirred or answered. He said,

"Where's that damn dog?" And, out of the darkness to one side of the doorway, something sudden and swift struck the outstretched hand which held the pistol. The weapon fell, clattering, and the man staggered back into the lighted room, cursing aloud. One entered from the night and closed the door behind him. The Russian found gave a little pleased whine, and licked the newcomer's free hand. The other hand was engaged.

"A little farther away, please!" said Faring to the man who stood nursing his bruised wrist. "Right across the room by the hearth! Think you! Yes, you may sit down."

Suddenly his eyes fell upon the sleeping figure stretched before the fire on its improvised bed, and he started forward with an exclamation. He said:

"He's not—dead!—not dead!" The sick man stirred in his sleep, the startle of breathing became, for a moment, more labored, and Faring stepped back.

"Ah, I thought he was gone," he said. He looked again towards the other man and his eyes narrowed. The man was crouching beside the hearth. His head had fallen back against the rough wall and his arms were dropped wearily beside him so that the hands lay, palm upward, on the floor. At first Faring thought the man was snoring, but with a second look he knew better. He had seen men at the end of physical endurance before. He pulled a flask out of his pocket, and tossed the flask across the intervening space. "Take a good pull at that; you're done up."

The man caught the thing clumsily, and his fingers shook and

Here, stretched in lieu of a bed, upon a door upheld by two low trestles, little Johnnie by coughing his life away, and the man Kinsas watched beside him. On the other side watched also that Russian dog, whose faithful ears neither kicks nor turnings nor applications of pepper could overcome. It was the fourth night of their stay in the deserted hut, and it had to be the last, for little Johnnie was very low indeed, far too weak to stand, and patiently near the end of all things earthly.

From time to time a feeble parody of coughing shook him, and after each of these paroxysms he lay like one dead, almost too far gone to grasp for the breath his racked lungs so sorely needed. From time to time also the other man bent over him and wiped his lips with a turn of a pocket-handkerchief. Each time he did this the Russian found emitted a low growl of jealous disfavor and pressed his cold nose against the hand which lay twitching by the sick man's side.

"How is it, Johnnie lad?" asked the man Kinsas, for the fifth time that night, and bent down to hear the whispered reply. "I'm cold," said the little tramp. "My feet is cold and my hands too. I'm cold all over." This also for the fifth time that night.

Kinsas turned away, and for an instant that still face of his worked oddly in the lantern-light.

"I wish we could make you warm, Johnnie lad," he said. "I wish we dared to make a fire. If I was sure there wasn't nobody about!" He moved across the room, and the eyes of the sick man followed him weakly. He pulled the door open and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind him. It was raining on to rain. A fresh warm wind came surging up from the sea, bearing a rack of cloud before it. The night had fair to be very like a certain other night on this same coast, a night which the man who stood staring into the west had reason to remember. He did remember it, and he shivered.

He stood for some time looking across the wind-swept land. He had the air of being deep in reflection. Then he turned and went back into the hut. As he went, the first rain-drop struck his face sharply, and he shivered again.

"We're going to have a fire, Johnnie," he said. "There won't be nobody about on a night like this. We're going to have a fire and warm ourselves. There was a litter of broken shutters and odd bits of wood in one corner of the room. He took up an armful of fragments and piled them skillfully in the rough stove fireplace. They burned well because they were old and dry. In the space of two minutes a great fire was leaping and roaring, and its hot glow was reaching to the farthest corner of the already warm little hut.

The sick man turned on his side so that he faced the flames, and he stretched out one elbow-like hand towards them gratefully.

"Oh, that's good!" he said, in a whisper. "That's good, Kinsas! I'm a-going to feel better now. That's just like being in the sun. I can almost hear the bees a buzzing and those silly little crickets a chattering away. That's most remarkable warm and fine." The other man nodded, smiling cheerily down at him, and fetched more wood, which he laid beside the hearth. He made a round of the windows, assuring himself that the heavy gunny sack which he had fastened over each was well in place and allowed no light to penetrate, then he came back to the fire and sent himself there upon a broken box within arm's reach of the sick

trembled over the sleeper. He took a long swallow of the brandy, and another, and another. After a moment he sat up and a tinge of healthy color grew in his sunken cheeks.

"I was tired," he said. "I haven't had much sleep."

Then for a little time there was a silence. Johnnie, stretched upon his broken door, slept peacefully; the man Kansas, crouched apathetically in his place, awaiting, it would seem, the next move; and Faring, from the centre of the room, watched the two. The Russian hound had gone back to his former position before the fire, his muzzle between his outstretched paws.

It was Faring who spoke first. He laid the pistol, which he had been holding, across his knees, and settled himself more comfortably in the broken chair which he had dragged out from a corner.

"Now," he said, "we'll talk it over." The man by the hearth looked up. With the return of strength which the stimulant had lent him he seemed again to have taken on his old manner. He gazed across the little room still, unsmiling, without expression.

"I was, perhaps, hasty," said Faring, "in ordering you away from the place the other evening. It might have been better to have our little talk then instead of postponing it until to-night, but I conceived that you were insulting my wife. So I thrashed you. I am glad I did that."

"Your wife?" said the man by the hearth.

"Yes," said the other man, "my wife." The man Kansas turned his head slightly and looked at little Johnnie.

"Johnnie's got a wife somewhere about, too," he said, without emotion. "Maybe you know Johnnie's other name? It's Herbert Buchanan."

"That," said Mr. Faring, "might be difficult to prove. Herbert Buchanan went away a very long time ago. His body was found and identified some time after."

"There's some things," observed the man with the blue eyes, "that don't have to be proved. They raise hell enough if you just say them without proving. Sometimes people is willing to pay a great deal not to have such things talked about."

"Yes," said Faring, "sometimes." He bent forward smiling. "The awkward thing about your position," he said, pleasantly, "is that your weapon can't last long in a few days—a week—a month at best—perhaps even to-morrow, you'll be empty-handed. Poor Buchanan yonder won't see many more days. I have had some experience with such matters, and I should think he has a good chance of dying before morning. He's very low."

The other man sprang to his feet.

"That's a lie!" he cried. "That's a lie! He isn't a-going to croak. He's only tired out. That's a lie!" He dropped upon his knees beside the sleeping little tramp and felt for his heart with one hand. The Russian dog growled at him and backed away, snarling, but he paid it no attention. He bent over the wreck of Herbert Buchanan, and his face was drawn and comforted with rage and fear and love—unmistakable love.

Faring gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Why, I believe you're—con't actually fond of him?" he said. "I thought the attachment was purely—er—businesslike." The man looked up at him unsmilingly.

"What's that to you?" he said. "And he ain't a-going to die, neither. I've seen him like this before. He's only tired. Sometimes he gets very tired and it lasts for a week."

The little tramp turned on his couch and

leaped to his feet. Either he was very fast asleep and did not waken, or else he was sunk in a kind of stupor, for his eyes remained closed, only that dreadful paroxysm rent and tore at his lungs, and his hands beside him twisted and shook, and he fought for the small breath that was left in him.

Faring sprang to his feet, for he believed that the man was dying.

"The flask!" he cried out, sharply. "The flask! I gave you! Get it quickly. And some water. Look sharp, man! He's going!"

The man Kansas stood white and helpless, but Faring thrust him aside and snatched up the half-emptied flask from the floor where it had been dropped.

"Get some water!" he said. "Come, my man! Come! Pull yourself together. Have you no water in the place?"

The other man, moving like one in a daze, brought a rusty tin cup half full of water. Faring poured a few spoonfuls of the liquid into it, and kneeling down, held the cup to Herbert Buchanan's writhing lips.

"Raise his head!" he said to the man, and he, after a moment, kneeling on the other side of the rough couch, raised the sick man's head in his arms until Faring was able to force some of the liquid between the set teeth.

The coughing died away in slow gasps, and the struggle for breath ceased also until the little tramp once more lay still, breathing hoarsely, but for the moment, it seemed, well out of danger. The two men knelt on beside him for a little space, watching, and the dog whined uneasily in the background. The man Kansas rose to his feet first and moved away into the centre of the room. From there he spoke.

"There isn't any more danger?" he inquired in a low voice.

"He ain't a-going to do that again? I—It scared me." Faring shook his head without looking up. He had his watch out and was counting little Johnnie's feeble pulse.

"Safe enough for the present," he said, "but I tell you again the chances are against his living until daylight. He's very, very low."

"You're—sure of that?" said the man Kansas, from the centre of the room. His bark was turned.

"Sure?" said Faring. "Sure? No. I'm sure of nothing. I'm no doctor. But I've seen people die of this, and I think Buchanan's going fast." He snatched the watch and rose to his feet with a sigh.

"Eh, poor Buchanan!" he said. "What an odd! I've small reason to love him. He was a cat and a coward and several other unpleasant things. He that himself out from any human sympathy when he did what he did, but—I'm sorry for him. Lord! what an odd!"

He moved forward a step and then stopped short, for the man with the blue eyes had turned and was facing him with his own pistol, which he had dropped at poor Buchanan's seizure. He gave a little amused laugh.

"Ah!" he said. "We change places!"

"Yes," said the man with the blue eyes, stolidly. "Yes, we do." He backed away towards the wall, leaving the centre of the room free.

"I'll just trouble you," he said, "to sit down again in that chair where you was sitting before. I feel like you'd be more comfortable there while we talk it over. You said you'd come to talk it all over, pleasant like. Maybe we might just pass a bit of time about you and the chair to make you more comfortable yet."

Faring watched the man in silence for a moment, and he appeared to be considering. Unquestionably the man with the blue eyes held the advantage in the situation. Unquestionably also he would not hesitate to shoot, and to



Drawn by Will Lewis

The man staggered back into the lighted room

kill if pressed to it. Faring went to the broken chair and sat down. He did not look frightened. He had the air to be waiting the next move in an interesting game.

The other man came from his corner with a bit of rope—the sort of rope which is commonly used for clothes-line and such. Holding this in one hand and the pistol in the other, he took two turns round Faring's body and arms, binding them fast to the chair back. He knifed the rope and went back to his old place by the hearth.

"And now," he said, "we will talk it over, me and you and Johnnie—one and the two husbands! Ha, ha! Johnnie, he can't talk, but I know what he'd say. I'll say it for him. I'll say Johnnie's part and mine, Mr. Husband—number—two!" There was an odd cold freckle in his tone—a slow burning fury which made Faring stare, for it was the first time he had heard the expression of any feeling at all in the man's voice—save that one moment of agony over his stricken comrade.

"Johnnie's a-going to do before morning, eh?" said the man by the fireplace. "And then I shouldn't have nothing to hold over you. My game's up, eh? I'm done for!"

"Yes," said Faring, with a nod. "I expect you're done for. What then?"

"Then," said the man with the pistol—"then, by that! Johnnie don't go alone! Johnnie's a-going to have company, he is. No going out into the dark alone with nobody to talk to! The two husbands is a-going together. Done for, am I? Right, Mr. Husband number-two! Right, says I. You're done for too. And the lady with more husbands than is useful, she'll have to get on without none at all. We'll give her something to weep for and weep for and weep about. Ay, that we will! Mr. Gentleman-John—Bushman and Mr. Harry Faring, Esquire walking out into kliegheit come together! Ha, ha! A fine luck that'll be, eh? A fine luck!"

Mr. Faring indulged in a gentle little laugh.

"I take it," said he, "that it is your intention to murder me for the sake of giving poor Bushman my society on his outward path. That would have amused Bushman a few years ago. He's beyond seeing a joke now, but when he was in form that would have amused him. He had a certain grim sense of humor. You mean to murder me?"

The man with the pistol glowered across the firelit room.

"Yes, Mr. Husband number-two," he said, "that's just what I mean." A sudden flush of anger swept into his face. He took a step forward towards the chair and the man who sat there smiling.

"You knocked me down!" he said, with that same still fury he has here. "You took me by the throat and shook me about and beat me, didn't you, eh? Do you know what I'm a-going to do to you to pay you out, Mr. Too-many-husbands? I'm a-going to sit and wait till Johnnie's over his end—that'll be towards morning—three months goes before dawn—and every half-hour I'm a-going to nip off a little bit of you—on ear or a nose or something like—with this here gun—just to pass the time away. I'm a good shot with a gun. When Johnnie goes, then what's left of you goes. A fine little game, Mr. Gentleman-that-knocks-prepudious-and-bests-you-with-his-fists. A fine little game, eh, what?"

"Very fine, indeed!" said the man in the chair, nodding. "That also would have amused Bushman, I think." The other looked up, frowning.

"You don't seem like you cared very much, yourself," he said. And Faring laughed again.

"Oh, I'm by way of being a philosopher," said he. "I take things as they come. A bit of philosophy serves you me and of both at times."



Done by Will Geiss

"We'll begin now," he said

fore morning, and am, therefore, not likely to repeat anything that I am told, would you mind setting me at rest about two or three matters? I'm frankly curious to know where it was that I saw you first. It wasn't in Cape Town. If you hadn't that beard I think I should remember at once."

The other man gave a little airless laugh.

"No," he said, "it weren't in Cape Town. I'll tell you that much." After a moment he laughed again. "I was meaning to shave it off, anyhow," he said. "There's too many people about here has seen me with it. It did spoil my getaway. We'll have a little barber-shop party, Ha, ha! A little quick-change turn like they does in the music-halls." He went to the farther corner of the room and returned with a basin of water and a bit of soap. He went again and brought a small oblong hand-glass broken at one corner, and a razor. With these instruments, slowly, by dint of much hawking and pulling, much bad language and not a few cuts, he worked the scrubby brush of black beard from cheek and jaw and throat. When at last he turned his shaven face Faring gave a quick exclamation.

"Oh, yes," he said, readily. "I know now. It was the beard that deceived me, covering that, sent. I saw you lurking about in the shrubbery, near the outer gates at Bushman Lodge, on the evening of the night Bushman disappeared. I warned Bushman about you, and he said you had been there once before." Faring's eyes brightened suddenly.

"Wait! Wait!" he said. "The plot begins to deepen, I think. What had you to do with Bushman's disappearance? I sha'n't live to tell anybody else, you know. What had you to do with it?"

"I went with him," said the man with the shaven face.

Again Mr. Faring bent forward in his hands with a little exclamation.

"Good! Good!" said he. "We get on! Would you care to tell me about it?"

The man with the shaven face looked at him silently for some little time. At last he laughed.

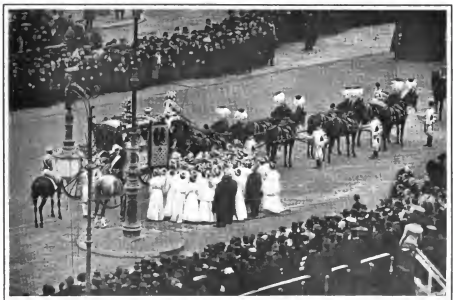
"It's a very queer tale," he said. "If I was to hear it from somebody else I'd say he was a liar. Yes, I'll tell you, what Bushman number-two! I'll tell you all about it—a fine long tale. Then you and Johnnie can talk it over as you goes away together. Ay, a queer five tale."

(Continued on page 469.)



Celebrating the Silver Wedding of Emperor William of Germany

Emperor William of Germany and the Empress celebrated, on February 21, their silver-wedding anniversary. The Emperor's marriage to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein occurred in 1871, and as the anniversary coincided with the wedding of their second son, Prince Eitel, the occasion was a great day for the royal family. An interesting feature of the celebration was the homage paid to the Emperor by the members of the court, some of whom are now Americans, which, as Prince William of Prussia, he commanded twenty-five years ago. On the day of the anniversary they met in Berlin and marched in a body to the palace, where they tendered their congratulations to the royal party.



The Wedding of Prince Eitel, Emperor William's second Son

The wedding of Prince Eitel to Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg occurred on the day of the Kaiser's silver-wedding anniversary, and was celebrated with elaborate festivities. The photograph shows the bridal party receiving the address of the Mayor of Berlin on their entry into the city.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY



"The Mountain Climber," at the Criterion

In "The Mountain Climber" Francis Wilson plays the part of "Montague Sibary," who, to impress his newly-wedded wife, assumes the role of a famous Alpine explorer, with highly exciting results.



The Cohans in "George Washington, Jr.," at the Herald Square

In "George Washington, Jr." George Cohen is a young man who rebels against parental authority and changes his name to "George Washington, Jr.," because he objects to his father's authoritarianism.



A Scene from "The Embassy Ball," at Daly's

In "The Embassy Ball" Laurence Harvey plays the part of an attacker of the Russian Embassy at Washington, who gets into trouble through nothing but accident, in a surprising, hectic and the impression that it is a bicycle patrol.

SCENES FROM THE RECENT PLAYS

WOODROW WILSON AS A CANDIDATE

COMMENT AND OPINION

(From a Letter by Henry Louis Wilson in the Boston Herald.)

As exceedingly interesting movement in the process of formation. It is a movement which is exciting interest in the South. It does not naturally appeal to managers of the Democratic organizations—at least it cannot yet appeal to them. Its fortune depends wholly upon the way in which public opinion directs itself, whether there is enough discontent in the existing conditions in both parties to stir up a sentiment which will make of managing politicians a negligible quantity.

The movement, which is germinating, was started a few weeks ago by George Harvey's acute suggestion that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, would make an excellent President of the United States. Such a suggestion, uttered suddenly, seems like a dream, and perhaps it would not be worth discussion were it not for the reception with which it was met. This has been particularly true not only on the part of newspapers in the South and West, but of a large number of serious-minded men who are in politics, but who are not convinced that this country must be elevated to a higher plane than they are at present.

Revelations which have recently been made have stirred the country, and there is thinking going on. The evil effects of combinations between politics and money-making are no longer the knowledge of a few. The world knows how corrupt, how base, how unsafe to all honest and decent people, and to all our solid social institutions, is the partnership between government and business. From the Senator receiving fees to protect a favored interest to the politician receiving bribes to protect vice and law-breaking, the whole stolid country has been exposed to the public gaze, and the public does not like them.

By reason of these revelations there has come a healthy drift, a drift in which one may even find some persons and some institutions which, in recent years, have not been unwilling to avail themselves of corrupt conditions that made, for the time, for their pecuniary advantage. It is growing clearer to the eyes of some men who heretofore have been dim of moral vision, that in the long run corrupt politics is not healthful for any one, including the man who seems to be especially assisted by an iniquity.

Sound business, in other words, healthier and with sound and honest government. Combinations of legislators at Washington, as elsewhere, in mid of combinations of capitalists are likely to lead to social revolutions in which the rights of capital are in danger of being confounded with their wrongful privileges. Under such conditions that which is sound and good for the community is likely to be demolished when demolition becomes the order of the day, as well as that which is bad and unwholesome. Social revolutions are not discriminating.

Woodrow Wilson's name has given to men who have been dreaming of a better state of things something concrete to reflect upon. He stands for an idea which just now is an idea that a good many people would like to see embodied in politics. These people are convinced that there is need in our government for something superior to much that we have. There is need for a man who has not made a business of politics in an era when the business could not be successfully conducted except by methods the true character of which is now understood. Being understood, those who have practiced them do not stand well before the community.

It is often said that the business of politics is a worthy and even a patriotic occupation, and worthy also of the attention of the best minds. It is really seen, however, that as the business has been carried on by the partnership of private interests and politicians it is not worthy of high-minded men. Such men can have no more to do with our scrap politics than an iron merchant can have in to do with junk questionably acquired. Good citizens, thinking of an abstraction, but long been wishing that men might be chosen to office who would regard official life as involving the performance of public duty, and the mention of such a man as Woodrow Wilson necessarily clothes the abstraction with flesh and blood.

They say, and say truly: "Here is a man who has been a member of government, an historian of American politics, a distinguished writer on themes with which many of the present race of politicians, of whom we are very weary, have not even a hazy acquaintance." He has become distinguished among Americans for the same reason that many practical statesmen have become distinguished among Englishmen—for accurate knowledge not only of the theory of the State, but for practical knowledge of the working of our institutions. He has knowledge, and the power to apply it. That he has practical ability is shown by his determination given for the bettering of the system of instruction at the great university of which he is the head.

He is the kind of man who is selected for government work in nearly all civilized countries but our own, and the time has come when some men of the Democracy are thinking that the day of small things has passed, and that we might as well turn our back upon the foolish assertion of the ignorant that knowledge is incompatible with practical efficiency. Not that we have not already had knowledge and efficiency in our high places. We have chosen the men having these qualifications, however, for the further reason of their availability. However this may be, there is an idea abroad that we must try to find good men and strong men for our political places, who will give us better government, government which is

not tainted either by corrupt bargaining, leading to a revolt which is not sure to be inspired by the spirit of extravagant communism.

It does not matter much at present whether those who are thinking in this way are few or many. It is important that a good many reputable sinners are at last in agreement with the idealists, that a good many who have thought to find their profit in corrupting public life have at last become convinced that a pure and intelligent government will be better for business than a subterranean control of government. It does matter, whether Woodrow Wilson be a possibility or not, it does matter that there is a noticeable disposition to treat the mention of his name respectfully. It is a name which is entitled, whatever may be the connection in which it is named, to respectful treatment, but we can all transfer the time when the mere suggestion of such a name would be met by an inquiry as to his standing with the birds known as the "boys."

The question suggests itself, are we beginning to see the end of the story of politics in this country which is so like the politics of the gentlemen of France and Italy who were accustomed to relieve travellers of their money on the highway in order that it might be distributed among themselves and the gendarmes?

It is certainly to be hoped for. At any rate, the kindly manner in which the mere suggestion of Mr. Wilson's name has been received indicates that some people are reflecting as to the possibility of changing our politics and of reforming the character of our politicians by putting superior men in service. That the South is taking an interest in this particular person is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Wilson is a Virginian.

Here is a man who has been in Virginia, who is trained in the knowledge of government, whose writings show that he thinks like a statesman, who has been so successful as an administrator that his experiment at Princeton is the most interesting work now going on in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Southern State. It is wonderful this list of virtues in the life of a man that make people stop and think when he is suddenly named for an office for which his fellow citizens have never thought of him.

Yet it is not because he is Woodrow Wilson, not because of his special fitness, that the suggestion of the suggestion is interesting and important; it is because of the testimony thus borne to the fact that a man like him would at this juncture be peculiarly welcome to the leadership of the nation.

HENRY LOUIS WILSON.

(From the "Troy Press.")

In giving due weight to these considerations, we object in his nomination to the ground that the people would not Mr. Wilson up Salt River. So Great Unknown will answer the purpose. Demonstrated political virtues must precede a Presidential nomination. Probably Colonel Harvey will agree with us in presuming that a month ago not one per cent. of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, or the *Troy Press*, knew anything of Mr. Wilson was a Democrat or Republican. In the circumstances, it is no disparagement to this distinguished educator to say that practically his nomination is impossible, and would be preposterous, if possible. He could not be elected. Princeton should rest content with the house of having for a citizen the only ex-President living. It should not ask for both a President and an ex-President.

This homilet is the compliment of one scholar to another, and an excuse for directing widespread attention to Woodrow Wilson's superior qualities.

(A Letter from an Educator.)

EVANSTON, N. H., March 7, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I read your recent editorial suggesting President Woodrow Wilson as the proper Democratic candidate for the Presidency. I want to congratulate you upon having the foresight and good sense to take this stand. I have known him for several years, and came into close contact with him while I was a member of the faculty at Princeton. It has often occurred to me that he would make an ideal Chief Magistrate, and I voiced that sentiment in an article I wrote about him some years since. He is my model gentleman, and I believe that there is no man in our party his equal for the days that are ahead in this country. Let me have to say that I am an independent politician, but my motives be understood, I shall be glad to do anything I can to help on this issue you have started.

I am, sir,

NATHAN WILSON HELM.

(A Letter from Colorado.)

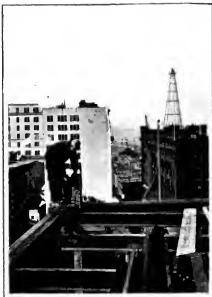
PRINCETON, March 12, 1901

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: Sir,—All are thankful for your efforts to find a Presidential candidate for the Democratic party. To set on the track of our prophesy just called Billy Hyman. He will either be the man, or he can tell you who will be. Millions there are who hope he will. I am, sir,

JAVA ABRAHAM.



An Interval for Lunch—on a "Steel"



Working ready for the 1,000-foot Corner Column



Iron band Hohl, with the 175-foot beam



What a Worker would be the Last

THE UNCONSIDERED PERILS OF "SKYSCRAPING"

Although within the last few years the multitude of building operations in New York, particularly the construction of new office buildings and hotels, has made the high-pitched construction a familiar sight, he never fails to draw a crowd in the street when he watches him at his perilous task. He rushes to the aid of the man's agility and faith in foothold and grip at hand with the machine's skill and takes no account whatever of his dangers. The four accompanying photographs are of an office building under construction in New York.

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BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

Of musical novels there have been not a few, and it is certain that musicians make good heroes and heroines. They are credited—not unjustly—with a more than normal capacity for feeling, and the delicacy of their moods, their musical exaltations and depressions, seem, somehow—in fiction, at any rate—to work themselves into their lives and to find expression there. They live in a world of ideals more remote from every-day life even than those of the poet, and this life of dreams tingles itself so subtly with the life of reality that a strange new atmosphere is created through which hard actualities sometimes stand out grimly, yet all is mystically pervaded with music.

So it is in the musical novel at its best, and in Margaret Potter's *The Genius* this atmospheric quality is present in its highest perfection. But the hero of this story is a composer as well as a musician, and, as the title imports, a genius. It is evident, then, that in taking up such a subject, Miss Potter has set herself a task of extreme difficulty; for she pledges herself at the outset to depict the character and follow the mental processes of a rare and original man. If the reader discovers in certain resemblances between the "Ivan Gregoriev," who is the central figure of the story, and one of the greatest and, in his time, least understood of Russian musicians, this circumstance will tend rather to increase than to diminish the interest.

This story has both an outer and an inner part, each supplementing the other. Outwardly, *The Genius* is a strong and realistic narrative of Russian life, full of stirring and untoward incidents. The father of Ivan is Prince Gregoriev, head of the formidable secret "third section" of the Russian police. He is one of the most striking characters in recent fiction—a grim, taciturn, invulnerable man, who has a cipher map on which he keeps a record of the sins of all Russian officialdom. Through his system of blackmail he wields a tremendous power, but has never been able to remove the social stigma which rests upon his name. The story opens dramatically with a great ball at the Gregoriev palace, by means of which the infamous old Prince tries to reconstitute himself in court society, with the help of the Czar, from whom he has extracted an unwilling promise to sanction the occasion by his presence.

From this opening chapter to the end of the book, the story is a steady in and out of the "stuff of life." The father endeavors to corrupt the morals of his son, at a very early age, in order that he may become "a true Gregoriev"; he forces him against his will into the army; and at last he casts him off as unworthy of an innocent inheritance on the boy's part, prompted by disappointment in love. Later, in a singularly effective scene, Ivan is brought before his father on a charge of conspiring with anarchists. The ingenuous, lifelong attachment of the younger Gregoriev for his cousin Nathalie and the gradually weakening antagonism of the stern Prince make strong motives of interest. It is a striking climax to this part of the story when Ivan, on his father's death, tears up the dreaded map and sets his foot upon the disgraceful past. It should be said that certain well-known musical characters—such as Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein—take an active part in Ivan's career as a composer, to which he devotes himself when his father's support is withdrawn.

But it is the inner part of the story—the intimate, personal aspect of it—which places *The Genius* far above other novels of its kind. On this side, Margaret Potter's main idea has been to emphasize the necessary aloofness and loneliness of genius, and the whole story throbs to the rhythm of this theme. Ivan, as boy and as man, is a strong and at the same time a pathetic figure. There is something mysterious in that faculty of his for feeling acutely and for distilling the very essence of his emotion into music,

which one comes to understand is vitally a part of him. The author has truly portrayed him both on the heights of inspiration and in the depths of despondency, and shows his progress from the valleys to the peaks, where, after all, there is only solitude. With keen penetration she has divined his blind groping, through the ways of music, for the meaning of life. The story is one which deeply impresses the mind, and it leaves one with the sense of uplift which belongs to genuine drama.

Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman's second book devoted to his experiences and observations with the Japanese army at the front, *The Real Triumph of Japan*, that follows *From Tokio through Manchuria with the Japanese*, is written with the avowed object of bringing about a reform in the medical department of the United States Army. Contrasting the conduct of our war with Spain, in 1898, with the recent conflict between Russia and Japan, the author says: "It is not agreeable trading for proud, self-reliant Americans, and there are some men alive to-day who are

responsible for the helms negligence who say it not rich the narration. However, they deserve greater punishment than the mere prickings of conscience, for I believe that just as surely as the engineer who disregards set signals, or the train-dispatcher who gives wrong orders, is legally responsible for the wreck that ensues, so these men are responsible for the thousands of manly soldiers needlessly, criminally sacrificed—not on the glorious altar of war, but in pestiferous camps from preventable causes."

Aside from the vast amount of valuable medical and military information it contains, Dr. Seaman's book carries a spirit and interest in narrative of travel. It is rarely, indeed, that a writer, who is primarily a scientist and scholar, writes so light and graceful a pen. Dr. Seaman's chapter on Port Arthur presents as graphic a picture of the effects of the most modern and terrible engines of war upon the almost impregnable fortress as we read in the literature of the great struggle between the Colossus of the North and her island conqueror.



Margaret Potter

Her new novel, "The Genius," has just been published

The American Nation: a History, is now in its thirteenth volume, and the standard of scholarship which was set in the earlier books of the series has been well maintained up to the point now reached. Under the able editorial supervision of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, the field of American history from its European background down to the present has been thoroughly covered. All the contributors to the series have confirmed singularly well to the scheme of the editor, and have carried out the ideal of readability as well as completeness in a greater degree than one would have thought possible. The thirteenth volume, which is named "The Rise of American Nationality," is the work of Kendrick Charles Bollewé, Ph.D., President of the University of Arizona. Its principal topic is the War of 1812, but out of this subject grows the greater theme of "how the United States achieved its real emancipation from European domination and became a nation—how, in a word, like the ship in Kipling's story, the nation found itself." The author has not glossed over the mistakes of administration and organization made by our ancestors during this trying period, but he has read a clear lesson in national development from these very failures, and the volume is a strong connecting link in the story of our country's progress. Special topics, such as the foundation of a new national flag, with particular reference to the second bank and the tariff of 1816, and the progress of internal improvements, are taken up with requisite detail; so that in addition to its value as a reading history, the book will be of the greatest use to students of this period of our national history.

The Revolt of British Policy-holders

(Continued from page 444)

that had been disclosed in the workings of the New York Life and the New York Equitable. The blunders of the Mutual seemed on the whole rather venial. "In any other family but ours," said Mearns of his younger brother, "he would have been thought a second-rate." In any other association but that of the Life and the Equitable, the misdeeds of the Mutual would have struck Englishmen as frankly criminal. As it was, they appeared comparatively trivial. Up to nearly the beginning of the present year we English policy-holders in the Mutual were congratulating ourselves that the directors of our company had, on the whole, fairly remembered their obligations as trustees. They did not appear to have created subsidiary companies at the expense of policy-holders and to their own profit; or to have borrowed an exceptionally easy terms from the company of which they were directors; or to have bought bonds and securities at one price as individuals, and to have sold them to themselves as directors at a higher price; or to have used the funds of the company to rivet their personal control over banking and industrial enterprises; or to have purchased securities on joint account with a broker; or to have "cooked" the accounts in order to cover an awkward transaction here, or to comply with a legal requirement there. Such was the belief of English policy-holders. It did not, of course, prevent them from seeing clearly that the McCurdy régime had become impossible and must be made an end of. It was after Mr. McCurdy's resignation that the trouble began. The question of his successor naturally engaged English attention. We heard rumors that Mr. McCurdy's retirement was being looked forward to by a Wall Street élite as affording an opportunity for getting control of the Mutual. We expected that his successor would be either some man of international reputation, like Mr. Choate, or some expert in insurance management, like Mr. Holdeman, the manager of the English branch of the Mutual, who would enter with him the true and strictest of all English policy-holders. We thought ourselves, at all events, entitled to be consulted and considered in a matter of such grave moment to the future of the company. We saw no reason, anyway, for hurrying things. It would be time enough, in our opinion, to think of choosing a permanent successor to Mr. McCurdy when the Trusts Committee, in which we believed, had reported, and when the recommendations of the Armstrong Committee were published. In not a single particular were our wishes attended to, and it would be useless to dwell that Mr. Charles A. Peabody's election, and the circumstances that attended it, came as a severe blow to the confidence of English policy-holders. Of Mr. Peabody personally we heard nothing that was not good; but we understood that his appointment was opposed by the Trusts Committee, and we gathered that he was wholly without experience in insurance matters.

The revelations concerning the Lauvrey's Mortgage Company were in English eyes a most undesirable appearance. We fully expected that Mr. Peabody would instantly dismiss the directors implicated in it. He did not do so. Perhaps he had good reasons for not doing so. Perhaps the heroic action we looked for from him was really beyond his official powers. We could not tell; but effort was made to enlighten us; and the inference we were left to draw from the bare facts was necessarily unfavorable. It seemed to us that Mr. Peabody did not realize the extreme importance of that precise juncture of some public and striking assurance that the old methods were at an end, and that the direction of the company in the future was to be perfectly honest and above-board. That is the main thing that we English policy-holders want. Of the absolute and every of the Mutual we have no doubt whatever. Its affairs are being inquired into by a reputable and disinterested firm of English accountants, and we await their report with entire confidence. But we desire something more than that. We desire to have the last suspicion of crookedness in the man-

THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE THE CAR FOR SERVICE



GOVERNMENT COMMENDATION

In explanation of their action in selecting the White steamer in preference to any other make of car for the new automobile ambulance, the authorities of the United States War Department report as follows:

"It (the White) is simple in operation. The means of propulsion being steam, it is better suited to the transportation of the sick or wounded than gasoline cars on account of its free and smooth running, freedom from violent vibration, and ease of controlling the speed between maximum and minimum without jerks or jolts."

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, CLEVELAND OHIO

The Jumping Frog

By MARK TWAIN

This story first brought Mark Twain into prominence as a humorist. It had instant recognition as a notable piece of humorous fiction, and has remained a general favorite amid all the author's later work. The story of the "Jumping Frog" is now published as a book, with translation from the French and new addition by the author written in November of 1903.

Humorously Illustrated with Twelve Full-page Drawings by Strothman

Crown 8vo, Ornamented Cloth, \$1.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

ABBOTT'S ANGIOTONIC
BITTERS

Make the best possible. A delicate and accurate test of all water, spirit and soda beverages. A laboratory of analysis of all sorts of beverages. Water, spirit and soda, a delicate and accurate test. Important to see that it is Abbott's.

The Last Straw

In a small city in eastern Indiana there lives a professor who is notorious for his parsimony. One day he stepped into a hat store, and after rummaging over the stock, selected an ordinary hat, put it on, ogled himself in the glass, and then asked the very lowest price.

"But," said the butter, "that hat is not good enough for you to wear; here is what you want," showing one of his best dishes.

"That's the best I can afford, though," returned the professor.

"Well, there, Mr. —, I'll make you a present of that derby, if you'll wear it, and tell those steers it came from. You can send me customers enough to get my money back with interest; you know pretty much everybody."

"Thank you, thank you!" said the professor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. "But how much may this be worth?"

"The price of that hat is five dollars," replied the salesman.

"And the other?" asked the professor.

The professor put on the derby, looked in the glass, then looked at the three-dollar hat.

"I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose just as well as the other," said he, taking off the derby, and holding it in one hand as he put on the cheap one.

"But you'd better take the other, sir;
It won't cost you any more."

"But—but," replied the professor, hesitatingly, "I didn't know but—perhaps—you'd just as soon have me take the cheap one,—and perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the difference in cash."

Resuscitated

A TALE, this devote in the town had an offer out of which a shag led into a small laboratory. One day, he was working there, an Italian fruit-seller entered the office, finding the room deserted, he turned on the lights, and, looking at the clock, he saw, to his surprise, how late he was. He, however, but by mistake opened the door to the doctor's closet, in which was a human man, who, in all its weakness, The sight was too much for the poor Italian. Dropping his basket, he fled, he made his escape in a panic. The doctor, however, came and came from his laboratory to the examination, the matter was, The open closet, he saw what the fruit scattered on the floor instantly explained the situation. He went to the window and, over the brightened Italian stand, the window, the sidewalk looking up at the window.

"Come up," said the doctor, at the same time beckoning with his long bony finger.

"No, you don't," exclaimed the fellow, shaking his head; "I know you, if you have got your clothes on!"

All He Needed

A group of Wall Street men at luncheon one day were discussing the remarkable stability of a certain operator in the street in weather any financial storm.

"I have heard," said one of the financiers, "that ship's wonder. I don't know how many times they've had him against the wall, yet he always contrives to get away."

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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EDITED BY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. L

New York, Saturday, April 7, 1906

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

It has long been regarded as hopeless to persuade Congress to propose an amendment of the Constitution providing that Senators shall be elected by the people instead of by the State Legislatures. It is possible that two-thirds of the House of Representatives might take part in such a move, but nobody believes that the concurrence of two-thirds of the Senate could be secured. It is well known, however, that Article V. of the Constitution provides an alternative method of amending our Federal organic law. If two-thirds of the State Legislatures join in an application to Congress, it is the duty of that body to call a convention for proposing amendments, which will be valid as part of the Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by convention in three-fourths thereof. The Iowa Legislature has authorized Governor CUMMINS to take the first step in that direction by calling a convention of States. The Ohio Legislature has authorized the Executive of that State to take part in such a convention. This alternative method of amending the Federal Constitution has never been followed, mainly because a convention, once met, might not confine itself to a specific purpose, but attempt to make many and grave changes in the organic law. People do not forget that the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, which was called ostensibly with the view of making some amendments in the Articles of Confederation, wiped those Articles out. If Governor CUMMINS should succeed in procuring the concurrence of nearly thirty States—the prescribed number—it might be well for Congress, before the full number was obtained, to propose quickly a specific amendment concerning the mode of electing Senators, and thus avert the risks inseparable from a constitutional convention. It would not be easy to exaggerate the danger of revolutionary proceedings on the part of a constitutional convention, were such a body called into existence at a time when a wave of hysteria is sweeping over the country. As we have often pointed out, a constitutional amendment is not necessary in order to bring about the practical election of Senators by the people. That result would be reached if all of the States were to adopt the plan followed by many of them—namely, of indicating a party's choice for Senator at primaries. The party's representatives in the State Legislature can be trusted to conform to the wish of the voters.

Although the discussion of the HAYDEN-TULLMAN bill in the Senate may go on for weeks, there are indications that ultimately it will be amended in a way to reflect conservative views. Senator DALLAN's assumption that the small Republican minority of which he is the leader could rely on the unanimous support of the Democratic Senators turns out to be unfounded. The Democrats are themselves divided in opinion with regard to the extent to which an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission would be or

should be subject to the control of the Federal circuit courts. The specific question debated during the week ending March 24 was, Has Congress the power to abolish or limit the right of a court of equity to issue an injunction? Senator BULLY admits that Congress would have no such power with regard to the United States Supreme Court, which was created by the Constitution, but he claims such power over circuit courts, which owe their existence to Congress. Senator SPOONER holds that, once created, the Federal circuit courts cannot be deprived of any of the powers inherent in a court of equity. This is a nice question, and one would like to have the judgment of the United States Supreme Court upon it. At the first glance many lawyers will say that Senator BULLY is right, on the ground that if a Federal circuit court be the creature of Congress, which nobody denies, the creator must possess the power to define and circumscribe its functions. It seems probable, however, that a majority of the Senators concur with Mr. SPOONER, and will refuse to insert in the HAYDEN-TULLMAN bill any limitation upon the power of a circuit court to suspend by temporary injunction orders issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. On the other hand, a majority is expected to support an amendment suggested by Mr. SPOONER, to the effect that if the commission's order be suspended by a circuit court, the railway affected by the order shall deposit an amount sufficient to cover the difference between the rate complained of and the rate that may be adjudged to be reasonable by the court. That the House of Representatives will concur in the Senate's amendment seems to be taken for granted.

It is asserted by friends of Mr. WILLIAM J. HAYES that he has made up his mind not to seek the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1908. Where, then, will the national convention of the Democracy look for a candidate? Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, maintains that it should not look to the Southern States. If the opinion is based on the assumption that a Southern candidate for the Presidency would provoke a revival of sectional animosity at the North, we believe Mr. WILLIAMS to be mistaken. A more plausible objection is that it is impolitic to take a candidate from a part of the country which the Democrats are sure of carrying. Politicians have long been in the habit of selecting candidates for the Presidency from States that are or have been doubtful. This objection on the score of expediency could be met by the selection of a man born, brought up, and educated at the South, but who, subsequently, by long residence at the North, has acquired an intimate knowledge of his fellow countrymen in that section. As we have formerly pointed out, such an ideal combination of qualifications is presented in WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University. No objection to his candidacy could be made on the ground that New Jersey is irretrievably Republican. Local pride plays a great part in that State, and although it was swept by the Republicans in the last three Presidential years, it gave its electoral votes to TAFT and to HANCOCK, and three voted for Mr. CLEVELAND. We add that in 1901 a change of less than 9000 votes from one side to the other would have defeated the Republican candidate for Governor.

On April 1 will expire the wage scale under which the bituminous miners have been working, and also the agreement brought about in the anthracite region by the commission appointed by President ROOSEVELT three years ago. Unless before the date mentioned an agreement is reached by the bituminous operators and miners who have been conferring in Indianapolis, 225,000 union bituminous-coal miners will, it is alleged, be called from the mines in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, western Pennsylvania, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Arkansas, and Indian Territory. It is possible, however, that the miners will continue to work in the mines controlled by Mr. F. L. ROMNEY, president of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, who has offered to restore the wage scale of 1903, even though all the other soft-coal miners in the central competitive district should go on strike. There seems to be an understanding between Mr. MITCHELL and Mr. ROMNEY to this effect, though it remains to be seen whether the former can control his followers, some of whom insist that the strike, if declared, should be universal. The mines controlled by Mr. ROMNEY are said to produce 24,000,000 tons of soft coal annually.

The mines in West Virginia also, and in some other sections where the mine-workers are not unionized, will also continue in full activity. It follows that no complete paralysis of the iron and steel industry need be feared. In the anthracite region it looks as if there would be no strike, even although the operators should decline to make any concession to the mine-workers, beyond an offer to renew for three years the agreement brought about by the Strike Commission. The strike fund of the hard-coal miners is very small, and but little assistance could be obtained by them from the soft-coal workers if most of the latter should also strike.

As we have formerly pointed out, the situation differs materially from that with which consumers were confronted in the autumn of 1902. Then winter was coming on, and consumers were subjected to much suffering through their failure to obtain the combustible which they were accustomed to use. Now, on the other hand, spring has but just begun, and, except for cooking purposes, anthracite will not be needed in dwelling-houses for six or seven months, and even for cooking purposes gas-ranges may be used. Then, again, in the autumn of 1902 the reserve stock of anthracite in the hands of operators and middlemen was small and soon exhausted. Now the reserve stock is enormous, supply sufficient to meet the needs of consumers for many months to come. It is possible that the price of hard coal may be advanced, but not more than fifty cents a ton, according to a leading representative of the mine-owners.

If Niagara Falls is to be saved as a spectacle, action to that end must be taken without further delay. The International Waterways Commission has for a year been studying the Falls and the question of the preservation, and the report of the American member was given out on March 24 by Secretary Tamm. It seems that the total amount of Niagara water to be taken from the river by works now authorized is 60,000 cubic feet per second, of which 20,700 cubic feet is to be taken on the American side and 39,300 on the Canadian side. This total amount is twenty-seven per cent. of the average discharge of the river and thirty-three per cent. of the discharge at low water. The amount already taken is 17,800 cubic feet, and the loss of it has an appreciable effect on the Falls. What the effect will be when the whole 60,000 cubic feet is drawn away cannot be accurately estimated. It may be disastrous, it may only be injurious: the commission doesn't know the river-bed well enough to predict the result. The commissioners have agreed, however, that the 60,000 cubic feet already arranged for is the utmost loss to which the Falls should be subjected. They ask for legislation by both the Canadian and the American (Federal) governments which shall authorize the Secretary of War to give permits for the diversion of 28,500 cubic feet of the water and no more, provided the Canadian government shall limit the diversion on the Canadian side to 30,000 feet. The President has transmitted the commission's report to Congress, and in doing so has earnestly recommended the legislation asked for. The Niagara being a boundary river is subject to such control as the Washington government may choose to exert. The report mentions that the State of New York has so far authorized diversions from the Falls to the extent of 342,000 horse-power, for which it has received practically nothing. For the 415,000 horse-power authorized on the Canadian side there is paid \$270,000 a year.

District-Attorney JENKINS has lately shown that he not only avows, but acts, on his convictions. He has refused to demand the indictment of life-insurance officials for making contributions to the campaign funds of political parties. He does not for a moment deny that such contributions ought to be prohibited by law, but he insists that, in his judgment, the law does not prohibit them at present, and, therefore, he will not let himself be driven by any outcry into a course which, as the law now stands, he deems unwarranted. Mr. JENKINS' opinion that life-insurance officials who make campaign contributions out of the funds of their companies cannot be indicted for larceny under the present statutes of New York is not shared by Judge O'SULLIVAN, of the Court of General Sessions in New York. Judge O'SULLIVAN has charged the Grand Jury that the contributions to campaign funds in question should be indicted. If Judge O'SULLIVAN'S

opinion is sound, such men as Mr. GEORGE W. PERRINS, of the New York Life, may be tried for larceny, and Mr. CONNELL BASS and Mr. CORTELYOU may have to answer to the charge of receiving stolen goods. At this writing, proceedings are in progress to ascertain whether Mr. JENKINS' opinion or Judge O'SULLIVAN'S is the sound one. Probably a warrant of arrest will be served on Mr. PERRINS, a writ of habeas corpus sworn out, and the Appellate Division asked to decide whether making campaign contributions out of life-insurance funds constitutes larceny or not. Mr. JENKINS has been heartily berated by a section of the press for holding and acting upon the opinion he has expressed. It is much to his advantage that the higher court should pass immediately on the question whether he or Judge O'SULLIVAN is right.

Those who judge by the enormous majorities given to McKinley and Roosevelt in the last three Presidential elections are accustomed to speak of the North as irretrievably Republican. The assertion is not borne out by the results of State elections. We have pointed out elsewhere that between 1872 and 1896 New Jersey was normally Democratic. During the same period New York repeatedly elected a Democratic Governor. Even in 1902 a change of 4300 votes from one side to the other would have given the Governorship to a Democrat instead of to OGDEN. Rhode Island elected a Democratic Governor in 1903. Connecticut gave her electoral votes to the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1876, 1884, 1888, and 1892. Notwithstanding the immense momentum imparted by Mr. ROOSEVELT'S popularity to the Republican ticket in 1904, a Democrat was chosen Governor in Massachusetts on the platform of tariff revision. In 1905 a Democrat was elected State Treasurer in Pennsylvania by a plurality of over 95,000, although only the year before Mr. ROOSEVELT had carried the State by a plurality of over half a million. Ohio, that gave Mr. ROOSEVELT a plurality of upwards of 225,000 in 1904, elected the Democratic candidate to the Governorship in 1905 by a plurality of 42,000. Before 1896 Indiana need to be looked upon as a doubtful State. It thrice gave its electoral votes to Mr. CLEVELAND.

It will be remembered that in 1892 Mr. CLEVELAND carried Illinois by nearly 27,000 plurality, and that he secured the twelve electoral votes of Wisconsin, five electoral votes in Michigan, and eight in California. That remarkable victory was achieved on a platform of tariff reform, and represented the revolt of the country against the high protectionist ideas embodied in the McKinley tariff. From the facts just set forth it is evident that on a platform of tariff revision and with a popular candidate the Democrats would have a fair chance of gaining many electoral votes at the North. It is no new thing to be told that the Democratic party is irreparably discredited. Our political history shows that, on the contrary, it is indestructible. In 1840 its nominee for the Presidency got only 60 electoral votes against 234 cast for his opponent. Four years later, the Democratic nominee was elected by a majority of 65 electoral votes. In 1864 the Democratic nominee, GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, got only 21 electoral votes against 212 given to ABRAHAM LINCOLN. In 1872 the Democrats could muster only 63 electoral votes, while General GRANT obtained 286. Four years afterward, SAMUEL J. TILDEN secured 184 electoral votes against 185 counted for RUTHERFORD B. HAYES by the Electoral Commission. No political party in any country has shown more elasticity and power of recuperation.

As we go to press, it seems probable that the Moroccan Conference will soon be brought to an end. It looks as if an agreement would be reached with regard to the policing of the Sultan's dominions, based on a modified form of Austria's suggestion. One of the Austrian delegates proposed, it will be remembered, that in seven of the eight Moroccan seaports order should be maintained by a constabulary composed of the Sultan's subjects, but organized, drilled, and controlled by French and Spanish officers. The eighth seaport, on the other hand, Casa Blanca, was to be policed by a Moorish force, offered by the subjects of a neutral power, under an inspector-general who should also exercise the chief command over the French and Spanish officers. It is understood that Germany has withdrawn the

demand for a separate police force at Casa Blanca, and that France in return has consented to the appointment of a neutral inspector-general. With regard also to the international bank, a compromise seems to have been reached. French influence will predominate on the board of management, but France will accept a less marked preponderance than she first requested. The net outcome of the conference is undoubtedly a triumph for Germany, because it means that France will not be permitted to make of Morocco a second Tunis. All the powers which were parties to the Madrid Conference of 1880 will continue to enjoy equal rights in Morocco. It follows that, by the treaty which M. DELCASSÉ concluded with Great Britain, France made a bad bargain, for the latter power gave up almost everything which had been a subject of controversy, and received in exchange a free hand in Morocco, with the assurance that the British Foreign Office would not protest against the assertion of a French protectorate over the Sheriffs' domains. The free hand has disappeared. There will be no Tunisification of Northwest Africa.

The indirect and complicated elections for the State Duma, or National Assembly, are going on in Russia, and there seems to be no doubt that the two Houses of Parliament—the Upper House is to be the existing Council of the Empire, doubled by the addition of elective members—will meet on the day fixed—May 10. As most of the revolutionists refuse to vote, conservatives are expected to dominate the popular branch of the national legislature. The two tasks of primary importance that will devolve upon the Parliament are the solution of the agrarian problem and the authorization of a large foreign loan. It is, in truth, the financial straits of the Russian government which have compelled it to invoke the aid of its subjects, just as it was to avert national bankruptcy that the French States-General were convoked in 1789. As for the method of satisfying the land-hunger of the peasant, it is probable that Count WITTE's plan will be adopted—the plan, namely, of buying out the estates of large private landowners with bonds made payable in fifteen or twenty years. The lands could then be distributed among the peasants on easy terms. This is what was done in the early sixties, when the *serfs* were emancipated by ALEXANDER II., but the allotments of land made at that time were inadequate, and, as the peasants have since become far more numerous, the pressure upon the means of subsistence has become intolerable.

On March 25, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* commemorated its seventieth anniversary by publishing a history of the journal, which brings out in a forcible way the extraordinary progress achieved in the newspaper business during the last three-quarters of a century. It seems that the *Public Ledger* was started by three young printers, whose capital consisted principally of their personal reputé and their skill as craftsmen. The chief of them, WILLIAM M. SWAIN, had been foreman of the composing-room of the *New York Sun*—a penny newspaper. For his services he received twelve dollars a week. Early in 1836, Mr. SWAIN left the *Sun*, and induced two fellow compositors, Messrs. ARNOLD and SIMMONS, to join him in starting a penny daily in Philadelphia. The three engaged RUSSELL JARVIS as chief editor, who continued, however, to live in New York during the fifteen years in which he wrote editorials for the Philadelphia journal. The *Public Ledger* was a tiny sheet when it was first issued and was sold for a penny, whereas the other Philadelphia papers, which cost six cents a copy, were of four pages about the size of the *Public Ledger's* present page. Some seven or eight thousand copies of these papers were sold daily. About a year later—namely, on May 17, 1837—the three partners made a second experiment with a penny newspaper, in Baltimore, where they established *The Sun*, with which Mr. ARNOLD's name is so closely associated. The *Public Ledger* was the first Philadelphia newspaper to make a specialty of local news. Before its advent the only city news thought to be worth relating was that of a large fire. Even then very few facts about the conflagration were reported. A murder or suicide would not be noted until several days after it took place. Even the *Public Ledger*, when it started, had but a single city reporter, who had to cover the whole city proper, which then lay between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers,

and stretched laterally from Vine to South Street. Each district surrounding the city proper could only be visited once or twice a week. In 1838 the President's message was printed at Baltimore in *The Sun* office on the same day that it was read in Congress, and similar enterprise was exhibited by the *Public Ledger*. These two papers anticipated their sixpenny contemporaries by two days. The hand-press on which the *Public Ledger* was first printed soon became inadequate, and about two months after the paper was started it was printed on a Napier double-cylinder steam-press.

In 1840 a financial column, under the caption of "Money Market," was introduced. At this time the journal had obtained a larger circulation than any other daily newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the *New York Herald*. At the time when the Oregon question seemed likely to involve the United States and Great Britain in war, the *Public Ledger* and the *Baltimore Sun* entered into combination with certain New York newspapers to anticipate the mails. The feat was accomplished by the organization of a "pony express" from Halifax to Portland, Maine, whence the news was brought by railway. By means of a pony express established by Mr. ARNOLD, between Baltimore and Washington, the *Public Ledger* was able to anticipate all its sixpenny contemporaries in Philadelphia in announcing the fate of the bond bank bill in 1841, and by the same means was enabled in the same year to give the first news of the death of President HANCOCK. On the outbreak of the Mexican war, the *Public Ledger* and the *Baltimore Sun* organized a new service, which, at the time, was considered extraordinarily efficient. From New Orleans, where the news from the seat of war first entered the United States, a pony express stretched across the continent to Baltimore. From the news gathered by this enterprise the War Department at Washington first learned of what was doing by the army in the field. It is well known that when in 1864 GEORGE W. CURTIS became the publisher of the *Public Ledger*, he raised the price to two cents. In 1902 the paper absorbed the Philadelphia *Times*, and the price was lowered to the figure at which it was fixed in 1836—to wit, one cent. For the first time also a Sunday edition was issued, the price of which was made two cents.

We note with interest that MAX MUMFORD is urging the compulsory teaching of French in public schools of all countries where the language happens to be used even occasionally. He is not the only student of the matter who believes that French will eventually become the universal language because it is so admirably adapted to exact expression. It is also true that the acquisition of it is furthered by its close relationship to Latin. In the eighteenth century French seemed likely to play the same unifying part on the continent of Europe which had been played by Latin in the middle ages. It was the court language in almost every capital and the medium of diplomatic intercourse. There was a time in the nineteenth century—before the unification of Germany—when it seemed possible that English would acquire the universality once possessed by the French tongue. Since 1870, however, there has been a vehement reaction in Germany against Anglicisms, as well as Gallicisms, and the movement has spread to the German-speaking provinces of Austria. The truth is that until our spelling is reformed our tongue is not qualified to become a universal language.

A newspaper despatch, referred to in the WEEKLY last week, lately quoted Judge PARKER as saying that he thought President ROOSEVELT had all along intended to ask for re-nomination. The Judge says, "Neither in speech nor in interview did I, at Birmingham or elsewhere, make any statement on the subject."

You might to confound the propriety of such dimes as this man CURTIS, and if you want to go ahead and do it I am with you. I am not afraid of such a move—JUSTIN ARNOLD PATTERSON, is a speech to such a chronic moribund.

Nobody is afraid of such a move, JOURNAL; least of all, Mr. CURTIS, who, by the way, could have more fun on two or three dollars a day than you could. Have patience, lad. Even with your help your friends will have their work cut out for them if they try to separate Mr. CURTIS from his

dress. And how it would delight his cheerful soul to have you try! Better let him unfold in his own way and his own time. You know that is his chief purpose in life now.

The consular bill now before Congress has been freely trimmed up both in the Senate and the House, but at this writing still provides for the elimination of the fee system of compensation for consuls, and increases the cost of the service by \$170,000. The salary list, as now provided for, is \$290,000. The Senate cut out Secretary Root's provision for admission to the service through the lower grades alone, and the filling of vacancies in the best-paid places by promotion in the service. That would have gone far to take the consular service out of politics, which did not suit the Senate committee. The House cut out the provision empowering the President to transfer a consul or consul-general from one place to another according to the needs of the service. Nevertheless, what is left of the bill is good, and will improve the service, and, in Secretary Root's opinion, make it somewhat more inviting for duly qualified young men to follow as a profession.

There is a good deal in the papers about the coming trial of Dr. CAMPEY, of Rochester, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, for heresy. Dr. CAMPEY has proclaimed his disbelief in the doctrine of the immaculate conception, in the New Testament miracles, and in various other things that the creeds of his Church endorse, and his bishop and some of his brethren are going to try to determine whether he ought to continue in his ministry. Heresy trials are rare nowadays. The purpose of such a one as this which is impending at Rochester is not, if our lay estimation of it is right, to determine whether this or that doctrine or belief is well founded, but to determine what degree of latitude of belief or opinion is compatible with continuance in the Episcopal ministry. The gist of Dr. CAMPEY's situation seems to be that he has become a Unitarian in belief, and finds it his duty to continue as a minister of the Episcopal Church until he is put out. The reason he finds his duty to lie in this course is that he is confident that his present opinions are true and the doctrines and beliefs that conflict with them are untrue. The Episcopal House of Bishops in 1904 issued a pastoral letter, saying, "If one finds, whatever his office or place in the Church, that he has lost his hold upon the fundamental verities, then in the name of common honesty let him be silent or withdraw." But that does not seem to Dr. CAMPEY to be the course that is most consistent with honesty. If his Church is wrong, as he believes, in some of its tenets, he proposes to do what lies in him to set it right. It is highly interesting to see him supported in this contention by the *Church Standard*, an influential Episcopal publication, which, while not endorsing his views, does applaud his position as "absolutely just." He is perfectly right, the *Standard* thinks, in requiring his brethren to pass judgment on him, and the Bishops were wrong in advising the other course.

The trial promises to be very interesting. Congressman PARKINS, of Rochester, and Mr. EDSON and M. SHERMAN, of New York, will act as Dr. CAMPEY's counsel. The condition of belief in all the Protestant churches is about the same. There are old-fashioned Protestant Christians and new-fashioned ones. They hold a large body of belief in common, but have different persuasions about some things. If they are to continue in task together, it would seem that there must either be some adjustment of the Protestant creeds to the present state of knowledge, or else a more definite and satisfactory understanding as to the points on which individual clergymen are to be allowed to exercise private judgment.

The newspapers have it that M. WITTE has a serious affection of the heart, and is going to retire from the Russian Premiership and take the presidency of the Council of the Empire, leaving M. DUBOVSKY, Minister of the Interior, to deal with the National Assembly. Perhaps so, but it is sufficiently difficult to learn what happens in Russia without attempting to disclose what is going to happen. If M. WITTE does retire, it will by so much increase the gloom that hangs over Russia's future.

Who among us has the most fun nowadays? One can only guess, but guessing on such a question is some fun in itself. We guess Uncle MARK TWAIN has a fair amount of daily sport. He is a very kind man, and finds many opportunities nowadays to do public services of a benevolent sort to great advantage. The papers, as we write, say he is going to preside at a meeting for the benefit of the blind. He does such things often, and makes very good speeches on such occasions and on all occasions when he speaks at all. To exercise the gift of discourse to edification is a high pleasure. MARK does it vocally and by word of pen. His command of good, and also of bad, language is fluent, comprehensive, and exact. He practices an art of which he is a master, and he indulges the impulses of a benevolent spirit. Of course he has a good time. Uncle AVONCE CANNING has a good time too. That is notorious. He has money to spend and spends it. His mind is very active, his health is good. His interest in life and everything that bears on it is lively and acute, and he takes a hand in every game that interests him. According to the books and to the general rule of human experience, he ought to be quite gloomy because he is so rich. But he isn't gloomy at all. He has a tip-top time. And of course President ROOSEVELT has a lot of fun. Action and reaction is the rule of physics, but it is not the rule of him. He has the exhilaration of perpetual action without any considerable reactions that any one ever hears of.

THOMAS EDISON must have fun too. The processes of inventive thought must be exceedingly interesting, especially when they pan out as well as Mr. EDISON's processes do. He has the pleasures of the imagination added to the joys that come from searching after truth and getting clamps on it. He makes money, too, but that to him is an incident and a troublesome but necessary digression from the pursuit of happiness. LUTHER BERANK, the plant wizard, must have a vast deal of fun of a sort not unlike EDISON'S. BERANK began work in a plough-factory, and kept his wonderful mind on the improvement of machinery just long enough to make some money with which to undertake the remodelling of the vegetable world. Then he invented a new potato, and made a little more money and moved to California, where he opened a plant-factory. Any one who does not know of the marvels he has done should read up about him. There is joy, of course, in creation, else things wouldn't have been created. BERANK must have tasted that joy in abundant measure. He has never made much money for himself, because his mind has never dwelt much on that quest, but he is one of the fortunate men of his generation, a marvellous creature who has followed his bent and really benefited mankind. We guess it is one of the conditions of having any notable amount of fun that there should be resulting benefit to mankind.

The National Professional Chauffeurs' Club has announced its disapproval of the propensity of rich men to have their coachmen taught to run automobiles. The club says it knows by practical experience that a man needs a few years' experience in a machine-shop before he can be qualified to operate an automobile, and it is satisfied that coachmen make poor chauffeurs. Accordingly, the professors of the club have been forbidden to instruct any more coachmen in their art. The club's action seems severe on those of the rich who still affect the horse habit and are loath to break it off entirely, or who have coachmen to whose services they have gradually adjusted themselves and from whom they do not want to be separated. The coachmen may be expected to intimate that the chauffeurs feel their oats a little—an illusion which the chauffeurs cannot consistently understand.

Mr. WALTER ASTOR's London paper speaks of the younger CUBBERELL as the "Blenheim pup," somewhat to the horror of some of the contemporaries. When Mr. ASTOR left this country he was thought to be a little too nice to live and work to advantage among his sometime countrymen. It looks as if his residence in England, the land of free and somewhat blunt speech, had done him good. Very likely he would make a better race for Congress now in a New York district than he did twenty-four years ago, when ROWELL FLOWER was his opponent. As for the pup, he is a good pup, of remarkable fighting stock. The way the Blenheim brains and spunk hold out is marvellous.

The Drastic Electoral Changes in Austria-Hungary

WHAT is correctly described as a "bloodless revolution" is now going on in the dual monarchy of the Emperor-King FRANCIS JOSEPH. In the Austrian, or Cisleithan, Kingdom, which gives to the reigning representative of the Hapsburgs his imperial title, and which, it should be remembered, includes Galicia, that extends as far, if not farther, east than the Kingdom of Hungary, a general election has been ordered which is to be conducted on the fundamental principle of "one man one vote." To the Kingdom of Hungary, the Diet of which was dissolved the other day, the same principle is to be applied, though whether the general election will take place on the date provided by the Hungarian Constitution or later is uncertain at the hour when we go to press, the Hungarian Ministry being divided on the question. To understand why these announcements are revolutionary, it is necessary to recall the conditions under which the popular branches of the Hungarian Diet and the Austrian, or Cisleithan, Reichsrath are now elected. We may outline the effect of the changes in a sentence, by saying that they do away with the preponderance of Germans in the Austrian, or Cisleithan, Kingdom, and with the preponderance of the Magyars in the Kingdom of Hungary.

The lower or popular chamber of the Austrian, or Cisleithan, Reichsrath, officially called the House of Representatives, but generally known outside Austria as the Chamber of Deputies, is now elected for six years, but can be dissolved at any time by the Crown. The members were formerly chosen by the provincial diets, but this system proved to be a source of constant anarchy, and in 1873 an amendment to the fundamental law was passed whereby the provincial diets were deprived of all share in the matter, and the election was placed entirely in the hands of the provincial voters. The number of members of the House of Representatives was increased at the same time from 203 to 353, and in 1896 the number was further expanded to 425. The representatives for each province, however, have hitherto been distributed among five classes of voters, to wit, the great landowners, the cities, the chambers of commerce, the rural communes, and the general class created in 1896. We should add that the provinces were divided into electoral districts for each of these classes, so that several of the smaller cities form districts by themselves. What was the practical effect of this electoral system? We answer that the seats were so distributed among the five classes that 85 members of the lower House of the Reichsrath were elected by the great landowners; 118 by the cities; 21 by the chambers of commerce; 129 by the rural communes; and 72 by the general class. The fruits of this system were twofold and different. In the general class it included substantially all men not in domestic service. In the cities and rural villages it comprehended all municipal voters paying five florins, or about \$2. In taxes annually; while, for the class of great landowners, the qualification was the payment of a tax ranging in the different provinces from 50 to 250 florins, and assessed on land held by a feudal tenure. In the class of great landowners women could vote, and so could corporations sitting through their official representatives. In the rural communes, moreover, the election was indirect, being carried on by means of secondary electors, one of whom was chosen for every five hundred inhabitants. Under this electoral system the Germans exercised in the lower House of the Reichsrath a power altogether disproportionate to their numbers. As a matter of fact, they do not constitute much more than a third of the population of the Austrian, or Cisleithan, Kingdom. The new House of Representatives, which is to be chosen on the principle of "one man one vote," will give the Germans a representation exactly proportioned to their numerical contribution to the population. This is a matter of immense importance to the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, who numbered nearly five and a half millions in 1890, and have since signally increased; to the Poles, who, at the same date, numbered nearly four millions; to the Rumanians, who numbered over 3,100,000; to the Slovaks, who were recorded by the census of that year as numbering nearly 1,200,000; to the Italians, who were credited with about 700,000; and to the Croats and Serbs, who numbered nearly 650,000; to say nothing of Rumanians and others, who, between them, numbered upwards of 600,000.

Let us turn to Hungary. As we have said, it is doubtful whether the next general election will be at the date provided by the Hungarian Constitution, or at a later time, the Hungarian Ministry being divided on the question. What is certain is that, when the general election takes place, it will be conducted on the basis of the "one man one vote" principle, in order to put an end to the preponderance of the Magyars in the so-called Table of Deputies, which is the popular branch of the Hungarian Diet. From a numerical point of view, the Magyars have no right to exercise the ascendancy which they have hitherto possessed in the Kingdom of Hungary. By the census of December 31, 1890, the numbers of the races in Hungary were as follows: Magyars, 7,426,730; Germans, 2,107,177; Rumanians, 2,591,000; Croats and

Serbs, 2,094,500; other Slavs, etc., 2,305,243. Hitherto the Table of Deputies has contained 453 members, 40 of whom, however, were elected by the provincial diet of Croatia, and took part only in matters that affected their province. The Table of Deputies for Hungary proper, therefore, contained 413 members, who were elected on a limited suffrage. Limited in the sense of the learned professions, the franchise depended on the payment of a tax which was not large, but whose size varied according to the nature of the property or income on which it was assessed. This tax was not the same in all parts of the country. Any voter, however, was eligible who was twenty-four years old, who could speak Magyar, and was not disqualified. The effect of these provisions was to give the Magyars an immense majority in the Table of Deputies. It is believed that this majority will disappear if all conditions as to the payment of taxes and the ability to speak a particular language are eliminated.

Very serious may be the political consequences of this double attempt to reduce the power of Germans in the lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, and the power of the Magyars in the Hungarian Table of Deputies. The change will undoubtedly cause the German subjects of the Austrian Emperor to drift toward incorporation with the German Empire, and it will almost as certainly cause the Magyars to seek political independence, which would involve a repudiation of their Hapsburg sovereignty.

Books and Men

IDEAS, like everything else, are said to be epiphyseal. They float through the air, and only the robust escape catching them. Just now it is a prevalent theory that knowledge amounts to very little, and that it is what a man does that counts. In three civilization knowledge upon all subjects was very eagerly sought after, and we still have mental pictures of the cool, marble columns in which the youth of the day walked back and forth, eagerly listening to words of some famed professorial teacher. During the Renaissance there was a period of scorn, but overlooking the mental side of life, and artistic beauty and sumptuousness went side by side with squalid physical conditions and sordid morals. But in this day and country there is a complete change. We have probably, as a nation, more material comfort than any other nation in the world, and more comfort than any other nation ever has had, unless, indeed, Greece were had a golden age. With our comfort has grown up a deifying worship of the ideal and an attendant disparagement of anything like strenuous effort or exalted standard. Nearly any one to-day who will say that men are more than books, and action than thought, run into applause, and who says it forcefully wins renown. But after all, the test is not in the opinion popular, but is it true? Is it a fact that the books a man reads do not matter, and provided he is a good fellow, leaving the majority of the things he ought not to do undone, he has fulfilled the whole duty of man? Is it true, as the philosophers have taught us, that we are what we think and that upon the quality of our thinking depends our usefulness and our power? If man sprang full-fledged man in the Garden of Eden, doubtless he was, before he learned. But if, as we are sometimes told, man is only a descendant from the simian ape, then, doubtless, he became man by virtue of knowing, and all higher evolution and further development depend upon his pursuing knowledge, exercising and brightening his thinking faculties.

Are men the chief factors in helping us to think wisely? No one questions that the intrinsic value of a man is greater than the intrinsic value of a book, since there is but one copy of a man and any number of thousands of copies of a book. But are we really more built up by our intercourse with men than with books? Here there does come in a real doubt, and the answer can only be partial. First place, human intercourse is not easy; men are very difficult to know. We all wear a shell as hard as a clam's on the outside. It is in the disguise with which we walk through life for our own protection and for other people's. Those who give their souls away, magnificently free, in casual intercourse, are few and far between. We do not meet them every day; some of us, possibly by reason of the hard crustiness of our own exterior, never meet them. Heracles, indeed, was said to hold his life out lightly on his hand for any man to take, but Heracles was a hero and a demigod. There are a thousand restraining reasons why average men should live his real life and hold his best thoughts in secret. If he present them to the world at large, it is usually by the personified and impersonal means of a printed book. Conversation is very largely a matter of habit, impulse, and enthusiasm. We rarely talk of anything we are thinking about. On the contrary, we are usually trying to adjust ourselves to a more or less alien atmosphere and to say what is expected of us rather than what is nearest the heart. So that when we sit at a great deal of human intercourse is artificial and a great deal of men is superficial; so that if we really want to know a man, it is easier to know him in his official capacity and, if he chance to write, through his books.

There is another point to consider: the world is shuffled together in such a haphazard way that it is next to impossible to choose our companions; we accept them because they are there. As a rule, we learn to accommodate ourselves to them, for better or for worse, and they return the compliment. But if we could choose, cut of the whole world, our heart's desire in the way of companionship, should we choose just the man we happen to sit next to at dinner? No; we all take refuge in half-hearted consolation, saying that "there is something worth while in everybody, if only we have the pluck and perseverance to find it out." But in the matter of books, circulation is vastly rarer. Here a man wears an disguise. He wears a long and arduous apprenticeship to learn and extract the very quintessence of his mind and soul, and puts it into a medium that may be passed around, that who will may peruse. The author does, indeed, hold his life out lightly on his head. Not only this, but in the matter of books—old books of established character, of any rate—a man may choose the most congenial society at will.

Owing to the prevalent opinion that books do not matter, nay, now, and that reviews are just as well written by the ignorant, or by the advertiser as by the trained critic, it is exceedingly difficult for those who live away from a great city, where books are to be seen for the asking, to know anything at all about modern books. If one has—and there are such people—only twenty-fifty to fifty dollars a year to spend upon books, and has learned by sad experience that there is no faith to be put in reviews, then it is best to take KENNEDY'S advice, and wait until your book is a hundred, or, at any rate, twenty-five years old, and its value has been tested.

But with all allowances made for the difficulties and the hardships of reading, the life with books offers a fine entrance into the world of ideas, and from time immemorial the world of ideas has proved a sufficient *salvage* when everything human and everything earthly has failed.

The chances are that unless a man be wonderfully and exceptionally fortunate in his associates, he will gain more data for thought and a broader basis for character amongst his books than amongst men.

It would be a tragedy if this were not so, for it would mean that debilitation and forthright were in vain, and that a man's haphazard conduct of his life was as valuable to his most carefully trained experiences.

Our great idealists and reformers have been men of books; and this does not mean that they have not been men of action too. Thought is only a more highly developed and finer-edged kind of action. And it is books that are the chief medium of the body of human thought through all the ages.

The disparagement of books is doubtless an outgrowth of the ease and lightness with which they are consumed and presented nowadays. But even so, the most frivolous of little books deserves some consideration, for at least the author has offered himself for what he is worth, and himself gotten at and set forth with some degree of effort and sincerity, and effort and sincerity are more than most of us take the trouble to put into casual intercourse.

Personal and Pertinent

If General LEONARD WOOD fails to discover a chance to get busy in China, the President may find use for him in subduing the Senate Messes.

The discovery that the Kaiser is four months older than President ROOSEVELT will come as a surprise to persons who thought they were twins.

"Millionaires seldom smile," says Mr. CARVER, who must have a notion that millionaires are not reading what the seasonal magazines are saying about them.

The fact that this new agitation for a universal language has strong financial backing promises success for the movement. Money speaks a universal language.

Dr. WILEY, of the Department of Agriculture, says that bottled whiskey is the only safe kind. The records show that whiskey left in a bottle has never injured any one seriously.

According to a report of the Geological Survey, an Alaskan glacier is moving at the rate of two inches a year. The glacier is apparently tired to keep step with the railway rate bill.

Judge J. OTIS HEMPHREY, of the Federal Court in Chicago, parts his name in the middle, and the Department of Justice probably regrets that he does not follow the same habit in parting his decisions.

While twelve men were at supper in a South Dakota hotel two masked men entered and held up the party with revolvers, relieving the members of about \$400. In the East this is done just as effectively and much more gently by means of the bill.

Senator BAILEY declares that one need of the country is for more good prosecuting attorneys. There may be such a need as the

Senator suggests, but it would be better, doubtless, if there were more people in the country who did not need prosecuting.

The common people have one ground for protest against the discovery by scientists of any more death-breeding microbes. Just as soon as a new one is discovered and labelled, Dr. WILEY comes along with proof that they have it in our canned tomatoes.

We are asked to state that the "CHAMBER" MITCHELL mentioned in the case concerning a pork pie before the law courts this week is not Mr. CHAMBER MITCHELL, the retired English boxing champion.—*London Mail.*

Merely a mistake in the character of the "mix-up."

In the list of the present ministry of New Zealand the following name occurs, Hon. MARUTA TAWHIA POTATATU WAKEREMARE. Before it appears the unfortunate characterization, "Without Portfolio," and yet he seems to be the only person in the ministry who really seems to need one.

"Every year every dollar in the country passes through the hands of the railroads," says Senator TULLMAN, "and every three years every dollar becomes a part of their earnings." It is real relief to have this final explanation of why so few dollars come our way.

The Supreme Court holds that the lynchers at Chattanooga were guilty of contempt of court; the Department of Justice insists that they were guilty of a violation of the Revised Statutes; while the President seems to feel that they were guilty of loose-jointery. Any, or all, or none of these views may be right, but the layman will have difficulty in seeing how the final solution of the controversy is going to help the victim, JOHNSON, any.

President TAFT and officials of the Coal Operators' Association are taking pains to call the attention of the country to the millions of tons of coal which they have stored in reserve for emergencies, and to intimate that the miners are without necessary funds to pay the cost of a general strike. The first point may have its effect, but the other will not. The consumer always pays the cost of a strike.

"One other evening," says Senator MORRAN, "I picked up a copy of the Congressional Record, and, opening it at random, began to read. I soon became interested, and said to myself, 'This man is making a very sensible talk.' After finishing two pages, I looked back to find who had made the speech, and was surprised to find I had been reading one of my own speeches, without recognizing it." All of which contains the current coin often made that only his private secretary and the proof-reader read Senator MORRAN'S speeches.

There is no question that it is a distinction to have made a home run "off" the present Chinese minister. While it might not be possible to do this diplomatically, it has been done tactically, and the distinction rests upon ROSSO OMNES, editor of the *Evening Post*, of New York. It happened many years ago, in the course of a game at Anderer between the "Grads" and the "Sells" teams. Sir GUERRELLA LARNE CHINESE pitched for the school team, and when it was Mr. CHINESE'S turn to go to the bat the native oriental proceeded to deliver an amazing series of Chinese curves. One of them chanced to come Mr. TAMM'S way, and the next thing the pitcher knew the batsman was flying around the bases for a three-bagger.

The House Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads recently conducted an extended investigation into charges that the feasting privilege had been abused by Congressmen, to the extent of sending furniture and other household goods through the mails free. The committee issued a clean bill of health to the suspected members, and then solemnly proceeded to incorporate a clause in the Post-office Appropriation bill prohibiting further indulgence in the abuse. The bill was accompanied by a report from the Postmaster-General showing that the Post-office Department was spending something like \$166,000 a year for carrying out under Congressmen's franks that would not be allowed in the mails under the regulations, even if postage were paid. The "guilty, but don't do-it-again" verdict is not a monopoly of the rural jury.

Senator ARKIN'S success in landing the chaperonage of the railway bill upon Senator TULLMAN recalls Senator ARKIN'S experience when he was a cowboy in Washington Territory. As he was riding, one foggy night, on the range in the vicinity of a gibbet which the cowboys had constructed for the execution of cattle-thieves, ARKIN came suddenly upon what first looked like a ghost. His cowboy courage was equal to the emergency, and he forced his frightened horse forward for an inspection of the object, which proved to be a male zinn, chilled to unconsciousness. ARKIN constituted himself a relief corps, and succeeded, after great effort, in getting the unconscious man upon his horse, and then, holding him in his arms, rode rapidly to the cabin of the only physician in the section, who happened to be also the sheriff. He roared out the doctor, who promptly threw up his hands and shouted: "Take him away! He escaped from the post-house this morning."

THE CRIME AGAINST NIAGARA

By Orrin E. Dunlap

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT SHOULD ALL OF THE POWER COMPANIES WHICH HAVE AUTHORITY TO USE WATER FROM THE NIAGARA RIVER, CARRY OUT THEIR UNDERTAKINGS IN ANYTHING LIKE THE SCALE ADOPTED BY THE COMPANIES WHOSE WORKS ARE NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, CONSIDERED AS A SCENIC SPOT, WOULD BE MOST GRIEVOUSLY IMPAIRED, IF NOT ENTIRELY DESTROYED.

THE United States government is about to appeal to Great Britain to assist it in preserving the Falls of Niagara as a scenic spectacle to future generations. During recent years grave fear has been aroused that unless there be international action in the matter, the world's greatest waterfall will be ruined because of the quantity of water that is being diverted for power purposes on both sides of the river. The Legislature of New York State has granted numerous water rights in connection with the Niagara River, but in January Senator Irving L'Hommedieu presented bills to revoke the charters of four companies which have never availed themselves of their rights to divert water. The companies affected by these bills are the Niagara Power & Drainage Company, granted in 1869; the Lewiston Water Supply Company, granted in 1869; the Lockport Water Supply Company, granted in 1886; and the Lewiston Water Works Company, granted in 1874. It is reasoned that possibly these charters have been automatically revoked by the failure of the companies to move under their provisions, but the movement to preserve Niagara is now so active that it was deemed wise to introduce and pass the bills. Assemblyman Follmer subsequently introduced bills to repeal all dormant charters giving the right to generate power from the Niagara River.

The companies which would be affected by Assemblyman Follmer's proposed legislation include four that have the right to develop power on the New York side at Niagara. One of these charters is held by the Niagara Falls Power Company, which has a development of 100,000 horse-power already completed in two stations, and which has the right to double its output capacity. Another charter is held by the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power & Manufacturing Company, which has a development of 50,000 completed, and whose further rights will make it possible to complete a development of from 100,000 to 200,000 horse-power. The third charter is held by the Niagara County Irrigation & Water Supply Company, which company is not yet active, but which has an unlimited right to the use of Niagara water. This company is understood to have agreed to have its rights curtailed. The fourth New York charter is held by the Niagara, Lockport, & Ontario Power Company, which, at present, in devoting its attention to the transmission of power from the Canadian side of the river, and has not broken ground for a power development on the New York side. The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power & Manufacturing Company has broken ground for a new powerhouse at the water's edge in the gorge, and the canal extension on top of the bank is about completed. Work is now progressing on the roadway at the edge of the high bank. The powerhouse proper will be erected next summer.

On the Canadian side of the river at Niagara three power companies are engaged in the development of power under franchises granted by the commissioners of Victoria Park, and approved by the government of the province of Ontario. All of this development is taking place right in the park boundaries close by the Horseshoe Falls, so that the power-houses and transformer stations are a part of the picture of today. The Canadian Niagara Power Company has the right to develop at least 100,000 horse-power. It has sunk a wheel-pit and driven a tunnel after the method of the Niagara Falls Power Company, with which it is allied. Its tunnel is about 2100 feet long, and the portal or outlet is located at the edge of the falling water of the Horseshoe. For its develop-

ment, the Canadian Niagara Power Company has adopted a unit of 10,000 horse-power, which is double the unit in use in the stations of the Niagara Falls Power Company on the New York side. It has installed four of these 10,000 horse-power units, and others are in readiness to be put in place. The Canadian Niagara Power Company is also about to erect a power transmission line along the Canadian side of the river from the falls to Fort Erie, where cables are to be strung across to Buffalo, which will give Buffalo three transmission lines to the falls.

The Ontario Power Company was second to secure franchise rights on the Canadian side, and for its development it adopted a system very similar to that of the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power & Manufacturing Company on the New York side. It has erected its power stations at the water's edge, and the edge, a few hundred feet below the Horseshoe Falls, but instead of having a surface canal to carry water, it has laid a huge steel flume for about a mile through Victoria Park.

The Electrical Development Company of Ontario, Ltd., has sunk a wheel-pit and driven a tunnel. It has a right to develop 125,000 horse-power. The powerhouse is now being built, and current will be available from this station the latter part of the year. The unit of this development will be about 8000 kilowatts. The tunnel of this company runs directly under the river-bed, and the portal is located behind the sheet of water of the Horseshoe Falls. The finishing-works are now being put on the wheel-pit and tunnel.

It will be seen that the total development now under way on the Canadian side of the river is something over 400,000 horse-power. This is a tremendous amount of energy, and it is planned to transmit the great portion of it away from the Canadian side at Niagara. In the agreements the various companies have with the commissioners of Victoria Park it is provided that the companies shall, if there be a demand, furnish at least one-half of their product to industries in Canada, thus leaving the other half for transmission to the United States. The plant of the Canadian Niagara Power Company is connected with the New York side by cables laid over the upper steel arch bridge. The Ontario Power Company is reported to have contracted with the Niagara, Lockport, & Ontario Power Company for the delivery of a large block of power at the international boundary below the whirlpool, to which point transmission lines lead on both sides of the river, and new cables have been strung across the river at that point. It is over this transmission line that it is proposed to transmit Canadian power to Lockport, Rochester, and Syracuse, to which points transmission lines are being run.

The Electrical Development Company of Ontario, Ltd., contemplates supplying Toronto with Niagara power, for an allied company has erected a transmission line ready to give this service. On the other hand, the Niagara Falls Electrical Transmission Company will distribute energy from this station throughout the western section of the State of New York, having received from the State and Electrical Commission the right to increase its capital stock from \$100,000 to \$5,000,000 to do this work. This company will run a line to Buffalo and Rochester, touching various other smaller western New York places.

The total possible development of all the active companies under their present franchises is between 700,000 and 800,000 horse-



Modern Addition to Nature's Spectacle at Niagara—the Plants of Niagara Power Companies which are now Part of the Picture portrayed by the Falls



The Plants of several of the Power Companies which Operate on the New York Side at Niagara



Rock filling of the edge of the Horseshoe Falls has altered the Contour of the Cataract, and directed the Flow of Water

NIAGARA AND THE POWER COMPANIES



The Powerstation of the Canadian Niagara Power Company, which adorns the edge of the Horseshoe Falls

power. Although it will be some time before all this energy is produced, it is estimated that the operation of the hydro-electric works already completed or in process of construction will necessitate the withdrawal of twenty-three per cent. of the present flow of the Canadian and American falls. United States engineers have estimated the overflow from the Lake Erie basin into the Niagara River channel at 224,000 cubic feet by the plants now in operation, the diversion at the falls being figured at about seven per cent. of the total volume that enters the river channel. The diversion of this amount of water has as yet had no appreciable effect on the falls, but it should be remembered that the works under way call for about three times the amount now diverted.

The commissioners of Victoria Park have taken pains to point out that the sources of the Niagara River reach into seven States of the Union, besides the province of Ontario. As the relative drainage area in each country, Canada and the United States, into the great lakes and through the Niagara River is approximately the same, the withdrawals of water on each side of the line at Niagara should, in theory, be approximately equal. However, the flow over the Horseshoe or Canadian Falls is about ninety per cent. of the entire water that enters the river channel from Lake Erie, which leaves only ten per cent. to create the spectacle of the American falls. It is therefore evident that the American falls would be very likely to disappear long before the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls showed the effects of the diversion of water.

While the Legislature of New York State is moving to revoke the charters of inactive companies, it should not be forgotten that on the Canadian side of the river there are three companies that have been granted unlimited rights by the Dominion government. The commissioners of Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, admit that should all of the ten non-developing companies which have been granted authority to use water from the Niagara River carry out their undertakings upon anything like the scale adopted by the companies whose works are now in course of construction, there would be no question that the Falls of Niagara as a scenic spectacle would be most seriously impaired, if not entirely destroyed.

The commissioners advocate an international agreement governing further withdrawals of water on both sides of the river.

Public opinion appears to be that the present grants make possible a more than justifiable development, and for this reason some radical restraint is called for by resolutions passed in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Members of the American Civic Association and of the Merchants' Association of New York have called on President Roosevelt and presented petitions praying for the negotiation of a treaty to preserve the falls. A resolution of importance has been introduced in Congress by Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, Ohio, chairman of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and under this resolution action is now being taken. The resolution requests that the members representing the United States upon the International Waterways Commission report to Congress at an early date what action is, in their judgment, necessary and desirable to prevent the further impairment of the falls. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, has received unnumbered petitions, and the Legislature of New York State and the Congress of the United States have bills before them on the subject.

Lord Kelvin, whose attitude toward Niagara leans more toward science than toward sentiment, said to the writer when he was in America in 1897: "I look forward to the time when the whole level of water from Lake Erie will find its way to the lower level of Lake Ontario through machinery doing more good for the world than that great benefit which we now present before us at the present time by the waterfall of Niagara. I wish I could think it possible that I could live to see this grand development. I do not hope that our children's children will ever see the Niagara waterfall."

But at the present time with public sentiment arrayed against Lord Kelvin's views as to the proper destiny of the Falls of Niagara, it is evident that should Great Britain and the United States join hands to preserve the scenic spectacle to future generations, he will not have his hope gratified.



The Plant of the Ontario Power Company, near the Horseshoe Falls

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC FROM A DYNAMO

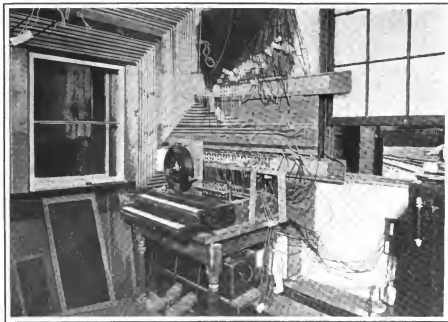
By William Hand Browne, Jr

THE REMARKABLE INVENTION DESCRIBED IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE NOT ONLY PRODUCES MUSIC BY ENTIRELY NEW MEANS, BUT IS ABLE, IT IS CLAIMED, TO TRANSMIT IT OVER GREAT DISTANCES WITHOUT LOSS OF EFFECT; THUS REALIZING THE DREAMS OF THEORISTS

WHAT are the qualifications of an ideal musical instrument? Should it not give the player perfect control over the notes produced, enabling him to obtain not only any quality of tone as well as intensity? If in addition to this it were required that the instrument should make it possible not merely to repeat, but actually to produce music simultaneously at many points distant from the player, would not the ideal seem to be so far ahead of any of our familiar musical instruments as to appear unattainable? Yet an instrument has been invented by Dr. Theodor Cahill, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, which seems to possess the qualifications called for to a notable degree, and in these days of electrical invention it is not surprising to learn that the agent which accomplishes this remarkable result is electricity.

In order to understand the workings of the new instrument—the *teikharmonium*, as it has been called—it will be well to start at the very bottom, to explain what constitutes a musical note, and what gives any particular musical instrument its peculiar quality.

deuced by the various kinds of instruments is entirely different. No one confuses the notes of a corset with those of a violin. Now, Helmholtz has shown that the quality of a musical tone is due to the presence of what are called harmonics. That is to say, when a note is sounded on an instrument, which, for example, sets up one hundred vibrations of the air each second, it is nearly always accompanied by other vibrations, two, three, four, or some other whole number of times as rapid. These more rapid or higher-pitched notes are called the harmonics, and the quality of any instrument is due to the intensity of the particular harmonics which accompany the primary note. Helmholtz not only analyzed musical sounds, showing to which harmonics the quality of an instrument was due, but actually constructed a machine which enabled him, by means of tuning-forks, which themselves give only pure notes, to build up tones, and thus imitate the tones of different instruments. He showed that when a series of harmonics up to, say, the sixth or seventh, accompany the fundamental note, the tone is richer and more sonorous than a simple tone; that if the



Photograph by Lutzack

The Keyboard of the *Teikharmonium*, which controls the Formation of the Musical Tones

We must also know how a telephone receiver, that device which repeats the words spoken at the other end of the wire, produces sound, and we must also have some idea of what an alternating current is. A sound, as distinguished from a noise, is a sustained vibration produced in the ear by waves or pulsations set up in the air by a vibrating body. Drop a book on the floor, and you produce a noise. It is over in an instant. Strike a piano-key, and you set the wire to vibrating, and at each swing back and forth it strikes the air and thus sends out a succession of pulsations which give rise to the sensation of a musical sound. Not all sustained vibrations produce sound, for some are so slow, low in pitch, that the individual vibrations do not blend, but are heard separately. Others are so rapid, or high in pitch, as not to be audible. There is a wide range between the lowest and the highest musical notes, but owing to the definite relations which must exist between the notes of any one instrument to produce harmony, the actual number of notes used is comparatively small—about ninety-six on a grand piano.

A musical instrument is thus a device for setting up a limited number of sustained sounds which bear certain fixed relations to one another. But, as is well known, the quality of the music pro-

duced beyond the sixth are distinct the sound is sharp and rough. When these harmonics are less distinct they add character to the music. String and reed instruments have tones of this kind. On the other hand, in brass instruments the harmonics are strong. Helmholtz's device could not be used for producing music, because at that time there was no means of controlling the many tuning-forks and resonators used to produce and amplify the sounds. But it is obvious that if some way could be devised which would enable one to determine not only the primary note, but the harmonics and their intensity, which should be produced, we would have a musical instrument of greater power than any heretofore invented. Such an instrument would give us control of the quality of the notes, and enable us not only to imitate the tones of known instruments, but to produce effects not obtained by any instrument. It is to this end that Dr. Cahill has striven for some years past. He has sought to devise an instrument which would enable the player to build up his tones as he wished by controlling the intensity of the harmonics which sound with the primary note.

To understand his machine it is necessary to know a thing or two about alternating currents. But there is nothing that is not very simple. An alternating electric current is simply an electric



Photograph 13. Lubbock

The Group of Alternators which produce the Musical Tones in Dr. Cahill's invention

current, which flows in one direction and then in the other. An alternator is merely an electric dynamo which gives out currents of this kind, and Dr. Cahill's telharmonium is primarily a group of alternators.

Suppose we remove the check valves in the pipes of a force pump. There will then be nothing to hold the water up when it is raised

by the pump piston, and when the piston descends the water will follow it down. Suppose a long stretch of pipe be attached to the pump and to be full of water; as the pump piston is moved up and down by the handle the column of water will rise and fall with it, every motion of the piston being followed by the water. We may compare such a column of water to an alternating current, though in the latter case there would be a complete circuit such as would be obtained if the pipe leading from our pump were bent around and fed back to the well. This, however, would not affect the motion of the water in the pipe, which would still have a back and forth, an alternating, motion. Now, the pump handle can be moved at any speed we choose, and we can, therefore, set up oscillations of the water in the pipe at any desired rate. Or we might make a whole series of pumps and drive them from a steam-engine run at a constant speed, gearing the pumps, however, so that each has a different

speed. This is practically what Dr. Cahill has done. He has built a large number of alternators which he drives from an engine, and has arranged them so that each alternator sets up an electric current which alternates at some particular rate. In other words, as the electrician would say, each alternator has its own frequency. Given a complete set of alternators, whose frequencies bear to each

other the same relation that are borne by the notes of a musical scale, we have taken the first step in producing an electrical musical instrument.

We have as yet only got our alternating currents, and we must take another step to convert, or rather to use these currents to produce sounds. Fortunately, this step is a short, easy one for us today, as we need is a telephone receiver.

A telephone receiver consists of a small disk of thin iron, called the diaphragm, which is placed with its center a short distance away from a steel magnet. Over the end of the magnet is a coil of fine wire, which, when an electric current is sent through it, tends to either strengthen or weaken the magnet, depending upon the direction in which the current flows. This variation in the strength of the magnet causes the force with which it attracts the diaphragm of iron to vary in a corresponding way. The greater the current the greater the



Photograph 14. Lubbock

The "Tone-meter," by which it is obtained that a wide variety of instrumental tones can be produced

THE MISSIONARY AND THE AFRICAN SAVAGE

By H. W. Nevinson

MR. NEVINSON, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "CHRONICLE," WAS COMMISSIONED IN OCTOBER, 1904, BY "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" TO MAKE A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE AND RACE CONDITIONS EXISTING TO-DAY IN PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA. THE RESULTS OF HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY HAVE ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION.

THE Chibokwe do not sell their slaves. They kill them; and this distinction between them and the Bibians is characteristic. The Bibians are carriers and traders. They always have an eye fixed on the margin of profit. They will sell anything, including their own children, and it is waste to kill a man who may be sold to advantage. But the Chibokwe are savages of a wilder race, and no Bibians would dare buy a Chibokwe slave, even if they had the chance. They know that the next Bibian caravan would be cut to pieces on its way.

It is impossible to fix the limits of the Chibokwe country. The people are always on the move. It is partly the poverty of the land that drives them about, partly their habit of burning the village whenever the chief dies, and as the village goes by the chief's name, they are the despair of geographers. But in entering the interior you may begin to be on your guard against the Chibokwe two days before crossing the Cunene.

They have a way of cutting off stray carriers, and my own little caravan was dogged by three of them with shields and spears, who might have been troublesome had they known that the Winchester with which I covered the rear was only useful as a club. It was in the Chibokwe country, too, that the one attempt was made to rob my tent at night, and again I only beat off the thieves by making a great display with a jammed rifle. On one side their villages are adjoined up with the Lamel, on the other with the Luena people and the Luave, who are scattered over the great wet flats between Mashiko and Nankandundu. But they are a distinct people in themselves, and they appear to be improving, and slowly spreading south. If the King of Italy's arbitration gives the Zambezi territory to England, the Chibokwe will form the chief part of our new fellow subjects, and will share the legal advantages of Whitehall.

The Chibokwe sharpen their teeth to points, whereas the Bibians compromise by only making a blunt angle between the two in front. It used to be said that pointed teeth were the mark of cannibalism, but I think it more likely that these tribes at one time had the crocodile or some sharp-toothed fish as their totem, and certainly when they laugh their resemblance to pikes, sharks, or crocodiles is very remarkable. Anyhow, the Chibokwe are not cannibals now, except for medicine, or in the hope of acquiring the moral qualities of the deceased. But I believe they eat the bodies of people killed by lightning or other sudden death, and the Bibians do the same.

In the arts they far surpass all their neighbors on the west side. They are an artistic folk the women wear little else but ornament. Their houses are square or oblong, with clean angles and straight sides, and the roofs, instead of being conical, are oblong too, having a straight beam along the top, like an English cottage. The tribe is specially famous for its javelin, spears, knives, hatchets, and other ironwork, which they forge in the open spaces round the village club-house, working up their little furnaces with wooden tubes and bellows of goat-skin, like loose drum-heads, pulled up and down with bits of stick to make a draught.

Since this was written, the arbitration has been published, but by the same frontier I think some of the Chibokwe will be brought under British influence.



A Mission House at Ochikunda

A simple pattern is hammered on some of the axes, and on the side of one hut I saw an attempt at fresco—a white figure on a red ground under a white moon—the figure being quite sufficiently in an error.

It is natural that the Chibokwe should have retained much of the religious feeling and rites which the commercial spirit has destroyed in the Bibians. They are far more alive to the spiritual side of nature, and the fetish shrines are more frequent in their villages. The gate of every village, and, indeed, of almost every house, has its little cluster of sticks, with antelope skulls stuck on the tops, or old rags fluttering, or a tiny thatched roof covering a patch of streamer mat. The people have a way of painting the sticks in red and black stripes, and so the fetish points the rough model of a canoe that he hangs by his door to please the fishing spirit. Or sometimes he hangs a little net, and the hunter, besides his cluster of horned skulls, almost always hangs up a miniature turtle, three or four inches long; I cannot say for what reason, but all these charms are not to avert evil so much as to win the favor of a benign spirit who loves to fish or hunt. So far the rites are above the usual African religion of terror or devil-worship. But when a woman with child carries a wooden bird to hang over her door, and gives it meal every evening and sprinkles meal in front of her door, I think her object is to ward off the spirits of evil from herself and her unborn baby.

In a Chibokwe village, one burning afternoon, I found a mother woman being treated for sickness in the usual way. She was stretched on her back in the dust and dirt of the public place, where she had lain for four days. The sun beat upon her; the flies were thick upon her body. Over her kept the village doctor, a-viduous in his care. He knew, of course, that the girl was suffering from witchcraft. Some enemy had put an evil spirit upon her, for in Africa natural death is unknown, and but for witchcraft and spirit-men would be immortal. But still the doctor was trying the best human means he knew of as well. He had plastered the girl's body over with a compound of leaves, which he had first chewed into a pulp. He had then painted her forehead with red ochre, and was now spitting some white preparation of meal into her nose and mouth. The girl was in high fever—some sort of bilious fever. You could watch the beating of her heart. The half-closed eyes shined deep yellow, and the skin was yellow too. Evidently she was suffering the greatest misery and would probably die next day.

It happened that two Americans were with me, for I had just reached the pioneer mission station at Chinjamba, beyond Mashiko. One of them was a doctor, with ten years' experience in a great American city, and after consulting the exertions of the native physician, he asked to be allowed to assist in the case himself. The native agreed at once, for the white man's fame as an expert had spread far through the country. Four or five days later I saw the same girl, no longer stretched on hot dust, no longer smeared with spittle, leaves, and paint, but smiling cheerfully at us as she pounded her meal among the other women.

The incident was typical of those misadventures and their way of



Native Children coming out of a Mission School

associating with the natives. It is typical of most young missionaries now. They no longer go about denouncing "idols" and threatening hell. They recognize that native worship is also a form of symbolism—a phase in the course of human ideas upon spiritual things. They do not condemn, but they say, "We think we know of better things than these," and the native is always willing to listen. In this case, for instance, after the girl had been put into a shady hut and doctored, the two missionaries sat down on six-inch native stools outside the club-house and began to sing. They were pioneers; they had only three hymns in the Chibokwe language, and they themselves understood hardly half the words. No matter: they took the meaning in trust. By continued repetition, by feeling in shame in singing a hymn twenty or thirty times over at one sitting, they had got the words fixed in the native minds, and when it came to the chorus the whole village shouted together like black stars. The missionaries understood the doctrine, the people understood the words: it was not a bad combination, and I thought those swinging choruses would never stop. The preaching was perhaps less exhilarating to the audience, but so it has sometimes been to other congregations, and the preacher's knowledge of the language he spoke was only five months old.

At the mission it was the same thing. The pioneers had set up a log hut in the forest, admitting the air freely through the floor and sides. They were living in dire poverty, but when they shared with me their beans and unleavened slabs of millet, it was pleasant to know that each of the two doors on either side of the hut was crisscrossed with visible fibres, eagerly catching the antics in civilization at meals. One felt like a lantern-slide, combining lastration with amusement. The audience consisted chiefly of patients who had built a camp of forty or fifty huts close outside the cabin and came every morning in be cured—cured of broken limbs, bad insides, scurvy, but especially of the terrible sores and ulcers which rot the skins and thighs, tormenting all this part of Africa. Among the patients were three kings, who had come far from the east. The greatest of them had brought a few wives—eight, I think—and some children, including a singularly fascinating princess, with the largest smile I ever saw. Every morning the king came to my tent, showed me his pipe, asked for tobacco, and sat with me an hour in silent esteem. As I was not then accustomed to royalty, I was uncertain how three kings would behave themselves in hospital life; but in spite of their rank and station, they were quite good, and even smiled upon the religious services, feeling, no doubt, as all the rich feel, that such things were beneficial for the lower orders.

On certain evenings the missionaries went out into the hospital camp to sing and pray. They sat beside a log fire, which threw its light upon the black or copper figures crouching round in a thick half-circle—big, bony men, women shining with castor-oil, and swarms of children, hardly visible but for a sudden gleam of eyes and teeth. The three inviolable hymns were duly sung—the chorus of the favorite being repeated seventeen times without a pause, as I once counted, and even then the people showed no sign of weariness. The women next me on that occasion sang with conspicuous enthusiasm. Her mop of hair, its tufts solid with red mud, hung over her brow and round her neck, dripping oil, and at her throat she wore the section of round white shell which is counted the most precious ornament of all—"worth an ox," they say. Her little cloth was dark blue with a white pattern, and aquatted upon her heels, she held her baby between her thighs, stuffing a long, pointed breast into his mouth whenever he threatened to interrupt the music. For her whole soul was given to the singing, and with wide-open mouth she poured



A Chibokwe Chief beside his Hut

out to the stars and darkened forests the amazing words of the chorus.

Holohohoh! men ake kala,
Jesu vane men ake songs.

There were two other lines, which I do not remember. The first line no one could interpret to me. The second means, "Jesus really loves me." The other two said, "His blood will wash my black heart white."

To people brought up from childhood in close familiarity with words like these there may be nothing astonishing about these. They have unshapely become the commonplace of Christianity, and excite no more wonder than the sunrise. But I would give a library of theology to know what kind of meaning that broken Chibokwe woman found in them as she sat beside the campfire in the forest beyond the hungry country and sang them seventeen times over to her baby and the stars.

When at last the singing stopped, one of the missionaries began to read. He chose the first chapter of St. John, and in that savage tongue we listened to the familiar sentences: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Again I looked round upon that first group of naked heathens. I remembered the controversy of ages, the thinkers in Greek, the sophist doctors, the Byzantine councilors, the saints and sinners of the intellect, Augustine in the glowing church, Faust in his study—all the great and subtle spirits who had broken their thought in vain upon that first chapter of St. John, and again I was filled with wonder. "For Heaven's sake, stop!" I felt inclined to cry. "What are these people to understand by 'the beginning'? What are we to understand by 'the Word'?" But when I looked again I recognized on all faces the mood of timid acquiescence with which congregations at home allow the same words to pass over their heads year after year till they die as good Christians. So that I supposed it did not matter.

There seems to be a fascination to missionaries in St. John's Gospel, and, of course, that is an wonder. It is generally the first and sometimes the only part of the New Testament translated, and I have seen an old chief, who was diligently learning to read among a class of boys, spelling out with his black fingers each word, as "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." No doubt it may be said that religion has no necessary connection with the understanding, but I have sometimes thought it might be better to begin with something more comprehensible, both to savages and ourselves.

Contrary to nearly all travelers and traders in Africa, I have nothing but good to say of the missionaries and their work. I have already mentioned the Order of the Holy Spirit and their great mission at Accra. The same Order has two other stations in South Africa and a smaller station among the mountains of Basutoland, about two hours' distance from the fort and the American mission there. Its work is marked by the same dignity and quiet devotion as marks the work of all the Orders wherever I have come across their outposts and places of danger through the world. It is constantly asserted that the Portuguese have possessed the country for over four centuries, and have done nothing for the improvement or conversion of the natives, and I hear in mind those bishops of Lourenço who set on mailed throngs upon the quay, christening the slaves in bathtubs as they were packed off by thousands to their masters in Cuba and Brazil. Both things are precisely true. The Portuguese are not a missionary people. I have not met any but French, Malagasy, and Girouan in the missions of the Order in Africa. But that need not in the least diminish our admiration of the missions as they now are. Nor should we be too careful to remember the errors and cruelties of



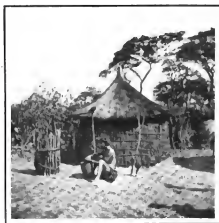
Mission House at Bechuanaland

any people or church in the past, especially when we reflect that England, which till quite lately was regarded as the great foe of slavery all over the world, was also the originator of the slave export, and the Supreme Head of the Anglican Church was one of the greatest slave-traders ever known.

Besides the Order of the Holy Spirit, there are two other notable orders at work in Angola—the American mission (Congregationalist), under the "American Board," and the English mission (Plymouth Brethren) under divine direction only. Each mission has four stations, and each is about to start a new one. Some-what of the English mission are Americans, like the pioneers at Uluikambila, and all are on terms of singular friendship, helping each other in every possible way, almost like the followers of Christ. Of all sects that I have ever known, these are the only two that I have heard pray for each other, and that without condemnation.—I mean they pray in a different spirit from the Anglican prayer for Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. There is another American order called the Wesleyan Episcopalian, with stations at Loanda and among the grotesque mountains of Pongo Ndongo. English-speaking missionaries have been at work in Loanda for nearly twenty-five years, and some of the pioneers, such as Mr. Arnold, Mr. Currie, Mr. Storer, Mr. Vay, and Mr. Sanders, are still directing the endeavor, with a fine stock of experience to guide them. They have outlived much more; they have almost outlived the common charge of political aims and the instrument of natives to rebellion, as in 1862. The government now generally leaves them alone. The Portuguese rule there, especially on the steamers and in the customs, but then the Portuguese rule everywhere. Lately the American mission village at Komundongo in Ilubo has been set on fire at night three or four times and about half of it burnt down. But this appears to be the work of one particular Portuguese leader, who has a spite against the mission and sends his slaves from time to time to destroy it. An appeal to the neighboring fort at Belasente would, of course, be useless. If the theft were to see justice done, the neighboring Portuguese traders would at once lodge a complaint at Benguela or Loanda, and he would be removed, as all Chieles are removed who are convicted of justice. But, as a rule, the missions are now left very much to themselves by the Portuguese, partly because the traders have found out that some of the missionaries—four at least—are by far the cleverest doctors in the country, and nobody deserves his time to persecuting his doctor.

As to the natives, it is much harder to judge their attitude. Their name for missionary is "aflocho," and though, I believe, the word only means a man of learning, it naturally suggests an innocent simplicity—something "a bit soft," as we say. At first that probably was the general idea, as was seen when M. Collard, the great French missionary of Barotseland, had a big wash in his yard one afternoon, and next Sunday preached to an enthusiastic congregation, all dressed in serape of his own linen. And to some extent the feeling still exists. There are natives who go to a mission village far what they can get, or simply for a sheltered existence and kindly treatment. There are probably a good many

trickery, we cannot overestimate the influence of men who do what they say, who pay what they agree, and never go back on their word. From end to end of Africa common honesty is so rare that it gives its possessor a distinction beyond intellect, and far beyond gold. In Africa any honest man wins a conspicuous and isolated greatness. In twenty-five years the natives of Angola have learned that the honesty of the missionaries is above suspicion. It is a great achievement. It is worth all the teaching



A Chibokwe Woman and her Fetish

of the alphabet, addition, and Old Testament history, no matter how successful, and it is hardly necessary to search out any other cause for the influence which the missionaries possess.

No, as usual, it is the unconscious action that is the best. Being naturally and unconsciously honest, the missionaries have won the natives by honesty—have won, that is to say, the almost imperceptible percentage of natives who happen to live in the three or four villages near their stations; and it must be remembered that you might go through Angola from end to end without passing that missionaries exist. But, apart from this unconscious influence, there are plenty of conscious efforts too. There is the kindergarten where children paddle in clay and sing to sacrament and march to the tune of "John Brown." There are schools for every stage, and you may see the chief of a village doing sums among the boys, and proudly declaring that for his part 340+1 shall equal five.* There are carpenter's shops and forges and brick kilns and building classes and sewing classes for men. There are Bible classes and prayer meetings and church services where 600 people will be jammed into the room for 400, and men, women, and children reprove each other's behavior, and babies yell and splutter and suck, and when service is over the congregation rushes with their hymn-books to smuck the mosquitoes on the walls and see the blood spurt out. There are singing classes where hymns are taught, and though the natives have nothing of their own that can be called a tune, there is something horrible in the case with which they pick up the commonplace and inevitable English cadences. I once had a set of carriers containing two or three mission songs, and after the first day the whole lot went "Fader" or "Home, Sweet Home," just a little wrong. For more than two years I have journeyed over Africa in peace and war, but I have never suffered anything to compare to that fortnight at "Home, Sweet Home." Just a little wrong, morning, noon, and night.

All these methods of instruction and guidance are poured in the permanent mission stations, to say nothing of the daily medical service of healing and surgery, which spreads the fame of the missions from village to village. Many out stations, conducted by the natives themselves, have been formed, though it is entirely by tempting to keep the sheep safe within the mission fold. If the missionaries were suddenly removed in a body, it is hard to say how long their teaching or influence would survive. My own opinion is that every trace of it would be gone in fifty or perhaps in twenty years. The Catholic forms would probably last longer, because greater use is made of a beautiful symbolism. But in half a century, rain, slavery, and the oppression of the traders would have wiped out all, and the natives would risk into a far worse state than their original savagery. Whether the memory of the missions would last even fifty years would depend entirely upon

* It must be a little difficult to teach arithmetic to a man whose word for "seven" is "ix and two" (equally odd), or "ix and agin." Or to teach dates: "ix" is a word for "to-morrow" (that) is the same as the word for "yesterday."

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A Chibokwe Force where Active Spirits are sought

who experience religious convictions in order to please, like the followers of any popular preacher at home. But, as a rule, it is not comfort or gain, it is not persuasive eloquence or religious conviction, that draws the native. It is the chance of entire honesty and of inward peace. In a country where the natives are habitually regarded as fair game for every kind of swindle and deceit, where bargains with them are binding, and where penalties are multiplied over and over again by legal or illegal

A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES

By Mrs. Reginald de Koven

A REMARKABLE letter from John Paul Jones to Benjamin Franklin, in which the famous admiral gives a detailed account of a fatality of which no historian has ever been cognizant, and for which he abandoned his profession and lived in hiding for two years, has been discovered in the vault of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, where it had lain unopened for fifty years. The letter throws a clear light upon the unsettled question of Paul Jones's change of name, and explains the cause of his obscure period of retirement in the colonies of America during the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the American Revolution. It furnishes also a new and most important piece of evidence in regard to his character as a disciplinarian, and justifies a reconsideration of the facts on record in regard to the so-called instances of his cruelty to subordinates.

That Paul Jones had a quick and violent temper is well known; examples of it are to be found in the records of his life from the earliest years of his career, and he was rarely free from the troubles and complications due to this unhappy defect in his character. But if he was unhappy in his temper, he was more than usually unfortunate in its results. Whatever may have been the case in minor incidents, in the two serious occurrences on record his actions seem to have been entirely justifiable and his punishment far in excess of his deserts.

The first of these instances gained a wide publicity, and is related in all of his biographies in the affair of Mungo Maxwell. In its bearing upon the affair recounted by Paul Jones in his letter to Franklin, it needs a brief consideration.

During the time that Paul Jones was in command of the brigantine *John*, a Scotch ship belonging to Currie & Black, of Kirkcubright, and sailing out of that port, a trouble arose among the sailors while the *John* was anchored in the port of Tobago. The ring-leader, Mungo Maxwell, became so disobedient and defiant that Paul Jones was compelled to give him a sound beating. The news brought Paul Jones to book before the Judge Surrogate of the Vice Admiralty Court of the island, but Jones was completely exonerated and the complaint dismissed. A few days later Maxwell embarked on a Barcelona ship bound for Spain, and left the island.

Paul Jones remained for some months in the West Indies, and some time in the early part of the year following he returned to Scotland. But a painful surprise awaited his return to his native shore. He learned that Mungo Maxwell, some time after his chastisement, had died on board the Barcelona ship, and that the responsibility for his death was laid at his door. After dwelling for six months under a cloud of evil report Jones returned to the West Indies, and obtained from James Simpson, the Judge Surrogate, an affidavit which was sworn to on the thirtieth day of June, 1772. He secured also an affidavit from James Eastment, captain of the Barcelona packet on which Maxwell had sailed.

With the obtaining of this affidavit, the incident of Mungo Maxwell was definitely closed. The evidence in favor of John Paul's innocence would seem to be conclusive, but he had suffered intensely for nearly three years from the obloquy and suspicion attendant upon the occurrence, and was only too keenly aware of the general prejudices which ran against him. He was reduced by tropical fevers and hindered severely in his schemes for the furtherance of his career; but, nothing daunted, he procured the independent command of another West India trader, the *Betsy*, of London, and once more embarked for the West Indies. This was in the spring of 1773. In the month of October he was preparing to take the *Betsy* back to London, and found himself compelled to reveal his crew from the season he found in Tobago. It may easily be imagined that they were a drunken, turbulent class of men. Nothing could have been further from the mind of the young Paul Jones than the desire to get into trouble with these sailors; he had had an experience of this kind, which had been the bitterest kind of warning. Yet this was exactly what occurred. Fatality of the worst and most unexpected kind awaited him. The letter written to Franklin six years after tells the story in his own words. This letter begins:

"LONDON, March 4, 1779.

"HONORABLE AND DEAR SIR.—The mystery which you so delicately mention in your most-extended favor of the 24th ult.—it has been my intention for more than twelve months past to communicate to you; which, however, I have put off from time to time on reflecting that the account may give you more pain than pleasure. Yet had I not, on my sudden departure from hence for Paris, inadvertently neglected to take with me the original paper whereof the inclosed is a copy, I certainly should then have put it into your hands.

It was the advice of my friends, Geo^y Young among many others, when that great misfortune of my life happened, that I should retire into some remote part of America, and remain there until an Admiralty Commission should arrive in the island, and then return. I had waited that event eighteen months before orders were drawn and the ports of the continent were shut."

The enclosure which Paul Jones placed in his letter to Franklin was as follows:

"The master of a West India ship from London had occasion to ship sundry seasons at the island where he landed—one of whom

in particular behaved himself very ill. He was a principal in embarking the master's liquor. He got frequently drunk. He neglected and even refused his duty with much insolence. He stirred up the rest of the crew to act in the same manner and was their avowed ring-leader.

"As the master's engagements were of such a nature that his all daylong upon deck, he gave his crew every reasonable encouragement. There was plenty of good provision, and were in other respects well used. Notwithstanding of which one forenoon when the master came on board that the crew firmed or were then forming a plot to desert the ship. As the master was walking aft the ring-leader rushed up from the storeroom and stopped him with the greatest abuse that vulgarism could dictate; because, as he pretended, the master had sailed his ship fourteen months without paying wages. The fellow having some time before complained that he wanted clothes, the master now gave him frunks and trousers, telling him to go about his duty and to inform himself better—for that what he had said was not so. But mischief had so good effect, for while the master was distributing clothing to some of the rest who were also in want, the first conveyed his things into the boat, and another of the crew was following his example, till observing that the master had no eye upon their proceedings, they sneaked back into the ship. They remained quiet for a short space. But the ring-leader, seeing how his scheme with sailing on insisted on having the boat and quieting the ship. This the master refused, but offered to give up his agreement if a man could be found to serve in his room. The disturber swore with horrid imprecations that he would take away the boat by force; and for that purpose actually rushed over the gangway, bidding the master the same instant to step on board, and to the cabin, and to the deck, to prevent this, the man (having thrice his strength) leapt into the ship and forced him into the cabin, using at the time language and attitudes too indecent to be mentioned, and charging him not to show his nose upon deck again till the boat was gone at his stated peril. The master searched the cabin for a stick, but not finding one, and his sword, by chance being on the table, he took it up in hopes that the sight of it would intimidate the man into submission. The man had by this time descended the gangway within a step of the boat, so that it would have been impossible to prevent his eloquent but he persisted. But he now reentered the cabin, and the ring-leader, seeing the uselessness of the second, within its reach, turned his back toward the master, ran in the main deck, armed himself there with a bludgeon with which he returned to the quarter-deck and attacked the master. The master was thunderstruck with surprise, for he had considered the man's ravings as the natural effort of disappointed rage which should breed remorse, and not as a prelude to violence. He endeavored to prevent bad consequences by returning again to the cabin; and this he endeavored to do as fast as possible by retreating backwards in a posture of deference. But alas! what a human foresight. The after hatchway was unsecured and lay in a direct line between the master's head and the cabin door, but the momentary duration of the attack did not admit of his detecting that circumstance before his head came in contact with the hatchway, which obliged him to make a sudden stop. Chastened at that instant the assailant's arm being high raised, he threw his body forward to reach the master's head with the descending blow. The fatal and unavoidable consequence of which was his rushing upon the vessel's post.

"After this indecently violent the master went publicly to a Justice of the Peace and offered to surrender as his prisoner. The Justice who called himself the Master's friend, persuaded him to withdraw and said it was unnecessary to surrender before the day of trial. And the rest of the master's friends, who were previously forced him to mount his horse. Two weeks before this the chief mate had been for the first time in his life advanced to that station; and yet unworthy as his conduct had been in it, he now openly avowed his unshaking pretensions to the command; and to attain it associated with the crew. The tendency of such a conduct may not easily be imagined. It was as if they were of having re-embarked the master's property, they were not likely to dwell on any circumstance that manifested their own distinctly and undutiful conduct. And as the second mate, a young gentleman of worth by all as well as all the inferior officers and best disposed of the crew, in his human brotherly love truth could not escape the grossest perversion. Besides the conduct of the crew subjected it to the cognizance of a court martial, and there was no naturally commission then in the government. For these obvious reasons the master's friends constrained him for a time to leave the country.

"S. B. The foregoing has been written in great haste to save the post."

It is difficult to believe that Paul Jones, fighter by nature and sternest of disciplinarians, could have "retired backwards in a posture of deference" or attempted to take refuge from his madmen "in some remote part of America." The "retiring" was a ruse; he has an air of invention, indicating not only his eager desire to exculpate himself before Franklin, but also revealing the uncertainty of a mind which had brooded over this misfortune for many melancholy months. It has been the unquestioned right of every ship captain, from that day on this, to inflict death, under necessity, on a mutinous crew. It is a crime as they say that Paul Jones failed to take refuge in this unquestioned law of the seas, at the time of the occurrence, and afterwards in his account

(Continued on page 35.)



Women Suffragists bringing the British Government Office at 10 Downing Street



A Woman Suffragist Arrested in Front of the Premier's Residence



Police arresting persistent Women Suffragists who had besieged the Official Residence of the British Premier

ENGLAND'S STRENUOUS SUFFRAGISTS—THE RECENT ARREST OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS AGITATORS IN LONDON

The photographs illustrate an amusing and unusual incident in the recent history of the women's rights movement in England—the recent harangue of the British Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, by a determined delegation of thirty women suffragists led upon laying their case before the government, and their arrest by the police. This was the second attempt which had been made by representatives of the suffragist movement to gain access to the Premier. On the former occasion they retired quietly after being told that Sir Henry could not receive them; but their second attempt was more violently prevented, and the police were reluctantly compelled to arrest three marchers to the cause, who were detained for a few moments at the police station, and then released.

Photographs by the B. P. O. Co., Ltd.



Buchanan's Wife

By Justus Miles Forman

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

FARING took a deep breath. He stood in very grave peril now, and he knew it. If the man with the pistol should, with this first shot, wound him severely enough to cripple him, the game was played out and done, and nothing within the probabilities could turn his hand in to success.

He had suffered himself to be bound in the chair because at the time there had seemed no help for it.

But he had hoped and watched for some small chance of escape to offer itself. No chance had come, and now it appeared that the time for such chances was past.

Still, however, in not to say that he gave up hope or meant tamely to sit still and be murdered without trying very hard to save his life—and something which was much more worth while than that. The chair under him was old and weak, and his feet were not bound to it. The rope had been passed twice round its rather flimsy back and round his body, pinning his arms at the elbows. Given a minute's time, he was very sure that he could wrench and break his way free, though of course that was out of the question while he faced an able-bodied man with a loaded pistol. When little Johnnie's friend rose and came forward, holding the weapon ready to fire, Faring watched him very alertly, and he stiffened his knees under him and planted his feet wider apart and more firmly on the floor. He meant to try to dodge the first shot, and then, before another could be fired, leap forward, bound as he was, and throw himself upon his assailant.

The scheme was not a wholly impracticable one. The distance between the two men was short, and Faring might quite possibly have succeeded, with an unexpected dash, in throwing the other man to the floor, and then in wrenching himself free of the chair before the other had recovered. But as it happened, the situation suddenly passed into other hands.

The man, Kansas, raising his weapon to fire, saw Faring's eyes shift, all at once, from his, and look past him, widening stealthily. Faring said in a sharp whisper:

"Look! Look behind!" It was no trick. It was honest. Kansas whirled on his feet and at what he saw gave a great sobbing cry.

Herbert Buchanan sat straight up on his couch, and one of his hands went out, impatiently leaving the air.

"I didn't—shoot you, when—when I—could have!" he said, staring wide-eyed into the shadows where the man, Kansas, had hidden himself. The voice was the ghost of a voice, a rattle, a whistling gasp, but it was Buchanan's voice, not little Johnnie's. He coughed once. Then again, a second time—a wet, horrible cough. Blood came from his lips, and as he sat—that dreadful head sawing at the air—he swayed back and forth as if he would fall.

At his master's first movement the Russian dog had turned quickly, and, crouching by the side of the couch, had thrust an eager, whining head upon the still limbs. The man, Kansas, gave a cry and leapt forward.

"Johnnie!" he screamed. "Johnnie! Johnnie!" in a high voice like a woman's, and made as if he would throw himself upon that swaying body. But as he leapt the Russian dog, its hair bristling, its teeth bared, turned upon him with a roar. Scowling the man got his balance and sprang back, shouting out:

"Down, you beast! Down! Get down!" The dog was fairly at his throat—it must have thought that, in the man's forward lunge, he was trying to strike the figure on the couch. Kansas whipped up the pistol and fired twice. The first bullet missed, the second true across the animal's shoulder without in the least checking its impulses. Then man and dog went down together. For a moment or two there was a horrible and sickening sound of snarl and cry, of groans, and a pounding, thumping noise. Then no more.

Followed in the little but not a speck of silence. The fire burnt low on the hearth, but its light still filled the crevice of the room with a red pulsing radiance, and there were monstrous shadows over the uneven floor from the trestle which stood there and from that which lay still upon the trestle—still as death. Indeed, everything in the place was still as death: the fire burnt without sound, little Johnnie on his rude perch was silent, and there was silence in those gloomy shadows at one side of the hearth. Even the motionless figure huddled grotesquely in the middle of the floor was still, for Faring, in that swift instant when the Borzoi leapt at its enemy's throat, had, not pausing to take thought, sprung up also, perhaps with some vague idea of checking the beast; the chair had stripped his cramped legs, and he had pitched forward upon his face, rolled half over, and then lain still. There was something awful in the stillness with which silence had smitten the place. It was like the passing of the sudden wind of death.

But after a long time the great Russian dog—such quiet and grotesque agents does Fate sometimes use to gain her hidden ends—crept out from those gloomy shadows beyond the hearth. It moved, sinking, furtive-eyed, belly to the ground, like a wolf, and red wolfish lights glanced in its eyes such as never before had dwelt there. A blunder led stained its muzzle and hung drooping upon its hairy jaw.

It went to the man who lay upon the floor, bowed still to a broken chair, and crouching, sniffed at his white face. Faring did not stir, and the dog gave an anxious, uneasy whine and set to licking its master's cheeks. After a little Faring came dully to his senses. Once in Africa, some years before this time, his little exploring column had been attacked by a native force and had lost several men. Faring himself had fought for hours stretched on the ground behind a bulwark composed of two dead porters who had been almost hacked to pieces. In this moment of awakening he thought that he was back in that day, stretched, rifle at shoulder, behind the two dead porters. It was a peculiar, acid, never-to-be-forgotten scent in his nostrils which made the illusion.

In another moment he realized that the dog was whining beside him and licking his face. Then full recollection came to him, and he drove the beast away with shaking curses. He struggled to his knees, that chair an incubus heaved upon him. His head swam giddily, and he was very weak, for his fall had been a heavy one.

The dog had drawn a little apart and crouched upon the floor, its head down, its tail wagging ingratiatingly. The man remembered, and his face twisted in a sudden spasm. For a moment he was swept by an acute nausea.

He knelt for a long time, faint and ill, waiting for strength to come to him. At last he made a great effort, got to his feet, and so dropped back again into the chair as he had first sat. He was far from remembering the strength to free himself. At the movement the Russian dog rose again and came forward, fawning at its master's feet. Again Faring drove the beast away with lacerating voice. He saw its blackened, horribly stained jaws, and another wave of nausea swept him. In his weakness he felt that he must scream like a woman if the creature should touch him.

Thereafter, because the pain in his head was very great, he dropped into a half swoon and hung still in his hands, his head on his breast. The dog came unasked to his knees and licked up, whining. It licked his hand, but he did not stir. Then it began a restless, uneasy form of the little mouse, then it sniffed at that low troth, a little Johnnie lay so quiet and silent, but heaved once again, growling. Then it looked into those gloomy shadows beyond, and flicked its chops, as it were gratuitously. It seemed that it could not be still. At last it went to the door and whined. The lock was long since rusted by disuse, and the door remained

closed only by its weight. The dog pushed at it with its nose, and tugged with a fore paw at the edge. At last it got open. Once more it came back to where Faring sat slumping in his chair, and licked his hand. Still he did not stir. The dog turned away with a little whine and slipped out of the door into the darkness. There in the dripping night it set its head towards home, a mile across the hills, and it ran as if it were in dire terror.

There followed in the hut another space of silence, where in nothing stirred or spoke, and the fire burnt lower. Faring came, after a long time, once more to his senses, very slowly, through a borderland of strange dreams and disordered fancies. He opened his eyes, and the fire waned before him. Little Johnnie on his pallet lay straight and motionless—he must have been better (or worse) Faring thought, for there was no more asterron breathing. The dog was nowhere in sight. He whistled faintly to it and at last called out, but it did not come. Then he felt a draught of cool air at the back of his head and knew that the animal must somehow have got the door open and fled away.

He tried the strength of his arms, straining at the rope which bound them, but they were too weak, and he sat still again, waiting. He saw that the fire had sunk to red embers, so that the circle of light was slowly closing in upon the hearth. It was already much dimmer, and he stared at it with a sort of childlike terror. Horror unspeakable dwelt in those black shadows beyond, and he dreamed being left in the dark with it.

It was odd—bald without natural enough—that the wider significance of the danger, the freedom and safety it guaranteed, had not yet penetrated to his dazed brain. That stunted head of his dwelt still musing grisly horrors and saw nothing beyond.

He stared at the rekindling, dying fire, and it seemed to him that interminable hours dragged by. Possibly, after the final return of consciousness a scant half-hour passed. Then he heard a voice from the night without. He stiffened in his chair, and his mind leapt to action as a roused soldier leaps to battle.

Who could be abroad upon the moor on such a night? He thought of the open door behind him and the bar of light it must be casting forth upon the darkness. He had been a fool not to have caught something between the room and close it. He tested this swift blindness of imminent peril, the peril of discovery at last and after all his pains, all Betty's struggles to keep the thing secret. He even began a desperate planning—as desperate as the women's had been in her darkest hour—of what he should say and do, what explanation he should make, when those who were coming through the night had entered that place of death and horror.

Then the voice without spoke close to the open door, and Faring dropped weakly back in his hands with a breath that was almost a sob. The voice said:

"No, no! Ye manna-gang in, hide ye here a wee till I hae kreckit!" It was old McNaughton the gardener. He came into the room tiptoeing, and Faring heard his tongue click in his mouth as he saw that still place where death was. Faring turned his head and the man gave a sudden gasp, then came quickly to him.

"'Cot these ropes?" said Faring. "Be quick! 'Cot me free! Who is with you out there? Whom were you speaking to?—Betty? Betty?"

The woman came to him with a soft rush of desperacies and dropped on her knees beside the chair. She caught him by the shoulders staring wildly into his face.

"You're not hurt, Harry?" she cried. "There's nothing—the matter! You're not hurt!"

The old Scotswoman had got out his clasp-knife,

and with it harked his master's bonds in two. Faring's released arms dropped stiffly beside him, and he moved then back and forth, bending the elbows. His eyes did not stir from his wife's eyes.

"I'm all right," he said. "I—had a nasty fall and it stunned me. I'm all right." For some obscure reason they both spoke in whispers.

"The dog came," she said. "It came scratching and whining at McNaughton's hut and—waked him. It—muzzled and cheep—" she hid her face—"they were—stained. McNaughton came under my window. There was a light because I wasn't asleep. I haven't slept since you—went away. He called and—threw gravel, and I—heard him. Then we came, McNaughton and I. I know, Harry. He knows all about everything. We came away without being seen or heard. The dog led us. It wouldn't come in here. It's waiting out in the dark now. I think it is a bit mad. Harry, Harry! I was frightened so! I didn't know what might have happened. These last days have been—I know what damned people suffer, Harry. I know now. And that dog's dreadful strained mouth! What is it? What can he do? What has happened?"

Faring put her gently away from him and rose to his feet. He stayed for a moment, dizzily. Beatrice rose also, watching him.

"Go to the door, Betty," he said, "and wait for us there. Do not look!" He turned her towards the door, but she would not go.

"No, Harry!" said she. "I must stay. Don't try to spare me anything. Whatever it is that has been done to-night has come of me and of what I—did. Don't try to spare me!"

Faring motioned to the old Scotch gardener, who had a lantern slung on his arm, and they crossed the room to the hearth.

"Here, first!" said he, and, taking the lantern, held it down into those gloomy shadows where the men, Kansas, had fallen. The Scotsman bent beside him, but at the sight of the bodies there straightened himself suddenly with a gasping cry in strange words. The words were not English, nor was McNaughton's version of that tongue, so they must have been Gaelic. He said them over again in a shaky, whispering voice.

"It was the dog," Faring explained, briefly. "I was bound in the chair yonder and could not prevent it."

They turned to the low trestle before the fire where little Johnnie lay so straight and still. Beatrice stood there, and, as Faring turned, lifted her face to him. The fire was very white and the eyes burnt from it strangely.

"Dead!" her lips said, without sound. "He is dead."

Faring asked:

"I thought so," said he. "He was dying some hours ago." He looked down very gravely and compassionately upon the wreck which lay, had been Herbert Buchanan, and the dead man's widened face stared back at him blackly, with dull, opaque eyes, the lips drawn into a sort of very, sour grin. A profound pity stirred in him for this poor creature who had lived unloving and unloved and had died so sordidly.

He thought of the havoc which had everywhere followed the man's life and had touched every one who had had anything to do with it. It seemed as if something evil and poisonous must have breathed from him, some malignant curse. Faring found himself wondering if the curse was dead with the man who bore it. Surely it must be so, he said to himself. Enough suffering had been borne while Buchanan lived. Surely he could leave no heritage of ill behind him.

But there was one last poignant note in the night's misdeeds, tragically which had up to this moment escaped his knowledge. Something about the still figure which lay stretched on its pallet

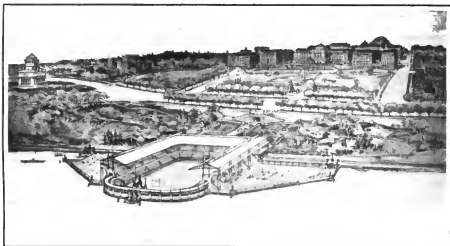
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Drawn by W. G. Smith

The woman dropped on her knees beside the chair

COLUMBIA'S PROJECTED ATHLETIC FIELD



AN athletic field which is to cost a million dollars and to include many remarkable architectural features has been planned by Columbia University of New York, and is to be built as soon as the consent of the municipal authorities shall be obtained. It is to be on the site of the present boat-house on the Hudson River, at the foot of 116th Street, which is practically at the door of the University. A triangle of inside ground is to be extended into the river as far as the pier-head line, and upon this will be a stadium, with a seating capacity of 35,000, enclosing a large field with a

base-ball diamond and a quarter-mile running track. Flanking the stadium will be base-ball and tennis grounds for the use of the public schools of the city. Also there will be a recreation pier over the strand for the accommodation of the public, and at the outer end of the grounds a great ornamental gate will be erected for the reception of foreign and American dignitaries. Incidentally the plan will give a much-needed water approach to the tomb of General Grant on Riverside Drive, and greatly enhance the natural beauties of this part of New York's water-front.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW HOME OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA



President Morris, of the Automobile Club, making his Dedication Address



A General View of the Ceremonies

The inauguration of the new building at West Fifty-fourth Street, between Riverside and Eighth Avenue, which is to house the Automobile Club of America, was held on March 21, with elaborate ceremonies. The new club house will provide garage facilities for more than 250 cars. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy early next winter.



"A Gentlewoman," by J. Alden Weir



"The Gold Screen," by Robert Reid



"A Girl with a Book," by Joseph De Camp



"A Young Muscrist," by William H. Chase

FOUR NOTEWORTHY PORTRAITS AT THE TEN AMERICAN
PAINTERS' EXHIBITION

Photographs by John

THE CARNEGIE SPELLING REFORM

By Mark Twain

IN a thoughtful examination of certain objections to Mr. Carnegie's proposed spelling reform, Professor Francis Hovey Stoddard, of New-York University, makes the following remarks in the *Times*:

The first of these objections is a formidable one. . . . It is the objection that the changes necessary would . . . destroy all associations of words. So far as literature is concerned English has become through the intermediary of printing, usually at the expense of Shakespeare, a dead language, and the only remedy is to be found in the use of a new and more expressive and more idiomatic English. . . . The second objection is that the proposed changes would make the language of the literature of the future as unintelligible to the uneducated person as Chaucer's. It is conceivable that in the process of time much of the literature could be rewritten in a modern form, etc.

I suspect that this regret at the destruction of association is the most formidable objection. It certainly appeals to me most, and does not readily suggest its own answer.

The second main objection is based upon the failure of all preceding efforts.

The fifth objection is that if any reform is made there will be a long, long time of transition through which weary people must pass before any good results come.

Like all the objectors, Professor Stoddard contemplates a slow and gradual change. With that position as a basis, the argument is unanswerable. It is my belief that an effort at a slow and gradual change is not worth while. I think the language might die of old age before the change achieved completeness. It is the sudden changes—in principles, morals, religions, fashions, and tastes—that have the best chance of winning, in our day. Can we expect a sudden change in our spelling? I think not. But I wish I could see it too!

"Literature," says Professor Stoddard, with truth, "is mainly an eye language." It is also true that many a thing which reveals the eye at a first glance, loses its impressiveness after the eye has become accustomed to it. Consider the hoopskirt. When it intruded itself upon us fifty years ago it was odious to us. It was ugly, it was grotesque, it was unbecomable. It revolted us. It maddened us, it provoked our scornful laughter, just as would a picture of a pug nose, a pointed chin, a protruding forehead. But we got used to the hoopskirt in a marvellously little while, and came to think it beautiful. We quickly turned against the slim gown which we had so admired before, and could not abide it.

The first time we saw a woman on a bicycle, the vulgar spectacle shocked us. But we got over it; and by and by, when we had gotten used to it it no longer offended us, and we bought cycles for our wives and daughters.

In Europe, the first time we see a parlor full of ladies smoking cigarettes we are revolted; we are self-righteously incensed; we are ashamed of the human race. Six months later we find no offence in it—in fact, we like it.

I suppose we can all remember the first time we saw harrassed, bare-legged young ladies paddling in the surf, and how confounded and affronted we were by that gross exhibition of indecency. But we can stand it now, can't we? Certainly—and like it, too.

All these things suggest—and insist—that there is a law back of them. What is the law? I think it is this: Commonly, it is merely the strangeness of a new thing that rouses our aversion, not its form or character; use abolishes the strangeness, and the aversion along with it.

A year and a quarter ago Mr. Foley began to do scholarly poems in a fire-wreathed and blood-ruddied and criminal fashion of spelling which no self-respecting eye could endure at first. It was phonetics carried to the uttermost limit of exactness in the reproduction of sound-effects. The public felt deeply outraged, and there was a snell of insurrection in the air—a quite justifiable

condition of things, too, for the poems looked like the alphabet scripping hour in disorderly squads, a most painful and irritating spectacle,—but I ask you, what has become of that instruction? No man knows. It disappeared and left no sign. For the public had done the fatal thing: it kept on reading the poems in order to curse the spelling, and so course the natural thing happened: familiarity with the spelling modified the reader's hostility to it, then reconciled him to it, and at last made him fall in love with it; and now—well, now Mr. Fols's schoolmaster is a fool.

So, then, I said, well, how Mr. Foley's criticism is a pet. I said, I am all the more glad to hear of it, because I suddenly adopt a Carnegie system of phonetic spelling—what would happen? We all knew quite well what would happen, to a storm, with the nation would be in a rage; it would break into a host of scuffs, feuds, quarrels, wranglings, vituperations, and keep it up for weeks,—but it would have to read the papers; it couldn't help it. I said, I am all the more glad to hear of it, because I suddenly would lose something of their strange, airy, airy language, and another by and by they would lose all of it, and begin to look rather natural and pleasant; after a couple of years of this, then, the nation would think them handsome, sane, and expressive, and would prefer them to any other kind of spelling, for, into the bargain, they would be a cheap, simple, and beautiful, and other conceivable better, in a way, I said.

A JOURNAL OF THE LINGUISTIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

To what literature would we lend the change? Naturally—and unavailably—to literature written *after* the change was established. It would not extend to any one to disturb the "association." No book already existing would be put into the new spelling. We do not guess at this; we have history for it. We do not profane Chaucer's spelling by restoring it to conform to modern forms. One of its quaintest and sweetest charms would be gone. We would not be Chaucer any more. We would not disturb the Robyn Hood of the fifteenth century, the very work of Chaucerizing it. All the old books would actually, and not sarcastically remain as they are. We do change Marjorie Fleming's spelling? No. No one could meditate a vandalism like that. Marjorie, like Chaucer, would not be Marjorie without her enchanting deprecations upon the spelling-book. For half a century we have preserved the journals of that immortal child of six who has been so long a temptation enough to change a syllable contrary to that dear little book. The spelling is the very blood and fragrance of her existence and thought.

[illegible]

No, Marjorie's spelling will remain unprobed while the language shall last. Its "associations" are safe; and so are the associations which bind us to the other old books which we love.

It's a sudden and comprehensive rush: the present spelling could be entirely changed and the substitute-spelling be accepted, all in the space of a couple of years; and preferred is another couple. But it won't happen, and I am as sorry as a dog.

For I do love revolutions and violence

THE REAPING

By Constance Johnson

I LIVED my life for you, from that first hour
When yet you lay unseen and all unknown
Save to myself and God; my thought, my power,
My very life-blood were for you alone.
I took your cares, and on my shoulders laid
Your every burden; every pain and smart
I kept from you, and all that could degrade
Or bring an evil knowledge to your heart.
I guarded you from sorrow and from strife
Until your manhood. What has all availed?
I thought your life had been the perfect life,
And when the trial came, you failed . . . you failed.



Regality at Play in Norway—Harold VII., the new King, and Gertra Wand going to Klost, near Christiania



John Burns, Representative of the Labor Interests in the British Cabinet, on his way to a Court Levee at Buckingham Palace in the Uniform against dining which he vainly protested to the King



A Double Ruseful—the Spanish Court Photographer caught in the act of taking a picture of King Alfonso of Spain and his prince, Prince of Asturias

PEOPLE OF NOTE IN THE NEWS FROM EUROPE

Music And The Opera

THE SEASON'S ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN



THOSE who have followed the events of the singularly active musical season now closing must doubtless have realized, before now that its chief glory—if one cares to ascribe any glory to it at all—has been its wealth of admirable and stimulating orchestral performances. It is, indeed, difficult to recall a season that has been more prolific in its offering of purely orchestral music, even when one considers only the most excellent of these offerings. Not only have the orchestras of long-established harmonic and the Boston Symphony organizations, but we have heard much that was noteworthy and exhilarating from the New York Symphony orchestra,—whose recent rehabilitation is a cause for sincere gratification,—and from the Russian Symphony Orchestra; and we shall not forget that the Philadelphia Orchestra and its conductor, Mr. Seibert, came to Carnegie Hall during the winter and demonstrated their capacities to a somewhat jaded public. Nor must one fail to pay a tribute of commendation to the altogether admirable undertaking of the People's Symphony Society,—which aims to create a demand for the best orchestral music among a public of limited opportunities; and the orchestral concerts for young people which Mr. Frank Damrosch so engagingly and successfully continues from season to season.

With the melancholy thought of Mr. Gerike's retirement in mind, one recalls most persistently, it may be, the lister which has been shed upon the season's music by the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And may we not choose this particular opportunity to avow an unlimited admiration for the results that Mr. Gerike's thirteen years of tireless and devoted labor have accomplished for this amazing organization?

It is impossible to deny that Mr. Gerike's peculiar qualities as a conductor had created a kind of tradition concerning his abilities which did him a profound injustice. There is little use, of course, in blinking the fact that in reading such a phrase as—to allege the first instance that comes to mind—the principal theme of the "Sakuntala" overture, Mr. Gerike left something to be desired. We all remember how often it has been said of him that he was primarily a classicist in his sympathies and capabilities; yet who that heard them will ever forget Mr. Gerike's extraordinarily eloquent and luminous readings of such typically modern things as Vincent d'Indy's *Il dit* symphony, Strauss's "Don Quixote," and Loewler's *Verlaine* (one poem after "La Bonne Chanson")? And only the other day, at the pair of concerts which marked his final appearances with the orchestra, how exquisitely—indeed, how ideally—Mr. Gerike read Debussy's perilously subtle "*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*"! He is beyond a doubt, one must believe, one of the most accomplished and masterly of living conductors, and the fruit of his gifts, no less than of his industry, is that incomparable instrument, the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The important contributions which the Philharmonic Society has made to the total achievement of the current concert year have already been recognized in this place. The Society's importation of distinguished foreign conductors has been observed with continual interest.

As has been said here before, the most emphatic impressions have been made by Meggelberg, the Amsterdam Strauss specialist, who gave us a memorably loud and brilliant reading of "*Ein Heldenleben*"; and by the masterful Russian *Nefedoff*, who begins next season his three years' term as—may one call it?—temporary permanent conductor of the Philharmonic.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, has, from the artistic point of view, prospered extraordinarily well. It is now an admirable body of players, particularly in its woodwind department; and it has given some performances this season that one does not care to forget. Such were those of Loewler's "*La Mort de Tintagiles*,"—a superbly compelling presentation,—of Marc Dancelf's too seldom played "*Fragments*" after "*The Song of Roland*," and of Strauss's "*Tad and Verklung*," of which Mr. Damrosch gave a reading that, for power and eloquence, was not surpassed even by Strauss himself. Mr. Damrosch deserves special thanks for having produced the most important orchestral novelty of the season, Debussy's incomparable tone-picture, "*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*," which, although it was written over a decade ago, had not previously been heard in New York.

The Russian Symphony Society, under the spirited and vital leadership of Mr. Miodet Altschuler, has continued its propaganda for the music of Tchaikovsky's countrymen. Its usual number of performances was limited, each concert of the series being repeated, with but slight alteration in the programme. Although Mr. Altschuler did not contrive to bring in light any novelties of the artistic magnitude of Rachmaninoff's superb fantasy, "*The Cliff*," or Rimsky-Korsakoff's splendid "*Shchaz*," which previous seasons had brought forth, the Society's programmes have yielded much of authentic musical interest, while their deliberate novelty has been unfailingly refreshing.

The season's orchestral novelties have not been conspicuous either for number or quality. M. Vincent d'Indy's appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra early in the winter were the occasion for a liberal and not very convincing exhibition of various products of the "Neo-French" school. Of these, the most artistically notable proved to be the two debatable "*Nertrams*" of Debussy—"Naxos" and "*Fides*,"—which were not, however, novelties, for Mr. Damrosch had produced them here during the previous season. Of these works, which were new to New York, M. d'Indy's own extraordinary "*Isle*" variations linger most vividly in the memory, after Debussy's "*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*,"—which, as has been noted, we heard later, for the first time, under Mr. Damrosch. Among other works new to the local concert stage which may be said to have had a certain—if factitious—importance were Gustave Mahler's fifth symphony and Max Schilling's orchestral setting of Von Wilhelmsen's famous ballad, "*Has Heerlein*," both of which have perhaps already been sufficiently described in this place. Concerning certain unfamiliar orchestral works by American composers that will have been heard when this appears, there will be a more fitting occasion for comment in a forth-coming issue.



Madame Johanna Gadski

The distinguished opera singer who has recently been delaying her time to concert appearances

The Old Eye

ONE of the trials of youth lies in the fact that grown-ups are so often slow to take a hint. To the juvenile artist it would appear to be unnecessary to reiterate a suggestion which should at first have proved adequate.

In this connection he be cited the case of the little Philadelphia girl who, whilst visiting a friend's house, chanced to sit near a plate containing apple parings. After a long wait, during which no offer was made of hospitality, the child finally blurted out: "I smell apples."

"Yes," responded the lady of the house, "you smell those parings."

"No, ma'am," was the solemn reply of the vintner. "I smell whole apples."

DISSERT

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It is all due to those firms which, through their products, have established this immeasurable waste and consumed some

have established this impressive replica and have made it what are broadly known as the "Paris of the Americas." Located in the heart of Virginia, St. Petersburg, and so many other capitals, will strive to not fall behind the secret by which it attracts strangers. These will never be but one how the Paris of the Americas.

As one, Gaudier, Doucet, Garbala, Mervin, Worth, and others have given by their taste and the efficiency of their management the value and the quality of the products of the Paris of the Americas. The industry has been witnessed: the new edition of the Paris Royal, the producers left the scientific quarters, and these very ones who, on the left, had established themselves at a great cost, in that famous Rue de la Paix, in the hopes that, within the pull of the standard brands, their products would easily attract the privilege attached to

Let us take an example at random which applies to all these old names: was there ever in any part of the globe a new and delicate perfume which puzzled you, you could have this sentence: "Here is a perfume that slowly comes from the Perfumer of Run de la Pude," and neither name nor address were given, correct, was there that it came from Georgia's

every one knew that it came from Gervasia's. In the absence of competitors, it may perhaps soon become impossible to convert one's will with the indication of the presence, the standard brand will have to defend their name. The "delegates" will require to add that, if her late is difficult, fully admitted, it is in Gervasia she can't, although Gervasia's perfume bear their true signature—as the Parfumeurs tell us in their delicate subtlety!—[Ad.]

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"Coffee agreed well enough for a time, but for a number of years I have known that it was doing me great harm, but, like the rum toper, I thought I could not get along without it. It made me nervous, disordered my digestion, destroyed my sleep, and brought on frequent and very distressing headaches.

"When I got what the doctor called a 'coffee jag' on, I would give up drinking it for a few days till my stomach regained a little strength, but I was always fretful and worried and nervous till I was able to resume the use of the drug."

"About a year ago I was persuaded to try Fastum; but as I got it in restaurants it was nothing but a colder mess, sometimes cold and obnoxious."

ing had a sloppy mess, sometimes cold, and always weak, and of course I didn't like it. Finally I prepared some myself at home, following the directions carefully, and found it delicious. I re-

severed in its use, quitting the old coffee entirely and feeling better and better each day, till I found at last, to my great joy, that my ailments had

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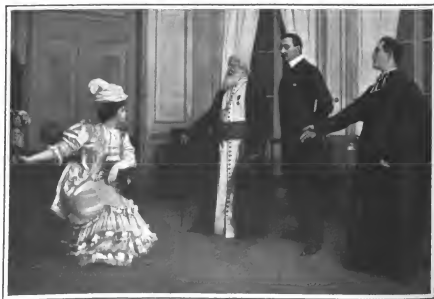
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Alfred Reynolds (Left) (Right) Ford C. Davis George A. Barnum Arthur Johnson (Seated) George C. Davis (Seated) Howard Kyle (Seated) (Seated) Karlson Kessler

The Final Scene in "The Greater Love," now running at the Madison Square Theatre

In "The Greater Love," a play based upon episodes in the life of Mozart, Howard Kyle appears in the rôle of the composer. The arrangement of the stage picture in the final scene is a reproduction of Mantegna's famous painting, "The Last Moments of Mozart," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Ray (Left) (Seated) Ellen (Right) (Seated) Guy Standing (Seated) (Seated) (Seated) (Seated)

A Scene from "The Duel," now being played at the Hudson Theatre

The "Duel" is an English version of Lavedan's play, which deals with the conflict in the soul of the "Duchess de Chaul" between sinful love and spiritual aspiration,—objectified in one case by a man of science, in the other by a priest.

SCENES FROM TWO CURRENT PLAYS

Orchestral Music from a
Dynamo

(Continued from page 478.)

effect upon the magnet, and the greater or less the pull on the diaphragm, depending upon whether the current is assisting or opposing the magnet. These variations in the force pulling on the diaphragm, acting, as they do, on its centre, will cause it to bend more or less. It will always follow exactly the changes in the current, and of course every motion of the diaphragm imparts a corresponding motion to the air pressing against it. If the changes in current are rapid enough, the diaphragm will set up a sound which will correspond in pitch to the frequency of the electric current. The diaphragm follows an exactly all changes in the current that it is able to reproduce the exceedingly complex vibrations of the air caused by speaking.

We have now the essential for constructing an electrical musical instrument: A group of alternators giving alternating currents of frequency which correspond to the pitches of the notes of the musical scale, and a telephone receiver which enables these alternating currents to produce the corresponding musical sounds. Of course, we will need keys and some auxiliary devices to give us control of the currents, but these are secondary, corresponding to the keys and levers of the piano. The alternators and the receiver are the main parts. The auxiliary devices will, as worked out practically, probably become somewhat complicated, because they have many things to take care of. They must enable us not only to send a current of any particular frequency through the telephone receiver, but they must allow us to control the strength of this current; and, further, if we are to obtain an instrument which gives us control of quality as well as of intensity, we must be able to combine with the current of primary frequency currents whose frequencies and intensities correspond to the harmonics which give the desired quality. The auxiliary appliances must do three things: They must send not only one, but several currents through the receiver at one time, corresponding to the several notes struck simultaneously on a piano; they must control the strength of these currents, and hence the intensity of the notes they produce; and they must add the desired harmonics to every note. This is what Mr. Cahill's instrument does. It consists of a group of alternators, which give him his alternating currents of many frequencies. There are, in fact, 145 alternators in the machine already constructed. There are the keyboards, with the proper keys and stops, which, acting through electro-magnetic devices, open or close the switches which admit the currents to the circuit containing the telephone receiver. These switches are mounted on a large switchboard, consisting of a number of panels. There are about 2000 switches on this board, as well as other appliances for controlling the strength of the currents. There are, in addition, devices—inductances, they are called—for mixing the currents so as to produce the proper mixed tone. All these devices are simple to talk about, but to work them out into practical shape was a difficult task. There are many troublesome problems to be solved, which cannot be taken up here. For example, the current wave given by an ordinary alternator is not pure. It has its own harmonics, which would be fatal to the success of the device. An alternator must be constructed having a pure wave or tone. Dr. Cahill's machine, in its present form, is about sixty feet long, and weighs about 200 tons. It consists, as mentioned above, of 145 alternators, which are mounted on long eighteen-inch beams set on brick foundations. It has cost about \$200,000 in development, but seems at last to have been brought to a practical stage. The first public exhibition of it was given on Tuesday evening, March 20, at the Hotel Hamilton, Holyoke, Massachusetts, to which point the electrical vibrations were conducted over a wire, and where the music was produced by the receiver, to which a long paper horn was attached to disperse the sound. Dr. Cahill has been assisted in his work by his brothers, Arthur T. and George F. Cahill, and it is

(Continued on page 482.)

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REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

A REMINISCENT ANECDOTE

VERMONT, MICH., March 22, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—It is generally conceded, I believe, that punning belongs to the domain of humor, and yet I have heard of some that lapse well over into the realm of grotesque wit.

In the early history of Vicksburg, before the writer of these lines opened his eyes upon the light of this world, the little town, then a struggling village on the bank of the Mississippi, boasted, perhaps, the shiest bar in the South-west, if, indeed, it was surpassed by any in the United States.

Among those who at that time ministered at its altar were the celebrated Sergeant S. Prestine, Joseph Holt, John I. Guinn, Alexander G. McNutt, and John M. Chilton, the last of whom was the subject of the anecdote I am now seeking to rescue from the grave of oblivion.

At that early day, before the railroads had spread over the country like a spider's web, the old-fashioned stage-coach was about the only method of transporting passengers from one place to another, and by this means our lawyers travelled from one county site to another in the practice of their profession. Mr. Chilton, among his other attractions, was a rebranded punster, and his wittrisms were usually of the higher order, and on one occasion, while on his way to attend court in the adjoining town of Yazoo City, he was a passenger in one of those antique coaches with a cultured, though quite a venerable, lady as its only other occupant.

Chilton was sitting immediately in front of his companion, and as the driver was pushing along the remaining forest road, vocal with one of his kiln-dried melodies, suddenly the wheel struck some impediment in the road, which shook the coach so violently that he was jostled out of his seat, and in his frantic effort to recover his equilibrium he planted his hands on the knees of his venerable companion. She, feeling irritated for the moment, and thinking, perhaps, that his discomposure was more assumed than real, drew herself up in the most haughty and dignified manner, and exclaimed at him, "You savage, you!" to which sally Chilton instantly replied, "Yes, madam, of the Passover tribe." It is said that his clever retort so amused the lady that she was at once disarmed of all resentment, and they became fast friends.

This story was related to me when I was a small boy by my mother, who was a warm friend of Mr. Chilton, and for its authenticity I can vouch.

I am, sir,

R. V. BORTH.

WORTHY WORK AMONG THE MINERS

PETROS, TENN., March 24, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Tennessee has 271 towns of less than 5000 population each. In these towns and vicinity there are 235,000 young men. The State has ninety-six counties, in eighty-one of which there is no town of 5000 population or over. The young men in these places are commercially worth more than all of the wealth of the State combined. And it is on their behalf that I write.

In these places and in the mining camps there is conducted what is known as young men's Sundays. It is under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. As this is the organization that stands as an agency of the home, the church, and the community in the beneficent work of developing Christian manhood the plan is to arrange with all of the churches of a town for a Y. M. C. A. Sunday. Speakers occupy the pulpits at the morning hour on a stated Sunday, and all speak on some subject of interest to young men. In the afternoon a big mass-meeting for men is held in some public hall. In the evening a union service of all the churches is held, and two or three Y. M. C. A. speakers make brief addresses along the line of association work. These young men's Sundays are helping men to live better lives, and informing Christian people concerning the need of special work for young men.

As a result of one of these meetings an association for coal-miners has been organized at Petros, Morgan County, Tennessee. Here hundreds of tons of coal are mined every day, and hundreds of men and boys are employed at the mines. The association seeks to provide wholesome activities for the recreation hours of these men and boys, and at the same time stamp the character of every man with that which is clean and unsmoking. The opportunity for helping men at this place is big. As the work is located in a remote mountain, the Miners' Y. M. C. A. is dependent largely on free-will offerings of men and women living in the more favored localities. The different rooms are not what they ought to be at present, owing to a lack of funds with which to furnish them. The work is highly practical, and calls for liberal support.

I am, sir,

JAMES D. BRYSON,
Industrial Secretary Miners' Y. M. C. A.

OUR MUSICAL PROVINCIALITY

New York, March 8, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—I should like to thank you for the vigorous comments which were made in a recent *WREYER* by your musical critic, Mr. Tillman, upon the preposterous reputation which the German composer, Gustave Mahler, has managed to work up in this country. In common

with many other music-lovers, I attended the Boston Symphony Concert on February 12, and I have not yet quite recovered from my indignation at having been compelled to listen to that magnificent orchestra wasting its time and taxing the politeness of its patrons by performing Mahler's inflated, bombastic, and indescribably tedious symphony. The matter is doubly exasperating when one reflects upon the many admirable and unfamiliar works in the modern or classical repertories which are neglected for the sake of expiating such music as Mahler's, merely on the strength of its European reputation. Could anything more conclusively demonstrate the essential provinciality of our musical public than the tributes which we fall over ourselves to lay at the feet of foreign music-writers, while we superciliously disregard our own music-makers, some of them at least one critic of prominence who is alert and broad-minded enough to recognize admirable work wherever he finds it—even if it proceeds from the despised composers of our own country.

I am, sir,

ROBERT L. MASON.

"GOOD SOCIETY" IN FICTION

New York, March 26, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Will you permit me in protest in your columns against an unwarranted and highly unintelligent slur which the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* sees fit to cast upon Mrs. Humphry Ward in an editorial published on one of its recent issues. The *Saturday Evening Post* subordinates itself as follows:

"Mrs. Humphry Ward of late years has fallen down in worship at 'good society.' Mrs. Ward once wrote a book called *Robert Elton*, which had a great vogue—unhappily, if ponderous story about middle-class people who had trouble with their religion. Then followed *David Grieve* and other honest looks about ordinary people. After a time, British aristocracy spread its doors to the successful novelist of the British middle-class. Then came *Lady Ross's Daughter* and *The Marriage of William Ash*, which are the novelist's grateful response to the privilege of associating with dukes and duchesses. Some day these novels will be amusing because of their ingenious snobbery. Today they are immensely popular in America. They are bought and read by American women who luxuriate in the atmosphere of the best London society."

Clearly your contemporary has gone out of its way to be disagreeable in this fatuous, ill-considered, and unwarranted utterance. Aside from the question of Mrs. Ward's admirable attainments as a novelist of insight and uncommon artistic skill, which needs no emphasis, let me ask the editorial savor of the *Post* if he really believes that it makes any essential difference whether a novel concerns itself with the humble or the exalted, or what he calls "good society" or by the "ordinary people"? Does he really believe that hearts beat any less high and passions kindle any less ardently under broadcloth and lace than under homespun and imitation furs? Does the play have an authentic interest only when it involves the fortunes of Maggie and her man Poley? And must tragedy masquerade in overalls and a slouch hat and carry bayonet in its hair in order to seize our imaginations and compel our tears? Why is it "ingenious snobbery" to set the scene of one's drama in Mayfair or on Fifth Avenue, if one chases, so long as the action be truthfully and vividly presented? Will not the *Post* kindly tell us whether it really believes that "ordinary people" have a monopoly of human interest, and that the possession of money, gentility, or even titles, disqualifies one from playing an important and interesting part in the human drama. Incidentally, how can it persuade itself to tolerate the misquoting words of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James, each inconspicuously themselves largely with the impossible doings of "good society"? I am, sir,

HENRY TOWNSEND.

A QUITE NEW EXPLANATION

New York, March 26, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—I have been pointed to obnoxious in a daily paper a letter from a man who avers that the manners of our women in cars and all public conveyances are worse than those of our men. With a truly scientific spirit of investigation, and admitting that the gentleman's recreation may possess some basis for truth (else why would a gentleman mind it at all?), I have endeavored to discover the reason for so unfortunate a state of affairs. It has occurred to me, in the course of my inquiry, that whereas mothers are commonly held accountable for defects in the manners of men, it is only reasonable to presume that fathers may be responsible for the bad manners of their daughters. Every woman is known to the father as the daughter of some man. And as one looks about one on the streets and in the cars, and sees with unutterable disgust the rambling markings which exasperating men leave upon our high ways and byways, and before and around the seats in our cars, or when one observes these men seated while women stand clinging to the straps, pushing into and out of the cars regardless of the women and children in their path, one naturally inquires (in the same scientific spirit above referred to) "Would these men logically be the fathers of well-bred daughters?" I am, sir,

EDWARD MACDONALD.

(Continued from page 382.)

planned soon to bring the apparatus to New York and give public concerts.

Now, to speak briefly of some of the unique features of this machine: In the first place, it does not reproduce sounds, for the operator merely sends into a connecting wire electric currents which produce the sounds for the first time by means of a telephone receiver. This receiver may be close at hand or miles away, and so many telephone receivers as desired may be connected to the machine, provided, of course, it be not overloaded. Music may thus be produced in many places. The sound may be as loud as we please, for we can drive the alternator by a 100-horse-power engine if we wish, and convert the whole of the power into music. Undoubtedly, the most striking feature, and the one which will be the most interesting after the novelty of the machine has worn off, is the control given by it over the quality of the music. This is something which cannot be done with other instruments, and it may lead to very important results.

Will the telharmonium ever become a household instrument? That is hard to say. In its present form, weighing, as it does, some 200 tons, it is not exactly suited for a parlor. It is more appropriate for a large central music-producing station, from which concerts may be transmitted to such as wish to hear them. But there is no inherent reason why it should not be made in smaller sizes for the concert hall, the theatre, or even for the home. At all events, if the instrument does all that it promises, the musical world will be under a lasting obligation to Thaddeus Cahill, the inventor.

A New Page in the History of John Paul Jones

(Continued from page 382.)

to Franklin. The avowed hostility of his sailors alone accounts for this omission.

No one will need to seek further as to the reason for Paul Jones's abandonment of his sea career or for his change of name. Far from enjoying the luxury of an opulent position as the owner of a large inherited estate, as his latest biographer would have us believe, Paul Jones lived in the direst poverty and distress for nearly two years after he fled from Tobago; hiding "inveig," as he admits, and subsisting, through the dishonesty of his agent in the West Indies, on fifty pounds only, during this entire period. He inherited neither name nor estate from his brother William, who died William Paul, in the year 1774, leaving by his will, duly preserved, as his late investigators have discovered, in the Spotsylvania County Court House, a small estate to his sister.

On the refusal of the appointed executors to serve, Paul Jones is believed to have emerged from his place of retirement to administer the estate, and there is a tradition that Willie Jones, the celebrated actor, the distinguished North-Carolinian, went upon his bond. It is certain that this Southern gentleman befriended him, inviting him to visit him and his accomplished wife at their place, "The Grove," in North Carolina. There he made the acquaintance of Joseph Hewes, who was Willie Jones's colleague in the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and whose influence gave Jones his commission in the American navy. Many witnesses among the descendants of this William Jones have testified that John Paul added Jones's name to his in gratitude, and asserted that he promised he would one day do it honor.

The Missionary and the African Savage

(Continued from page 381.)

the strength and number of the out-stations.

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stations run can be generally excluded though sometimes a village is presented by a Portuguese trader because it will not buy his spirit. But the whole country is degenerating, owing to rum. "You see no fine old men now," is a constant saying. Rum kills them off. It is making the whole people bloated and stupid. Near the coast it is worst, but the enormous amount stored into the interior or manufactured in this is falling rapidly, and I see no hope of any change so long as rum plantations of cane or sweet-potato pay better than any others, and both traders and government regard the natives only as profitable slaves.

As a matter of argument, polygamy is a more difficult question still. It is universally practiced in Africa, and no native man or woman has ever had the smallest scruple of conscience or feeling of wrong about it. Where the natives can observe white men they see that polygamy is in reality practiced among them too. If they came to Europe or America, they would find it practiced, not by every person, but by every nation under one guise or another. It seems an open question whether the native races, with its freedom from convulsions and its guarantees for women protection and support, is not better than the secret and hypocritical devices of civilization, under which only one of the women concerned has any protection or guarantee at all, while a man's relation to the others is nearly always stealthy, cruel, and casual. However, the missionaries, after long consideration, have decided to insist upon the rule of one man one wife for members of their churches; and when I was at our station, a famous Christian chief, Kamukunda of Chikanga, by far the most advanced and intelligent native I have ever known—chose one wife out of his eight or ten, and married her with Christian rites, while the greater part of his twenty-five living children joined in the hymns. It was fine, but my sympathy was with one of the rejected wives, who would not come to the wedding feast, and refused to take a grain of meal or a foot of cloth from his hand ever again.

As to slavery, I have already spoken about the missionaries' attitude. They do not say anything about it, because if they published the truth they would probably be imprisoned and certainly be driven out of the country, leaving their followers exposed to a terrible and exterminating persecution. So they help in what few small ways they can, and leave the rest to time and others. It is difficult to criticize on such experience, devotion, and sincerity of aim.

One must take their judgment. But at the same time one cannot help remembering that a raging fire is often easier to deal with than a smoldering prison-house, and that in spite of all the blood and sorrow, the wildest revolution on behalf of justice has never really failed.

Buchanan's Wife

(Continued from page 35.)

caught his eye, and he bent forward with a sudden exclamation.

"Look! Look!" he cried out. "Look there!" Across the dead man's path a strange little grocer had been torn, and he lay on the sunken road, where the dirt was partly pulled away, a bluish round object plain in view. Grimly enough, the only man in the world who loved Buchanan had slain him. These two bullets had penetrated at the heaving breast had gone beyond and found their prey. Buchanan had not died of his malady. His friend had killed him.

Heavily began a dry, overcast night. Farney slipped an arm about her shoulder and led her towards the door. But now it he turned back for a moment.

"Only we there," he said, looking at the old Scotchman—"only are three living souls known the truth of this matter. Buchanan is dead, and the other who knew is dead also. We three remain. The secret is safe with us, I think." He spoke with a shade of question in his tone.

The old man looked at him without a word.

"I don't know just what you mean," he said, stolidly. "It may be so."

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beddy has told me summat, but I her me recollection. Whiles I her me memory at a."

Faring gave a brief smile.

"Thank you, McNaughton," said he. "The secret is safe, I see. I need not have spoken. I must take Mrs. Faring home now. Then I shall come back and we will consider about what is to be done here. Would you be willing to wait for me?"

"Ay," said the old man. "I'll hide. Dinna fash yerself."

Faring and Beatrice went out and began their walk across the moor and up the steep hillside which led towards home.

The night had passed and the first faint light of dawn was ahead. It smelt of the coming day. The turf was damp from the rain, but the clouds had driven over before a fresh west wind, and the sky was clear again.

"And so, Betty," said the man, "we're safe at last—free. The two who threatened us are dead. McNaughton has forgotten. There's nobody now who knows."

She raised her face to his and kissed him. Then for a little she walked on in silence.

"He knew, Harry," she said at last.

"We know. We shall always know—and never forget."

Faring shook his head. He stopped in his walk and took her in his arms, turning her about so that he looked into her eyes.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "we are young and life is long, and the world is a very beautiful place—almost as beautiful as you are. We shall forget. Look at the sky, Betty. The night's going out of it and the day is coming. 'Joy cometh of a morning.' It says so somewhere, and I know it is true. I tell you we shall forget!"

She crept closer into his arms, looking up to him with pleading eyes.

"Do you think we shall, Harry?" she begged. "Oh, I want to, I want to! Do you think we shall?"

THE END.

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"There was travelling with us on the train from Berlin to Moscow, a young chap from New York, who, for some reason or other, had failed to provide himself with a passport. When we reached the Russian frontier he was, of course, instantly held up by a Russian Inspector of customs, who demanded to see his passport. For an instant our New Yorker was stupefied, but he quickly met the emergency. From the recesses of an inner pocket he ostentatiously drew forth his life-insurance policy and handed it to the Minister. With the utmost gravity, the official gravely scrutinized the imposing seal and the bewildering array of signatures. Then, satisfied, he returned the policy to our New Yorker, and the latter passed on."

A Discerning Critic

An illustrator whose work for the magazines is now generally admired tells a story of his early days, when his lines were cut in harder places than at present.

"I was pretty hard up," says he, "and in the West was once obliged to make a living by 'quick paintings' of country fairs. I remember how, on one such occasion, I was surrounded by a crowd gazing rapidly at my work. I was hurriedly conveying the colors from the tubes to my palette, and from thence to the cheap stuff supposed to be as easy as any canvas to get the effect desired, and to be through with the job, for I was desperately hungry."

"The next man nearest me was absorbed. 'Say,' he finally exclaimed, 'you're a clever man, all right, painting two pictures at once!' Then, after a pause, he added: 'But that one you got your thumb through is better than the other!'"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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WRITE UPON

Life Insurance Legislation

IN THE APRIL NUMBER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. L

New York, Saturday, April 14, 1906

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W.A. Rogers

'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND THEY GO!

Continued on Page 10

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

THE most important event which occurred in the United States during the week ending March 31 was the beginning of the coal strike. In the bituminous and anthracite fields taken together there are about 550,000 mine-workers. Of these, Mr. JIMMY MITCHELL computes that 200,000 soft-coal miners will continue to work in pursuance of a resolution passed at the last moment in the Indianapolis convention, permitting union miners to labor for any bituminous operator who would agree to restore the wage scale which was operative in 1903. These 200,000 workers would be expected to contribute a part of their weekly earnings to the support of the 350,000 strikers. As we go to press, the conference of April 3 between the anthracite operators and the representatives of the mine-workers, has been adjourned without result to April 5. Mr. MITCHELL's original demands were increased pay, an eight-hour day, and recognition of the miners' union. There is no likelihood that Mr. BURN, who speaks for the operators, will assent to any of these demands; but he will offer to renew for three years the agreement made in 1903 under the auspices of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. Retail dealers in the city of New York have already raised the price of the combustible, so that domestic consumers have to pay for it from \$1 25 to \$1 75 more than they have habitually paid after April 1, when a reduction of 50 cents per ton has been made. It is probable that the operators will undertake, by withholding supplies, to compel retail dealers to restore the normal prices until the stocks of fuel already mined and held in reserve have been seriously depleted. The aggregate amount of the marketable anthracite above ground has been variously computed at from ten to twenty million tons. How far that will go may be estimated from the facts, first, that the aggregate output of anthracite in 1903 was about 75,000,000 short tons (2800 pounds), and that New York city alone is said to consume about 15,000,000 tons of anthracite a year.

Many well-informed persons believe that the operators in the anthracite region would not object to seeing their works stand idle for a month or two until they should have got rid of most of their surplus. Then they would desire to resume mining operations, and the question would arise whether the union miners would either go back to work themselves or permit non-union men to work. A large fraction, if not an actual majority, of the hard-coal union workers are said to be opposed to a strike at the present time, and to be satisfied with the agreement under which they have been acting for three years. The discipline of the unions, however, is so rigorous that the dissent of this faction may not become articulate, much less translate itself into deeds. An attempt to mine coal with non-union workers would undoubtedly provoke rioting, arson, and assassination. What could be done for the maintenance of order? Governor

PENNSYLVANIA, cannot use the National Guard for that purpose in any county unless the sheriff of that county calls upon him to do so. The history of the last strike in the anthracite region shows that sheriffs, who are elected mainly or largely by miners' votes, will not admit that troops are needed. President ROOSEVELT, for his part, cannot employ Federal soldiers to prevent crime in the anthracite coal-fields and uphold non-union workers in their right to labor unless requested to do so by the Pennsylvania Legislature, or by Governor PENNSYLVANIA if the Legislature cannot be convoked. It may be remembered that during the last anthracite strike Governor STROUD refused to make any such application. Under the circumstances, it is probable that if the consumers suffer materially, or are even threatened with grave suffering, President ROOSEVELT will again intervene, in his personal rather than in his official capacity, and endeavor by moral suasion to induce both operators and miners again to refer their differences to arbitration. Representatives of that section of the bituminous operators who declare it impossible for them to restore the wages paid in 1903 have already urged Mr. ROOSEVELT to intervene, but there seems no likelihood of his doing so until the community at large feels the pinch of hardship and privation. It is already settled that the prosperity of the iron and steel industry will not be checked, inasmuch as an adequate supply of fuel is assured by the actual or prospective agreement of certain soft-coal operators with about 200,000 workers.

Just at this time it is interesting to recall some of the fundamental facts relating to the anthracite industry, and particularly to its history during the last decade. Practically all the anthracite coal mined in the United States comes from the three hard-coal fields of northeastern Pennsylvania. These fields lie within eight counties, which between them contain less than 500 square miles of coal-producing territory. Small as the district is, however, it has for some time produced some 70,000,000 short tons a year. The industry is said to represent a capital investment of \$700,000,000, and the annual value of the product at the mines' mouth exceeds \$140,000,000. About \$60,000,000 is paid annually in wages to the 100,000 employees. A population of nearly a million men, women, and children, dependent for the most part on the anthracite industry, resides in the hard-coal country, the most important urban centres of which are Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville, and Hazleton. The present suspension of hard-coal mining, which began when the workers left the mines on March 31, is the third ordered by the United Mine Workers of America since that body undertook to control the anthracite industry. The first suspension order issued in this region by that organization took effect on September 17, 1900, and lasted but six weeks, during which the price of domestic sizes of the combustible rose only \$1 25—i. e., from \$5 50 to \$6 75. The settlement of this strike is said to have been brought about by MARK HANNA, who insisted upon the temporary concession by the operators of the most important demands made by the miners lest the Republican candidate for the Presidency should be defeated in Pennsylvania. The memorable strike of 1902 began on May 12, and did not come to an end until October 23. During these five months or more the price of domestic sizes of anthracite rose to the unprecedented figure of \$25 per ton, and very little could be obtained even at that price. The cost of the strike to the consumers alone was computed at \$100,000,000 by the commission which Mr. ROOSEVELT ultimately consented to appoint.

It is well known that since ex-Governor LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, entered the United States Senate he has persistently opposed any further leasing or sale of coal lands in Indian Territory, on the ground that it is the duty of the Federal government as trustee for the Indians to retain these mineral deposits for their benefit. In the week ending March 31 a subject of debate in the Senate was a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to lease for a term of thirty years all the coal lands which the government now holds in trust for the Indians of the Territory named. For the purpose, apparently, of minimizing the importance of the proposal, a Western Senator asserted that the value of the coal lands which is anything from ten million dollars to fifty million dollars. This was an astounding underestimate

according to the figures supplied to Senator LA FOLLETTE by the United States Geological Survey, which has recently made a careful examination of all the coal lands in the Territory. According to the official report, there are 437,734 acres, of which about a fourth has already been leased. Under the leases the Indians receive eight cents a ton royalty, which in the coal lands now mined yields them about \$400 an acre. If the unleased coal deposits should prove equally valuable in respect of quantity and quality, the royalties would net the Indians annually \$174,000,000. According to the United States Geological Survey, the coal of Indian Territory is variable in grade, running from a bituminous combustible of no very high standard up to a mineral which is almost anthracite. The present price of coal at the mine's mouth ranges from \$1.00 to \$2 a ton. Assuming \$2 per ton as the prospective average price, Senator LA FOLLETTE calculates that the coal deposits in Indian Territory have an average value of \$10,000 per acre. Applying this figure to the total acreage, he arrives at an aggregate valuation of \$4,377,000,000 for the coal-fields held in trust for the Indians by the Federal government. It is obvious, as Mr. LA FOLLETTE points out, that if the Federal government, acting as trustee for the Indians, should retain and operate these coal-fields, it would be able to prevent the paralysis of industries periodically threatened by the strike of union workers in other bituminous and anthracite coal regions. If, for instance, all the mines of Indian Territory were in the course of exploitation to-day under the control of the Federal government, no strike would have been ordered at Indianapolis.

The President has again interposed to bring about the passage of the HERRICK-TALMAN bill in an amended form. By taking this step, Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is an incomparably better politician than most to be imagined, has made a virtue of necessity. He has learned not only that enough Republicans to constitute a majority of the Senate are pledged to insert in the bill, as it came from the House of Representatives and was reported from the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee, a clause distinctly providing for a review by United States circuit courts of the railway rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has also learned that the Democrats themselves are divided on the subject, some, like Mr. BAILEY, holding that a carrier as well as a shipper is entitled to full protection of his every right in the courts. Now the HERRICK bill, in the form which it wore when it left the House of Representatives, is universally regarded as an administration measure, and, naturally, Mr. ROOSEVELT does not want to see it share the fate of the Philippines tariff bill and the Statehood bill. So, on Saturday, March 31, he invited to the White House those Senators who have expressed the President's views in the Interstate Commerce Committee, namely, Messrs. DOLLIVER and ALLISON of Iowa, CULLOM of Illinois, PLATT of Minnesota, and LONG of Kansas. Two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are said to have been also present at the interview, together with Attorney-General MOHR, who, apparently, drafted the clause which the President wishes to insert by way of a compromise between the advocates and opponents of the HERRICK bill in its original form. In view of the fact that many of the ablest lawyers in the Senate have asserted that the HERRICK bill would be adjudged unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court unless provision were made for a judicial review of the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the conference was called by Mr. ROOSEVELT—so he is said to have declared—for the purpose of deciding whether it would not be well to propose an amendment which would be recognized as coming from friends rather than enemies of the bill.

The amendment suggested by the President provides that all orders of the commission, except orders made in the ordinary course of business for the payment of money, shall take effect within such time as shall be prescribed by the commission, and shall continue for such period of time, not exceeding two years, as shall be prescribed in the order of the commission, unless sooner set aside by the commission, or suspended or set aside in a suit brought against the commission in a United States circuit court, sitting as a court of equity in the district where the

carrier's principal office is situated. The amendment goes on to confer upon the circuit courts of the United States jurisdiction to hear and determine any such suits, whether the order complained of was beyond the authority of the commission, or in violation of the rights of a carrier as these are secured by the Constitution. This amendment is obviously intended to be a compromise between those Senators who desire the judicial power to cover solely constitutional grounds and those who want the review power to be so wide as to clothe the courts practically with authority to go into the merits of the commission's decision, or, in other words, bear a rate case all over again. It is said that twenty-seven Republican votes have already been secured for this amendment, but whether the needed addition of eighteen Democratic votes can be obtained is doubtful. As we have formerly said, we regard all this talk about inserting or not inserting a provision for judicial review as a waste of time. Such a right of judicial review is guaranteed by the Constitution, and no statute can extinguish it, as Congress will discover. Nor will it be the first time when Congress has learned the impossibility of limiting the fundamental powers of the Federal judiciary, which, so far as the United States Supreme Court is concerned, exists by virtue of the same warrant which brought Congress itself into existence.

After a session lasting until six o'clock in the evening of March 31, the Alhuciras Conference on Morocco reforms registered a complete agreement and appointed a committee to embody it in a formal protocol. As to just what regulations have been adopted in regard to the collection of customs we are not yet informed, but we know that the thorny questions of the international police and an international bank have been settled. French officers will have charge of the Moorish constabulary in four seaports—Mogador, Safi, Mazagan, and Rabat—and Spanish officers in two ports—Tetuan and Larache—while French and Spanish officers together will control the police in Tangier and Casa Blanca. All of these officers will be subject to supervision at the hands of an inspector-general, who will be appointed by a neutral power. Just which neutral nation will be selected for the purpose is not stated, but it will not be Holland, which was originally intended. Queen WILHELMINA's government having declined to appoint a Dutch officer to the post. That France has a special interest in the financial affairs of Morocco, as well as the maintenance of order in that country, was recognized by the agreement that France should have three shares in the proposed international bank, and that each other nation which was a party to the Madrid Convention shall have one share. There are to be four supervisors of the bank—to wit, the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Bank of Spain, and the Imperial Bank of Germany. The work of accommodation, therefore, is done, so far as the conference could do it, and the dread of a European war is allayed for the moment. It should be borne in mind, however, that the operation of the agreement concerning the international police is terminable at the end of five years. It also remains to be seen whether the Sultan will consent or can afford to accept the decision of the conference, unanimously as it is. It will be hard for his fanatical subjects to reconcile the retention of his independent sovereignty with the spectacle of the control exercised by foreign officers in his eight seaports.

No doubt there are many honest men in the New York Legislature. Just how numerous they are could easily be ascertained by compelling the rogues to stand up and be counted. The honest legislators at Albany will make a great mistake if they allow the Legislature to adjourn without compelling "Judge" HAMILTON to supplement his revelations with some very much needed information. He has testified under oath, or offered so to testify, that he received from the late JOHN A. McCALL, then president of the New York Life Insurance Company, very large sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of a million dollars. He admits, as we have said, receiving the money, and he alleges that he spent it in averting legislation that if enacted would have been harmful to the life-insurance business. He does not say how he averted such legislation. He does not tell whether he paid any of the money to legislators, much less does he mention their names. The belief is current, however,

that much of the money received by HAMILTON was used by him in corrupting legislators; and often for the purpose of satisfying the demands of blackmailers who had introduced unwelcome bills for the express purpose of extorting blood-money. The belief, we repeat, is almost universal among men acquainted with past methods of life-insurance companies, and the Albany Legislature cannot afford to ignore it. It should forthwith summon HAMILTON to Albany and compel him to say under oath before the AUSTINIA committee what sums of money, if any, he has paid to legislators, and to *name the recipients*. Then it will be possible in the Assembly and Senate of New York to separate the sheep from the goats. Until this trenchant step is taken the suspicion will prevail that the goats preponderate.

The suggestion that WILSON be the Democratic candidate for President in 1906 continues to excite comment from the newspapers of all parts of the country. The most serious effect of the suggestion has been felt in the South and in New Jersey. This is natural and logical, for Mr. WILSON was born in the South, and his boyhood is remembered not only in Virginia, his native State, but in Georgia, where he attended school, where his father preached, and where he married his wife. He has always been, as will be seen from the remarks of the *Savannah Press* (see page 532), in high favor with the Georgians, and was once suggested for Chancellor of the State University. In New Jersey, where he was a student at Princeton, and where, since he has been professor and president, the suggestion is as cordially received as it is in the South. The *Savannah Press* says that it is in favor of Mr. WILSON for President on the understanding that he is to be the Democratic candidate. The original mention of his name was as that of a man very worthy to be the Democratic candidate. It is not quite accurate to say, as the *Press* does, that HARPER'S WEEKLY is "boosting" Mr. WILSON. It is doing nothing of the sort. It has recognized in him a man eminently fit to be President and to be the Democratic candidate for President. The statement of this fact alone is a complete answer to the other statement that the WEEKLY has put him forward as its candidate. We would, it is true, be delighted if the Democratic party would consent to make so sensible and proper a nomination as this would be. Not only New Jersey but Pennsylvania welcomes the suggestion. New England newspapers treat it respectfully, while one Western paper shows its appreciation of Mr. WILSON by ranking him with GARRET CLEVELAND.

To the WEEKLY the interesting feature of all this comment is the evidence it affords that a good many Democratic newspapers realize the value of character, of dignity, of intellectual equipments for the Presidential office. Faith is shown, too, in the strength of repose and in the power of quiet. The Southern newspapers indicate that their part of the country quite understands the honor that a nomination of a Southerner would be to their section, but they also show that they are chiefly glad that a Southern man is talked about, not because of the place of his birth, but because of his worthiness for the highest office in the land. Mr. WILSON is not mentioned because he is a Southerner, but being mentioned because of his own personality, his own character, his own accomplishments, and his own ability, he also happens to be a Southerner. This makes the incident especially gratifying to the South. Another very significant statement is to be found in the closing paragraph of an editorial of the *Trenton American* which we lack space to quote in full this week. It says this newspaper, Mr. WILSON be nominated, he "will unquestionably have back of him the men of both parties whose ideals are the restoration of primal principles and a return to constitutional government." From all this it will be seen that much good has been accomplished by the mere suggestion that Mr. WILSON's candidacy is one which the Democratic party ought to take into serious consideration.

This advice may not fructify into action, but at least the suggestion has excited comment, and may excite discussion, that must benefit the party and the country. It has made serious editors lift their eyes from the crowd of politicians who are running along in the old ruts to contemplate a man who has what we might call real Presidential ability and Presidential virtues—that is, ability and vir-

tues which are his own, and which distinguish him from a mass of people who have mere availability. When it is considered that supposed availability has been the leading virtue of all the Democratic Presidential candidates who have ever been defeated, it seems odd that it is still a virtue so highly considered by those who make slates. It is probably true, however, that no Democratic candidate ever will be successful without a preliminary victory over the statemakers. Therefore it is gratifying to a political onlooker to note the pleasure with which thoughtful men receive a name that would never occur to a professional namer of candidates for defeat. It is now demonstrated that there are editors—and presumably many readers for every editor—who would be glad to transform the Democratic party into a real and intelligent opposition which, being intelligent, would enjoy its proper share of power, and, when out of power, would be recognized as a force to be reckoned with on account of both its intelligence and its patriotism.

The dinner given by the Pilgrims' Society in New York city on March 31 was rendered interesting by the presence of ex-Ambassador CHASTET, Secretary Root, and the special guest of the occasion, Earl GREY, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Mr. CHASTET did well to explain just who the distinguished Englishman is. Lord GREY is a great-grandson of that Major-General Sir CHARLES GREY who was second to General HOWE and General CLINTON in command of the British forces during the occupation of Philadelphia in our Revolutionary war. It seems that General GREY was quartered in a house belonging to BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and that a portrait of FRANKLIN, then hanging on the wall, was packed up with the General's baggage when hurried preparations were made for the evacuation of the city and for the memorable retreat through the Jerseys which was so rudely interrupted by WAHNESTON at Monmouth Court House. Somehow the portrait found its way to the house in Northumberland of General GREY, who eventually was raised to the peerage. The second Lord GREY, the grandfather of the present Governor-General of Canada, was head of the famous Whig ministry which, against formidable obstruction in the House of Lords and against the will of the sovereign, WILLIAM IV, himself, carried the first Reform bill which became operative in 1832. Philadelphians will learn with peculiar satisfaction that Lord GREY devoted a month ago to restore the portrait of his own free will, and it is now on the way to this country, where it is expected to arrive in time for the FRANKLIN celebration on April 29.

What caused the summary dismissal of Mr. BELLAMY STORER, lately ambassador at Vienna, and the prompt appointment of Mr. FAYSSAT to the post, has not yet been made known officially at Washington. A report has been current, however, that Mrs. STORER had made an indiscreet use of a letter, received from President ROOSEVELT, for the purpose of promoting the advancement of Archbishop ILLIANI to a cardinalate. In an interview which took place in Vienna on March 31, Mrs. STORER denied that she had ever made the alleged improper use of a letter from the President. The President of the United States, she says, has never written to her about Archbishop ILLIANI, except cursorily in a letter last December upon another subject. She presumes that the current report alludes to a letter addressed to her in 1904 by Mr. ROOSEVELT, when he was Governor of New York. This letter, she asserts, was written expressly in order that she might show it to Cardinal RAMPOLLA, then Papal Secretary of State, in order to convince the Vatican of the friendly attitude of distinguished Americans toward Archbishop ILLIANI's policy. Governor ROOSEVELT thought that the Vatican's good-will would be of great importance to the Federal government in the letter's relations with the Philippines. All that part of the letter which relates to this subject has been cabled to this country and published in the *New York Herald*. We can see no impropriety in the original exhibition to Cardinal RAMPOLLA of such a letter, evidently with the author's consent, from the Governor of one of our States, for the reason that the latter would be known to hold no official relation whatever to the Federal administration. The case would be entirely different if the same letter were now exhibited to Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL, the present Papal Secretary of State, by the wife of an American ambassador.

for it would naturally be supposed to express the present feelings and wishes of the President of the United States, and would practically impute to him an intention of influencing a foreign government in the choice of its officials. What must make Mr. STORAN's summary dismissal painful both to him and to Mr. ROOSEVELT is the fact that they have long been friends.

The bill now before Congress to take the tax off denatured alcohol, for use in the arts and as a fuel, has so much backing and is so reasonable a measure that it is expected to pass in spite of all opposition from industries interested in its defeat. If a tithe of the benefits cited as sure to result from free alcohol ever materialize, the new law will be a boon of immense value to the country. Besides the use of alcohol in manufactures, which is large at present in spite of the huge tax, and will be very greatly increased when the tax is removed, we are told that free alcohol, which can be made for about thirty cents a gallon, has a great future as a fuel and as an illuminant. Alcohol was beginning to be used for lighting purposes in the fifties, but before that use of it became common or lamps to burn it were perfected, the civil-war tax that was imposed on it made its price prohibitive. If it becomes cheap again, its use as an illuminant is expected to develop very rapidly and extensively. So also it is to be the great fuel for motor-engines, and perhaps for household use. As it can be made out of grains, fruits, molasses, and many other vegetable substances, its manufacture is expected to afford a market for many farm products now wasted or sold at losing prices—a consideration which enlists the farming interests on the side of the bill.

Former Congressman JOHN R. THAYER, of Worcester, likely Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, wound up a tariff-revision speech at a JEFFERSON dinner at Springfield, on April 2, by telling how "one of the brightest and ablest members of the Senate" said to him last winter, "Why, Mr. THAYER, it has come to this over here, that when my name is reached on the roll-call I do not know whether to answer 'present' or 'not guilty.'" It is a good story—a little too good to be convincing. The Senate's recent work on the railroad-rate bill has earned it much respectful consideration. There is a disposition to take a hopeful view of it, if only to correct the counter-disposition to paint it all black. We guess the Senate is on the mend. We have heard it related that some years ago a government official had a twenty-payment life-insurance policy in one of the great New York companies, which matured. The payments offered him fell so far short of what he had been led to expect that he was disposed to make public remonstrance. But he was about to be promoted to much higher rank, and it was represented to him that if he made trouble for the life-insurance company his appointment would be apt not to be confirmed by the Senate. He took what the insurance company offered him and said nothing. That would hardly happen now. Would it! The Senate represents something more than the full pockets of the country. It represents a very important fraction of the brains and foresight of the country. With all its faults, and it has many, no department of our government is likelier to earn its salt in the next five years than the Senate.

Still, the tariff will have to be revised some time, and if its friends won't do the job, its enemies will.—*The Sun*.

"Some time" has such a far-away sound. What of those eager spirits that want it done in this life?

The newspapers report the discovery by Professor ELMER GATES, of Washington, that certain wave-lengths of ultra-violet light and certain frequencies of electric modulations will pass through a dead animal body more completely than through a living one. The result is, it seems, that the living body under these rays will cast a shadow; a dead one not. The opaqueness of the living bodies Professor GATES finds to be due to the presence of electric currents in the nerves and muscles. While life exists the body is a bundle of electric currents through which electric waves cannot pass. As described, it seems a very pretty discovery, and it is taken with sufficient seriousness to be discussed as a practical

means of determining whether life has gone out of bodies that seem to be dead. There are cases of catalepsy where ordinary tests of death fail and in which a new test would be useful, and in some cases of disease where it is important to know how low the vital forces have run at a given time, Professor GATES's discovery, if it turns out to be authentic, may be of practical use. But whether of immediate practical use or not, it is very interesting (if true), as are all discoveries that push forward the limits of human knowledge. One effect of the curious things that scientists nowadays are constantly finding out is to impress upon thoughtful persons the incompleteness of the present state of knowledge. Our world knows enormously more about many things than the world of our fathers did, yet the more it knows, the less inclined it is to believe that it knows all. Discovery follows so fast upon discovery in these days as to make us realize more acutely than in slower times how vast a mass of nature's mysteries are still unexplored, and how much our views of what is credible and what is not may be affected by discoveries still to come. As a scientist said in commenting on this reported discovery by Professor GATES, "It is not safe, in these days of rapid advancement in scientific achievement, to deny anything."

An article in *McClure's Magazine* for April, which we observe to be much quoted in the newspapers, is devoted to a defense of the human propensity to eat food. We do not wonder that the article is popular. The author, Dr. HICKEY-SOX, brings all the knowledge at his disposal to the support of the proposition that three square meals a day are highly beneficial for most persons who are disposed to eat them, and that the foods that people want are, as a rule, the foods best suited to do them good. He disparages the advocates of starvation diet, scorns the notion that man is not naturally carnivorous, scoffs at cereals and patent breakfast-foods, defends white bread as one of the best foods known, endorses coffee, pork, spices, and condiments, and insists that people who eat the best food they can get—as most people do—show more sense about their diet than most of the professional or commercial dietitians who preach novel restraints to them. There seems to the layman to be much sense in Dr. HICKEY-SOX's deliverances, and though it is true that overeating is common and harmful, the doctrines of the dyspeptics have been overexpressively expounded of late, and it is time that the old theory of ample meals for healthy people should have an airing.

In the last two years Germany's Southwest Africa has cost the German government \$150,000,000 and some thousands of lives lost by massacres and in course of operations to subdue the natives. It seems a good deal to pay for imperfect pacification of a territory which contains no more than 5000 European residents, and of which the combined imports and exports amount to no more than \$2,500,000 a year. If the nations of the world ever become sane enough to consider modern colonization as a business proposition, there will be an international auction at which there will be bargains for buyers.

The football managers have asked candidates for the next team to choose, so far as possible, morning elective studies so as to allow football practice in the afternoon.—*Yale College news in the Evening Post*.

Very modest of the managers. The simpler and more efficacious way would be to make football an elective, and let it jostle out its conflicts with the other electives. There is a prospect, by the way, that there will be the usual provision of intercollegiate football next fall. The Harvard Athletic Committee has declared in favor of cooperating with the other university teams in testing the new rules, and probably the overersers will consent. The Harvard Committee thinks the revised rules give reasonable assurance that a satisfactory game can be played under them. The *Evening Post* is less hopeful. In fifteen inches of closely united amendments, it cannot find a line that is likely to improve the game. It is proposed at Harvard to entertain visiting teams at dinner after matches, and thereby abate the ferocity of contests. Measures of that kind, by inducing unealities of spirit, might help very much.

Shall Our Forests Escape the Fate of China's?

The April number of *Outlook* contains two important articles, one describing the extent to which the process of deforestation has been carried in many parts of China, and the other indicating the means of saving the United States from similar devastation. The death of trees in China was noted centuries ago by the first European visitors. MITCHELL reveals a knowledge of the fact when, in "Paradise Lost," he speaks of "the windy plains of Sericaria." In a recent letter, Mr. KENNAN has described the desolate appearance of the coast of southern Manchuria—hills upon which neither tree nor shrub has been left. Other travellers have reported that this condition is prevalent over a large part of eastern and northern China, and extends in varying degree over most of the empire, although in the western provinces forests of considerable size may still be found in the recesses of the higher mountains. To see the later stages of the process of deforestation, however, one must go to the lower mountains of northeastern China, especially those adjacent to the great plains upon which are crowded so many scores of millions of the Chinese race. Mr. ELIOT BLACKWELDER, who contributes one of the articles in *Outlook*, testifies that in the eastern provinces one may travel hundreds of miles without seeing even a small grove of trees upon the hillsides. He refers, of course, to natural forest growths, not to fruit trees and decorative trees which are planted property. The process of deforestation was completed in the eastern provinces, of which Shaantung is one, at a period so remote that in some localities Mr. BLACKWELDER found no traditions of its occurrence preserved among the inhabitants. The severe destruction of eastern China are attributed to deforestation. In the United States the grass holds down the dry soil and the trees tend to act as sieves to remove the suspended particles from each passing wind. We, therefore, have little in comparison of dust, except along highways, and in our cities in China, on the other hand, the mountain slopes are bare and, after the harvests are gathered, the fields are completely denuded. The entire land surface then becomes a source of dust. Hence the dust-storms, which often dim the sunlight on a cloudless day. Could the trees be restored to the hillsides, the grass to the plains, and the stubble to the fields, the phenomenon would in a large measure disappear.

Of course there is nothing peculiar in China's experience, except that the process of deforestation has been carried further there than in most other countries. The same efforts will be witnessed in any land where adequate precautions are not taken to preserve the forests. Mr. PHILIP W. AYRES, the author of the second article in *Outlook*, undertakes to show what should be done to preserve our forests where they still exist, and to replace those where they have been destroyed. As forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, he is specially qualified to speak of the White Mountain region. It seems that, owing to the rapid growth of paper-making from spruce trees, thirty million dollars have been invested in lumber mills and machinery in New Hampshire alone during the last fifteen years. Trees old and young, large and small, down to six inches in diameter, are used. On the high slopes, where spruce grows unassisted with other species, and where all of the trees are small, everything is cut, and those under six inches in diameter are left to rot upon the ground. This is pronounced by Mr. AYRES the most wasteful method of lumbering that can be imagined. Fire follows almost always in the debris. As the soil on the mountains is largely vegetable mould, this also is consumed, so that the productivity of any forest growth of value is postponed from one to three centuries, and sometimes only the naked rock remains. We are told that 84,000 acres in the White Mountain region were burned over in the single year 1903. If we turn to the middle and southern parts of New England, we find that they have suffered the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in the complete exhaustion of the principal white-pine forests that were lumbered in the past, without any reference to the future.

Mr. AYRES has made a careful study also of forest conditions in the Appalachian Mountains, and is convinced that, lying, as they do, in parts of seven States, the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, these mountains can be controlled by no one of these commonwealths, nor is any adequate cooperative action obtainable from seven separate legislative bodies. The urgent need of saving the timber and protecting the flow of streams can be met only by the Federal government, and its intervention should be prompt; for in this last great hardwood forest of our Eastern section, the lumbermen are operating every year on a larger scale. The Federal government alone has power to prevent the enormous expenditures that must come later in the process of slowly reforesting these mountains if the present forests are swept off. It is well known that, under the fire-sighted policy followed by four Presidents of the United States, large tracts of forest land in the West, owned by the Federal government, have been set aside as forest reserves. These now include, we are told, over a hundred million acres—an area larger than New England. All of these reserves, however, are west of the Mississippi River. Mr. AYRES contends that there should be

reservations in the East, where the population is dense, where the sawmills and wood-working factories already established need material, and where the rivers, if not protected at their head waters, will less effectively serve the tremendous interests, dependent upon them. Particularly would he have reservations established by Federal authority in the southern Appalachian Mountains and in the White Mountains.

Personal and Pertinent

A PROPOSITION to remove the tax on the alcohol used in politics would arouse more interest in Congress than this measure to remove the tax on alcohol used in the arts.

The New York *Herald* states that women attended the dress-makers' convention "with pads and pencils." The reference to pencils is all right, but the other part of the statement looks like a confession.

A Chattanooga editor insists that "there were no royalties present" at the recent lynching at that place. Chattanooga evidently wants it understood that her lynchings are orderly, well-conducted affairs, in which only gentlemen participate.

District Attorney JEROME has attracted considerable attention by his address at a banquet in which he bitterly denounced recklessness in speech. This record for conservatism will not be equaled until Senator MORRIS makes a plea for limiting debates in the Senate.

Colonel HENRY WATSONSON predicts that WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST will control the next Democratic national convention. This might be important, even alarming, if it were not for the fact that Colonel WATSONSON's political predilections, like dramas, go by contraries.

By the provisions of his mother's will, PETER FAULCON, a farmer, living ten miles from Cashden, Wisconsin, must attend church every Sunday for fifteen years before he can inherit her estate. That man is going to have difficulty in keeping his pify from coming under suspicion.

Representative HUTL denies the charge that any New York financier paid his campaign expenses. Mr. HUTL wishes to strengthen his denial by citing that suit that was brought against him by a cigar dealer in Des Moines for \$40 for 2000 campaign cigars. The man who buys that brand of cigars for his constituents is not getting any easy money for campaign purposes.

"There is a storm brewing, and the time is approaching," said Senator DALLAGER, in the course of a periphrastic appeal for railway-rebate legislation, "when the citizens of the United States are going to make an inquiry into the method by which some men, in a few years, make hundreds of millions of dollars." They are doing that now, Senator, and adopting the methods whenever possible.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BARNES has been appointed postmaster at Washington. Mr. BARNES has been a familiar figure at the Capital for several years. His duty has been to appear occasionally at the door of the Senate or House and announce, "A message from the President of the United States," and in that low and retiring. He achieved some notoriety recently by playing the leading role in the ejection of Mrs. MARY MONROE from the White House.

CURTIS HANCOCK has offered a bill in the Texas Legislature prohibiting civilians from being addressed as "Colonel" or "Major," or by other military title, and proposing also that lawyers not holding judicial positions shall not be called "Judge." It is seldom that a Texas reformer halts halfway, and it is difficult to understand why Mr. HANCOCK did not also provide for a ton on "Prof." and "Hon." as applied to barbers and candidates for sundries.

The editor of the *Gleason* (Kansas) *Apprent* constantly refers to President Roosevelt as "Bossy," and explains that he does not want to be formal like other editors, who refer to the President as "Teddy." This protest against formality is squalled only by that made by Mr. JOHN E. McLEAN, who released a reporter of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* for calling him "Mac." "Don't you call me 'Mac,'" said Mr. McLEAN. "Call me 'Johnny.' 'Mac' sounds so formal."

The President and his supporters who favor annual increases in the expenditures for battle-ships seem to have scored a rather shrewd victory over their opponents. The President's recommendation for two new battle-ships, to cost about \$4,000,000 each, raised a storm of opposition in Congress, an opposition that threatened to defeat any appropriation for battle-ship building. Then came the English *Broadsword*, and immediately plans were made for constructing a 20,000-ton battle-ship, to cost about \$16,000,000, and the construction of it will be authorized. The scheme worked like Senator KNOX's plan of doubling the size of his cigars when his physician ordered him to reduce his number of cigars by half.



The CHICK of the EASTER EGG

by W. D. Howells
Drawings by E. V. Naderney

THE old fellow who told that story of dream-transference on a sleeping car, at Christmas time, was again at the club on Easter Eve. Nelson had put him up for the winter, under the easy rule we had, and he had taken very naturally to the Turkish room for his after-dinner coffee and cigar. We all rather liked him, though it was Minner's pose to be critical of the simple friendliness with which he made himself at home among us, and to feign a wish that there were fewer trains between Boston and New York, so that old Newton (that was his name) could have a better chance of staying away. But we noticed that Minner was always a willing listener to Newton's talk, and that he sometimes hospitably offered to share his tobacco with the Bostonian. When brought to book for his inconsistency by Bullidge, he said he was merely welcoming the new blood, if not young blood, that Newton was infusing into our body, which had grown morose on Washburn's psychology and Bullidge's romance; or, anyway, it was a change.

Newton now began by saying abruptly, in a fashion he had, "We used to hear a good deal in Boston about your Easter Parade here in New York. Do you still keep it up?"

No one else answering, Minner replied, presently, "I believe it is still going on. I understand that it's composed mostly of millionaires out to see one another's new hats, and gorgeous dresses who are willing to contribute the 'dark and bright' of the beauty in which they walk to the observation of an alien faith. It's rather astonishing how the syzygians take to the feast of the church, if it were not for that, I don't know what would become of Christians."

"What do you mean by their walking in beauty?" Bullidge asked over his shoulder.

"I shall never have the measure of your ignorance, Bullidge. You don't even know Byron's lines on Hebrew loveliness:

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes."

"Pretty good," Bullidge assented. "And they are splendid, sometimes. But what has the Easter Parade got to do with it?" he asked Newton.

"Oh, only what everything has with everything else. I was thinking of Easter-time long ago and far away, and naturally I thought of Easter now and here. I saw your Parade once, and it seemed to me one of the great social spectacles. But you can't keep anything in New York, if it's good; if it's bad, you can't."

"You came from Boston, I think you said, Mr. Newton," Minner breathed blandly through his smile.

"Oh, I'm not a real Bostonian. One guest replied, 'I'm not abusing you on behalf of a city that I'm a native proprietor of. If I were, I shouldn't perhaps make your desolate Easter Parade my point of attack, though I think it's a pity to let it spill. I came from a part of the country where we used to make a great deal of Easter, when we wore boys, all but so far as eggs went. I don't know whether the grown people observed the day then, and I don't know whether the boys kept it now; I haven't been back at Easter-time for several generations. But when I was a boy it was a serious thing. In that soft southwestern latitude the grass had pretty well grown up by Easter, even when it came in March, and grass colors eggs a very nice yellow; if used in waxy me that it didn't color them green. When the grass hadn't got along far enough, winter wheat would do as well. I don't remember what color onion buds would give; but we used onion buds, too. Some mothers would let the boys get beyond from the drug store, and that made the eggs a fine, bold purplish black. But the greatest egg of all was a calico egg, that you got by crossing your grandmothers—your mother's mother; or your aunt—your mother's sister—in new up in a tight cover of brilliant calico. When that was boiled long enough the colors came out in a perfect pattern on the egg. Very few boys could get such eggs; when they did, they put them away in bureau drawers till they ripened and the mothers would then, and those then out of the window as quickly as possible. Always, after breakfast, Easter Morning, we

came out on the street, and fought eggs. We pitted the little ends of the eggs against one another, and the fellow whose egg cracked the other fellow's egg won it, and he carried it off. I remember grass and wheat colored eggs in such trials of strength, and onion and leopold colored eggs; but never calico eggs; they were too precious to be risked; it would have seemed wicked.

"I don't know," the Boston man went on, "why I should remember these things so relentlessly; I've forgotten all the important things that happened to me here; but perhaps these were the important things. Who knows? I can't even remember I had a soft spot in my heart for Easter, not so much because of the calico eggs, perhaps, as because of the grandmothers and the aunts. I suppose the simple life is full of such aunts and grandmothers still; but you don't find them in hotel apartments, or even in flats, consisting of seven large, light rooms and bath." We all recognized the language of the advertisements, and laughed in sympathy with our guest, who perhaps laughed out of proportion with a pleasantness of that size.

When he had subdued his mirth, he resumed at a point apparently very remote from that where he had started.

"There was one of these winters in Cambridge, where I lived then, that seemed longer than any other we could remember, and they were all pretty tough winters there in those times. There were forty snowfalls between Thanksgiving and Fast Day—you don't know what Fast Day is, in New York, and we didn't either, as far as the fasting went—and the cold kept on and on till we couldn't or didn't want to stand it any longer. So, one about the middle of March, somewhere, we picked up the children, and started South. In those days New York seemed pretty far south to us; and when we got here we found everything on wheels that we had left on runners in Boston. But the next day it began to snow, and we said we must go a little further to meet the spring. I don't know exactly what it was made us pitch on Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; but we had a notion we should find it interesting, and at any rate a total change from our old environment. We had been reading something about the Moravians, and we knew that it was the capital of Moravianism, with the largest Moravian congregation in the world; I think it was Langdon's Hymn of the Moravian Nuns that set us to reading about the sect and we had somehow heard that the Sun Inn, at Bethlehem, was the finest old-fashioned public house anywhere. At any rate, we had the faith of our youthful years, and we put out for Bethlehem."

"We arrived just at dusk, but not so late that we couldn't see the hospitable figure of a man coming out of the Sun to meet us at the omnibus door, and to shake hands with each of us. It was the very pleasantest and sweetest welcome we ever had at a public house; and though we found the Sun a large, modern hotel, we easily accepted the landlord's assurance that the old inn was built up inside of the hotel, just as it was when Washington stayed in it; and after a night's supper we went to our rooms, which were piping warm from two good box-burner stoves. It was not exactly the verbal air we had expected of Bethlehem when we left New York; but you can't have everything in this world, and with the snows about the streets outside, we were very glad to have the box-burners.

"We went to bed pretty early, and I fell into one of those exemplary slumps that begin with no morose of waking after your head touches the pillow, or before that, even, and I woke from a dream of heavenly music that translated itself into the earthly notes of bugles. It made me sit up with the instant realization that we had arrived in Bethlehem on Easter Eve, and that this was Easter Morning. We had read of the beautiful observance of the feast by the Moravians, and while I was burrowing on my clothes beside my faithful box-burner, I kept quite significantly wondering at myself for not having thought of it, and so made sure of being killed."

I had asked just in time, though I hadn't deserved to do so, and ought, by rights, to have missed it all. I tried to make my wife come with me; but after the family is of a certain size a woman, if she is a real woman, thinks her husband can see things for her, and generally sends him out to reconnoitre and report. Besides, my wife couldn't have left the children without asking them to tell them she was going, and then all five of them would have wanted to come with me. In

cluding the baby; and we should have had no end of a time convincing them of the impossibility. We were a good deal bound up in the children, and we hated to file to them when we could possibly avoid it. So I went alone.

"I asked the night porter, who was still on duty, the way I wanted to take, but there were so many people in the streets going the same direction that I couldn't have missed it anyhow; and pretty soon we came to the old Moravian cemetery, which was in the heart of the town; and there we found most of the Moravian congregation drawn up on three sides of the square, waiting, and facing the east, which was beginning to redden, till all the cemeticians I have seen, that was the most beautiful, because it was the simplest and humblest. Generally a cemetery in a dreadful place, with headstones and footstones and shafts and tombs scattered about, and looking like a field full of granite slumps from the clearing of a petrified forest. But here all the memorial tablets lay flat with the earth. None of the dead were assumed to be wearers of nonpareils; then another; they all rested at regular intervals, with their tablets on their breasts, like shields in their sleep after the battle of life. I was thinking how right and wise this was, and feeling the purity of the conception like a quality of the breeze, clear air of the morning, which seemed to be breathing straight from the sky, when suddenly the sun blazed up from the horizon like a fire, and the instant it appeared the horae of the land began to blow, and the people burst into a hymn—a thousand voices, for all I knew. It was the sublimest thing I ever heard, and I don't know that there's anything to match it for dignity and solemnity in any religious rite. It made the tears come, for I thought how those people were of a church of missionaries and martyrs from the beginning, and I felt as if I were standing in sight and hearing of the first Christian after Christ. It was as if He were risen there 'in the midst of them.'"

"Kalliedge looked round on the rest of us, with an air of acquiescing with the Bostonian's poetry, but Mivver's gravity was proof against the chance of mocking Kalliedge, and I think we all felt alike. Wanhope seemed especially interested, though he said nothing.

"When I went home, I told my wife about it as well as I could, but though she entered into the spirit of it, she was rather preoccupied. The children had all wakened, as they did sometimes, in a body, and were stirring joyfully around the rooms, as if it were Christmas; and she was trying to get them dressed. 'Be left them what Easter is like; they're never over it kept before,' she said, and I tried to do so, while I took a brand, as a young father will, and tried to get them into their clothes. I don't think I dwelt much on the religious significance of the day, but I dug up some of my profane associations with it in early life, and told them about coloring eggs, and fighting them, and all that; there in New England, in those days they had never seen or heard of such a thing as an Easter egg.

"I don't think my reminiscences quieted them much. They were all on fire, the eldest boy and girl, and the twins, and even the ten-year-old that we called the baby. In go out and buy some eggs and get the husband to let them color them in the back kitchen. I had a deal of ado to make them wait till after break-



Drawn by E. V. Rothery

It was the plummiest welcome we ever had at a public house

fast, but I managed somehow; and when we had finished—it was a mighty good Pennsylvania breakfast, such as we could eat with impunity in those halcyon days: rich coffee, steak, sausage, eggs, apple-butter, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup—we got their old door dogs on them, while they were all clumping and clumping round and had to be caught and over-coated, and fur-capped and hooded simultaneously, and arranged to get them into the street together. Ever been in Bethlehem?"

"We all had to own our neglect of this place of travel, and Newton, after a moment of silent forgiveness, said:

"Well, I don't know how long, but twenty-five or thirty years ago it was the most interesting town in America. It wasn't the old Moravian community that it had been twenty-five years before that, when some last Moravians could stay properly there; but it was like the Sun Hotel, and just as that had grown round and over the old Sun Inn, the prosperous manufacturing town, with its iron foundries and zinc-foundries, and all the rest of it, had grown round and over the original Moravian village. If you wanted a breath of perfect strangeness, with an American quality in it at the same time, you couldn't have gone in any place where you could have had it on such terms as you could in Bethlehem.

I can't begin to go into details, but one thing was bearing German spoken everywhere in the street; not the German of Germany, but the Pennsylvania German, with its broad vowels and broken-down grammatical forms, and its English vocabularies and interjections, which you caught in the sentences which came to you, like *er, er, er*, and *see* and *no* for *go* and *write*. There were stores where they spoke no English, and others where they made a specialty of it; and I suppose when we called out that bright Sunday morning, with the lady holding on to a hand of each of us between us, and the twins going in front with their brother and sister, we were almost as foreign as we should have been in a village on the Rhine or the Elbe.

"We got a little acquainted with the people, after awhile, and I heard some stories of the country folks that I thought were pretty good. There was about an old German farmer on whose land a prospecting metallurgist found zinc ore; the scientist brought him the bright yellow button by which the zinc proved its existence in its union with copper, and the old fellow asked in an astonished whisper, 'Is it a gold-mine?' 'No, no, zinc again.' 'Then it's a brass-mine!' But before they began to find zinc there in the lovely Lehigh Valley—you can stand by an open zinc-mine and look down into it where the rock and earth are left standing, and you seem to be looking down into a range of sharp mountain peaks and pinacles—it was the richest farming region in the whole East State of Pennsylvania; and there was a young farmer who owned a vast tract of it, and who went to fetch home a young wife from Philadelphia way, somewhere. He drove there and back in his own buggy, and when he reached the top overlooking the valley, with his bride, he stopped his horse, and pointed with his whip. 'There,' he said, 'as far as the sky is blue, it's all ours!' I thought that was fine."

"Fine?" I couldn't help bursting out, "it's a stroke of poetry."

Mivver cut in: "The thrifty Arton making a note of it for future use in literature."

"Eh?" Newton queried. "Oh! I don't mind. You're welcome to it, Mr. Acton. It's a pity somebody shouldn't use it, and of course I can't."

"Acton will send you a copy with the usual forty-per-cent. discount and pay off for cash," the painter said. "They had their little laugh at my expense, and then Newton took up his tale again. 'Well, as I was saying— by the way, what was I saying?'

The story-loving Huldre remembered. "You went out with your wife and children for Easter eggs."

"Oh, yes. Thank you. Well, of course, in a town geographically American, the shops were all shut on Sunday, and we couldn't buy even an Easter egg on Easter Sunday. But one of the stores had the shade of its show-window up, and the children simply glued themselves to it in such a fascination that we could hardly smother them. That window was full of all kinds of Easter things—I don't remember what all; but there were Easter eggs in every imaginable color and pattern, and besides these there were whole troops of toy rabbits. I had forgotten that the natural offspring of Easter eggs is rabbits; but I took a brace, and remembered the fact and announced it to the children. They immediately demanded an explanation with all sorts of scientific particulars, which I gave them, as reckless of the truth as I thought my wife would suffer without contradicting me. I had to say that while Easter eggs mostly hatched rabbits, there were instances in which they hatched other things, as, for instance, hundreds of eagles and half-eagles and double-eagles, especially in the case of the golden eggs that the people had. They knew all about that goose; but I had to tell them what those unfamiliar pieces of American coinage were, and promise to give them one each when they grew up, if they were good. That only partially satisfied them, and they wanted to know specifically what other kinds of things Easter eggs would hatch if properly treated. Each one had a preference; the baby always preferred what the last one said, and she wanted an ostrich, the same as her big brother; he was seven then."

"I don't really know how we lived through the day; I mean the children, for my wife and I went to the Methodist church, and had a good long Sunday nap in the afternoon, while the children were pining for Monday morning, when they could buy eggs and begin to color them, so that they could hatch just the right kind of Easter things. When I woke up, I had to fall in with a theory they had agreed to between them that any kind of two-legged or four-legged chick that hatched from an Easter egg would wear the same color, or the same kind of spots or stripes, that the egg had."

"I found that they had arranged to have calico eggs, and they were going to have their mother cover them with the same sort of cotton prints that I had said my grandmother and aunts used, and they went to buy the calico in the morning at the same time that they bought the eggs. We had some tin vessels of water on our stoves to take the dryness out of the hot air, and they had decided that they would boil these

eggs in these, and not trouble the landlord for the use of his kitchen."

"There was nothing in this scheme wanting but their mother's consent—I agreed to it on the spot—but when she understood that they each intended to have ten eggs apiece, with one a piece for us, she said she never could cover a dozen eggs in the world, and that the only way would be for three to go in the morning with us, and choose each the handsomest egg they could out of the eggs in that shop window. They met this proposition rather blackly at first; but on reflection the big brother said it would be a shame to spoil mamma's Easter by making her work all day, and besides! it would keep them till night anyway before they could begin to have any fun with their eggs; and then the rest all said the same thing, ending with the baby; and accepted the inevitable with joy, and set about living through the day as well as they could."

"They had us up pretty early the next morning—that is, they had me up; their mother said that I had brought it on myself, and richly deserved it for exciting their imaginations, and I had to go out with the two oldest and the twins to choose the eggs; we got off from the baby by promising to let her have two, and she didn't understand very well, anyway, and was awfully sleepy. We were a pretty long time choosing the six eggs, and I don't remember now just what they were; but they were certainly joyous eggs; and— By the way, I don't know why I'm boring a land of hardened backbones like you with all these domestic details!"

"Oh, don't mind us," Mamma responded to his general appeal. "We may not understand the feelings of a father, but we are all mothers at heart, especially Huldre. Go on. It's very exciting," he urged, not very ironically, and Newton went on."

"Well, I don't believe I could say just how the havoc began. They put away their eggs very carefully after they had made their mother admire them, and shown the baby how hers were the prettiest, and they each said in succession that they must be very precious of them, for if you shook an egg, or anything, it wouldn't hatch; and it was their plan to take these home and set an unemployed pullet, belonging to the big brother, to hatching them in the coop that he had built of hails for her in the back yard with his own hands. But long before the afternoon was over, the evil one had entered Eden, and tempted the boy to try fighting eggs with these treasured specimens, so I had told us boys used to fight eggs in my town in the southeast. He held a conquering course through the encounter with three eggs, but met his Waterloo with a regular Blücher belonging to the baby. Then he instantly changed sides; and smashed his Blücher against the last egg left. By that time all the other children were in tears, the baby roaring powerfully in ignorant sympathy, and the victor staggered by silent gloom. His mother made him gather up the ruins from the floor, and put them in the stove, and she took possession of the victorious egg, and said she would keep it till we got back to Cambridge herself, and not let one of them touch it. I



Drawn by E. S. Neill

The horns of the beast began to blur, and the people burst into a hymn

can tell you it was a tragical time. I wanted to go out and buy them another set of eggs, and spring them for a surprise on them in the morning, after they had suffered enough that night. But she said that if I dared to dream of such a thing—which would be the ruin of the children's character, by taking away the consequences of their folly—she should do, she did not know what, to me. Of course she was right, and I gave in, and helped the children forget all about it, so that by the time we got back to Cambridge, I had forgotten about it myself.

"I don't know what it was remained the boy of that remaining Easter egg unless it was the right of the unemployed pullet in her coop, which he visited the first thing; and I don't know how he managed to wheedle his mother out of it; but the first night after I came home from business—it was rather late and the children had gone to bed—she told me that ridiculous boy, as she called him in self-exculpation, had actually put the egg under his pullet, and all the children were wild to see what it would hatch. 'And now,' she said severely, 'what are you going to do? You have filled their heads with those ideas, and I suppose you will have to invent some nonsense or other to fool them, and make them believe that it has hatched a giraffe, or an elephant, or something; they won't be satisfied with anything less.' I said we should have to try something smaller, for I didn't think we could manage a chick of that size on our lot; and that I should trust in Providence. Then she said it was all very well to laugh; and that I couldn't get out of it that way, and I needn't think it.

"I didn't, much, but the children understood that it took three weeks for an egg to hatch, and any-way the pullet was so intermittent in her attentions to the Easter egg, only sitting on it at night, or when held down by hand in the day, that there was plenty of time. One evening when I came out from Boston, I was met by a doleful deputation at the front gate, with the news that when the coop was visited that morning after breakfast—they visited the coop every morning before they went to school—the pullet was found perched on a cross-beam in a high state of nerves, and the shell of the Easter egg broken and entirely eaten out. Probably a cat had got in and done it, or, more hopefully, a milk, such as used to attack eggs in the town where I was a boy. We went out and viewed the wreck, as a first step towards a better situation; and suddenly a thought struck me. 'Children,' I said, 'what did you really expect that egg to hatch, anyway? They looked askance at one another, and at last the boy said, 'Well, you know, papa, an egg that's been eaten.' And then we all laughed together, and I knew they had been making believe as much as I had, and no more expected the impossible of a boiled egg than I did."

"That was charming!" Washhope broke out. "There is nothing more interesting than the way children join in hypnotizing themselves with the illusions which their parents think they have created without their help. In fact, it is very doubtful whether at any age we have any illusions except those of our own creation."

"Let him go on, Washhope," Minver dictated; and Newton continued.

"It was rather nice. I asked them if their mother knew about the egg; and they said that of course they couldn't help telling her; and I said, 'Well, then, I'll tell you what, we must make her believe that the chick hatched out and got away.' The boy stopped now. 'Do you think that would be exactly true, papa?' Well, not exactly true; but it's only for the time being. We can tell her the exact truth afterwards,' and then I laid my plans before them. They said it was perfectly splendid, and would be the greatest kind of joke on mamma, and one that she would like as much as anybody. The thing was to keep it from her till it was done, and they all promised that they wouldn't tell; but I could see that they were bursting with the secret the whole evening."

"The next day was Saturday, when I always went home early, and I had the two oldest children come in with the second-girl, who left them to take lunch with me. They had chocolate, and ice-cream, and after lunch we went around to a milliner's shop in West Street, where my wife and I had stopped a long five minutes the week before we went to Bethlehem, adorning an Easter bonnet that we saw in the window. I wanted her to buy it; but she said, 'No, if we were going that expensive journey, we couldn't afford it, and she must do without that spring. I showed it to them, and 'Now, children,' I said, 'what do you think of that for the chick that your Easter egg hatched?' And they said it was the most beautiful bonnet they had ever seen, and it would just exactly suit mamma. But I saw they were biding something back, and I said sharply, 'Well! and they both guiltily faltered out, 'The bird, you know, papa,' and I remembered that they belonged to the society of Bird Defenders, who in that day were pledged against the decorative use of dead birds, or killing them for anything but food."

"Why, confound it, I said, 'the bird is the very thing that makes it an Easter-egg chick!' but I saw that their honest little hearts were troubled, and I said again, 'Confound it! Let's go in and hear what the milliner has to say.' Well, the long and the short of it was that the milliner tried a bunch of forgotten ones over the bluebird that we all agreed was a thousand times better, and that we took our Easter-egg chick home in a blaze of glory, the children carrying the bonnet by the string between them."

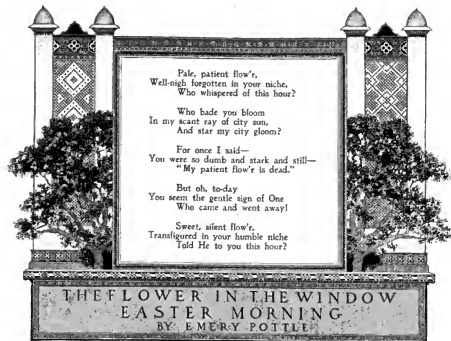
"Of course we had a great time opening it, and their mother acted her part so well that I knew she was acting, and after the little ones were in bed I taxed her with it. 'Know?' Of course I knew," she said. "Did you think they were going to tell me? They're true New-Englanders, and they told me all about it last night, when I was saying their prayers with them." "Well, I said, 'they let you deceive me; they must be true Westerners, too, for they didn't tell me a word of your knowing.' I rather had her there, but she said, 'Oh, you guess.' We were young, and I was a-sneaking of getting off all this to you hardened backsliders, as I said before."

"If you tell many more such stories in this club," Minver said severely, "you won't have a bachelor in it. And Kullback will be the first to get married."



Drawn by E. V. Stallings

By that time all the other children were in tears



THE ENCHANTED VALLEYS

By Arthur Townsend Lawrence

"Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions"

HAVE you felt that indefinable magic of association, that subtle emotion of things past and irrecoverable, which clings, one knows not why or how, about certain aspects, certain phases, of the visible world? Of such an obsession as this Ashton was poignantly aware as he looked out over the dim prospect of woods and meadows that stretched to the westward from the car window. Even the dingy little station, before which the train jerkily deposited him a moment later, suggested thronging reminiscences. For him, the untrodden New England landscape, which he knew to be, to a solitary vision, so tranquilly normal and uncolored, was an illimitable wonderland, magical, dream-haunted, where the gathering evening mists were fairy-dews, and a spell of shadowy beauty hung unaveringly before his eyes.

As he stepped off the station platform and turned up the dusty road that bordered the meadow, he admitted to himself the probable existence of the enchantment—that gleaming haze of association and reminiscence of which he had been aware ever since the train had brought him within the recognizable confines of the territory which he and Hilda held as the most secret possession of their common past, a past that was still recent enough to retain undimmed, for them both, its subtle richness of hallucination. Ashton reflected, with a lurkingly indulgent amusement, upon that power of emotional association that can imbue the most casual, the most inconspicuous things with so vivid a magic. He was increasingly sensible of the spell, a spell to which he yielded himself without reservation, with, indeed, a gathering sense of the submergence of his capacity for mental differentiation in the emotional tide to whose encroachments he was luxuriantly yielding. It was essentially, he recognized, *her* spell that lay upon him and about him; she was the gentle druidess who had wrought, all unconsciously, this world of luminous wonder in whose byways he was permitted to dwell.

Every step brought his reinforcement of delicate reminiscence. Here was the turn of the path which had led them, on that June evening, just a year ago, from the meadow up through the old Revolutionary burying-ground, where they had lingered to decipher the worn inscriptions on the headstones—he remembered how arresting had been the contrast between her radiant young vitality and the sombre inspirations of their surroundings; and how he had hurried her along the weed-grown path into the road, his

brain haunted with the memory of a line that had been almost obliterated from the grey-stained marble of one of the tablets—

"... but our dreams remember the Enchanted Valleys..."

And how eloquent with her name were the woods which now were all that separated him from the inn. He felt the road, and purposely made the long detour that led by the clump of aspens under which they had sat and dreamed together for so long that they had almost missed the supper hour at the inn, and Madame Tissot had scolded them because the chickens had grown cold and the cheese soufflé had incontinently fallen.

Well, they would be in time for the chicken and the soufflé to-night, he reflected, looking at his watch. The Rusties had insisted on being allowed to bring Hilda down from Tuxedo in their motor-car, although Ashton, who owed to an unreasoned dislike for them, had hesitated, and had urged Hilda to come by train. It was the first anniversary of their engagement, he had reminded Mrs. Rustie, and Hilda must not miss the dinner which he had arranged to be contrived as an exact replica of that unforgettable one of a year ago.

Here was Madame Tissot's garden path, bordered by arbutus, azaleas, and roses, down which they had walked that evening after dinner, and he had watched his cigar while she had told him in her rippling voice the names of the different flowers, rethinking his pretended ignorance with adorable earnestness. It almost seemed as if she were actually present now, the noise of her was so pervading and so insistent—his consciousness of her presence, indeed, fell just short of a conviction of her physical nearness. He had scarcely realized how potent and omnipresent her image had become to him—he had even sought himself in the act of serving to speak to her, thinking that she had lingered a moment before one of Madame Tissot's rose-bushes.

II

Would Monsieur Ashton have champagne with his bearded chicken and soufflé?—they had some excellent Remyant on ice—or more Chateau Yquem? Or perhaps a bottle of Monsieur Tissot's private stock of Madeira?

Ashton pondered for a moment, his eyes bent upon the empty chair across the small table which Monsieur Tissot had set for two in the shade of the holly-tree, within sight of the garden and

(Continued on page 353.)

EASTER CONSIDERATIONS

By
EDWARD S. MARTIN

Illustrated by F. S. Johnson

ARE these people who have no inward inspirations, no uplifting and comforting thoughts, no inner life that is of value to them? If there be any such, how do they get along? "The trivial round, the common task," are valuable beyond easy computation in making life wholesome and safe. They are the rails on which we run—and run if we are to arrive anywhere—but Heaven help the people, if there be any, for whom they must wholly take the place of thoughts.

Heaven does not help some of them. There are people who seem not to have been furnished with the mental apparatus for appreciable thought, who go the trivial round so faithfully and do the common task with such unflinching patience that they are comfortable company. You find them plodding along in all the walks of life, or most of them. I don't know that there was ever a cook that had not inward musings of some value, for cooks to be valuable have to have talent in them and a streak of poetry, but I have known housemaids who were fairly thinkers, and who got along. And take Watkins, whose lot in life has so fallen that he is a shining light in the very shiniest of our social groups, and who is devoted to his group's employments. His trivial round includes innumerable dinner-parties, lots of dances, and the opera and all that, and his common task a dainty stink of routine, money-making drudgery. I have sounded him, once or twice, for thoughts. He has none; no thoughts, only echoes, and those faint. But he has notions, and is good at them. You know that there are mental notions that you would hardly call thoughts, but which do attest that the brain in a way is alive. Watkins makes these mental notions, and is good with his hands and feet besides, and is a perfectly respectable and successful person. I asked Wolcott about him, and how he could choose to lead the life he led, and how he could lead it and still live. Wolcott said: "Watkins is a very strong, healthy man with enormous endurance and a huge capacity for being bored. The life suits him, just as the Mammoth Cave suits the blind fishes. That's all there is to it."

Well, God can write his wonders in the shallowest as easily

as in the deeps, and it is quite as becoming in us to stand bewildered before the one as the other. I take off my hat to Watkins as to one of the marvels of Providence. That is the right attitude to take towards him, and the one that makes him useful. And if there is entertainment to be got out of him, so much the better, and no sin, since it has nowhere been set down, that I know of, that it is displeasing to Providence that we should wring casual amusement out of some of His works.

The people who give no evidence of having any real thoughts may be variously classified. Some of them talk (ride the "plug-ugly word-pots" of Mr. Holmes); some are quiet; but the most important difference is between the thinkers and thoughtless—between those, that is, who seem to have no mental machinery that could produce thoughts, and those who might think a thought sometimes if they knew how, or cared, to go about it. We have no right, I think, to give up any one because of the defects he was born with, or cannot help. The thoughtless people, for the most part, were born that way, or have lived, it may be, lives so short in

by extreme poverty, by extreme wealth, by extreme toil, by the denial of useful occupation, or some other pitiable condition, that they have never developed such capacity for observation, nor any at all for reflection and ratiocination. Their case is pathetic enough, and if by good luck we have ourselves escaped sharing it, we ought so far as we can to think for them and so to piece out and dispose our own mental garment that it will cover some of their nakedness. But with the thoughtless people it is different, and any expedient by which they can be led, driven, or even shocked into having a thought is worth considering, and perhaps using, in their behalf. It is to be remembered that most of us tend towards their condition. Thoughtlessness, when it does not come from congenital incapacity, is usually induced by extreme preoccupation with affairs that stifle or crowd out the larger and nobler mental processes. The chief objection to the employment of infant children in factories is that it so demonstrates their little strength on a series of trivial and exhausting mental and



Drawn by F. S. Johnson

To find in the newspapers and the faces of neighbors about the stories and shenanigans of our neighbors

physical motions that the poor deers can never learn to think. Just so the capacity of much older and stronger people can be so concentrated on money-making, bridge whist, society, horses, automobiles, speculation, dress, things, bread-winning, or crime, that there is none to spare to think thoughts with. We all tend to this condition. We have to go through a certain number of the motions of living every day, and we are incorrigibly prone to get overinterested in some of these motions, and give ourselves so entirely up to the performance of them as to lose touch on their relation to life, and neglect for them the life to which they ought to be related. We ought at proper intervals to be compelled to leave to, back our topsails, take the sun, get our bearings, examine the chart, find out where we are heading for and how far we have got, and consider whether or not we want to go there. We ought, that is, to stop, or ease up, and think a little.

It seems almost obvious that whoever originally got up the annual period which we call Lent, got it up with the intention of providing the thoughtless with a favorable annual opportunity to think. Of course we all neglect it, and equally of course those of us who need it most and would profit most by observing it neglect it the most completely. It is only on rather a small proportion of the hurried city-inhabiting Americans of our generation that Lent has any hold at all, and of those few the ones that are the most hurried and who most need its timely intervention pay the least attention to it. Detachment is hard to attain. The great workaday machine does not slow up appreciably between Ash-Wednesday and Easter, and all of us who are cogs or pulleys in it have to keep turning. Most of us, if we had chosen, might have found a half-hour a day to sit in a church and think of our sins and shortcomings, and meditate on our very curious situation as folk who came to know not whence, here temporarily resident, and found we know not whither; but only a few of us have actually done it. The most attention that most of us have paid to the penitential season has been to read in the newspapers and the ten-cent magazines about the crimes and shortcomings of our neighbors. It is a great many years since there has been a Lenten season which offered such advantages for contemplating the sins of others as this time that is coming in an end. Most of us have improved more or less sedulously its opportunities of that sort. I hope we have profited by it. It is better to recognize the failings and failures of others than to lose realization that there is a choice of conduct, and that a good many gains that seem profitable are very dear at the price.

But suppose we had kept Lent as we should—which we haven't—and abated our usual dirt enough to give our spiritual and imaginative sides a chance to assert themselves, and put ourselves



Drawn by F. Southworth

I don't know that it ever was easy to get thoughts

in proper order to think better thoughts than usual, what sort of thoughts would we be thinking? I suppose they would chiefly be very personal thoughts relating to the details of our every-day behavior—aspirations after virtue in general, and in particular after those graces of deportment that come from timely modifications of selfishness. The convenient first point at which we begin to make the world better—where we feel a new impulse that way is the point on which we ourselves stand. If we had attained to a proper Easter state of mind we would all be better tempered, sweeter, more patient, more reasonable, more sympathetic. We would incline more to lead and less to drive; more to give, less to exact; more to charity, less to criticism and censure. We would be more concerned with what we are and what we can do, and less with what we have got and what we can get. Best of all we should have got rid of ourselves a little and be better adjusted to the general scheme of the universe, and better content to work for its general advancement. And undoubtedly we would be happier, for the happiness we get seems to be no more than a rake-off on the happiness we produce and contribute to humanity.

Our world, however, being such as it is, and we such as we are, and our observance of the Lenten opportunity such as is at this writing in progress and no better, the chances are that Easter will be observed not so conscientiously by these desirable graces of spirit and modifications of deportment as the weather permitting) by an outburst of fresh and pleasing raiment. Better new clothes than nothing. If only they were the outward and visible signs of new hopes and better intentions there would be no fault to find with them, and in any event they are in keeping with that aspect of Easter in which it figures as the great festival of spring. So long as spring brings to earth new garb and colors, what the milliners and dressmakers can do for Easter worshippers and Easter crowds will continue to make a plausible claim to rank as pious work. And if it is true that the best Easter thoughts belong to the people who are least engrossed with Easter clothes, and the best clothes may often go with the best edifying thoughts, we may not, to be sure, say that that is as it should be, but at least we can see in it the subtle, unerring law of compensations at its everlastingly work.

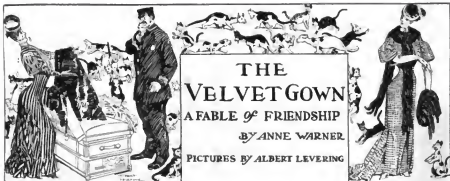
I am afraid that the lack of intimate relation between Fifth Avenue's Easter clothes and Easter thoughts is a good deal typical of a prevailing characteristic of our time. There is money to spend in our contemporary world, and a hearty willingness to spend it for whatever appeals to its passions, and so we have

(Continued on page 527.)



Drawn by F. Southworth

The ant is like the grass that perisisteth



THE VELVET GOWN

A FABLE OF FRIENDSHIP

BY ANNE WARNER
PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVERING

A WOMAN came out of a house on Clarges Street and looked about her. She was beautifully gowned in black velvet, and her train swept around her feet.

Besides the train she wore a large hat and sable furs. She looked princely—also she looked queer standing thus on the curb, for the day was rather bad underfoot.

After a while she began to walk slowly towards Piccadilly, the black velvet train dragging behind her. Arrived in Piccadilly, she hailed a cab and stepped in, the train wiping the wheel and the guard as she did so.

"The Savoy," she said to the cabman, and then she leaned her elbows on the damp

out of his hands, and tucked her feet up in it inside.

The cab was extremely moist, but it took her safely back, and she reentered her own domicile, went upstairs, unhooked the velvet gown, and flung it in a corner. Then she took up a note which lay on her dressing-table, and read it afresh. It was from a friend in New York, and it ran thus:

"Dearest Edith,—Although we haven't met for three years, I am just going to take the liberty of old acquaintance, and beg a little favor of you. Knowing that you were returning so soon, I've had Paguin make me a new velvet gown, and I thought you might just wear it once, so as not to have any trouble with the custom-house, you know.



apron all the way there. before the carriage-man ahead. The pavement across a puddle while she paid the man. Then she dragged it carelessly up the steps and into the vestibule.

"Which corridor are they retiling?" she asked the man inside. He told her, and she took the lift up. The corridor was an awful mess of plaster dust and damp; she hauled the train through its whole length and back again.

The train was wet and muddy and white with plaster dust now, but the woman took no heed.

"Call a hansom," she said below.

"Clarges Street," she told the carriage-man. He started to lift the train; she gave it a jerk

At the Savoy she descended finished with the carriage was wet, and the train lay



"Paguin will send this with the gown, and do let us try to see more of each other hereafter.

"So lovingly yours,
"Elizabeth."

The woman tore the note into bits. The maid came in a few moments later.

"Don't hang up that dress till morning, Marie," said her mistress.

"I don't want to have any trouble with it at the dock."

It went in free! But the friends saw less than ever of each other thereafter.

Moral: obvious, therefore omitted.

The "OPEN DOOR" FOR IMMIGRANTS

By James Davenport Whelpley



ABOUT 1,250,000 immigrants will land in the United States during the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1935. This is twenty per cent, more than landed in the fiscal year of 1933, a year to which all previous records were broken. Over one million of the people to land this year will pass through Ellis Island, or more than half ever before landed at all the United States ports combined.

There is no reason to believe that the number of aliens coming to America seeking permanent homes will be less for several years to come, and every indication points to an annual increase. Conditions in the countries from which they are coming are more than ever favorable to their dislodgment. Transportation facilities have multiplied, and on January 1 of this year England partially closed her doors to many who will now turn to the United States direct as a place of refuge from harsh environment. The endless chain of the family connection is constantly in operation as never before. It is roughly estimated that \$50,000,000 is now sent to Europe each year by alien workers in the United States, a large proportion of which sum is used for the transportation of relatives or friends westward across the Atlantic.

The countries losing this population have placed stringent laws upon their statute books in an endeavor to retard this westward flow, but without appreciable effect. It is a fight for breathing space, a struggle over for life, and all the laws and police regulations of Europe are futile to stop the stampede. Neither is there any indication that the conditions which are now inducing people to leave Europe will be greatly ameliorated in the near future. Conditions in the United States are favorable to the reception of this mighty army of new arrivals. Industry is developing, workers are in demand. Without them the country cannot maintain its present pace. The percentage of unemployed is low and every expansion of activity increases the absorption of a greater or less number of alien workers, or the need of native workers to take the place of those already here who engage in these occupations. There is no indication that these conditions will change for some time to come.

Those who are inclined to belittle the permanent growth of population of the United States through foreign arrivals are quick to suggest that every outgoing steamer carries away a large number of immigrants returning to their native countries who must not be considered as having cast their lot permanently with the people of the United States. The force of this argument is not appreciable, however, for careful observation has shown that while many aliens return to the older countries from the United States after a residence here of months, or possibly years, a large percentage of these people come back. Some go because of a desire to revisit their early homes, and possibly with the intention of remaining, but on every vessel sailing to the westward will also be found many of these same people who have been unable to settle down in their native countries for permanent residence after having been in contact with the freer and more active life of the western hemisphere. Nearly twenty per cent. of those who arrived last year had been in the United States before. Their influence while in Europe is strongly towards stimulating the exodus. They are most effective recruiting agents.

Great alarm has been expressed by thoroughly sincere and intelligent people at this so-called alien invasion. Many alleged remedies have been suggested, and have even become so concrete in their form as to be presented to Congress in the shape of bills offered for enactment into laws. Some of these proposed measures suggest various ways of raising the standard of admission, some have gone so far as to suggest that only a certain number of immigrants should be permitted to land from any one country in a single year. The men who have been brought into closest contact with the so-called immigration problem and only in the United States, but through observations made at points of origin are practically unanimous in the belief that no danger, and to put it even stronger, much benefit, lies in this westward movement of the Old World population. They are also firmly convinced that there is but one direction in which effort should be extended in the regulation and

restriction of immigration. Let the stream grow to such proportions as it may, but see that it is thoroughly policed and made sanitary. The whole so-called "immigration problem" in its larger sense lies in this. Admit freely any man, woman, or child who is sound physically, without criminal record, or, in brief, in whose person lies no danger to the community. The physical and moral standards are the only test which should be applied by law, and no law can be made so drastic as to overstep the bounds of justice and common sense in these directions.

The present immigration restriction law of the United States is good; but, with a few simple changes, it can be made much better. The administration of the law as it stands to-day is, without question, one of the most effective departments of the United States government. Its operation is far-reaching; in that, with no legal force at European ports of embarkation, it extends its all-embracing arm to cover the operations of the foreign transportation companies bringing emigrants to the United States.

At Bremen alone last year a single steamship company rejected 8000 applicants for passage to the United States because of their being afflicted with trachoma or favus, two diseases which bar the admission of aliens to the United States. These 8000 were rejected and reported to the American authorities individually by name and nationality, and thousands more were reported in bulk as having been refused tickets by the same steamship company's agents, because of their evident inability to pass the physical requirements of the American law. What happened at Bremen last year happened at every other principal port of embarkation to Europe. It is difficult to say just how many would-be emigrants were deterred from coming to the United States by the indirect operation of the American law at foreign ports. It is safe to estimate, however, that there were several hundred thousand.

From the first of July, 1933, to February 1, 1934, over 16,000 individual cases of actual rejection at the ports of embarkation were reported from Europe to the United States authorities. These, it must be remembered, are nearly all people who have already passed a satisfactory preliminary examination and are rejected only upon final inspection. The thousands who are refused tickets upon first application remain unreported.

Of those who came last year 11,400 were deported or sent back. Fully one-half of these people might without real danger to the country have been allowed to land, and several thousand of these did come to the United States a second time and successfully pass the examination for admission.

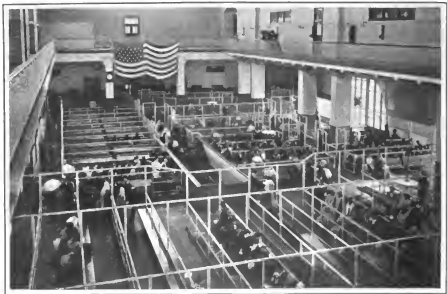
There are two causes for this apparent peculiarity in the administration of the law. One of these is due to the fact that an immigrant may be deported upon the decision of one Board of Review, and on his arrival the second time another Board of Review may allow him to land. The margin of doubt in the first case was sufficient to cause his deportation, and either this margin of doubt had disappeared on his second landing, or the second Board of Review took a different view of the case. The other cause is the existence in the present law of a clause whereby an immigrant can be deported as "likely to become a public charge." Under this section many able-bodied and entirely desirable workmen are sent back who, if they had been allowed to land, would have "made good."

It can easily be realized that it is to the advantage of the transportation companies that immigrants deported from the United States should, if possible, make another attempt to land. It means the receipt by the transportation companies of two fares for three passages instead of one fare for two passages. The deported immigrant who has been returned to a foreign port upon a narrow margin of doubt is thus made fully aware of the requirements of the American law, and on his second trip he takes good care that he complies therewith.

It has been suggested by practical immigration experts that the "likely to become a public charge" clause of the present law be repealed; and that all adult, able-bodied immigrants who come up to the police and sanitary standards should be allowed to land with the proviso that if, within three years of their landing, they



Immigrants arriving at Ellis Island to Undergo Examination before being permitted to Land in New York



A General View of the Detention-rooms at Ellis Island, the Immigrant Gateway to New York

SCENES AT ELLIS ISLAND, THE PRINCIPAL IMMIGRANT GATEWAY TO THE NEW WORLD

become a charge upon the police or upon a charitable institution, they should be deported. It is believed that the country would benefit by such a change in the law, but the apparently radical character of the recommendation, and the fact that advocacy of it might endanger needed legislation of less controversial character, have withheld its appearance for the time at least. Seventy per cent. of the deportations are under this clause of the law. Nearly all of the deported who return to the United States and successfully pass the second examination are sent away under this clause. Many a strong, hopeful, and willing worker has arrived at Ellis Island, and unwittingly been within half a mile of a job which was waiting for him or some other able-bodied laborer, only to be sent back to Europe, his hope and energy stricken down.

As to the desirability of those who are now coming to the United States, barring the small percentage of the really undesirable who escape even the present severe scrutiny of the government officials, figures speak for themselves. Of the 4,000,000 immigrants who landed in New York during the past five years, over eighty-two per cent. were between the ages of fourteen and forty-four, less than six per cent. were above forty-four, and the rest were children. Of those who landed, seventy per cent. were men and thirty per cent. women. Over sixty per cent. of the passengers landing at Ellis Island are in possession of prepaid tickets to some other destination than New York city. It is the opinion also

connection with the present provisions of the law, this proposed change would constitute the last word as to the physical standard for admission of aliens. To render the stream physically fit and thus harmless to the great ocean of humanity into which it flows is all that can be asked. This can be accomplished by the manner suggested with but a small percentage of error, such as is inevitable to a human administration of a theoretically perfect law.

The present law provides for a system of fines for transportation companies violating its provisions. These fines should be made heavier, and, in each instance of violation, exacted to the utmost limit of the law. At present the fines are small, so small indeed that risk of incurring the penalties can be taken without danger of serious loss through occasional detection. Then, again, the officials of the Federal courts are inclined to recommend leniency and are lax in their prosecution of violators of the immigration law. This is a matter beyond the sphere of the Bureau of Immigration, but is one which could be remedied through the executive power of the government and without further legislation.

The recognized evils of immigrant transportation are serious. They arise in nearly all instances from overcrowding and promiscuous herding together in large numbers. The law now requires 160 cubic feet of air space for each passenger. This could be doubled to advantage. Equally important and even more far-reaching in its beneficial effects would be a regulation providing that not more than four people should be allowed to travel in a



A Group of Immigrants at Ellis Island who, having failed to meet the Entrance Requirements, are about to be Deported

of the immigration authorities and of those who are in touch with the alien population of New York city that at least sixty-five per cent. of those who arrive in this country with New York as their final destination move on to some other place. In 1905 less than 3000 alien storage passengers arrived at the port of New York who had no definite address to which they were to go upon their arrival.

To propose at this time the repeal of the law allowing the deportation of immigrants "likely to become a public charge" would probably cause alarm, and would undoubtedly excite sharp controversy. This suggestion must, therefore, be dismissed from present consideration, but it can be safely regarded as a possibility of the future in immigration legislation. It will come to pass in that good time when the subject can be treated without producing symptoms of hysteria on the part of some very well-meaning people, and when the country at large is brought to a clearer realization of the necessary part played by immigration in the economic development of this country of wonderful resources.

There are improvements, however, which could be made at once in the already generally excellent immigration restriction law, and which could excite little intelligent or disinterested opposition. To allow the exclusion of the "feeble-minded" and "physically unfit" would give those who are charged with the administration of this enormously important work an opportunity to protect the community far more effectively than is now possible. Taken in

single compartment, except in the case of families. This would necessitate small cabins instead of great barracks, and would manifestly serve to prevent overcrowding, give the immigrant greater value for his money, and, generally speaking, would have a restraining influence upon the number of people brought over by a single ship. There is a large percentage of profit to the transportation companies in the price now charged for an immigrant fare to the United States. The separate cabin might possibly be deemed a sufficient excuse for increasing the tariff. While this might work a hardship in some instances it would not be objectionable as a general proposition. Rate wars have demonstrated that lowering the cost of the voyage lowers the general tone of immigration.

The question of immigrant distribution is one which largely adjusts itself to economic and social conditions within the United States. Intelligent effort is finding reward in securing the wider distribution of aliens upon their arrival in this country. The line of least resistance will be followed by the average home-seeker. As this is changed, either naturally or artificially, so the tide will run.

It will be found upon racial and dispassionate consideration that the so-called immigration problem resolves itself into securing intelligent and effective sanitary and police supervision, and the adoption of such humanitarian measures as may be practicable to secure safe adjustment of the constantly arriving cargo to the needs and carrying capacity of the nation.

THE WOOD OF BRESCIA

by
JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

Illustrated by

CH. WEBER-DITZLER



WE were walking through one of the few winding, tortuous streets which have been left to those of us who love Old Italy, when Eliot pulled me up before a little shop in front of which stood half a dozen pieces of rusty furniture.

"Come in here, Raakyn," he said, grasping my arm. "I need some of this." Knowing the fatality of argument with a man occupied in furnishing six rooms, I obeyed, and we entered the shop together. It was like all other shops, in everything which caught my eye. There were some heavy pieces on the stone floor, while along the walls hung rows upon rows of chairs, to the very ceiling. The stock was so crowded into the small space that we could examine it only by squeezing ourselves around through a narrow aisle which managed, tortuously, to reach all sides of the place. In the rear was a door through which was visible a sizable work-room, with so many shavings and other evidences of practical labor that I suspected the dealer of carving out his own antiques when the supply in the country was unequal to the demand. Though we heard an alarm-bell ring when we threw open the door of the shop, it was some minutes before any one took notice of our arrival. We prodded into the rickety stair here and there, until some one came through the door from the workroom and spoke to us. The tone and voice were courteous in the degree one learns to expect in Italy, and when I turned, with Eliot, to meet the tardy proprietor, I was shocked on looking into the features of the most despoorly afflicted man I have ever seen. He was shorter than most men, with a round and well-shaped though almost perfectly bald head. His figure, too, was well put up, behind his dingy cloth apron. But his face had been scarred by some dreadful burn so that it had lost all resemblance to humanity. I turned quickly away and stood by the door, looking into the street. I heard Eliot ask a few hasty questions in Italian, and the man's reply:

"Five thousand lire, signore. Yes, it is very dear, but the table is worth as much to me. I shall sell it for five, perhaps six thousand, perhaps seven or eight—eight thousand lire. Always that price, never less."

"I shall offer you three hundred for it," said Eliot, in the bargaining tone which had already acquired a good collection of servicable goods for his establishment.

"Stop!" cried the man, in an obviously angry tone that I ventured to take another look at him. His face was perfectly crimson, and his eyes glared brilliantly on both Eliot and myself. As I returned my attention to the street, I saw the figure of a woman in the shadows of the rear room, where she was no doubt listening to our conversation.

"Five—seven—eight thousand—always the same!" cried the dealer.

Eliot replied in a soothing sentence or two, and we left the shop. Outside, Eliot started in the direction of his house and we walked there rapidly.

"What a horrible face!" he exclaimed, over and over again, and, since he declined to enter into any conversation while we went through the streets towards his place, I knew the incident had made an unusual impression on him. There in the room which he had taken for his bachelor comfort while studying the sculpture to which he was devoting himself, Eliot frankly admitted his feelings, and confessed that he had bargained with the man only with the greatest difficulty.

"My nerve would not have endured it," he declared, "but for my strong desire to possess that remarkable table which you doubtless noticed in the very centre of the shop."

"I did not notice it," said I. "The man himself drove everything else out of my mind."

"It was, as I said, in the very centre of the place, in a sort of clearing in the jumble of boxes, stuff which covers the floor. It was quite by itself, though chairs and smaller tables were piled all about it. It is the most beautiful piece I have ever seen. It

shone among all the other things like a gem among pebbles. I never saw such a lustre—resembling the finest marble. The texture seemed more like that of an exceedingly fine and exquisitely kept skin. I wanted it so much that I managed to face its repulsive owner in an effort to purchase it."

"He was not anxious to sell it at your price," I remarked.

"More than that," replied Eliot, so significantly that I knew, again, the matter was beyond the ordinary with him. "He is so essentially anxious to keep it for himself that he loses his temper to persistent customers and half discloses some mysterious condition of things which renders the intending purchaser twice as eager as he was before. Eight thousand, even five thousand, lire is a price much too ridiculous. I should say there is a tale behind this case, and that whether or not I secure the table to adorn my library here, we shall not be quite happy until we have discovered it."

By the next day I had thought things to buy me, and was near to forgetting our adventure of the day before, when Eliot came rather hurriedly into my place and offered me a lot of paper which he drew carefully from his pocket. I read these lines on it, written in painfully precise Italian:

"HONORABLE SIR,—Unknown to my husband whose shop you visited yesterday, I followed you away and thus learned your house and in what street. If you will give into my hands three hundred lire, and keep the matter a secret from my husband, never letting him know where it has gone, I shall bring you the table you desired this very night. Send at once.

GUSTAFSSA CARONEL."

"What did it tell you?" exclaimed Eliot, as I finished reading. "There is a tale to it, and a mystery, too. The woman—"

"I caught a glimpse of the woman in the shop yesterday," I said. "She evidently has a special reason for so opposing her husband's wishes."

"There is the clue to the mystery," returned Eliot. "I'm keener than ever for the possession of the table. I have brought three hundred lire in a cloth envelope—here. You take it to the shop for me at seven tonight, and give it to the woman, who, I infer, will be alone at that hour. Then keep watch and see that the delivery is carried out. Am I asking too much of you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "I am glad to be of service—if only the transaction were a trifle less irregular. You might lose your money and come out minus the table. You must expect to take the risk."

"It is a part of the price—the risk," replied Eliot, who was not required to be overcautious with his money. "But I want the table, and whether or not we find the tale which is behind it, we shall always have a little story attaching to what, at all events, is an excellent piece of furniture."

That evening at the hour named by the woman in her note, I presented myself at the shop, half expecting to be set on by the man with the scarred face and driven down the shadowed street for my interference. On the contrary, everything moved according to the arrangement, and in five minutes I had turned over Eliot's three hundred lire and had seen the table, mounted on a two-wheeled cart and covered with a canvas, drawn out before the shop by the woman herself. She plainly had been expecting me, and was prepared to carry out her part of the plan with no delay. I followed her while she dragged the loaded cart through several of the neighboring streets, and when we were at a reasonable distance from the shop I stopped her and made an effort to question her concerning her husband and the table. To my surprise, she was nearly as angry as he had been, and I left her and walked rapidly on to inform Eliot of my success and of the approach of his purchase on the cart.

By our combined efforts, together with the several porters attached to Eliot's buildings and aided by the woman herself, we lugged the table up three flights of winding stairs and landed it

in the centre of the library, for which particular spot it had first appeared to its purchaser. The woman's manner toward Eliot was not that which she showed me in the street, and she graciously apologized for her brusque treatment of myself when he dropped a hint concerning the origin of the table and her husband's connection with it.

"It was to the corner of the table I should speak," she explained. "Of my husband's anxiety to keep it I know nothing. Since he was buried in an explosion of shelling some years ago, he has kept to himself, talking but little even to me, and thinking, thinking, thinking very much, and sometimes muttering. For a month past he has had the desire of a man to polish this table, which was one of a lot coming in to us from an estate in Brescia by auction. I found him right after night in the shop, polishing the table over and over. He would stand by the hour gazing into the top of it, and rubbing it now and then with a silk cloth. Always he was muttering that which I could not understand. When customers came and wished to buy the table he refused to sell it, and if I scolded him for letting pass such bargains as they offered, he put the table out of sight in the very centre of the shop, where few could see it, and gave a price which nobody would pay—always thousands of lire whenever any one insisted on it. His reason was leaving him through some sort of magic which is in this table, and on the very day you came into the shop I had resolved

Notwithstanding this, however, the table suggested nothing of the magic charged upon it by the dealer's superstitious wife. Its appeal was that of an uncommonly beautiful fabric, and no more. The top was polished to a dazzling sheen resembling black marble, while the jet carvings along its dark sides and on the standards at the ends shone with a brilliance which told of the former owner's endowment. He had groomed it as a knight might smooth and smooth again the flanks of a favorite war-horse, or a miser rub the golden faces of his coins. We saw our own heads in the dinky mirror of the surface, and some details of the gaily rolling of the room in which we stood, and that was all. The table top was built of two pieces of walnut, so cunningly joined only the sharpest eye could find the line, and stained and polished a lustrous, scintillating black.

Life is so full in Italy, even for the Mfers like me, that I soon had many other things upon my mind. Eliot, also, seemed not at all interested in further probing what he had professed to consider a mystery connected with the table. My questions were turned curiously aside, and I felt that he had no doubt seen another table which he liked better, and rued the impulse which had made him pay three hundred lire for what might have been had at half the price.

But one night, three or four weeks after we bought the table, and when I had not set my eyes on him for at least five days,



Drawn by Ch. Weber Dillman

His face was crimson, and his eyes glared brilliantly on Eliot and myself

to dispose of it secretly and rid myself of what has actually come to be a nuisance in the house and a hurt to our business. We have lost many wealthy patrons on account of my husband's conduct over this mischievous table. I am glad to sell it to you, and only ask that you never let my husband know where it has gone. I shall gladly endure his anger for the sake of being rid of this danger to his peace of mind and our prosperity."

When the woman went away we examined the table carefully. It was, as Eliot had said, wonderfully beautiful—six and a half feet long, three feet wide, supported at each end by heavily carved standards in place of legs, with a brace, also carved and fashioned fancifully, extending the whole length of the table underneath and connecting the standards. This brace rendered it singularly rigid even when carrying great weight, while its own vast bulk had a certain impressive solidity which seemed significant of an inner and hidden strength. I have never before seen, and never again expect to see, any object made by human hands of dead wood possessing personality; but I think that table had it. Like a human being, it attracted the eye the instant you entered the room in which it stood, and it held the attention of all who came near it with a power which I have never saw any one attempt to resist, and which I often felt, in my own mind, was irresistible.

Eliot came to my rooms at an hour too late to be expected. The moment I saw his face I knew he was in trouble.

"Whisky for you, man?" I exclaimed. "You look white as paper. You're ill, Eliot?"

"Don't get whisky," he said, in a whispering voice which caused me even more alarm than did his appearance. "Don't wait to get it. Come with me immediately, and please don't ask questions. Let me talk to you if I need to, but don't talk to me!"

Seeing that he was in a state of mind too distressing to warrant even the slightest opposition to his wishes, I took down my hat and stick, and, without a word, Eliot led the way out and down the narrow stone stairway to the street. On the way to his rooms I think not ten words were spoken between us; but at the door he halted and, before putting in his key, looked sharply into my face and said, in the same whispering voice which had alarmed me on his arrival in my own lodgings a few minutes before:

"Lunkin, I am look ragged, so, to my nerves and all that, but I'm sane—perfectly sane, and thoroughly in earnest. I know exactly what I am about, because for weeks now I've been day and night with the problem, and though I don't in the least understand it I'm quite clear in my head about what I have observed. During what I am about to show you, I beg you not to hamper and irritate me with suggestions that I am off my head. I'm certainly in no condition to stand irritation, am I? Simply come in here and watch with both eyes in order to be able to tell me exactly what you see and what it means to you when it is over. I'm mystified and I'm frightened too. When a man is frightened he uses as well confess as betray it. But I've not at all too frightened to think, or to miss the possibilities contained in the discovery I have made."

Eliot led me at once into the library. To my amazement I found all the books, papers, small vases, and writing-tools

usually on the Bressian table put in a heap on the neighboring bureau. The table top was perfectly bare, and its satiny gloss in the low light thrown by Eliot's small gas-lamp struck on my eyes as I passed in the doorway. Eliot stepped quickly to the lamp, which he turned down a until it gave just light enough to render everything in the room visible without making anything at all clear; and then, whipping a red silk cloth from the top of a lockcase where it had apparently been thrown by him before, said, still whispering:

"Now, Hanky, remember that I've been through all this before, and that you're not to think of my feelings, but of your own. I want you to stand there—there, on the farther side of the room, with the table between us lengthwise. Whatever happens, if anything does happen, please don't speak or move in any way unless I suggest it. Just observe everything, and remember I shall want your careful opinion afterward."

I followed his directions with renewed fears for his condition, but, resolved to humor him and thus discover the trend of his mania. As soon as I had taken up my position, he placed the red silk cloth upon the top of the Bressian table and, looking intently into the black surface of the wood, began rubbing it up and down and over and back with the gliding motion used by polishers of furniture. For so many as ten seconds Eliot rubbed the table top with his slow, smooth stroke, always gazing fixedly into the surface as if he were seeing straight down through the luminous wood. Though the room was as still, I could not hear the least sound of friction between the table and the red silk cloth. Then Eliot made an almost silent gasp, though he did not for the fraction of an instant avert his eyes from the table. As I looked to see what had caused his agitation, I discovered that something was rising from the table, very slowly and steadily, like mist from a still pool—rising straight up out of the wood as Eliot rubbed it. Without reference to my own feelings, which I admit were greatly disordered, I kept my eyes on the movements both of Eliot and the something his rubbing had apparently risen to life. In what I estimated to be thirty seconds, it had risen to a height of five feet above the table and had assumed a definite shape in the dim light cast by the gas-lamp. At this point, Eliot ceased his rubbing, and instantly the misty cloud began forming itself into the figure of a woman. For twelve or thirteen seconds more it went through a sort of materializing process, and then in something like a burst of light became the complete figure, clothed in a flowing garment which I was able to recognize only as of an ancient pattern, and illuminated with some inward glow which rendered every line and portion of it considerably lighter than the darkened room. The features of the face were turned toward me, but in a Venetian mirror at the other side of the room I was able to see them distinctly, so clearly were they outlined in the bright glow behind them. The face was not beautiful. It was that of a woman not at all young or fair. I noted that it was a distinctly human face, and nothing more, excepting that to look upon it was so pleasing that I longed for an opportunity to see the figure face to face instead of through the glass.

Eliot stood before the figure, leaning hard upon the table. His eyes regarded the woman's face exactly as they had recently looked upon the surface of the table from which she seemed to come. In the mirror, I could see that her own eyes were fixed on his, and that they bore an expression of such lovely creature as I had never seen in eyes before. Looking back to Eliot, I observed that in his face there had dawned an answering gleam. For a time which I should guess was not much less than ten minutes they stood so, Eliot's eager face lifted upon the woman's, across which moved a succession of unspoken messages of an intensity which inspired me even though I was totally unable to interpret their substance. Then, with a slow, majestic motion, the figure turned toward me. Though I never think of that moment without

a shiver of genuine physical fear, I felt as fear then, but only gladness that perhaps I, too, would receive that lovely smile. As the apparition swung full toward me I saw even more distinctly that the face was not beautiful as women are beautiful, but that its lines betokened not only ripe maturity, but something not less than age; and that that which inspired me with longing and wonder proceeded from within the figure, like the strange light which made it glow with such a shining dignity. But to me the figure gave no smile. It looked straight into my eyes with a glance of searching and ineffable sadness, and then, without another move toward Eliot, sank with incredible rapidity into the table and disappeared from sight. As it did so, Eliot pitched over upon the table in a dead faint.

I carried him out of the library and along the passage to his bedroom, where I presently had him on his back, slipping some whiskey and water which I had hastily prepared for him as soon as he showed signs of returning life. In spite of his weakness, I did not discourage him when he expressed a desire to discuss, to the very last syllable, what had occurred in the library.

"What can you say—what can you think?" he exclaimed, looking at me helplessly.

"Nothing," I answered. "I confess to an utter lack of judgment at this moment. I want time to think, and I want to see it done again, if you can manage it when you feel stronger. Not to-night, of course; but soon."

"As soon as you please," he said. "I know now that I can do it even in the presence of another; but the nervous strain is terrible. I can't explain it, only it is terrible—just as if I were holding her up there all the time by sheer force of my mind. You see? But

it's worth it, just to see her, just to see her, just to hear her—"

"She made no sound, Eliot!" said I. "She did not make one sound."

"Not a sound—true," he responded, "but we spoke to each other without words. I have learned to do that since—since she began coming!"

Then I partly understood. Eliot had been rubbing his Bressian table all these weeks.

"You mean to say she has appeared to you many times before, Eliot?" I asked.

"Daily," he replied, "from that night when you and the women brought the table here. What she said about her husband forever rubbing the table gave me a clue. I believed I knew something which could be obtained in that way, and after you went—because I was ashamed to let you think of me as playing so silly a trick—I took the red silk cloth and began rubbing the table top. I was here alone, you know. She came out of the table just as she did to-night. It frightened me almost frantic until she looked at me and smiled, and after that I have felt no fear, but only a constant desire to see her. Each time I have brought her forth I have felt the strain, something as if it was a drain upon my will after the terrible effort of it, and I have known for a good many days that I was growing steadily weaker from it. But the fascination has been too great. At this moment, down on my back as I am, I would return and bring her out again if I believed you would allow it."

"You are right there," said I. "I certainly should not let you make another trial of your strength to-night. It will kill you, Eliot, in time."

"Undoubtedly," he said, with firm conviction. "I expect it—and I do not care that it will kill me. I would rather die in the effort to see her than in any other way, and I feel that after I am dead I shall know the mystery, because then I shall be able to be a part of it—with her."

"Eliot," I suggested, "how would you like a long, black cigar and two drinks of eye-whisky?"

"Very fine," he returned, irrelevantly. "I shouldn't mind—if you'd like it."



Eliot stood before the figure, leaning hard upon the table

Drawn by C. A. WOOD BRADLEY

He lay for some time while I smoked. I think the liquor brought him back to himself a little, for when I was half home on my cigar he sat up in bed and said:

"And, Rankyn, I want to tell you, best I forget it, that you're to remain the night with me—if you'll be so very kind. I've stood it out alone well—I always had her for company after we had learned to understand each other without the use of words. But there's a power about her at night, they tell me, and I shouldn't like to meet him in here when I'm weak like this. The porter has seen him skulking about the courtyard after dark, and the condition of two of my windows, on the balconies at the rear of the house, make me feel sure that some time last night I was visited by a housebreaker who climbed up a water-spout like a monkey and very nearly forced entrance to these rooms."

"Climbed the water-spout, did he?" I asked, suddenly interested.

"Just like a monkey—or a sailor, maybe!"

"Or like a disappointed furniture-dealer, perhaps?" I remarked.

"Rankyn!" cried Eliot. "You don't believe he has—You don't believe that?"

"If he knows half what you know, or even suspects it," said I, "it is time he took the trail to find his table." I imagine you would consider the ends of the earth a more suburb of Missa the Beautiful if anybody happened in and got that table away from you now."

"That creature!" muttered Eliot. His whole face blazed. "That hideous creature, trying to possess her!"

"Don't be jealous, Eliot," I said. "You have a right and title in everything that goes with the table, ghosts included. Wouldn't you just fancy another drink about here?"

"Please don't try to make light of such a thing as this, Rankyn," insisted he. "I told you you could remove me anything but crazy. Now then, you've seen it and I've seen it, and you don't claim I'm crazy. What, then, do you suppose?"

"It isn't in my specialty, Eliot," I replied. "I don't think I am much known to men as a student of psychical research. If it was a new gun or a good tobacco for a pipe I might assist you. I do remember, though, that a fellow over in London—maybe his name is Myers and maybe it isn't—is out with a theory that things of this remarkable sort can be regarded as leakages of energy from the mind of a person who happens to be driving his thought-engine at a pressure too high—high that those parts of the brain which have the work of transforming mental energy into currents of what you might call a lower intensity suitable to be sent out along the nerve systems, cannot make the reduction rapidly enough. Then there is a sort of back-flow at the outlets where the energy passes, and this leaks out, exactly as electricity would, and takes effect on whatever animate objects, and inanimate too, it happens to come in contact with.

It is not the face one adores in her, but that her beauty is an inward beauty, such as indescribable is spoken words as it is potent in the thoughts which— But, Rankyn, think of that terrible creature with the burned face, all red and sickening—think of him intent upon possessing her!"

"I am thinking about it," said I. "and have been for the last two minutes—in fact, ever since I began hearing a certain suspicious noise at one of your rear windows. Unless I am greatly mistaken, your friend the burglar is on duty again to-night, and evidently determined, since he comes so early, on making an entrance this time."

As we stopped speaking we could distinctly hear the rasping of some metallic instrument at one of the windows—which I had indicated.

"Let him come in!" I said. "Come with me."

Eliot slipped out of his bed, which we hurriedly smoothed down to give the impression that it had not been occupied. Then both of us, after turning the lights down as low as we dared, concealed ourselves in a closet which led into the corridor leading from the sleeping-apartments down past the little dining-room to the library where the table stood. From there we could peep out and see the intruder, whichever course he took.

In a few minutes our visitor, having cut out enough of the glass to give him a chance at the window-clip, appeared in the doorway of the rear room. We could just make him out in the dim light. He tiptoed lightly into the bedrooms, and, after apparently satisfying himself that no one was in them, moved carefully down the corridor toward the library. After he passed us we waited for several minutes, until Eliot would endure the suspense no longer, and, opening our closet door cautiously, stepped out into the passage. The same low light burned in the library, and threw a hazy shadow into the darkness where we stood. We could hear an inarticulate murmuring, scarcely above a whisper, coming from the room. Eliot pressed my arm, and we went with extraordinary precautions down toward the door.

As we opened it, I held Eliot back. He was trembling pitifully. I was fully prepared for what I saw when I put my head slily around the edge of the open doorway and looked into the library. A man stood by the table, facing toward me, but with bent head, so that he did not notice my arrival. It was the furniture-dealer whose wife had sold Eliot the table. He was hatless, and in the light from the lamp I could tell too plainly the disgusting disfigurement of his face, all wrought and wrinkled, and made doubly dreadful by the excitement which possessed him. He was rubbing the table vigorously, rather than with Eliot's slow and coaxing motion, and now and then he gave utterance to a low, moaning note of supplication as if urging and ransacking that which he evidently knew was within the wood. His efforts were utterly vain. Rub over and over though he did, nothing resulted from



Drawn by Ch. W. Foster

... his face laid close against the wood of Breccia, and his arms outspread along it

If you are preoccupied on French history, for instance, persons closely associated with you are likely to get impressions, seemingly ghostly and mysterious, of Napoleon and the Commune. If you happen to be working on a very important life-size statue of a woman in an ancient flowing robe, into whose face you are trying to carve an expression as if condensed from all the ages of the world's history, you might drive your brain so hard that there would be a leakage of energy sufficient to make me see the woman with my own physical eyes—by induction, as it were, from you."

"Yes—thanks," he answered. "I have read Myers's theory. Your argument was entertaining, as you always are, but it doesn't happen to be true that I am working on any such statuary, or that I am working at all. I am doing nothing but abandoning myself to the fascinations of this woman. Have you noticed that

it. Then, suddenly, he sprang away from the table with a hellish curse, and, as he threw the red silk cloth upon the floor, raised his head and saw me.

I had him down and still before he could cry out, and glad I was to end that business quickly and on my hands off his best sewer thrust. Eliot dashed in after me and made for the man with an ugly look in his face, and I bade him go back to his own room and bring me some cord with which to tie our prisoner's hands. Then I put Eliot into one corner and the captive into another, myself leaning upon the table, demanding the man's story of what he knew or suspected of Eliot's purchase.

"Nothing but this, signore," he said, subdued enough now that he was caught, and regretting the folly which had led him into such a plight. "The table came to me from Breccia. I know

(Continued on page 511.)

THE NEW SPIRIT IN CHINA

By Sydney Brooks

WHAT have Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root thought it necessary to reinforce the American garrisons in the Philippines? Is it some local disturbance severely that is feared? Or, as European opinion is inclined to suspect, does the American government anticipate trouble in China? Events in the Celestial Empire are being narrowly and even anxiously watched over here; and the accumulating evidences of the new spirit that is at work in China are held to point almost, if not quite, inevitably to another and not far distant clash between Orient and Occident. I say "the new spirit in China" for the sake of convenience. Historically it is an old and familiar spirit. There never was a time when China welcomed the intrusion of the West upon her immemorial reserves. She does not welcome it now. There never was a time when China did not resent the presence of her foreign invaders and did not seek by massacres and risings to cast them from her soil, to redress their manifold and disturbing activities, and to assert her authority over them. That attitude, those ambitions, are still operative. All that is really new is that an instinctive and traditional antagonism appears now to be taking on a sharper edge, and to be pursuing its object more methodically, with greater zeal, and with hitherto unused weapons, of both defence and attack. The aim remains what it always was, but the methods of attaining it are being altered, multiplied, and strengthened. That is a very serious development, because, in her repeated conflicts with the West, China so far has failed precisely because of her deficient means. If she has now set seriously to work to overcome this deficiency, the next collision may find her amply prepared and may leave her in possession of the field. At any rate, we have the spectacle of the old spirit of hostility towards foreigners working through new media, with a new intensity, and with wholly novel implements. "China for the Chinese," muttered by China in her sleep or in her how-and-never stage of development, was a policy *à la* carte. But "China for the Chinese," proclaimed by an awakened empire and reinforced by the resources of Western science and Western materialism, is a policy that cannot

be so lightly dismissed. It is with this, if English opinion goes for anything, that we are likely soon to be faced.

That China can change may best be proved by establishing the fact that she is changing. It would be unnatural if she were not. China has had many opportunities in the last five-and-sixty years of realizing that to be secure she must be strong. But the punishment that followed the Boxer outbreak of 1900 enforced that lesson in a way there was no escaping. It left China hating the incident with a fervor a hundred times greater than any that gave the impulse to the passing fury of the rising itself. It convinced her that diplomacy without a reserve of force in the background invited attack without affording protection. It taught her that Western aggression could only be resisted by Western methods, and that Western methods could only be acquired by the adoption of Western learning. Moreover, the Boxer episode forged a link of sympathy and respect between China and Japan. The contrast between the behavior of the Japanese and of the Russian and German troops, the superiority of the Japanese contingent over most, if not all, of the forces despatched by Western nations, and the humane and considerate policy pursued by Japanese diplomacy, made upon the Chinese mind a profound impression. The Boxer rising, it is probable, did more even than the war of 1895 to cure the Chinese of their contempt for Japan, to make them realize Japan's efficiency and the force of her example, and to lead them to an understanding of the many and essential bonds that link together the two leading nations of the East. These were momentous results. In their ultimate effects they are likely not only to outweigh by far the trivial advantages won by Europe from the suppression of the Boxer movement, but to make that movement and its consequences a decisive landmark in human history. It is only, at any rate, since 1900 that China has shown some tangible evidence of her propensities towards material progress.

That propensities have been immensely increased by the Russo-Japanese war. The defeat of a European by an Oriental power has made the position and the authority of all white men in



Y. M. C. A. Quarter on one of Peking's busiest streets, occupying houses which were formerly in notorious disrepair

China less secure than it was. It has provided China with an object-lesson of what can be accomplished by a power that masters the process and applies the results of Western inventions; and it has forced an acknowledgment of the substance of Japanese prowess and prestige. It is clear from the treaty that was signed last month between China and Japan that Asia has found a leader whose supremacy even the Celestial Empire is constrained to admit. Again, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, by its guarantee of the status quo in China, makes it certain that the era of Kiao-chau stratagems is over, and that all schemes of dismemberment and partition may as well be thrown into the diplomatic waste-paper basket.

For the first time in more than half a century China's international position is secure. From her old enemies she no longer has anything to fear. An unlooked-for breathing-space is allowed her in which to reform, to reorganize, and to consolidate; and this breathing-space coincides with the resurrection of old ambitions and the stirring of new internal forces. It would seem, therefore, as though a period of external calm were to keep pace with a period of domestic ferment—until, at any rate, the domestic ferment reaches the point, as it assuredly will, where international results will follow. As a matter of fact, international results have already followed—the boycott of American goods and the determined stand taken by China in her negotiations with the United States over the better treatment of Chinese travellers, merchants, officials, and students.

As a foretaste of what is to come, Europe has cherished many illusions about China, but it will scarcely have the audacity to cherish the supreme illusion that the multiplying tokens of a national, self-assertive, and independent spirit are to end in smoke—and opium smoke at that. What are these tokens? The boycott of American goods is perhaps the most important of them, but not the only one. Of almost equal significance are the enormous strides made by Japanese influence throughout the eighteen provinces. Japanese travellers, commercial agents, teachers, and drill-sergeants are now to be found in the remotest parts of the empire. In many provinces Japanese school-instructors or Chinese instructors trained in Tokyo, are supplanting Americans and Europeans, and at least two thousand Chinese students of the governing classes are at this moment being educated in Japan. Again, in the rapid growth of a native press within the last few years, a press that for the most part takes its cue from Japan, a tremendous instrument of national unity is being forged. A few years ago there were not more than half a dozen native newspapers; now there are nearly two hundred daily, weekly, and monthly journals. It seems difficult to overestimate the results that must flow from this process of intellectual irrigation, the barriers it must inevitably break down, the stimulus it must provide, the spirit of inquiry and comparison it is bound to foster among that acute and questioning people. For the first



Chinese Children at Dumb-bell Exercise in the South Gate Presbyterian Mission School, Shanghai

towards a handier and more centralized system of government; a concession is at this moment tending the world to collect data for the establishment of a Chinese Parliament twelve years hence; thousands of returned students from Japan, America, and Europe, full of zeal, if not of practicality, and keenly alive not only to the defects of the Chinese polity, but to the outrages that have been inflicted upon their country by the Occident, are clamoring for reforms that will enable China to meet and vanquish Western aggression with Western weapons; and the vicereigns of to-day, with scarcely a single exception, are men of vigor and enterprise, and animated by a national and patriotic purpose.

These are all significant signs, and among them none is more significant than the growth of the new Chinese army. We are constantly being told that the Chinese are incurably peaceful, have nothing of the military spirit, and will never produce an army worthy of the name. To transform them into an essentially military people, it is said, their whole psychology would have to be revolutionized. It may be so in theory, but it most certainly is not so in fact. The best and shortest proof of the Chinese capacity

to produce a real army is that they have already produced one. The military correspondent of the *Tientsin*, who served under General Nogai during the war, has lately been furnishing his journal with an account of the Chinese maneuvers last October. All the foreign attachés, and correspondents who witnessed them "returned to Peking declaring that they had seen a modern army, and averring that they had assisted at a display momentous and epoch-making in the history of the Far East." The transport and communication arrangements, in spite of the absence of railways—the nearest barracks were fifty miles away—worked out so perfectly as to confound those who anticipated a



The Chinese Imperial Commission that is making a Study of Educational Methods in Germany; the Photograph was taken in Front of the Reichstag Building in Berlin

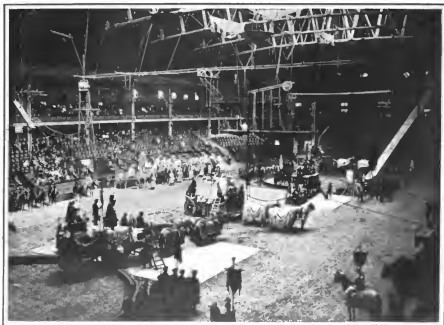
(Continued on page 526)



Mlle. Octavia La Tour, the young Frenchwoman who performs the astonishing Act known as "The Limit," which consists in turning a Renault in a Motor-car



Ray Thomas, the "Master of the Horse," who leads the Equestrian Exhibition of American Horsemanship



A General View of the Arena during the elaborate Spectacle, "Peace," symbolizing the cessation of Hostilities between Russia and Japan

NEW FEATURES OF "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"

Photographs by Isley

Easter Considerations

(Continued from page 313.)

come to be strong in material manifestations. It used to be hard to get things. It is comparatively easy now. I don't know that it ever was easy to get thoughts, but at least it is no easier now than it used to be. They still come hard—the great thoughts that shape character and influence conduct. They cannot be bought, and the relative scarcity of these is accentuated by the visible abundance of the things that can be bought. There are bricks and mortar and stone and cement a-plenty, and every sort of furniture and embellishment. Any hopeful movement can be financed, any promising institution can be housed and splendidly equipped. Legislatures sit in palaces, hospitals are magnificent, and college boys have hot and cold water and porcelain bath-tubs, but greet souls with conceptions that enable life and forward truth and justice are no more prevalent than they used to be. All the material goods that edify us so abundantly are afflicted with the Easter bonnets. In that while they are good and slightly and fit in themselves, the main concern is about the underlying thought. The hat is like the grass that perishes, and more so, for in the twinkling of an eye it is out of style; the legislative palace and the college hall last better, but the virtue may go out of them and leave them sterile. But in a great thought there is vitality.

What Easter stands for in religion is, of course, the immortality of the soul. That belief, instinctive in the great mass of a people like ours, serves not reasonably to have much visible effect on day-to-day conduct, for we live, as a rule, as though we did not expect ever to die, much less to experience conscious existence after death. But just as our most satisfactory citizens are those who believe that our nation and government will last, and find courage in that confidence for such a course of conduct as shall lead to make it last, so are men in general better men and wiser for the belief that our present life is only a stage of existence and not the whole of it.

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An Incident of the Open Steeplechase—"Toby" down on his knees, with his jockey, riding, on the ground. Back of him is "Fallow the," ridden by Ayer, who won the Race



The Finish of the Henneke Handicap—"Duke of Kendal" winning, "Peter" second, "Rolls-Royce" third

THE OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON

The Eastern racing season opened on March 26 at Hennessey, the home of the Washington Jockey Club, and, according to custom, the sport will be continuous there until December. The Niton Henneke Spring Handicap for three-year-olds and upwards was the event of the day. It was won by H. Henneke's "Duke of Kendal," ridden by Jockey Helge, in 1:17 2-5. A crowd of 4,000 witnessed the race.

Prof. Wright by Photo-M

The New Spirit in China

(Continued from page 535.)

thing between a picnic and a breakdown. Thirty-five thousand men took part in the maneuvers, which lasted for four days. The work was rough and the heat excessive, but hardly a man fell out. On the march, on parade, and in skinning, the troops impressed all the European onlookers with their alertness, intelligence, and care. "It was unanimously agreed that a very high state of discipline existed, that the men showed intelligent appreciation of the work to be performed, and that the officers were extremely keen and had their men perfectly in hand." As in all maneuvers, something had to be sacrificed to spectacular effect, but such solid and lasting work was accomplished. The artillery made a particularly good showing; "better fire discipline could hardly be conceived," and "the bringing-up and handling of ammunition, and the drill and control of the officers, were all that could be desired; while the drivers excelled the Japanese in the management of their teams."

The new army proved to be weak in cavalry, both numerically and in quality, the mounts being shabby and the leaders not yet fully developed. "As mounted riflemen," however, "they may well become as useful as any similar body of men in any other army." The engineers and the officers in charge of embarkation and ferrying operations, and of the restraining and training of troops, all came in for high praise; and the maneuvers as a whole showed "a degree of organization and a capacity to handle troops which hitherto the world has been far from associating with the Chinese."

The military calling, said this trained observer, has reinstated itself in Chinese opinion, and the highest in the land are "actively participating in the establishment of a national army"—of a national army, he it noted, not a congeries of independent, provincial units. At present the new army consists of ten divisions, of about twelve thousand men in each, but "in the to-morrow of the political calendar China will have a standing army of thirty-six divisions, with a reserve of a quarter of a million men—in other words, a field army of half a million."

Recruiting is carefully conducted and the pay is both prompt and liberal. The Pines' contributor has no doubt whatever that the new army has come to stay, that it is independent of any one man and even of a change of dynasty, and that no inherent deficiencies will prevent China from organizing within the next ten years a large and efficient force. "In twenty years," he concludes, "China will be able to stand alone, and the Far-Eastern problem, so far as Europe is concerned, will be permanently solved."

That is very remarkable testimony. Whither does it point? No one, I suppose, can imagine that China is adopting Western methods because she likes them, or prefers them to her own, but simply and solely because she realizes that without them she is helpless. She is animated, so far as my information goes, by no motive of aggression, but by a very real resolve, which cannot be other than encouraged by the example and influence of Japan, to protect herself against the rapacity and insolence of the Orient, and to keep the exploitation of the national resources in her own hands. Exclusive concessions to foreigners of mining rights and railroad franchises are likely from now on to grow rarer. Missionaries hereforward may find it increasingly difficult to claim for their converts any special civil or legal privileges. It is not incredible that the near future will see the extraterritorial preferences sharply raised, and Chinese sovereignty asserted over ports and waterways and "settlements" that are now under foreign control—no, indeed, happened a few weeks ago at Shanghai. That, at any rate, is the direction in which the movements that are now agitating China seem to tend, and their culmination may quite conceivably prove to be a second Boxer rising on a far bigger scale—in short, an organized and virtually rational attempt to expel the white man from the Celestial Empire. The real Chinese question is only just beginning.

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The Shaft near Pit No. 4, the Scene of the Disaster

THE RECENT MINE DISASTER IN FRANCE

That of the most shocking mine disasters in war was that at Lens, near Calais, on March 10, when an explosion of burning occurred in the roadway of the Courrières Company, killing, it is estimated, more than one thousand miners. The fire broke out at a depth of 200 feet below pit No. 4, and continued in a terrific explosion not long after the miners had gone to work in the early morning. Of the 1200 men who had descended into the mine, less than one-third were rescued.



The above illustration gives an idea of one of a set of 12 souvenir postal cards showing Dr. H. E. Thomas's *Locomobile* in the 1905 Vanderbilt Cup Race, defeating 12 out of 14 foreign racing cars and placing America second by countries. The first American car to be placed in an international automobile contest. These postal cards form an interesting souvenir of the Vanderbilt Race, are convenient for mailing, and will be appreciated by collectors of souvenir postal cards. The views were selected so as to show as many points of interest on the course as possible, and will be mailed on receipt of twelve cents in stamps.

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"DEAR OLD MAN,—Before I see Her again I leave you this because it may be that this very time I shall not return to the life you and I have known—but go on with Her into that place where we were meant to be together. And if it should be that you found what was left of me here, afterwards, may I ask you two things: first, to forget that I once spoke to you in anger; and last, that you will keep the Brexian table as long as you live, in whatever place you call your home, and in such a manner as you would naturally keep that which had once been held as a dear treasure by me.

"Do not regret my going—if I do go with Her. For be sure that she has told me, and that she writes she goes it is a place of peace-untiltable. ELEANOR.

Scarcely though I am, I rubbed the black wood many times in vain. And this is how it happens that I set up so grand a table in my own little study by the window, which look out upon no end of purple sea, and that I wonder all the day and every day how it is that ghosts have women's hearts.

The Candidacy of Woodrow Wilson

(From the *Massachusetts Press*.)

Princeton already has one President "in her midst," and in our opinion he was one of the best the nation ever had. He is a scholar, in some way a literature. President Roosevelt is a historian and an author who has written extensively about bears and Federalists.

In this line, Woodrow Wilson is superior to either. If his history is open to some criticism from a Southern viewpoint, the volume on *The State* is above reproach. The distinguished author went to school when he was a boy in Augusta, where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian church in the Georgia city. The *Press* has watched his career with interest and enthusiasm. Several years ago this paper nominated him for Chancellor of the State University. Naturally, he preferred to be head of his own alma mater at Princeton. He may have been born in Virginia, but he is a Georgian, married a Georgia woman, and ought to get the electoral vote of Georgia if he concludes to become a candidate on the Democratic side. We presume, of course, that HARPER'S WEEKLY is boasting him for the Democratic nomination. With this understanding we are for him.

(From the *Columbus (N. Y.) State*.)

Mr. Harvey is agreeably surprised at the public reception given the suggestion that the Democrats make Woodrow Wilson their leader, although he says his remarks in the Latou Club were not hastily made or ill considered. The idea of having a statesman for a Presidential candidate is a novel one, but nevertheless it is attractive to the non-politician, and Mr. Harvey has grouped quite a formidable number of reasons favorable to Mr. Wilson.

There is no reason why "serious consideration" should not be given to the suggestion. Presidential timber is not too plentiful, and Presidential timber of the liberal variety is alarmingly scarce. It might be a terrible shock to the American people to have such a man as is described by Mr. Harvey appear in the Chief Magistrate, but they would get over it; it could be shown that there was precedent for such a thing; there were statesmen in the long ago and they did quite well. In fact, much need to be done by Americans in a quiet way to "big talk" was not always the favored policy; it is an excessiveness of modern methods.

(From the *Known City Times*.)

Woodrow Wilson, whom HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests for the Democratic Presidential nomination, is, with perhaps one exception, the most excellent Democrat in Princeton. N. J.

Read **THE SPOILERS**
By Rex E. Beach
Miss Bellard's Inspiration
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mr. Howells has written no more delightful story for years—LONDON, ATHENS &

Paris, 1910

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

The Enchanted Valleys

(Continued from page 513.)

the sloping hills beyond. What was it that they had had at that wonderful dinner of a year ago? . . . Yes, it was clear,—he remembered that she had not wanted him to buy a more expensive wine; half the delight of the dinner, in fact, had resided in the brief but admirable sufficiency of it. Yes, they would have claret (ah, out! Monsieur Tisot remembered well the brand), and, of course, the bouillon, chicken soufflé, asparagus salad, and coffee. And marmelade!—she would be here soon? Should he serve the bouillon as soon as it was ready?

Ashton looked at his watch. It was later than he had supposed. Hilda had promised to be there at seven—he had even thought that she might possibly be there before him. A realization of the precariousness of antedating did not tend to steady his philosophy; but surely there could not be many more moments to wait. Yes, Monsieur Tisot must prepare to begin.

Ashton consulted his watch again with an eagerness sufficiently obvious. It lacked but ten minutes of the hour, and they had both made a point of sitting down to their dinner punctually at seven, as they had done a year ago. Ashton felt sure she would not fail him in the matter, for it was like her to be exquisitely scrupulous in such intimate observances. An increasingly tense expectancy had begun, however, to rasp his nerves. A little distance behind him, at another table, a party of men and women in elaborate morning costume were excitedly discussing a run that they had made through France and Spain. The odor of strong cigars and an occasional whiff of patchouli mingled aggressively with the delicate emanations of the ladies' blossoms above his head. . . . he would make Tisot change their table. He got up and walked toward the garden beyond the inn, remembering suddenly that he had quite forgotten to arrange for flowers. Perhaps Madame Tisot would let him pick some lilies from the bushes at the end of the walk.

He was not in sight when Monsieur and Madame Tisot, with the party of automobilists, ran down the road to the sharp turn below the inn, where a lifting cloud of dust disclosed the aftermath of a tragedy whose an ill ruthlessness was attested in the blanched faces of the on-lookers. And when, a few moments later, he came down the path that led from the garden, he had no eyes for Monsieur Tisot, approaching him with a face upon which a great terror was tracing its corroding light; for, coming toward him across the lengthening shadow of the linden heights was Hilda—it was odd, he thought at the time, that Tisot seemed not to see her, though she passed between them, an exquisite silhouette against the changing colors of the sunset. Ashton met her with outstretched hands, an unconquerable desire in his eyes.

"I knew you would come," he said.

Fame

Two Americans who were travelling in England made a devout pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and spent several days wandering about the neighborhood. One day they met a countryman, and, pursuing, one of the pilgrims said:

"My friend, I envy you your life here amid the hills that knew the Great Poet's youth. What sublime thoughts must come to you as you tread the paths his feet trod!"

The rustic simply stared, and the American demanded if he knew of whom he was speaking, receiving a prompt negative.

"Why, of Shakespeare, man. You must know of him!" the pilgrim exclaimed, struck on with horror.

After some coaxing the man finally admitted that he had heard of Shakespeare, and believed that he had "wrote for summat."

"And have you any idea for what he wrote—was it the Times?" the American inquired with infinite sarcasm.

"Oh, it wasn't the London paper," the man said. "I know it was a national when like. I think it was the *Bible*, believe."

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EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVARD



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HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. L

New York, Saturday, April 21, 1906

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THE DEVASTATING LAVA WHICH FLOWS FROM VESUVIUS

In the first week of April, Mount Vesuvius, which has never been entirely at rest since the great eruption of 1671, began an unusual activity, its eruption increasing in activity day by day; 120,000 refugees deserted the towns near the volcano and fled to Naples. At the time of writing the fatalities are not definitely known. Most of them appear to have occurred on the northwest side of the mountain, at Stabiana, near San Giuseppe. An indirect result of the eruption was the collapse, on April 19, of a wooden building in Naples from the weight of the volcanic ash which had fallen upon its roof, burying 250 persons. Former historic eruptions occurred in the years A. D. 79 (when Pompeii was destroyed), 203, 372, 512, 685, 984, 1631, 1749, 1793, 1806, 1811, and 1872. In that of 1872—the most serious of recent times—49 lives were lost.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

During the week ending April 7, we heard from Washington that President ROOSEVELT had renounced the attempt to conciliate the Republican opponents of the HERRING-TULLMAN rate-making bill, and had resolved to bring about a coalition of the administration's friends in the Senate with their Democratic colleagues. We are told that on April 7 Senator BAILEY had been informed that the Chief Magistrate would give his support to the BAILEY non-suspension amendment in return for Democratic support of the LAMM amendment, which was understood to have expressed the wish of the administration and provided for a limited judicial review. About the same time a report was current in the Federal capital that the President had avowed to more than one Senator an earnest desire to "beat ALDEN and those fellows." To our amazement, on the morning of Tuesday, April 10, we learned that Mr. ROOSEVELT had still another change of position, and had surrendered to "ALDEN and those fellows." According to the report, Secretary TAYLOR succeeded on April 8 and 9 in persuading the President to reunite the Republican party by persuading his personal followers in the Senate to vote with the conservative majority of the Republican Senators for the KNOX broad-review provision, which opens the Federal circuit courts to all persons concerned in any rate order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and permits the suspension of the commission's orders by injunction, on condition, however, that the carrier whose rate is complained of shall deposit in money or in the form of an adequate bond the difference between the rate complained of and that fixed by the order of the commission. The only change to be made in the KNOX amendment, which was introduced on February 22, is that the appeal must be made in a circuit court in the district where the carrier has his or its principal office. It is well known that the Republican Senators, if united, can carry the KNOX amendment by a considerable majority, which probably will be increased by the votes of certain Democratic Senators, who believe that any attempt of Congress to deprive Federal courts of full powers of judicial review, including the power of injunction, would be adjudged by the United States Supreme Court unconstitutional.

It seems, then, to be settled that the HERRING-TULLMAN bill, as finally remodelled by the Senate and subsequently, no doubt, accepted by the House, will be regarded throughout the country as a Republican measure. It will neither be an administration measure nor a Democratic measure. The Republican party as a whole will get the credit of it. If it be true that the author of this startling transformation scheme is Secretary TAYLOR, he has rendered a great service to his political friends and materially improved his own prospects of obtaining a nomination for the Presidency.

A large measure of public interest has continued to be concentrated on the controversy between mine-owners and mine-workers in the coal regions. So far, indeed, as the bituminous-coal fields are concerned, the danger that the production of iron and steel by the United States Steel Corporation would be crippled through a lack of fuel has been averted by the resolution which, through the influence of Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, was adopted at the Indianapolis Convention, a resolution permitting any local Miners' Union to enter into an agreement with a particular operator. Acting upon this permission, miners in a number of districts, and especially in and near Pittsburgh, have gone back to work in consideration of a small increase of wages. It is expected that so many more will presently follow their example that the strike will collapse throughout the bituminous region. Those bituminous operators who insist that they cannot afford to pay higher wages have proposed to refer the questions in dispute to arbitration, and it is hard to see how Mr. MITCHELL can reject the proposal, since he has himself invited the anthracite operators to refer the matters, as to which he and they are at variance, to the Board of Conciliation appointed under the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, with the proviso that, in the not improbable event of the board being equally divided, Judge GRAY, or some person appointed by him, shall be umpire.

As we go to press, the anthracite operators have met Mr. MITCHELL's proposal for arbitration with a counter-proposal to leave it to the members of the Anthracite Coal Commission whether their late award should be modified as regards wages or rates of payment of employees (either by way of increase or reduction), and as to the adjustment of complaints through the Conciliation Board or otherwise; and if so, what the modifications shall be. The operators stipulate that if this measure of arbitration is accepted, work shall begin at once, and that the resulting agreement shall continue in effect until March 31, 1907. It seems probable at this writing that the mine-workers will accept this proposition, possibly with trifling amendments, and that work will start up again in the anthracite district.

It looks as if tariff revision would be the issue on which the elections for the House of Representatives in the Sixtieth Congress will turn in November of this year. Scarcely had the tariff-revisionists in the Lower House been compelled to swallow Representative PAUL's declaration that there would be no revision until a majority of the Republican party should demand it, when Speaker CANNON acknowledged that, much to his regret, revision was sure to come, though not, he added, at this or the next session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. It will not come, of course, in the way suggested, sarcastically, by Mr. PAYNE, because Representative McCULL of Massachusetts, will encounter insuperable obstacles to an attempt to bring about cooperation on the part of the revisionists of the West and the Northwest with those of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts revisionists, having their leather industries in mind, naturally want hides put on the free list. As, naturally, the cattlemen of the West want a monopoly of the home market for domestic hides. The same thing may be said of the raw materials used in other manufactures. Our manufacturers, of course, want such raw materials as they use put on the free list, while our native producers of such materials would fight the proposal tooth and nail. That is why it is so absurd to talk about the tariff being revised by its friends. Its friends seldom have any interests in common. If the Dingley tariff is ever revised, the revision will be done by the Democratic party, when it shall have secured a majority of the House of Representatives, and ultimately, of the Senate, assisted by revisionist seceders from the Republican organization. As we have frequently recalled, a Democrat was elected Governor of Massachusetts on a tariff-revision platform even in 1903, when Mr. ROOSEVELT swept the State. Another State, Iowa, normally a Republican stronghold, may yet be carried by a coalition of Democrats with revisionist deserters from the Republican camp. The same thing is true of Wisconsin, Michigan, and even Illinois.

It is as yet too early to say what issue will be pivotal in the Presidential campaign of 1908. Tariff revision, of course,

will be *our* issue, because it will be impracticable for the Sixtieth Congress to revise the tariff, inasmuch as it will not, unless convened in special session, meet before December, 1907, or only about six months before the national nominating conventions meet. If all, or nearly all, the Democrats should agree to vote for a railway rate-making bill forbidding the United States courts to issue an injunction pending a final ruling on the constitutionality of a decision reached by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and if the Republican Senators should be split wide apart, as they certainly will be, on that question, it would be practicable and no doubt expedient for the Democrats, who had taken the popular side, to demand that their conduct should be ratified at the ballot-box. They could not beat Mr. ROOSEVELT on the rate-making issue, because he would have cooperated with them. But Mr. ROOSEVELT will not again accept a nomination, and on the issue named the Democrats may be able to beat Mr. FAIRBANKS or any Republican nominee representing the dominant conservative wing of the President's party.

To the powers that signed the convention formulated by the first peace conference at the Hague the Russian Foreign Office has addressed a proposal that a second conference shall meet at the Dutch capital early in July. The grounds unofficially assigned for the selection of the date are, first, that the climate of Holland is particularly salubrious in mid-summer, and, secondly, that the time will be politically convenient, because, although Russia's Imperial Duma, or Parliament, is expected to adjourn by the end of June, other Parliaments in Continental Europe will be in session, and their respective governments will, therefore, be prepared to consider the questions referred to them for decision by their delegates. It is said that our own government objects to the date for the reason that it has already arranged to take part in the Red Cross Convention to be held at Geneva in June, and in the Pan-American Conference which will take place in July at Rio de Janeiro. It is doubtful whether a programme of the subjects to be discussed can be agreed upon by the signatory powers before the date suggested by the Czar. It is almost certain that some of the signatories will insist upon widening the field of discussion outlined by the Russian Foreign Office. In his invitation to the original Hague Conference, the Emperor NICHOLAS II. expressed the hope that measures would be taken to assure international peace, and to bring about a concerted reduction of military and naval armaments. Apparently, such philanthropic aims have been renounced by the Russian sovereign, for there is no reference to them in the present proposal. The absurdity of a country which has just emerged from a vast and destructive war, deliberately provoked, coming forward as an advocate of international peace was probably recognized at Tsarskoye-Selo.

All political questions are expressly excluded from the programme suggested by the Czar, who confines himself to recommending in his circular despatch an international agreement on a number of points hitherto doubtful in international law concerning the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals, which occasioned a good deal of trouble and recrimination during the recent contest. Under what circumstances shall belligerent war-vessels be at liberty to bombard seaports? Are provisions, under any circumstances, contraband of war? Is coal ever contraband, and if so, when? Is a belligerent *ipso facto* liable for damages if he destroys a neutral vessel captured by him, instead of taking her to one of his own seaports, there to be submitted to the judgment of a prize-court? How long may a belligerent war-vessel receive shelter and protection in a neutral port? Is some specific formality needed for the immigration of warfare, and, if so, what formality shall be prescribed? The mere enumeration of these inquiries will recall some interesting incidents in the Russo-Japanese contest. It is obvious, for instance, that France, on the one hand, and Britain and the United States, on the other, although all three powers were neutral, held quite different views as to the length of time during which a belligerent vessel might remain in a neutral harbor. It is equally plain that both England and the United States are vitally concerned in securing an international declaration that provisions are never contraband,

except when they can be proved to be destined for a beleaguered port or for a hostile fleet.

Since the Senate refused to pass the House bill admitting, three years hence, all the products of the Philippines to the United States duty free, and meanwhile levying on the sugar and tobacco of those islands only 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates, a marked change has come over the feeling of leading Republicans regarding the expediency or decency of retaining that archipelago in its present anomalous relation to the Union. Either we must treat the Philippines as generously as we have treated Porto Rico, or else we must treat them as we have treated Cuba. There is no reasonable and honorable *c-scape* from that dilemma. It was doubtless a recognition of this fact that caused the House Committee on Insular Affairs to hear, on April 7, Mr. MOORFIELD STORY, a well-known lawyer of Boston, make an extended speech in favor of the McCALL resolution for the immediate neutralization of the Philippines. We cannot, of course, withdraw our flag summarily from the islands and leave them at the mercy of other nations interested in the Far East, which almost certainly would make a cockpit of them. We can, however, as Mr. McCALL and Mr. STORY have pointed out, shield them from foreign aggression, precisely as Belgium has been shielded. Moreover, the time is ripe for a movement in that direction. Our own relations with all the interested powers are just now cordial, and we could probably prevail upon Japan, Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France, and China to enter into a compact with us that no one of the parties should interfere with the independence of the Philippines. It is unquestionably true that the Filipinos are not linguistically, even if they are racially, homogeneous. Many languages and innumerable dialects are spoken in the archipelago. As regards culture, different sections represent different stages, all the way from savagery to civilization. Under the circumstances, internal discussions could hardly be averted. But at least the islanders might be protected from foreign invasion and allowed to make for themselves the best of their opportunities.

Just when the United States should withdraw from the archipelago Mr. STORY did not venture to say. The decision as to the date would depend upon events. The preliminary step, however, namely, the procurement of an international compact for the neutralization of the Philippines—such as Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and Great Britain entered into with respect to Belgium—ought not to be delayed. As to the fundamental questions whether the Philippines are of any advantage to us, and whether we have really benefited or are likely to benefit the Filipinos, Mr. STORY spoke with moderation, but with much effect. He pointed out that, even if we look solely upon our pecuniary outlay on the archipelago, we shall find that we have already spent hundreds of millions of dollars, taken from taxes paid by citizens of the United States. Have any of us, he asked, reaped any considerable profit from the enormous expenditure? As to whether we have done the Filipinos any good, or are adapted to govern them properly, Mr. STORY recalls the assertion propounded by the historian FROST as a universal truth, the assertion, namely, that if any lesson be clearly taught by history it is that free nations cannot govern subject provinces. Republican Rome tried it, and failed. Republican France lost Haiti. The democratic monarchies of the Netherlands and of Great Britain manage to govern Java and India because in those dependencies they abjure democratic principles.

As we write, a tremendous eruption of Mount Vesuvius is going on, with results already exceedingly disastrous in loss of life and destruction of property, and liable to indefinite extension. With the prodigious exploit of Mount Pelee fresh in mind it is idle to guess where Vesuvius will stop. At this writing there has been a first violent eruption which descended, and then a second outburst, still in progress, which is already rumored to have cost a thousand lives and destroyed several villages, and to threaten the re-interment of Pompeii. It has been suggested that there may be some connection between this peculiarly violent eruption of Vesuvius and the calamitous explosion in the Courrières mines near the northeastern corner of France. We are

told that the director of the Berlin Observatory has been convinced by meteorological and other investigations that the terrible mine disaster was due to extraordinary atmospheric conditions existing at the present time throughout Europe, by which conditions the whole crust of the earth in the Eastern Hemisphere is threatened with cataclysmic changes that may involve the disappearance of whole continents. An American geologist, Professor J. F. KERT, of Columbia University, is in possession of no facts, he says, which warrant the forebodings of his German confrères, though he deems it possible that at the time of the Courrières explosion an extremely low barometric pressure prevailed which might affect the gases in the earth, and might even cause upheavals and depressions of its surface. Unquestionably, many changes in the earth's crust have taken place, even in historical times, and students of geology, natural history, and botany are inclined to think that other changes that used to be considered legendary may, in fact, have taken place.

Mr. CHARLES E. HUGHES, who conducted for the ARMSTRONG Committee the recent investigation of the life-insurance business, made a noteworthy speech, on April 8, at a meeting of the Society of Ethical Culture in Carnegie Hall, New York city. It seemed to him, he said, that, looking back over the last twelvemonth, the most striking result of the exposure of the methods followed by certain insurance companies had been the awakening of a sound moral sense in the great majority of citizens. Public sentiment had supported the ARMSTRONG Committee throughout its prolonged and difficult inquiries, and had evinced a relentless determination that hereafter the life-insurance business shall be treated as a public trust, and not as a private snap. The encouraging fact had been demonstrated that, if once the American community becomes convinced that a great wrong exists, it will not rest until the wrong is righted. Already the public attitude has had a remarkable influence on insurance corporations. The latter's experts themselves now admit that remedies formerly pronounced visionary are indispensable. Mr. HUGHES recognized this change of view on the part of life-insurance officers as responsive to the common sense of justice which prevails in the public mind.

Up to April 9 about a third of the members of the Imperial Duma, or Lower House of the first Russian Parliament, had been chosen by the electoral colleges. The result thus far has been an overwhelming victory for the Constitutional Democrats. Indeed, we are told that, as yet, not a single reactionary candidate has been successful, and even the Octobrists, or Moderates, have failed to return a member. Of course the tide of success may be checked hereafter in some degree, but we may look upon it as settled that the popular branch of the national legislature will be controlled absolutely by the party which is determined to make the utmost of the Czar's concessions, and to transform Russia into a genuine constitutional monarchy. Telegrams from St. Petersburg describe the reactionaries, who have been headed by Mr. DUDKOV, Minister of the Interior, as almost panic-stricken. Their hope of regaining ascendancy at Tserkovo-Selo has been wrecked by the total failure of their unscrupulous attempts to secure the election of representatives of their views, while, on the other hand, the outcome of the appeal to the ballot-box has firmly re-established Count WITTE in the confidence of his imperial master. To all intents and purposes, the Czar himself now seems to be a Constitutional Democrat.

It would be impossible to reprint in the WEEKLY all the comments of the press of the country on the suggestion that Mr. WOODROW WILSON is an admirable statesman, a thoroughly equipped public man, and that he would be an excellent Democratic candidate for President. In view of some of the comments, we are compelled to say that the WEEKLY is not "booming" him as its candidate, but is presenting reasons to explain the proposition that the Democratic party would not the part of wisdom if it should nominate for President this eminently qualified gentleman. We are glad that in doing this we have excited some very interesting discussion, most of which is worthy of note.

Naturally there are some objections to the proposed nomination. It would not only be strange if there were not objec-

tions, but the absence of them would indicate a discreditable lack of interest in the intimation that it would be well for the country to think of a scholar of politics as a fit man to be President of the United States. Among the objections made is one that might have been anticipated; it is aroused by Mr. WILSON's scholarship. In some instances it is boldly stated that a student or a scholar is not the kind of man who would make a good President; in other instances this suspicion of learning is veiled under the convenient phrase that Mr. WILSON is not "practical." One strange person argues that all professors must be absolutely wrong because the majority of professors believe in free trade. This is the assumption of a writer who admits that he is practical, and well illustrates the reasoning indulged in by many practical men. Nothing can be urged against practical statesmen, but it may be said that a student of politics is more likely to be a practical statesman than is a manipulator of primaries, or a successful distributor of spoils, or a log-rolling legislator, or one who would prefer a new court-house in his district to the welfare of the whole country. Usually we mean by a practical politician a man who manages a machine, first, for his own advancement, and incidentally for the gain of the party which furnishes him the votes that keep him in place. Such men may have their uses, but the time is here when our highest offices should be filled by men who are trained to the high duties of statesmanship by study, by the thoughtfulness on public subjects which is aided by learning, by the application of the fruits of learning to the ever-recurring political problems of all times. To prefer for President a so-called practical organization man to a scholar of politics is like preferring as general superintendent of a railroad the driver of a locomotive to a man to whom railroad construction, economics, and operation have been a lifelong study. One writer asserts that we would better choose our "Presidents from among statesmen—men who have already filled political office satisfactorily, and even from among these to select such men as have mastered jurisprudence." It would probably be better still to choose our Presidents from among those who are fit for office because they comprehend the questions of statesmanship, and from among those who have so mastered jurisprudence, as Mr. WILSON has, as to be among the most eminent teachers of the science.

One of the objectors asserts that college professors are not well thought of for public men either in England or here. The fact that a man is a college professor is, indeed, not in itself a recommendation of him for this high executive office. But by professor most of the critics mean scholar, and they hold in effect that to study the art of politics is to disqualify one to practice the art. This is true of the art, or arts, most frequently practised, but it is not true of the art as it ought to be practised. This particular objector is, moreover, wrong about England. There the scholars of politics are preferred, and have been leaned upon by the country and by the parties, ever since responsible government assumed its present form. In the present cabinet are several distinguished men of letters and one who was Regius professor of history at the University of Oxford; and did an American practical politician ever write so practical a book on American government and American politics as Mr. BEVER has done? Did ever an American parliamentarian lead the House of Representatives more skillfully than did the author of *A Defense of Plutarch's Doubt* lead the House of Commons? Was there ever a more astute party leader than the Homeric scholar who for so many years was the Prime Minister of England? Is not one who comes to understand his subject by long years of study more likely to be practical and right than one whose practicality is confined to the devising of means for getting himself and his friends into office? Even if the unstudious man has learned the arts of government by long experience, is he likely to be better equipped than he who is familiar with the experiences of the centuries during which the art of modern government has been developing?

JAMES K. BEHRY, Senator from Arkansas for twenty-one years, has been beaten at the primaries in a contest for reelection by Governor JEFF DAVIS. Senator BEHRY has been one of the most useful Senators in Congress, and his defeat is a public misfortune. DAVIS is widely known as a black-guard in speech and a mountebank in methods. A demagogue

of considerable talent in his line, he has bamboozled the Democrats of Arkansas. It is a pity that such a man as Senator BERRY should have such a successor, but if Arkansas insists that DAVIS represents it more accurately than BERRY does, there is nothing for it but to take Arkansas at its own valuation. As for DAVIS, if anything can do him good, it will do him good to be transferred from Little Rock to Washington. The Senate is a dignified body, and contains able men. It is an ideal sanitarium for a man like DAVIS, who needs treatment.

Governor HAZEN admits that the tax on mortgages fails of its purpose, "if, while making taxation certain, it permits the lender permanently to shift the burden to the borrower." How is it possible that it should not do so? So long as the borrower carries the lender on his back, any burden imposed on the lender inevitably increases the strain on the borrower's legs.

Mrs. ROSE PETERA STOKES disclosed, in a recent address in Philadelphia, about working women, that much of the hardship of the so-called "working classes" is caused by their having, "not merely to support their own families, but to contribute, whether they will or not, to the support of other families which live in idleness and luxury upon the products of the working people's toil." It is that, she says, that angers the working people and makes them go on strikes. It seems a pretty hard grievance to cure, without going back to the condition of the cave-dwellers, so much extolled by JACK LONDON. Nearly all of the world's annual income is produced by labor, and it is quite true that the immediate laborers only get a part of it. The rest goes to pay taxes and the cost and reasonable profits of management, and reward capital. Every one who has a dollar laid up and drawing interest gets a part of it. Mrs. STOKES makes complaint that the workers "add more value to the material upon which they work than they receive in payment for their labor." Of course they do. If not, who would hire them? Who would build mills and factories, or concern themselves about industrial enterprises? What carpenter would hire a helper if he did not expect the helper's work to be worth somewhat more than his wage? The government? Would Mrs. STOKES have the government do all the hiring? Still the cost of such a government would fall on the workers, and there is no means of computing how heavy it would be. That it would be enormous there is no doubt, and that it would include the support of more idle, or half-idle, people than our present system maintains is extremely probable.

The working woman, Mrs. STOKES says, "sees no justice in an economic system which requires of one woman physical and spiritual exhaustion in order that some other woman, absolved from the necessity of labor through the accident of birth or otherwise, may waste in idleness and luxury her produce and the produce of her fellows." Certainly the economic system now in use in this country makes no such requirement. It does not guarantee suitable employment at a just price to every immigrant who escapes to New York from pinching poverty in Europe, but it affords such employment to an immense number of them. It is an adjustable system, but not instantaneously adjustable. Want and luxury exist simultaneously under it. It gives perfect satisfaction to few persons, does very imperfect justice to many, yet the great mass of workers would far rather have it with its richness and its hazards than the socialistic system which Mrs. STOKES seems to favor, or any other system in sight. The workers, as a rule, are not dissatisfied with it, but they want it to work fairly.

In the House of Representatives, on April 7, Congressman PARKER, of Rochester, New York, found fault with one detail of our economic system. Though a Republican, he audaciously discussed the tariff and the need of revising it. In the outcry against the trusts, he said, he was little interested, because he believed that large corporations had come to stay. He didn't care how much money they made, so long as they made it legitimately, but he objected to allowing the government, by its own act, to enable favored individuals to build up fortunes of hundreds of millions at the cost of other

citizens. He objected specifically, by way of illustration, to the tariff of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound on lead, which made that metal cost 5.55 cents in this country, when, without the tariff, it would cost at least two cents less. That item of the DUTY schedule, he declared, has been profitable enough to a single composite corporation to make the certificates of its common stock (representing little else than water) worth probably \$150,000,000. Mr. PARKER's objection to a detail of our present economic system is well taken. He objects to governmental favoritism—would have government keep hands off and cease to enrich one man at his neighbor's cost. Mrs. STOKES, as we understand it, wants government to put hands on, and enrich everybody who needs enrichment at the neighbors' cost.

President ROOSEVELT is advertised to repeat, before this issue of the WEEKLY appears, a speech he lately made at the Gridiron Club dinner to Speaker CANNON. The subject of it was the "Man with the Muck-rake," and it dealt with certain excesses of zeal in some of the periodicals which have found a profit in exposing the sins of the grafters. No doubt it will be an interesting speech. About a generation ago, when chromo lithographs were a novelty and much used to promote the sale of all manner of goods, the immense demand then caused a certain sententious observer to remark, "They who live by the chromo shall perish by the chromo." Exposure this last year has been as popular as chromo were in the serenities, but the tide has turned a little against it now, and those who have made it their meat and drink will be constrained by the instinct of self-preservation to introduce wholesome variety into their diet. It has doubtless already occurred to the Man with the Muck-rake that there is good money for somebody in an exposure of exposure, and we may see a trial made of that. But let us by no means disparage an exceedingly useful rebalancing of indignation and remonstrance because it has run away with some good people and has been used by others to promote their own selfish ends. Exposure of rascality and misgovernment by the public press is the most important means of purification and preservation which popular government possesses. Of course it will be abused, but in spite of all abuses it is indispensable to our welfare, and those who have the courage and take the pains to use it honestly and with due care make all of us of its debtors. It has been pretty hard times for political rascals this last year. Some of them have been put out of business; many others are lying low, waiting for the storm to blow over. Nothing would so rejoice this latter crowd as to see the abuse of exposure make all probings of rascaldom unpopular and unprofitable.

The death of Professor SHALER, of Harvard (on April 10), will grieve those who knew him either personally or by reputation, and that means a large company, for besides being a great teacher of geology in a great university for forty years, he has been a diligent writer of valuable and interesting books. He was a Kentuckian, who graduated from Harvard in 1850, and served on the Union side in the civil war. Though he was sixty-five years old, his death will be felt to be painfully premature, so much life and vigor there was in him, and so notable and unusual was his gift of interesting young minds and inducing sound knowledge to take root in them. The Harvard faculty in these days, though amply manned by competent, trained teachers, includes in its list no surplus of names which are recognized outside of the domain of pedagogy. It can ill spare Dean SHALER, who was a strong man in many particulars, but especially on the human side of him.

Burglary is getting to be too much like an exact science in this city of New York. Families that have been robbed are much dissatisfied with their experience. Families that have not been robbed dislike the feeling that they must perch at home like pigeons waiting to be potted. Insurance against burglary is getting to be as common among house-holders as insurance against fire. Possibly relief may come from this very practice of insuring against burglary. The Board of Underwriters is compelled by its business to be systematically alert to diminish the chance of fire losses. If burglary insurance becomes prevalent enough there may be a board of burglar-fighters, whose business it is to abate house-breaking.

State Ownership of Railways

ONE thing is plain to President Roosevelt, but apparently not equally clear to his Republican opponents in the Senate, namely, that, unless we are willing and able to provide some efficient and equitable regulation of interstate railway rates, we may be driven by public sentiment to an alternative which, on some grounds, is highly objectionable, namely, the ownership of interstate railways by the Federal government. The fact that State ownership of railways obtains in Prussia, in some other European countries, and in the Australian colonies, has not yet made much impression on the American community. It would be otherwise if the same method of transacting railway business should be adopted in the United Kingdom, an innovation which is likely to find some advocates under the present Liberal administration. Mr. ROBERT P. PORTER, the well-known champion of high protection, who for some time has beenjourning in London, has ascribed a fact unknown to the majority of British subjects, to wit, that Mr. GLANVILLE entered in the railway net of 1844 a clause empowering the government to take over most of the railway mileage in Great Britain, on giving the companies three months' notice. The terms on which the acquisition may be made are also prescribed, to wit, twenty-five years' purchase calculated on the average divisible profits of the three preceding years, all claims for prospective profits being referable to arbitration. The same net of 1844 provided, it seems, that should the divisible profits equal or exceed ten per cent. of a railway's capital, the rates and regulations should be subjected to governmental revision. Mr. PORTER points out that the average dividends of British railways are now far below the figure named, for 1890 the whole amount of capital invested in the railways of the United Kingdom was about \$6,000,000,000, of which some \$400,000,000 pays no dividend. Another fraction, \$300,000,000, pays less than two per cent.; upwards of \$2,150,000,000 less than three per cent.; \$2,650,000,000, between three and five per cent., and ten other fractions, relatively small, between five and six per cent., or between eight and ten per cent., respectively. The average rate of interest on the aggregate capital is about three and one-third per cent. Mr. PORTER doubts whether this purchase clause will ever be enforced, inasmuch as it does not cover the 2230 miles of track which have been built since 1844, and which traverse important routes. The news, however, that in the United Kingdom the State already possesses by statute extensive powers of purchase will be welcome to the Liberals as well as to a good many Liberals who are disposed to look with favor on State ownership. As a matter of fact, the British Liberals have already considered the expediency of the State's owning and operating railways. Forty years ago a Liberal government thought of taking over the Irish railways, and a royal commission was appointed for the purpose of ascertaining their. When the DUNELM railway crisis arose in, however, the project was abandoned, but it is revived in connection with the partial autonomy which Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BAXTERMAN has promised to concede to Ireland.

State ownership of railways would not be profitable in the United Kingdom if we may judge by the experience of the government with telegraphs. When the telegraph lines were purchased by the State in 1870-71, they showed collectively a profit of about \$6,500,000 a year. They showed government control there have been continual deficits. For example, in the year ending March 31, 1890, the excess of expenditure over receipts amounted to some eight millions dollars. The introduction nineteen years ago of twelve-cent telegrams accounts for much of the deficit. It was taken for granted that, at the reduced rate, the number of messages would be increased immensely, but, as a matter of fact, it has dwindled since 1873. Telephones in the United Kingdom are owned partly by the government, and partly by the National Telephone Company, which, however, in 1914, will have to turn over its plant to the Government Post-office Department. It will surprise many people to learn that the entire capital invested in telephones in the United Kingdom is only some \$75,000,000, as against \$500,000,000 expended for the same purpose in the United States.

The objections to the ownership and operation of railways for the government are serious. In the first place, an enormous army of civilian employees is placed at the disposal of the political party in power. That is obvious; the second, and still graver, objection is often overlooked. State railways are not accused, indeed, of rates, or of discriminations in favor of individuals. They are charged, however, and justly, with gross discrimination in favor of favorites. Professor HUGO RICHARD MEYER, of the University of Chicago, has lately pointed out in his book on *Government Regulation of Railways Rates*, that in Prussia, though that country has the most enlightened and the most independent incommunal government which the world has known, the State Railway Department is not allowed to make railway rates that will permit the surplus grain, timber, and beet-sugar of Eastern Germany to move by rail to the market of the mining and manufacturing regions along the Rhine, there to compete with the grain, timber, and beet-sugar produced in western, south-western, and central Germany.

The failure, too, of the State Railway Department's efforts to get the iron and steel producers of the Saar districts to agree with the iron and steel producers of the Ruhr districts on what shall constitute relatively reasonable rates on iron ores moving from the Saar to the Ruhr, and on coals moving from the Ruhr to the Saar, has for upwards of two decades prevented the German iron and steel industry from exploiting freely the largest iron-ore deposits on the Continent of Europe, those, namely, of the Saar region. Under the free play of competition, the Ruhr iron and steel industries would outstrip the Saar industries, but the State Railway Department cannot permit that free play of competition, lest it expose the government to the charge of favoring the Ruhr settlers. Such has been the paralysis of the Prussian railways under government-made railway rates, that the grain, timber, and beet-sugar producers of eastern Germany, as well as the iron and steel manufacturers of the Ruhr district, have had to re-constitute river and canal transportation. The truth is, according to Professor MEYER, that the present-day Germany, with its agriculture, its manufactures and trade, rests upon the waterways, not upon railways which the regime of government-made railway rates has reduced to the subordinate position of feeders to the river and canal boats.

The same trade jealousy that prevents the Prussian State Railway Department from making rates that would permit the agricultural products and the timber of Eastern Germany to move by rail into Western Germany prevents also the cooperation of the State Railway Department of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Danubian principalities for the purpose of securing the free movement by rail into Western Europe of the agricultural products and the timber of Austria-Hungary and the latter's Danubian neighbors, or a correspondingly free movement to the East of the manufactures of Western Europe. In Russia may be observed the same paralysis of State railways through trade jealousy, and the same railway recourse to transportation by river. Professor MEYER recalls that, on the opening of the Trans-Siberian railway, the landed interests of western Russia protested that they must not be exposed to competition from the wheat raised upon the cheap lands of Siberia. They succeeded in compelling the government to place prohibitive charges upon the carriage of Siberian wheat, so that it has proved impossible adequately to develop Siberia's enormous wheat resources. In Australia, under government ownership, trade jealousy has forced each colony to refuse to cooperate with its neighbors in the promotion of trade and industry. The Colonial governments raise materially the rates on freight sent from one colony to the other. Victoria and New South Wales still maintain separate gauges, and the latter colony has refused to connect its railway lines in the southwestern part of its territory with the Victorian lines, lest trade should be diverted from Sydney to Melbourne. The result of the system followed is that the export and import trade of each Australian colony, as well as a large part of the jobbing business and manufacturing, is confined to one export city. The failure to adopt the American practice of port differentials and the American continuance of "boasting points" has produced this concentration of trade and industry. In a word, the experience of Germany has been repeated in Australia, as well as in Austria-Hungary and Russia. It justifies the words quoted by Professor MEYER, from the late Baron von Mevius, who was Prussian Minister of Finance from 1893 to 1900. He declared that "the system of government ownership of the railways will break down unless it shall prove possible to find refuge from the jealousies and conflicts of local and sectional interests behind the same wall of a system of hard-and-fast railway rates which admit of no exercise of discretion." It justifies also Professor MEYER's conclusion, that no government which has undertaken to make railway rates by assuming government ownership, has been able to prescribe railway rates in such a way as to conserve and promote the public welfare, if the test of welfare be the making of two blades of grass to grow where only one blade grew before. Restraint of competition and of trade, with failure to develop the resources of soil and climate, has been everywhere the outcome of government ownership of railways. To that system, however, we seem likely to be driven, unless the constitution and the laws shall enable us through our Federal government, to exercise such regulation of railway rates as shall not be open to the various objections here stated.

The Ethics of Literary Borrowing

THE ethics of literary borrowing is a difficult matter, and the old adage that virtue is climatic and chronological seems to hold good. It is perfectly certain that in the age of SHAKESPEARE literary borrowing was much more common and had greater prestige than at the present day. SHAKESPEARE was of the same mind as KIRKLAND's "Other":

"And what he thought he might require,
He went and took, the same was mine."

In SHAKESPEARE's day when a message was wanted, it would seem that the master took thought only for two things: he made it fit

neatly into the place he put it, and he believed it in the transcription. As witness the passage in Flaubert's *Montaigne*, published in 1863, which was:

"A nation that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistracy nor of public superiority; no use of service, of riches or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manner of hands; no use of crime, crime, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon were never heard of amongst them."

Gautz, entertaining the King in "The Tempest," describes the commonwealth of his heart in exactly the same words, simply fitting them into blank verse.

All the speculation in the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy again may be found in Flaubert's *Montaigne*, book III., chapter XII. on "Physiognomy."

"There's nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so,"

stands in *Montaigne*; "If that which we call evil and torment be neither torment nor evil, but that our fancy only gives it that quality, it is in us to change it."

Bacon, who was in England in SHAKESPEARE'S day, and met most of the distinguished men of the time, says: "Nothing is absolutely imperfect or evil; it only seems so in relation to something else, and what is bad in use is good in another."

But of SHAKESPEARE'S indebtedness to all the attainable literature of his day, the parallel passages from LILLY'S *Euphonia* and Flaubert's *Montaigne* would require a volume of itself. In these days evidently borrowing was not only pardonable, it was the convention. To-day, if a writer is going to borrow, it would seem that he should turn to obsolete sources. Doubtless many people smiled when in one of DANTE'S early novels they fell upon a bit of liquid Italian prose which, being literally translated, ran: "One word is too often preferred for me to produce it; one feeling too falsely dissuaded for thee to disdain it. I can give not what men will love, but will thou accept not, the worship the heart lifts alone and angrily reject not? The desire of the moth for the star, the night for the morrow, the devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow?" Certainly DANTE'SIN has served in turn for pages of flowing prose to some of our own minor novelists. Therefore the crime was not wholly that of the old Irish woman, who having lived for some years by borrowing her neighbor's skillet, finally bought one and announced, "And now I shall never borrow my kind!"

And the point about borrowing is that while ideas are as free as the air there seems to be some feeling of proprietorship about words. KNOWLTON OF course borrowed the whole plot of "The King and the Hawk," but he translated it into his individual vernacular, and infused it with his own personality.

Probably Mr. ARTHUR DOWSON is the last poet in the world to resent being borrowed from. Has he not already made apologies for the imitator?

"And you too, my Poet, be never divorced
If they whisper your epic—*Ruy Epique d'Ore*—
Is nothing but TENNYSON thinly arrayed
In a tissue that's taken from MUMFORD'S store,
That no one, in fact, but a child could ignore,
That you lift or accommodate all that you do.
Take heart, tho' your Poisson withers be sure—
The man who plants cabbages imitates too."

Doubtless he would not be aggrieved, though the reader smiles, when they see in a quite recently published volume of verse from the press of RICHARD G. BAKER the beautiful "Wanderer" transcribed by a lady poet. As Mr. DOWSON conceived it, it stood:

"Love comes back to his vernal dwelling,
The old, old love that we knew of yore,
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad and his bosom swelling,
He makes as tho' in our arms appealing
He fain would be as he has been before,
Love comes back to his vernal dwelling,
The old, old love that we knew of yore."

"Ah, who shall help us from ever telling
The sweet, forgotten, fabled lore,
Even as we doubt in our hearts ever more
With a rush of tears to our eyelids swelling,
Love comes back to his vernal dwelling."

The poetess adapts the poem to her "Remed of Hope," thus:

"Spring comes back to our snow-bound dwelling,
The sweet-breathed spring that we loved of yore;
We note while we bide in the open door,
The vital twig and the bud's new swelling,
We hear the ripple of free streams telling,
That yet again
Spring comes back to our snow-bound dwelling,
The sweet-breathed spring that we loved of yore."

"We see great nature's force impelling
All to draw from her living store
And we who doubted, we hope once more,
And say as we feel love upward, swelling
Spring comes back to our snow-bound dwelling."

Now, in all probability it should be one of the rules of borrowing that the borrower should avoid comparisons painful to himself. The same poetess with the second of—

"The splendor falls on castle walls," etc., writes a poem which begins:

"The blind snake crawls along the walls
Of tower and turret ages buried;"

and concludes to end with:

"O, Love, they lie beneath no sky,
Who fell by field and hill and river,
The wild seas roll from pole to pole,
And swirl above them looms forever."

This form of borrowing might come under the head of plagiarism in PHILIP BAYLY'S dictionary: "Plagiarism is to steal the furnishings of a house and all the sweepings, taking the sticks and the straws, the chaff and the dust at the same time."

The unpardonable sin, in the eyes of M. ANATOLE FRANCE, is to borrow without taste and discernment. An example of this sin has recently occurred in a volume called *The March*, in which a young poet, too deeply imbued with MATTERLINCKX, has borrowed all the Matterlinckian paraphernalia for his own drama. He has the cave, the marsh, and the groundings of the distant sea, the vague yearnings, repeated refrains, the glad beautiful no a vague, faint flower on a waving stem. The poet omitted to state, one cannot conceive by what carelessness, that the maiden was bowed down by weight of her hair—a bit of symbolism that M. MATTERLINCKX himself would never have left out.

This poet also commits the crime of adapting sacred words to his own purpose, as, for example, "Alexander, if thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," but who would ever read further instead of saying to himself, "Absent thee from felicity awhile." This is the tragedy of facile imitation that it is so apt to be funny.

If the young adapter desires some ready rules for literary borrowing, let him try to heart these precepts:

Adapt from sources difficult of access.

Improve your matter by infusing patriotism into the borrowed stuff.

Never borrow from authors like MATTERLINCKX and SWITZERER, whose method is so individual that it must be noted at once.

Then borrow freely and broadly, contentedly realizing that—

"The man who plants cabbages imitates too."

Personal and Pertinent

SEVER the egg-fed Cambridge crew best beached Oxford, "egg-ed" has gained a new and glorious significance.

There is some dispute in the public press as to what is the most exclusive organization in the country. The dispute will end when a society is formed of the District of Columbia troops in the Spanish-American war who have not applied for pensions.

Governor CUMMINS is taking no chances. If the next Republican national convention insists that the Presidential nomination must go to an Iowa man, Governor CUMMINS does not want the delegates embarrassed by having their choice limited to Secretary SHAW.

Senator FORAKER achieved something of a triumph the other day when he drew from the venerable Senator ALLISON, of Iowa, the admission that he had attended a conference at the White House, on the railway-rate legislation. "It was not the fact that there was a conference," said Senator FORAKER to his colleagues, "that lent interest to the colloquy, but that the Senator from Iowa was at the conference and admitted he was there without any qualification." Senator FORAKER'S achievement in getting such an admission should not be underestimated. Other Senators have tried for similar results without success. Even the venustate Senator SPOONER essayed the task recently of trying to trap Senator ALLISON into a flat-footed assertion, and failed miserably. The Senate was discussing and Senator ALLISON urging an appropriation for removing the crew from the streets of Washington. A fierce snow-storm was raging. "Snow has fallen, a great deal of it," said Senator ALLISON. "It is speaking now," said he, warning in his subject. "And more snow will fall," interjected Senator SPOONER, from his seat directly in front of the Iowa statesman. But Senator ALLISON was not caught napping. Turning to face Senator SPOONER and pausing, apparently to give his words careful study before uttering them, he fairly thundered, "I make no predictions, sir."

EXPERIENCES OF A POLICE COMMISSIONER

By

WILLIAM McADOO

Former Commissioner of Police of New York

I.—WEAK SPOTS IN THE SAFEGUARDING OF THE SECOND GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD

THIS IS THE FIRST OF FOUR IMPORTANT ARTICLES BY MR. McADOO, DEALING WITH POLICE CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY." THEY POINT OUT THE MAGNITUDE OF THE TASK OF PROPER POLICE ADMINISTRATION, AND DISCLOSE THE FORCES ALWAYS AT WORK TO THWART IT

A COMMITTEE of nine representative citizens last year gave a great deal of their time to a careful and painstaking investigation of the weaknesses of the present system of organization in the New York police force. They examined a great many witnesses, took a large amount of testimony, and formulated a bill which they presented to the Legislature. With the principal features of the proposition, so far as they went, made by them I was in accord, but it soon became evident that the bill in question had evoked an opposition too strong to make it possible to enact it into law.

The main feature of the bill was an attempt to reorganize the Detective Bureau. Speaking for myself, I believe that there should be three radical reforms, affecting the Police Department, inaugurated into law. First, to begin with the head of the department, the tenure of the Commissioner is at present the chief source of weakness. Here is a man in command of nearly nine thousand men who has no tenure of office whatever, being liable to be removed any minute by either the Mayor of the city or the Governor of the State, without any reason being assigned and possibly to gratify the caprice of the moment or the politics of the day. The men under him, down to the doorman in the station houses, have life tenures, with provision made for their retirement and pensioning, and they cannot be dismissed without a trial governed by all the forms of law and the rules of evidence, and reviewable by all of the higher courts of the State, with the chances of reversal apparently in their favor. These men see long processions of Commissioners come and go, they look for a change in every political upheaval. It is a notorious fact that in the prodomance of this city, for the last few months before January 1, 1906, bets were made on the continuance in office of the Police Commissioner, as to how long he would remain, and odds on this event were quoted as freely as on the running of the horses.

A Commissioner has no security entered on the performance of his duty than the department begins speculating as to how long he will remain, who are behind him, how does he stand with the political government of the day, who will be his successor. His official life is a plyingthing of the moment. He is a king on sufferance—a temporary head over a permanent body, a general in command of an army liable to be removed before the last order he has given is carried out, the most powerful officer in the city in what he may do for or against the public welfare, with a weaker hold on his office than the man who scrubs the steps of the station house. If he inaugurates a new rule, those who do not like it will give it a faint odium, with a knowledge that its author is likely to be removed before it has become effective. If he starts a reform which is antagonistic to some interest, he may expect that those who would suffer by the new policy will at once begin to work for his removal, or forced resignation.

The police force, therefore, lacks upon no new policy, or any innovation which conflicts with its own ideas as to what it should do, as a permanent or fixed thing. All reforms necessarily have their opponents, and any opposition endangers the tenure of the Commissioner. The original, radical, honest, and earnest he is, the less likely he is to remain in office. The elements of opposition will gather force, heighten unity and organization, and the pressure on the head of the city government will become too great. A Police Commissioner must not be allowed to interfere with party politics or personal ambitions, or to destroy personal comfort. If the Mayor is weak, yielding, and an opportunist in politics, the persistent opposition of one or more daily newspapers, exaggerating one fact and suppressing the other, and coloring the whole tone of comment into something like unanimous disapproval, will be notice to the police that another Police Commissioner will soon take his last official walk in Mulberry Street.

A combination of interests which thrive on the non-enforcement of law or make large profits by milking themselves in a business way with criminal and vicious interests, can bring a more concentrated and personal pressure to bear for the removal of a Police Commissioner than an army of law-shading, unethical, respectable, and honest citizens who may be even enthusiastically in favor of

the policy he is pursuing. The best they can do for him is to pet the editorial rooms with sporadic notes intended for publication, but more apt to be fed to the office eat, if the policy of the paper is antagonistic to the course pursued by the Commissioner. The constant drippings of scandal-mongers, the jarring of interested critics, the concerted stories of the secret agents of confederated law-breakers and their business allies, will usually offset any claims to public appreciation, the favoring many having an opportunity of entering the official presence at the City Hall, or making itself felt immediately at the pulling-leash. From the little creatures who burrow under the presses in Park Row, to the hard-boiled professional agents of criminal and selfish interests, from the day of his entrance until the day he leaves, an honest Police Commissioner must expect a perpetual conspiracy against his continuance in office or the success of his administration.

The authors of the Charter of Greater New York, with a sense of honor known than that of Mark Twain, deliberately stated that the Police Commissioner holds his office for a term of five years. They even gave him one year longer than the present term for the Mayor, so that he might lay over and be found in office by a new administration at the City Hall. In the next line, however, with a sort of April-fool trick, they say he can be removed at a moment's notice by the Mayor or the Governor, without charges and without trial. The whole thing, therefore, is deliciously funny. In my judgment, there will be no lasting reform of the Police Department until the Police Commissioner is given a solid and substantial tenure of office. It ought to be for either life or a long term of years, and he should not be removable except upon specific charges and after a full, fair, and impartial trial before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, with the right to be represented by counsel.

The objection to this will be made that if you get a bad Police Commissioner you are tied to him, as it were, for life. The police force, moored of a permanent head, will begin to yield at once its opinions to those of the commanding officer, become tractable and acquiescent, instead of disobedient, evasive, and antagonistic. Of course, like the recipe for hair soup, you must first catch your hare; so here you must, to begin with, select with great care an all-around, honest, able man of good judgment and much common sense. The community will settle down to adjust itself, as it were, to such a man with a long tenure in office assured. There will be no incentive, moreover, to nag the Police Commissioner, to gossip about him, to say on him, to confederate against him. He will be a part of the permanent police establishment, and he and the whole organization must stand or fall together; and, in addition to this he will have strong reasons not to make sensational and sporadic changes, but to bring a lasting reformation and reorganization of police conditions. His life-work will be before him and he can enter upon it with a steady tread, not by slapdash runs and irregular movements hither and thither that end nowhere. The fact, too, that he will have a fair trial before he can be removed is just to the public as well as to himself. If he is an honest, able man, such a trial will only serve to vindicate him and to bring him a large volume of public confidence; and if, on the other hand, he is a weak, incapable, unjust, or dishonest man, there will be no difficulty in proving it and having him removed.

A Police Commissioner with such a tenure and security in his office need pay no attention whatever to the little titillating talks of the scandal-mongers and rumor-mongers who now roost like a flock of jackdaws around the gloomy recesses of Police Headquarters. He can devote himself unreservedly to the great public business. He can, in a conservative and constructive way, go on with the work of perfecting the machinery and adding to the efficiency of the police force, and, above all, keeping among the officers and men themselves a sense of stability, a knowledge that their work is continuous and progressive, and that the establishment has at last, like the Ark, after many wanderings, found a resting place on the Acropolis of permanency and public confidence. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that with this reform a great mass of the present evil would disappear from the police

force, and that it would be especially welcomed by the honest and faithful men of the force.

As it is now, sometimes the best thing a Police Commissioner can do is to remove a suspected officer and put him in some obscure and unimportant precinct. The officer so removed simply hides his time. He sees the angry clouds portending a storm about to break over the head of the Police Commissioner. He can watch complacently from his suburban retreat the successful efforts to get a new man into Mulberry Street, and it is most amusing, after one of these fitful changes to which New York is so accustomed, to see these returning exiles treading their way into the shabby old police once more restored to official favor, coming to claim their forthright, like lost boys, assuming an air of conscious virtue and modestly acknowledging congratulations on the end of their period of martyrdom, just as if they had been the most innocent of victims and the most wronged of men. As they come in, out into the wilderness go those who had the confidence of the former Commissioner, without regard to the honesty of their actions, their faithfulness, their merit, or their service. It is painfully reminiscent of the revolutionists in Central and South America—the flying president accompanied by his faithful friends, barely escaping with their lives under the beds of the American or some other foreign flag; while the successful bushwacker, the new President, is getting one hand on the custom-house and the other on the treasury, preparatory to making it comfortable for the shabby gilded gentlemen who have come to his aid from a long exile in New York or Paris. With him, too, the future is full of uncertainties, and the time is short. The ship will come in some day that must take him away in turn; and the shabby-gentle, and even the barefooted bravos must not waste their opportunities so that when they do leave it may be with a consolation that while they have lost power they are not as poor as when they assumed it.

The next step should be to make the office of Chief Inspector of the uniformed force more or less permanent, and to give to this chief the initiative in the making of assignments and transfers. No man should be assigned or transferred unless on the recommendation of the Chief Inspector, and with the approval of the Commissioner. This would apply to details over which the uniformed Chief should have full supervision under the Commissioner.

After giving the Police Commissioner a real tenure of office and not a sham one, thus considering the question not as a joke but as something serious and affecting the welfare of the people of this city, the right arm of the Commissioner should be strengthened by a radical reformation of the Detective Bureau. This is far, in a way, the most important bureau in the Police Department, and it should be not only the most powerful but the most effective instrument in the hands of the Commissioner. This reformation of the Detective Bureau should begin by placing at its head the very best men in the uniformed force that the Police Commissioner can find. He should be given an adequate salary, somewhat higher than that of an inspector. The men should be divided into three grades, so that the incentive to promotion would always be before them, and in this way the best could be gotten out of them. They should not come through the Civil Service Commission, but should be selected by the Police Commissioner himself on the recommendation of the Chief of the Bureau of Detectives. Worthy men on the police force, who had shown by actual test detective ability and demonstrated integrity, should be those from whom this force should be recruited.

Had this reform been effected by law while I was in office, such squads as that which dealt with gambling, pool-selling, disorderly houses, and kindred vices, would not have been necessary. In such a detective bureau all the material for this work would have been



Police Headquarters, Mulberry Street, and the Newspaper Bureau across the Way

at hand. Moreover, had I had such a bureau as that I would have abolished every plain-clothesman in New York at once. When a captain convinced me that he needed so many plain-clothesmen, I simply would have given an order to the Detective Bureau to send so many detectives into the precinct to report to the captain, and also required them to make daily reports to Headquarters. The wardman would have been a thing of the past. All the captain of a precinct had to do was to see that the men sent him performed their duty, and, if they did not, to hold them responsible and make proper complaints against them. An honest captain would thus have no confidential staff to betray him and sell him out behind his back, and every honest commanding officer would have welcomed the change: a dishonest captain would have no band of blackmailers and collectors at work in the precinct.

Then, too, the whole responsibility for the prevention and detection of secret crime would be properly centralized and the movements of criminals would be known at Headquarters, which would thus become a clearing-house for all the precincts in the city. I say this because I am firmly convinced beyond any manner of doubt that so far as preventing and detecting crime the work at Headquarters should be centralized, not decentralized. The Commissioner himself must know and direct, and the thermometer and barometer of crime must be in his office so that he can tell at a glance what is going on in any part of the city, and under this reorganization his chief executive officer would be at the head of the department, that dealt with crime and criminals in all their phases. An able chief would readily divide his bureau into subdivisions to deal with special forms of law-breaking and crime. He could try out his men and shift them from one division to another until he found what they were best fitted for, and hold always before them the opportunity of promotion on merit.

This great bureau should be, as much as possible, separated from the uniformed force. That is the way in London. A Scotland Yard detective scarcely knows the uniformed force, and they have nothing to do with him unless he calls upon them. There is located the great secret arm of the law—the engine of justice itself. They are not even known by name and cannot be located by the uniformed policeman, and their names are certainly not bandied about by cracks as common property, and crooked members of the uniformed force have no opportunity of working against them in the interests of criminals. The present situation is a very bad one. Many of the detective sergeants are neither detectives nor sergeants, and they come through no preparatory school and bear no credentials as to ability. The able



The Detective Bureau at Headquarters which Mr. Widges considers most important and worth in need of reform

"sergeant" means nothing; it is merely relative rank in keeping with the salary. I want to be distinctly understood in saying this, however, that I am not arraigning the detective sergeants as a body. There are some very excellent men among them to-day, faithful and able men who should be promoted and encouraged, and who would show their best ability under such a system as is here proposed. As it is now, they are covered over and hidden down with incompetent associates—men lacking in the degree of intelligence for this work, and some few under a cloud of suspicion as to whether or not they are above temptation, and not a few unduly conceited in their estimation of themselves, so that there is no hope of progress. I would not imperil the reform of this great bureau by attempting to legislate out of office those who are now in it. The law-making power seems decidedly averse to this provision of the proposed law, and this ought not to be disregarded so as to delay something that the Police Department needs so much. Many of these men, moreover, are nearing the age limit; some of them are possibly unfit, and under a new chief with the powers which would be granted by this law, and acting directly under a Commissioner with a permanent hold on his office, the weak and the bad could be weeded out fairly and legally. No one should be appointed or assigned to this office or taken away from it except upon the recommendation of the chief of the detectives. Having given him this great power, he would also have to assume a full responsibility to the Commissioner for the results, for, after all, the police machine must be judged by what it produces in actual results. The number now in the bureau should be largely increased. There should be a systematic night as well as day service.

I am convinced that the Legislature will not give to a single Commissioner the powers which would enable him to give to the army and navy. If any change is to be made, therefore, it seems to me it would be best to have a judge something akin to a judge-advocate in the army appointed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, who should be a lawyer of good standing, and a man of the highest integrity, who should be given a salary some-



The Card-file at Police Headquarters in which is recorded every Case of Arrest with its Disposition

what near to that of the Commissioner himself. Before him all the trials should be held in all parts of Greater New York, and before him the Third Deputy Commissioner could act as prosecutor. He should preside solely at the trials, and his decisions should be subject to approval or disapproval by the Commissioner, and in case of disapproval the Commissioner should state his grounds in writing, in which case the defendant should have the privilege of having the case reviewed in the higher courts, but otherwise, where the trial judge and the Commissioner agree, the findings in the case should be final; or, in lieu of this, the trial should take place before two Deputy Commissioners and a member of the uniformed force.

These uniformed members of the court could be changed from time to time; a majority finding to be effective; the defendant to have the right to appeal to the Commissioner himself, who would review the case, stating his objection to the verdict; this decision in all cases where the court is unanimous to be final. A permanent age-limit ought to be fixed for compulsory retirement, without regard to physical disability. This is so in the army and navy, and there is no reason why it should not apply to the police force. A man may be able to pass a physical examination and yet be superannuated, inefficient, and worse (that unless)—just so much dead-wood, carried in an establishment which is always on active duty. The only honest incentive a policeman can have is promotion, and that ought to be held out to him. It is so in all military and quasi-military establishments, but on the police force the men are allowed to go into a sort of dry rot, harnessed over with old laws, customs, and traditions, utterly incapable of progress, obstacles in the way of any reform, and bitterly opposed to innovations, however beneficial. Moreover, these men, as they advance in years, grow naturally conservative, and having lived in the same conditions where changes are the order of the day, become timid about expressing an opinion on any subject, and will stand aloof at the very thought of promulgating an original idea or may change in police methods of half a century ago.

THE NEW TRAINING DIET

By R. K. Munkittrick

It is believed that it was in consequence of an egg diet that the Cambridge crew obtained an unexpected victory over Oxford.—Daily Newspaper

AWAY the Cambridge oarsmen go
Upon a diet new,
The which is eggs, and only eggs,
And so he makes the crew;
And as he's first, and Oxford's last
His term is such to-day
That trainers feel that in the east
The egg's been put to stay;
Now measured lengthwise on the floor
We see the hatched bull.
Oh, not with any Cambridge oar
Again he'll have a pull.

Enveloped by the background now
He follows in his grief.
For all allow
Eggs beat the row
For putting on the lock.

Maybe we very soon shall see
The fresh-laid egg prevail
At Harvard and the U. of P.,
At Williams and at Yale;
And though they win with arms or feet
Or backs or hands or legs
All thinking h-k, well off repeat
With you, it was the eggs.
"Well be the egg behind the man

That lands him on the tape
When on the latest training plan
He's shagbarked into shape.

The streak unrelieved soon must bow,
Whose reign can be but brief,
For all allow
Eggs beat the row
For putting on the lock.

Full soon may all small college men
Brennath with joy supreme,
"The third of triumph is the hen—
Oh, let the eagle scream!"
The training table never shall know
The beam or outlet gay,
The humble grub's in state quo—
The egg has come to stay!
No nut-brown hatch again shall o'er
The training-dish-dish, pop,
The ox tool then shall wag no more—
The egg is now on top.

The time is for the swift that now
Eggs eat the table lock,
For all allow
Eggs beat the row
For putting on the lock

IOWA'S POLITICAL WAR AND ITS BEARING UPON THE DESTINY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By Edward Lissner



The Hon. Albert B. Cummings
Governor of Iowa

ALTHOUGH its State convention is not to meet before the summer or, perhaps, until the autumn; although delegates to a national convention are not to be chosen until the spring of 1908, and the naming of a United States Senator also two years off—the fight for party control and the officers effected by it is already in the hands of the Republican party in Iowa. The struggle is one of more than local import. If we look beyond this phase, there is the greater one of the future destiny of the Republican party—shall it be entrusted to those who have come to believe that the time has arrived for radical action on the issues of the day, or to those who urge that our present-day problems, revolving around the tariff, the treasury, and the railroads, will work out without too much legislation? It is folly to deny that such a contest is not soon to take place inside of the Republican party throughout the nation. The present fight in Congress between the President and "the conservative wing" of his organization is only a skirmish compared with the greater one that cannot be postponed much beyond the next national convention. It is important, therefore, to understand the nature of the great battle now being waged in Iowa—one that must, in the end, command the attention of the entire country.

The political futures of three national leaders are staked on its outcome. There is Leslie M. Shaw, once Governor, now Secretary of the Treasury, who wants to see his native State send a solid delegation to the next national convention in support of his nomination for President. He is a conservative and a "stand-patter" on the tariff. There is William B. Allison, who wants six years more in the United States Senate after his present term expires in 1905. He favors a maximum and minimum tariff. Moreover, Allison wants peace within the party. Lastly, there is Albert B. Cummings, Governor of the State, who seeks another term as a stepping-stone to the United States Senate. He is a prominent advocate of tariff revision and legislation concerning trusts and corporations in politics. Back of these national figures stands, as a leader in the great drama, James W. Blythe, the general counsel of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. He is a master mind in politics, the leader of those who would drive Albert B. Cummings back to private life. The fight is, therefore, one of the Governor against all three.

There are, first, the broader, national questions upon which the Cummings wing and Secretary Shaw, James W. Blythe, and other conservatives have clashed. The Governor and his partisans favor a revision of the tariff. Two of the particular schedules which they want revised are those affecting lumber, iron, and steel. Secretary Shaw is a "stand-patter," and this is one reason why Cummings proposes to fight any effort he makes to secure a solid delegation to the next national convention favorable to his candidacy for President. This is the main line of division between the Governor and his foes—the question of a revision of the tariff. Senator Allison favors a maximum and minimum tariff. The other conservatives stand pat. The Cummings wing is also with the President in his fight for the government regulation of freight rates. The Blythe people are opposed to it. The Governor and his following considered that subject important enough to allow it to take precedence over even the tariff as an issue. They believe that freight rates must be regulated, else the people will be bread from at the polls.

Now let us turn to State issues. Two measures before the State Legislature have served to widen the breach between the two factions, the prohibitive railroads from giving free transportation. The other abolishes caucuses and conventions, and provides for the direct nomination of all candidates at the primaries. The conservative element has opposed these measures. The radical wing charges that direct nominations and no free passes would destroy all corporate influence in politics, and that is why, the Blythe adherents take such a stand. National issues have been almost forgotten in the fight over these two questions.

The present fight for party control marks the failure of the efforts of Senator Allison to bring about peace. The matter has been brought to its present focus through his desire to name a successor to the Governor in the person of ex-Congressman George

D. Perkins, editor of the *Sioux City Journal* and, not so long ago, a warm partisan of Governor Cummins. The plan of the senior Senator from Iowa for bringing about peace inside of the party and naming a compromise candidate for Governor was laid last fall. He foresaw a contest between the two factions and knew what its effect would be. Senator Allison is not a fighter. He has sought to retain the good will of both factions, and has succeeded to the extent of being recognized as the peace-maker in Iowa politics. When a great fight was threatened at the State convention of 1905 over the wording of the tariff plank—whether it should declare for revision or for "stand-pat"—Allison was able to bring both sides together, although no real compromise was effected, and the issue was afterwards fought all over again. But even this partial success laid him with the idea that he, above all others, might be able to name a candidate for Governor at the coming State convention who should be satisfactory to both sides.

It was this that caused him to start the boom for George D. Perkins. On the face of it, no more ideal compromise candidate could have been suggested. For while Perkins had been a follower of the Governor and had supported the doctrine of reciprocity and defended the famous tariff plank which asked for a revision of those schedules "affording shelter in monopoly," he was not obnoxious, though he was not entirely satisfactory, to the railroads and the conservatives in general. The success of his candidacy depended upon its being launched before others entered the field, and this Senator Allison quietly proceeded, indirectly, of course, to do.

The boom was promising at its inception. The Cummins faction was disposed to accept Perkins as a compromise candidate, and some of his personal organs said so cheerfully. But a clash soon occurred. It was due in a great measure to an attempt by Perkins to carry water on both shoulders. His attitude on the tariff and reciprocity had pleased the radicals. He now sought to make himself more satisfactory to the conservatives, and especially the railroad interests, by a series of editorials thought to be faithful to the plans of President Roosevelt for railway rate legislation. This aroused the Cummins faction. But Perkins did not stop there. In his desire further to conciliate the conservatives, he exposed the measures for direct nominations at the primaries and against free transportation. This made him impossible, so far as the Cummins faction was concerned. They began to suspect treachery, and feared they were to be led into the camp of the enemy and surrendered by Perkins. The "stand-patters" now lined up behind him. It was this state of affairs that led to the demand for a Cummins candidate for Governor, and finally the cry went up that Cummins himself should be the standard-bearer in the fight against Perkins for the principle he was advocating. This he yielded to, in a statement outlining what he thought should be the lines of battle this year in Iowa.



Photograph by Glanville

William Boyd Allison
Ex-Senator from Iowa

"Who shall be master?" he asked—"the corporations that are to be regulated, or the people in whose name the regulation is imposed? Wide giving to the corporations the most complete protection in the prosecution of their legitimate enterprises, we must expect them from politics." He dwelt upon the bill prohibiting free transportation, and asked why the railroads did not welcome a law compelling those who rode on them to pay. Turning to the proposed measure for direct primaries, he charged that the corporations were opposing it because it would lessen their power in politics, truly the province of Republicans from many sources, the Governor went on to say, urged him to stand for a renomination. "They cannot be convinced," he says further, "that they are on the right side of this issue [corporations in politics] when they find themselves shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Blythe and his associates. They feel safer when they know that they are not supporting the candidates in whom this manager of railway politics is interested."

The political future of Leslie M. Shaw is more or less centered in the fight. What the Secretary of the Treasury aspires to has already been referred to; and attention has been made of the diversity between his views and those of Governor Cummins on the subject of the tariff. Another and more important cause of opposition is personal, and arises out of the appointment of a successor to the late United States Senator Clear. Secretary Shaw was Governor at the time. Cummins had originally been a candidate against Clear, and was defeated only by a narrow margin. When the vacancy occurred, therefore, his friends asked Shaw to appoint him Senator. This the then Governor refused to do, as he had a candidate of his own for the post in the person of Congressman Hepburn. The Cummins people charge that the Governor realized that if he followed out his personal inclination, Cummins would be a candidate against Hepburn before the next Legislature and would win because a majority of that body had in the first instance petitioned him to appoint Cummins; so Hepburn did not get the post. His second choice was Congressman Hull, but he also was impossible. As a last resort, Delivered was appointed, a man whom Cummins would not oppose. There is much personal feeling between the two men, and that the present Governor



J. W. Blythe

George D. Perkins

Two men who are moulding the political history of Iowa

ambition, while William B. Allison, whose term is first to expire, wants to remain in the Senate as long as he lives. Senator Allison had succeeded, up to the candidacy of Perkins, in keeping clear of this factional warfare, and intervened only in the interest of harmony. This made him eligible to succeed himself. But the followers of the Governor are now said to be less cordially disposed toward Allison, and if legislation prohibiting the railroads from giving free transportation and providing for direct nominations at the primaries should be passed, Cummins might all too readily be a candidate for his seat in 1908. Cummins's friends urge that the passage of these measures would give him a splendid chance of success.

This year Iowa elects all State officers and all county officers above justice of the peace. The adoption of the biennial-election amendment has brought this about. A new Legislature is to be chosen, so that a big stake will be fought for. The campaign is already on, particularly in the eleventh district, the home of George D. Perkins. This district consists of thirteen counties. Four years ago it was a Cummins stronghold. To illustrate the bitterness of the present fight, and to show that Cummins will play no part in it, the Governor will personally conduct his campaign in seven counties of this district. His friends claim that he will carry more than half of these. The Perkins forces, on the other hand, are confident that they can sweep the entire district and will in turn carry the war into the seventh, which is Cummins's district, and where two counties are in doubt. The Cummins people claim that they will carry the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, four or more in the fourth, three in the fifth, three in the sixth, all in the seventh, four in the eighth, half of the ninth, practically all of the tenth, and half of the eleventh. This would give him a victory. But the stand-pat forces claim that some of the counties reckoned as sure for Perkins will go for Perkins. They are shy, however, about naming them. The Cummins forces contemplate a tour of "the reservation." This is a section of Iowa which has always supported Mr. Blythe in his campaigns against the Governor, and it is traversed by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road. The Cummins people will charter a special train, and will visit every county and town, making speeches in each from the rear platform. Both sides have their literary bureaus in full blast. The delegation to Congress, with the exception of Hodge, Lacey, Hepburn, and Cummins, have not yet taken sides. There is a general belief that they will remain neutral. The Congressmen named, together with those Federal appointees for whom they are responsible, will in all probability fight Cummins.

For five years this battle has been raging in Iowa. Neither side has asked or given quarter, and no real lasting compromise has ever been reassembled despite the efforts of Senator Allison and others who feared its effect on the party. Cummins started the fight in 1893, when he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, by declaring that he was not in the race because Blythe wanted him to be. He selected as the issues of his campaign, opposition to the domination of State politics by the railroads, and also the question of railway taxation, claiming that these corporations were not bearing their just share of the burden. He was nominated after a hard fight. His election gave him control of the State Executive Council, which body fixes the taxable valuation of railroad property in the State. In the four years that Cummins has been Governor there has been an increase in the actual value of railroad property in Iowa of \$44,674,724. The effect of this has been to cause the roads to pay \$35,000 more each year in taxes to the State, and about \$405,000 more to the counties. The Cummins administration also taxed the Armour, Swift, and other private transportation lines

(Continued on page 557.)



Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury

A dominant figure in Iowa politics

THE ATHLETIC TEAM WHICH WILL REPRESENT AMERICA AT THE OLYMPIAN GAMES



The Team of American Athletes on Board the "Barbarossa," in which they sailed for Europe

THIRTY-TWO American athletes, who will represent the United States at the coming Olympian games in Athens, sailed for Greece on the steamship *Barbarossa*, on April 4. The athletes, who represent various sections of the United States, intended to keep in active training during the voyage. It was planned to turn a portion of the poop-deck into a running-track, and to have elsewhere on board a fully equipped gymnasium; the men were also to have a special training table. The members of the team consist of the following: M. P. Halpin, manager; Lawson Robinson, sprinter; W. Eaton, sprinter; W. A. Schick, sprinter; Archibald Hahn, sprinter; G. M. Tewaryague, sprinter; H. L. Hillman, Jr., quarter-mile runner and hurdler; F. R. Monahan, quarter-mile runner;

C. J. Bacon, Jr., half-mile runner; J. D. Lightbody, half-mile runner; E. B. Parsons, half-mile runner; H. V. Valentin, half-mile runner; P. H. Pilgrim, half-mile runner; J. P. Sullivan, one-mile runner; G. N. Boshing, five-mile runner; H. W. Cohn, five-mile runner; R. A. Fowler, Marathon runner; Joseph Forshaw, Marathon runner; Michael Spring, Marathon runner; W. G. Frank, Marathon runner; R. G. Lovitt, hurdler; Hugo Freund, hurdler and broad jumper; Silver Prinstein, broad jumper; H. W. Kerrigan, high jumper; J. S. Mitchell, weight-thrower; Robert Edgren, weight-thrower; M. J. Sheridan, discus-thrower; E. C. Glover, pole vaulter; Ray Ury, standing jumper; J. Sifiot, wrestler; J. W. Spencer, swimmer; and F. C. Bornemann, diver.

THE NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, VISCOUNT H. E. AOKI, AND HIS GERMAN WIFE



Viscount Aoki, who will succeed Mr. Takakura as Japan's diplomatic representative in Washington, on the first of that country's cruises to Asia with the rank of Ambassador. Prior to his appointment as Ambassador to the United States, Viscount Aoki was a member of the Japanese Peiy Council. He sailed for this country on April 6

PAUL NOCQUET, SCULPTOR AND BALLOONIST

By Samuel Swift



The late Paul Nocquet, Sculptor and Balloonist

for him, scarcely less of a recreation than a calculated scientific endeavor. It is said that when he was worried or ill at ease he would take "the first balloon," ascend a thousand feet or so, and forget all about it. "What's the use of worrying," he would add, "when you can go sailing above the clouds?"

Some penetrating person once remarked that the least interesting thing about Hector Berlioz was his music. Without forcing a parallel between the historically great French composer and the young artist whose career has tragically ended, the same may be said of Mr. Nocquet and the sculpture he had lately exhibited in New York. Not that the artist's work is without significance of theme or, at its best, lacks skillful treatment; quite the contrary. Also, it is entirely characteristic of the man that made it.

But it reflects only one phase of a personality that was refreshingly outspoken and original. Here was a man scarcely thirty years of age, who won the Belgian Prix de Rome at Brussels, but refused to go to Italy; who spent his scholarship term in Paris, where he was made an Associate of the Salon of the Champs de Mars; who came to New York in 1903 to seek his fortune, and, after nearly starving to death, had begun to make a place for himself; who sent an electric shock around the circle of his profession a short time ago by conspicuously announcing a "campaign to promote probity among sculptors," and whose absorbing pastime was the most unlikely of sports—ballooning.

Mr. Paul Nocquet—the media is proper, since he had taken out his first naturalization papers, and intended to become an American citizen—was wont to declare that he had no biography as yet. He was right, for the young Belgian was still in the stage of radical change and development. Of late, the number and variety of his sculptural pieces recently shown in bronze, marble, plaster, or wax, are corroborative witnesses. There was a lack of steady concentration in his thought. Sketches were tossed off in prodigal abundance, and too large a proportion of them had been transferred into materials more substantial than they deserved.

Read the first few of Mr. Nocquet's sixty titles in the catalogue of his recent exhibition: "Presidential Vacation," "Yawning Girl," "Master Ducky Lowengard," "Effort," "Mr. Loeb," "The Soldier of Marathon," "American Football," "Man with Horn," "Hate," "The Cursed," "Woman with Kicks," "Bunch," "Dancing Girl," "Miss A. Hill," "English Girl," "Island," "The Bathrobe," "Justice," and so on. Much of the sculpture in which they correspond bears the stamp of hasty and unconsidered design and workmanship. The crassness is found jostling some manifestation of brilliant imagination and technical ability. A figure like "The Cursed" or a group as serious in intention as "Effort" seems scarcely to mate with such slapdash as the gawdawty figure of Mr. Roosevelt holding up trophies of the hunt.

"American Football," shown here in reproduction, runs up both sides of Mr. Nocquet's wall. Here a fine suggestion of movement and strain is enfolded in several of the too numerous figures, and when seen from the front it is a coherent composition, though wanting the rhythmic swing that gives his "Deadly Struggle," its barbaric strikings. But this football picture, in bronze (the original was presented by Mr. L. N. Seligman to the Yale-Yale University Club) is overcrowded, and there is not enough distinction between the component figures. Too many round, muscularistic heads are in the way here, and the legs pop, with their obsolete lengthwise stripes, are depicted with unimaging exactitude.

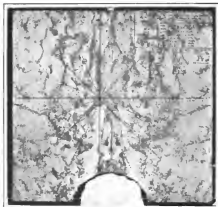
Mr. Nocquet says a statue of football. He was inspired, but he tried to popularize not only the sport, but a bird-sense array of facts, valuable in a scholastic round, but not properly part of

an art work. Does this group conjure up those truths of form and tension that the artist's eye and hand should isolate for the layman? Scarcely, in the degree one could wish. It suggests the average newspaper report of a football game, compared with the thrilling narrative a Kipling or a Jack London might make of it. From the first account, one learns the routine of the play; the second may well prove a vital piece of literature, conveying in unforgettable terms the essence and fascination of the spectacle.

Probably it would be erroneous to say that Mr. Nocquet was a journalistic sculptor. His work is worth serious discussion, and this term is not meant slightingly. It is surely to suggest that he assumed the haste and the versatility which in newspaper writing are in general compulsory, but which scarcely make for literary quality. Some force of the figures and groups in Mr. Nocquet's exhibition were produced after he came to America. Does not the partial list of subjects quoted indicate a talent too omnivorous, too little discriminating? And did not Mr. Nocquet deny himself the time for that travail of brooding thought without which an art work does not come properly into the world?

Mr. Nocquet's sculpture is sometimes as ultra-modern as Rodin's, defying the conventions by wilful arrangements of arms and legs projecting beyond the natural limits respectable with solidity and massiveness. It is often concerned shilly with problems of movement, and then the sculptor is not afraid to be ugly, so long as he gets expression. In a few designs that suggest fuller preparation, there is here for beauty—static, as in the happily contrived figure in low relief, called "In Minor Strain," or dynamic, as in the showy "Dancing Girl," whose striking pose is least fortunate in profile, but displays a suave attractiveness from any aspect.

Lack of simplicity, want of structure, and an absence of distinct personality in his group figures may be charged frequently against his work. Perhaps direct study from the model, and shrewd working, would have given him a more authentic basis for certain of his figures. There is not much, for example, to differentiate from one another the several men who exert their utmost strength to move



A Fervent, as Nocquet's own student and tutored Wind-Blown, Wind, and Wind upon his Body

Before making his last ascension Nocquet prepared a chart showing the direction his balloon would take under certain wind conditions, and, approximately, the points at which he might expect to descend. After ascending he encountered a northwest wind which, on the chart, was noted under "Bad winds for long trips." This carried him to the southeast and to disaster. The southeast course was marked "Long Beach, L. I., U. S. M." His balloon came down on Jones Beach a short distance to the eastward of this place, and his body was found about two miles beyond, whether he had made his way in a desperate effort to reach the mainland.

the great stone in "Effort." Loeb at their legs and bodies: is there not a sarcasm in type?

Now it so happens that Mr. Nocquet had a theory of his own about models. As a carter's equivalent for the firing nude, the sculptor used to possess, in his Paris studios, a large collection of casts from life, of arms, legs and torsos, arranged on the walls. He allowed his models to settle on the casts, thus accounting, for purposes of observation and study, the principal planes of light and shade into which the surface of a solid may be divided.



"Effort," a Prize Bronze by Mr. Noquet



"American Football," another of Mr. Noquet's Groups

How Mr. Noquet could expect these plaster substitutes to reproduce for him the effects of light and movement on the flesh of the living model it is not easy to see. Hence his colorless delineation of numerous figures. In direct portraiture, however, the Belgian sculptor proved a keen observer—how incisive is shown by the witty caricature of a connected Paris fellow student of vast bulk, whom he wanted to enjoy for some slight. As a nude "Vanity," this was enormously relished at the Salon.

With a passing reference to the remarkable richness and beauty of the *patience*, or surface textures, which Mr. Noquet secured not only on his bronzes, but for his painted plaster casts, the man himself must claim attention. How many young artists, having won a Prix de Rome, would deliberately put away the chance to see Italy? Paul Noquet did this, as he said, because he was literally afraid of the Old Masters. No student of art, he declared, should subject himself to the tremendous influences of Renaissance Italy until he is thirty-five years old, and has been for at least ten years an independent worker.

As to this artist's "campaign for the improvement of profligate among sculptors," one may admire his courage. Doubtless his assertion had more ground than most persons suppose. Mr. Noquet charged that a number of renowned American sculptors, whom he did not name, are not sculptors at all, in the real sense; that they make vague sketches and employ assistants to develop them and to work from the model, while taking the credit themselves, and signing the finished product. Twenty-five persons gave their names in support of Mr. Noquet's appeal for artistic honesty.

But even this effort to raise the low standard of sculpture in his adopted country was of secondary moment, compared with his passion for balloon voyages. Mr. Noquet declared that the profound silence, the exaltation of spirit, the sublime panorama of the violet earth, the glory of sunshine on clouds that are far below, the isolation and detachment from insignificant mundane affairs, supplied him with emotional experiences that counted importantly in his life and his art. Guy de Maupassant, he recalled, never wrote more eloquently than in his brief description of a balloon journey with Flammarion. Danger, he insisted, is virtually eliminated

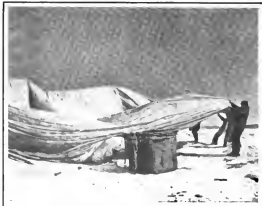
from a voyage by balloon, and he resented the disturbing chug-chug of the new power-driven air-ships as a keen yachtsman hates the noise and odor of a naphtha-launch. And landing from a balloon, Mr. Noquet remarked, in the surest way to heighten belief in one's fellow men, so helpful and enthusiastic are the folk among whom one slips out of a basket dropped from the sky.

So contagious was the young sculptor's confidence when he spoke these words, a few short weeks ago, that the irony of his fate is painfully felt. What he might have attained to, as a creative artist, must remain uncertain. The sympathetic student of his work could not but see that it was in the same state of divided allegiance as the man himself. Surely it is no reproach to a man or an artist that he be found passing through a preliminary epoch of confused purposes, before the moment of crystallization arrives. Perhaps within a decade Paul Noquet's art might have clarified and taken on a positive and absolute character, basing itself definitely upon a set of guiding principles. There was a fine ambition to spur him on—he looked forward to larger and more significant work than anything he had done. To the writer he expressed a wish that he might be enabled to carry out in heroic style his "Effort," for some such site as the Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue; this subject he deemed especially American, "the struggle of force against matter." It is quite conceivable that Noquet's plunge into the seething life of the New World had deferred the maturing of his artistic nature. He was delicately sensitive to impressions; here they crowded upon him so urgently that he became diffuse and uncritical in his involuntary haste to express what he felt and thought. The immediate effect may have been even similar to what he feared would happen to him in Rome—an overbalancing of his interpretative powers by the impact of more than he could for the moment properly absorb and assimilate.

When all is said, Noquet was a man likely to have been a factor in American sculptural activity. His outspoken courage, fortifying his authentic talent, would have ensured that. The world of art will regret his loss; his memory will be cherished and his name will summon up, when it is spoken, a vision of happy, impulsive youth, of a nature that did not live long enough to grow old and might never have done so.



Noquet's Balloon packed in its Basket on the Spot where it landed



The partly inflated Balloon as it was found on Jones Beach, on the South Shore of Long Island

THE HOUSE OF GLASS

THE AMERICAN DRAGOMAN NARRATES

TO A GROUP OF ATTACHÉS

By

H. G. DWIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY TUTT



I WAS looking for alegation. That is my principal pastime, you know—hunting legations. Every now and then they send out a new man from Washington, and the first thing, of course, is to find him a legation.

He never wants the one the last man had. And who should be up on legations but the dragomans? The secretaries, amiable and peripatetic young gentlemen—you know yourselves how it is. The dragomans are the only men who stays and learns—the dragomans and the landlords. You are forever coming across things in this extraordinary town of theirs. Did you ever see such an incredible place? It's a kind of topsyturvy land where natural laws are suspended or reversed. Land floats on the south wind, while down is used to sink their fishing nets. It is like a colossal circus with performers going on simultaneously in any number of rings. You can't begin to make out who keeps his balance the longest, or under the most unnatural circumstances. That, though, is exactly what no one does—being Constantinople.

However, as I say, I found something. And to me, at any rate, it was new. Just wait till I give it to you in order. Then you can make out for yourselves what I found.

At last I found a house! It stood in the middle of a huge garden, up in the Taxime somewhere. The place was more Italian than most of them here. The terraces had big marble balustrades, and there were statues and fountains and things. The best of it was that you could see everywhere—the lower half of the Bosphorus and the Marmora, that is. And from the top of the house, where there was a kind of belvedere, you could look over into the Golden Horn—I don't know how far up.

An old man showed me about. He had more the air of a family servant than of a mere custodian. I asked him to whom the place belonged.

"Madame Bellez," he said. Then he corrected himself. "No, I mean Miesiri Bey."

I laughed. "Well, which?"

"Miesiri Bey," he answered, queerly. "Madame Bellez"—he paused a moment—"is dead."

I don't suppose any of you young fellows ever saw Miesiri. He used to come here to the club a good deal, especially when there was playing. But I'm afraid to guess how long ago. He was of the place you know—Levantine—with more kinds of blood in him than wins at a court dinner. He was in the *Régie*, I believe; was richish, and had been quite a dandy in his day. Bellez was a name new to me, though. That is, for such a house, I could not think why I had never known about it, nor about Madame. So I asked the old man who she was.

"He looked at me as if he thought it strange that I should ask. And I didn't wonder—afterwards."

"Madame Bellez," he hesitated a little. "You know the *Patisserie Bellez*?"

I was rather surprised. I knew that name of course, as you all do. Who has not munch little cakes and sipped little liquors at Bellez's? But I had not connected a *patisserie* with such a place as the one I was looking at. Our *souvenirs* imagines *patisseries* to exist to stand for themselves, without anything behind them. But Bellez's has a good deal behind it.

I didn't find out just then, though. I found out first that while they much preferred to sell, they were willing under certain conditions to let—unfurnished. It was well worth considering. The house was very decent as houses here go. It was built on the good old plan of central halls running through from front to back, with the rooms opening out on each side. But there was one peculiarity. I discovered that as soon as we went in. The walls of the big arched entrance hall were completely lined with mirror-glass. I don't mean French mirrors with those impossible gilt frames. Each wall was simply one gigantic looking-glass, with hardly so much as a knob or a crack in it. It gave the strangest illusion of space. However, I thought little of it then. You see the wildest freaks in these houses. Nor did I think much when the walls of the great staircase proved to be similarly decorated. It had to go with the hall, more or less. But the upper hall did not have to go with the lower, nor did the rooms of state. They did, nevertheless. Every room in the place, if you please—not counting the *poorva de arriere*—was tricked out in the same way. Every room, that is, except two. These adjacent each other, and were fitted with a charming old green damask.

When we came to that green damask I simply couldn't hold in any longer.

"If you had twenty rooms in green damask and two in glass, I might think about it!" I cried out. "But as it is—" I laughed.

The old man looked at me very solemnly. "Excuse me," he said, with a kind of respectful reproach; "it is not a thing for laughter."

"Well, I suppose not," I conceded, as humbly as I could—"with what it must have cost and with what it would cost to put the walls in order again. Will Miesiri Bey do it for us?"

"Ah, there is nothing Miesiri Bey will not do!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders.

I don't know—I began to get curious. It was not only that I had never in my life seen such a preposterous place. The old man himself, with his tones and his gestures, made all sorts of questions go through my head. I was asking to ask where Monsieur Bellez came in—or went out—and where Miesiri. But I contented myself with asking:

"Oh, Miesiri Bey?"

It was evidently my cue. I saw that by the old man's look. But I wanted more than looks! We returned to the great hall of the second floor—the *premier*, as you have it. The place was extraordinary, with its mirror-walls. It was enough to drive one silly. In all the huge largeness of it there was nothing but an infinity of reflections—until one doubted even the good green garden trees at the end windows. It reached out on each side to interminable vistas, and the two of us were merely the nearest of an arm.

"What things these walls have seen, oh!" I uttered at last.

"One can imagine—with lights and colors and silks and jewels and uniforms and all!"

The old man looked about and slowly shook his head.

"They have seen things—the mirrors. But not what you think."

Madame Bellez—? He stopped.

"She was an invalid!" I ventured.

"Oh no!" he answered, quickly, almost as if I had made an accusation. And after a moment, "She was the most beautiful woman in the world. She was always alone. That is, after the mirrors. That was why she had them. She said they gave her company."

I took this in with open mouth. One could imagine oneself to have company well enough, seeing the crowds of old men and dragomans who dwindled away on either hand. But what company! I need not tell you that I let legations go to pot—after that. My old man and his Madame Bellez were much too interesting. I don't need to tell you, either, how it was with the old man. He wasn't the kind that you could corrupt. It was simply that he was full of his story and hadn't had a chance to tell it. So I got it. It was a little queer, too, you know—what I got. But everything's a little queer in this place.

It all began with old Bellez. There originally had been a Bellez, it seemed. He was a Levantine, too; less alive up than Miesiri, perhaps, but by no means so high up—even as things go here. And he was a humpback like the burglar. He kept a little *Patisserie* *Provençal* down in Galata somewhere, and made enough money out of it to go one day to Budapest. That is what these people do, you know—they go to Budapest. It is the nearest outpost of civilization.

Our humpback Bellez had a good time there, too. He went up to the bridge—yes, you know that jolly island in the Danube, they I must believe that his experience was in some particular industry. Not that it was so remarkable for him to admire the *Grand Kiosk* as to see in the first beer garden he entered. We have all admired a *Kiosk*. With us admiration operates—what shall I say?—more lightly, less faithfully. There are also *killermans* and *killermans*. To this one, however, Bellez said, as if he second thought he would order another beer:

"Will you go to Constantinople with me to-morrow?"

"Imagine!" He had barely arrived, and had intended to take a bit of a holiday. He must have been quite a man, Bellez. Not only was he a *patisserie*, you remember, but he was also a humpback. While she—? I never saw her, of course, but my old man quite lost himself describing her. He was the confidential *attaché* of the first *patisserie*, and knew her from the beginning. She was tall, and rather fair for a Hungarian—or she might have been Austrian, and she had an air. She had an air! I imagine that she may have been one of those lovely impossible women who frighten you so much more than they deserve, simply because they are so impossible and so lonely.

Well, the *Kellierian* looked at Belle a minute. She had eyes, the old man said—and he, too, for that matter. Then she said:

"Thank you, no. I already have a husband."

"What are you doing here, then?" inquired Belle.

"I am getting my bread and onions," replied the girl.

"Oh!" says Belle. "Is your husband a cripple?"

"No," said she. "He is a stone-cutter."

"Does he ever try his chisel on your back, perhaps?"

"Eh! When he is drunk."

"I see," returned Belle. "Have you children?"

The *Kellierian* shook her head.

"It would not have mattered—if they were pretty," said Belle.

"Take me to your stone-cutter."

Did you ever hear of such a thing? Any other man would either have given up the job or have tried to make the *Kellierian* run away. Any other *Kellierian* would have turned her back or would have belted on the spot. But not so these two. Belle waited until his lady was free, and then he went with her to the stone-cutter. There they seem to have had a perfectly unimpassioned business discussion. I should judge that none of them were given to superfluous words. As for the stone-cutter, he apparently jumped at the chance. All he held out for was a subsidy larger than the income which his wife had been able to provide for him, which Belle was ready enough to grant—even to instant payment of the first instalment.

So off they went together, Beauty and the Beast, and speedily put the Balkans between themselves and their stone-cutter, who doubtless called himself a very lucky fellow, because more of a stranger to his profession than ever, and kicked his heels all day long on the embankments of the Danube. The *Kellierian* is the one I wonder most about, though—Madame Belle, as they called her. Was she really in love with her humpback? Or was anybody better than the stone-cutter? At all events, Belle had no occasion to regret his adventure. Not only did Madame turn out a famous cook, under the tutelage of Monsieur, but she had ideas of her own—from Budapest. And what was more, she attracted custom better than the sweetest cakes or the headiest liqueurs ever invented.

Her sphere, however, soon became too narrow. The Châteaufortians and Ampères so increased in number that Belle moved up the hill. Then he moved again, and established branches, and finally built the big place you all know. That extraordinary trip to Budapest was literally the making of him. He grew so rich that he couldn't possibly use all his money in exports. He began to buy houses about here in town. He also picked up estates on the Bosphorus and at the islands.

And it all began with a *Kellierian*? Except for the bargain with the stone-cutter there was never anything questionable, and the openness of that bargain put it by itself. The thing was merely that Madame's charm threw the balance on the side of success.

She naturally withdrew from the shop by the time they reached the top of the hill. They began the house then. One could rather tell a good deal from that, you know. There was nothing like it in Pera. But they had only just moved in when Belle died. He left everything, of course, to her.

I imagine old Belle never did much in the social line, even after he had money. He was too much potitour. And then, of course, there was his deformity. But Madame, after a considerable period of widowhood, seems gradually to have enlarged her borders. Indeed, she could scarcely have avoided it. You can easily see that by that time she was very much in the nature of a *grande dame*. She was richer than anybody else, and if she had the preference against her she had for her the famous charm. Moreover, with Belle out of the way, she naturally made a very different pair of sleeves. And so one could accuse our dear Pera of being too squeamish as to pedigree! So Madame seems gradually to have gone into the world. It was then really that Misaki came on the scene. He was one of the original Châteaufortians of Ginebra, as I have said, and later seems to have stood sponsor for Madame Belle in society. So our *Kellierian*, having begun her career by an apparently unimpassioned marriage to a drunken stone-cutter, ended by becoming the queen of Pera.

And then, if you please, the stone-cutter turned up. It was quite too dreadful. He belonged to a period so remote that they had forgotten all about him. He had never given a sign, and Belle had left no directions about the subsidy. They therefore concluded that the man was otherwise disposed of. He, however, was the last man in the world to think of dying with a draft coming to him once a month as regularly as the moon. Accordingly, when it stopped he decided to look into things.

He happened to choose a highly melodramatic moment for us giving. You should have heard the old man! Madame Belle was doing a great party. The old man was major-domo then, and when he spied this long fellow whom anybody would have known for a peasant *radamarré*, he guessed it once. He tried to send the man away, but the stone-cutter would not be sent. On the contrary, he succeeded in slipping into the house. There was something like a scramble up the stairs, the Hungarian first, and the servants after. At the top stood Madame Belle, reviving her guests. Misaki stood near her, as master of ceremonies, and beyond them the great hall was crowded.



He succeeded in slipping into the house—at the top of the stairs stood Madame Belle

Drawn by Henry H.

Well, there was the scramble up the stairs and people pressed to see what it was. And those the Hungarians stopped. He caught sight of Madame Helise, in the wonder of her silks and her jewels and her beauty. He caught sight of Madame Helise, whom he had known as a peasant girl on the Danube, whom more than once he had beaten. And he laughed. As for Madame Helise, she never stirred except to turn on the peasant to his splendor and to order the servants away.

"What do you want?" she asked, very gently.

"Money," replied the stone-cutter. "I got no more, and I came to see about it. I see!"

And he laughed again. He, too, was a type—the stone-cutter.

At this Missirol stopped frowning angrily. They had been speaking in their own language, of course, and no one understood—almost no one.

"Who is this fellow?" cried out Missirol. "Let me throw him down stairs if the servants won't!"

Madame Helise turned to him and smiled faintly. She turned to them all.

"No," she said. "He is my husband. He used to beat me. I pay him for so. Excuse me a moment while I get him the money. I owe him for several months." She made a few curtsey, bowing her powdered head with that faint smile of hers. Then she said something to the stone-cutter. And through a lane of satins and uniforms he followed her away.

You can just imagine! Things happen in Pera to make your hair stand on end. But things don't happen like that at balls. And money had never meant Madame Helise. Yet, see, this particular had not taken them into his confidence. So they began tumbling down those stairs faster than the stone-cutter had tumbled up. You should have heard the old man! He shed tears of fury as he told me—years afterwards, too!

"She!" he cried. "She never knew him a creature, who was better than an angel, who did not even leave a husband that beat her until he sent her away for the money it would bring him! She, around whose table they had crowded like a pack of hungry cats, insulted by those—"

It would hardly do for me to repeat the epithets which he applied to the society of which we are ornaments so conspicuous! But it was too good a chance for them to prove the delivery of their sensibilities. Once the first made for the door, the rest followed as if the plague were in the house.

Madame Helise came back in the midst of it. The stone-cutter was still with her. No one ever knew just what passed between them. It was something, however, which made him less jaunty than before. She took her place at the head of the stairs and kept him beside her, watching the people go. They would rather have jumped out of the windows than pass before her. The old man said, "For all their haughtiness, they are afraid of that strange smile of hers. They pushed by without so much as a look—some of them. As for her, she watched until they were all gone—even Missirol. He lingered a moment, to be sure, with his eyes on the two of them. But at last he bolted like the others, leaving Madame alone with the stone-cutter.

They looked at each other.

"You see!" she said. "They have gone. They are afraid of you."

He laughed again. But she stopped him.

"And now you can go, too. This is my house, you know."

At this she stared about again, and exclaimed:

"Ah, you are afraid of me, like the rest?"

She smiled. "Afraid? I think I know you too well. Besides, what more can you do? They will never come back. It is only, you see, that everything is finished. Good-by."

They looked into each other's eyes, and that which the stone-cutter saw made him start slowly down the stairs. After a few steps he stopped, as if he would have gone back. But her eyes were still so much for him. (How more he turned from them and went on, out of the house. She never saw him again.)

The old man said that she stood there a long time, alone, looking down the empty stairs—the servants not daring to stir. Then finally she called them all before her, to the last scullion and stable boy, there below her on the steps. And she spoke to them.

I have made a mistake, she said. I wanted to tell you what it was, because there was no one else I can tell. My mistake was this, that I did not explain. I did not think to tell people what I tell you now, that I used to be a poor peasant girl in Hungary, poorer than any of you; that I married a handsome young stone-cutter and went to Budapest; that so great tired of each other, that he, because he was tired of me, began to drink; that I, because I was tired of him, became a servant in a café; that there I met Monsieur Helise, who offered to take me away and make me happy; that when my husband agreed I came. Perhaps I thought they knew—that Monsieur Helise had told them. At any rate, I did not want to deceive them. When people came to me I thought it was because they liked to. I thought it was more to be, than to say or to do. But it is not enough. And now for my mistake I must pay. I have already begun, you see, to pay. My friends have all gone. They will never come back. You will want to go, too, when you hear what they say. This has become a house of scandal. It will be hard for you to get other places if people know that you came from here. You will not care to tell them that you serve a woman like me. And then, of course, it will be different here after this. There will be no more music and dancing. You will find it very difficult to find a dancing man. I will see that none of you suffer because of the scandalousness of my doings. I thank you all for what you have done for me. Good night!"

And with that she left them staring at each other on the stairs.

What do you think of that, eh? It's the kind of thing that happens only in *Prefecture* or in Constantinople. My old man didn't

make it up, you know. He wasn't that kind. If he had been he might have made another side of the affair a little clearer. For I don't suppose Madame Helise really regretted what she had done—in leaving Budapest, that is—or that she had any idea of giving such an impression. And of course nobody else really cared, because of all places in the world. Somebody started the Madame stampede and the rest just followed like sheep. What Madame Helise must have minded was the stampede. At all events that party, quite as Madame Helise had prophesied to the stone-cutter, was the end of everything. The queen of Pera was deposed in a day and another reign began in her stead. But how they must have asked to go back!

I have no idea, either, that in that business of the servants Madame Helise intended a *coup de théâtre*. It was merely, so far as I could make out, that she was the most direct creature in the world. But of course she could have done nothing cleverer to keep them. They had hated her before, but what could she do about it? A few of them naturally did leave in time, for one reason or another. At the moment, though, or rather the next day, they waited on her in a deputation, with the old man at their head, and vowed eternal fidelity in a way that seems to have affected her very much. So she kept them all on, in spite of the fact that there was nothing left for those quarters of them to do. It was to give them occupation, really, that she began some of the strange things she did.

For myself, I rather wondered why she didn't go away. You can easily imagine that to have your visiting list wiped clean, from one day to the other, might have attractions to a voyage of discovery. She didn't go away, however, for a number of reasons. One of them cured what those two penny halfpence said in Constantinople! But that was one of the things I couldn't get directly from the old man. It must have been her pride, though. However, she had affairs to attend to, and that gave her something to do. She must not have allowed going out of the house, or to drink in the street, from that other too. They used to meet her on the Grande Rue or along the quays, ignoring the world as completely as the world ignored her. She even kept on with her modesties, and went about in the most wonderful gowns—with no one but servants to see them. But they went on as if they were not there, and in her own little world, and gradually came to consider her existence to her own grounds. The old man said she would drive solemnly round and round them in her scarlet victoria, with footmen and everything, bowing to the gardeners as if they had been grand viziers.

She liked, too, to go to the balustrade at the top of the house. You could almost see everything from there. When she came down she would say that she had been seeing the world. For the rest, she never made any fuss. Except for the solitude, no one would have guessed that anything had happened. She kept the place up just the same as ever. And that must have been quite a job, you know.

You can see the idea of the house, and the way it was run. The house was somewhat on the scale of Helyerley Palace. And every night, the old man said, as if she expected the diplomatic corps and a prince of the blood, she filled it with candles and flowers.

What that solitude must have been it is difficult to imagine. Yet, she had it so much as a poet, and she did it to drive away the things she dropped her like everybody else. I gathered that they were all rather put to it, sometimes, to make the thing go. As, for instance, when Madame Helise elected to give great parties—to herself.

There must have been clearness of vision in her, and delicacy of imagination, which from the very beginning had made her one of the unexpected things. So when it comes to the matter of the mirrors, how are you to say whether it was the conceit of a mind so subtly unimpaired, or of one already tortured by its tragedies?

She began with the grand stairway. It was where she had last seen people in the house, you remember. Then she did the halls, and finally the rooms. She said it gave her company! I asked the old man about the two chambers in green damask. He looked at me as if I had made an indelicate allusion.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Those were her own."

He set it forth, on the whole, very well. You could quite see it all—the empty house, the lonely woman, the multiplying mirrors. I don't see how she stood amid a wealth of a life. For that matter, I don't see how the servants stood it. But they simply worshipped her—I don't know like what. The only thing she required of them was to be gentle. If she ever knew of their quarreling or murmuring, each other, she would say to the mother of the world, would have them up and tell them they lived in a glass house—they must not throw stones. . . . Just fancy it all! From that world outside where she had played such a part, where she had played so many parts, not a creature but the drowsy crowd now came near her. And there in her house of glass she lived alone, with the shadows and her memories. And every night, in all her jewels, she would sweep through those glittering silent rooms, between the million repetitions of her that faded away in the candlelight; and in the great dimness, with the liveried footmen all in line, she would find herself, looking about into the mirrors for the faces that were not there.

But it was time I mentioned Missirol. If I haven't done so before it is because the part to play is almost as detached from the Madame Helise of Pera as was Helise herself from the *Küçük* of Budapest. I told you that after that famous party no one ever went back. It is usually true, and for a long time it was so all the time. At last, however, one of them did go back. For Missirol Bey, as the old man very truly remarked, would do anything. He had been of the stampede, you know; but he had been the last, and he had insisted before positively going out of the door. He could think of no other way to get back than by waiting downstairs.

He continued by carrying them. He asked to take them down. And Madame Helise, of whom no one could ever predict what she would do, received him as if they had parted the day before. She didn't fall on his neck, but neither did she shut the door in his face.



Drawn by Henry Holt

"Who is that?" she demanded, in a queer tone

The upshot of it all seemed to be that Missiri became a regular visitor and was occasionally asked to dine. That, however, was as far as he got. If he hoped to marry his hostess, as he doubtless did, I can inform you here and now that he never realized the hope. And if he thought that he could make her forget the stupor and be grateful for a friend, he misjudged alike the quality of her memory and of her friendship. I don't know whether she ever guessed what the arrogant knew from their fellow menials in Pers—that he took no pains to conceal from the public his assiduity at her door, and that by means of the stories which he allowed to circulate unchallenged his vanity made good outside her house the losses it sustained within. The gossip had capital to begin with, and they naturally found it the easiest thing in the world to put it at interest. But in spite of the flowers and the diapers and everything else, Missiri never got a step further than he did in the old palace of Isfahan. Which made what happened in the end all the more extraordinary.

It may not strike you that way, but what I could make out of the slenderness of the relation between Madame Beliz and Missiri seemed to me one of the most characteristic touches of the story. He wasn't clever enough to see, when she let him come back, how little he counted. He simply made no difference one way or the other. He could not change anything. He could only help her out with the mirrors. It was all very well to fix up herself and her house for parties, but where were the uniforms? Whereas with Missiri—! At any rate, the old man told me some rather queer things. They used to hear her talking to herself, and sometimes they saw her, through doors, courtesying and making signs—to the mirrors. It sort of gave them the creeps. When they were in the room with her, though, she was always perfectly straight in her head. At least the old man wouldn't admit anything else. And all this went on for years. Madame Beliz had been young when she came to Constantinople. She must have been nearer forty than thirty when Beliz died. She grew old alone in her house of glass. And then—! The end was quite of a piece with the beginning.

One night Madame Beliz was at dinner, *découvert* and jewelled as always, with her people waiting on her. Suddenly she began to stare at the wall in front of her.

"Who is that?" she demanded, in a queer tone.

"It is only one of the men, Madame, passing the door behind you," answered the old man.

She insisted, nevertheless, on going over to the terrace.

"There is no one, Madame," the old man assured her again, a little uneasy. But she called for candles, and had a couple of footmen hold them up behind her while she peered into the glass. The business began to get on their nerves. They didn't know what she would do next. As for Madame, what she did next was to say:

"Ah, no; there is no one. Truly I—I—! Bring me more candles so that I can see."

She made them do it, if you please, while she looked at herself, turning this way and that. She looked at her faded hair, at the wrinkles about her eyes and mouth, at her shoulders shrunken be-

neath their jewels, at her thin fingers with their heavy rings. Then she began to laugh, while the footmen grew white behind her with the candles.

"Don't be afraid!" she exclaimed. "There is no one! It is only I, I! There is never any one! Always I, I, I!" And she laughed again.

It must have been rather horrid, you know—in the big, dim, twinkling house. They were all scared out of their boots.

"Are you faint, Madame?" asked the old man. "Will you have some wine?"

"No," she said. "I am only old. We have played a long time. Call my maid. I am going up-stairs."

They took her up-stairs, and she never came down again. She didn't seem particularly ill—at first. She was merely feeble. Nothing, however, could induce her to leave her own rooms. She suddenly had a horror of the mirrors. She said there were too many people in them. . . .

When Missiri heard about it, as he very soon did, he of course waxed doubly attentive. He sent a message and a flower every minute. She wouldn't see him, though—not even while she was able to be about and in her boudoir. It was the one part of the house to which she had never admitted him. But there came a day! It was not long after she had taken to her bed. It was the day when the doctor let them send for the priest. The doctor was Missiri's. I suppose the priest was too. The servants were afraid of them all, but they were off their heads with consternation, and there was not a single friend to come near the woman. Not one! The doctor had done what he could. The priest had performed his part. Then Missiri's turn came. And I remember now the old man's exclamation:

"Ah, if he had had an opinion for a heart he could not have done it!"

For the first time, for the very first time, when there was no one to keep him out, Missiri went into the green boudoir. He poked on, into the darkened bedchamber. Madame Beliz had been, they thought, unconscious. But at his approach she opened her eyes. And she gave him a look!

"Missiri! Hey," she asked, in her dying voice, "what are you doing here?"

He stopped a minute, the old man said, took a paper from his pocket, and went nearer.

"I come for your affairs, dear Madame," he answered. "You have been indisposed some time, you know, and matters press. If you could give me a moment—! Then I will go at once."

He advanced a step. She kept her eyes on him—terrible eyes, the old man said—and he had the courage to face it all. At last she uttered, strangely: "Ah, it is the receipt, I suppose."

"Yes, dear Madame," said Missiri, approaching her with the paper. "It is the receipt. If you would be so good as to sign—"

"Sign?" she demanded. "Do I pay and sign too?"

"Yes," he had the assurance to reply—without any idea, of course, what she meant. "Let me assist you." He was at the bedside now, and he made as if to support her.

"Stop!" she cried. "Do not dare to touch me! Give them to me!" Waving him imperiously away, she raised her eyes in the bed and took the pen which he dipped for her. But before writing at the place he indicated she looked at him again. And that time, the old man said, he began to look green. However, she signed. Then she pointed to the door. "Go!" she gasped. "Go back to them! They gave, and they made me pay! And I have paid—all! There is no more they can ask! Now let me die in peace!"

(Continued on page 563.)

NEW ZEALAND—A MODEL COMMONWEALTH

THE INSTITUTIONS OF A COUNTRY WHICH HAS NO STRIKES AND NO UNEMPLOYED

By W. B. Leffingwell

CONTENTMENT is universal throughout New Zealand. The people are satisfied with their country, their climate, and their laws. Living in a land of prosperity, they have never experienced a cold winter or a hot summer. The colony has never been blighted with a drought, and it has never had a failure of crops. The agriculturist knows from years of experience that his harvest will be abundant. The workman knows the prosperity of the nation—that there are no unemployed, and that he will be able to work continuously, for work can always be had; and employers know that the Conciliation and Arbitration Act protects them, for there never has been, nor can there be, a strike under the present law. As a representative of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, I called upon the Premier, the Right Honorable R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand. When I made known to him my desire to acquaint Americans with New Zealand as it actually is, he said:

"We are trying to add to the comfort and enhance the happiness of all the people of this colony. We have government ownership, and we have succeeded in it. We have laws built on the foundation of necessity and right. We understand the needs of our people, and we supply those needs without fear or favor. The people of this colony know that they are protected in every manner. Their children are compelled to attend school, loved by example and moral suasion to become educated and to become good citizens. The child who is apprenticed to learn a trade is told by his elders that the law affords him protection; that he is to receive \$1.50 per week during the first year of his apprenticeship, and a graduated advance for his services each succeeding year until he has learned his trade. The man knows that he can obtain work constantly, that there can be no strikes such as you have in America, and he need never fear that he will be called upon to lay down his tools and see those dependent upon him suffer for bread and fuel, simply because of a sympathy for a fellow workman. The old people, too, are cared for. When time, age, sickness, or accident has deprived them of the ability to earn a livelihood, the government comes to their rescue. We pension our old people regardless of sex when they have attained the age of sixty-five years. Other requisites for a pension are, that they must have lived good lives

and been residents of the colony for twenty-five years. We pay old-age pensioners \$2.50 each, which enables them to live with relatives perfectly self-supporting. We estimate that we will pay out \$1,500,000 for old-age pensions in 1901."

"What about your system of taxation?" I inquired.

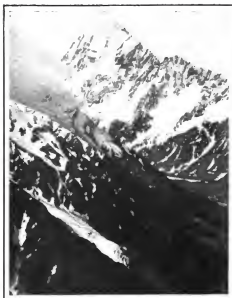
"Originally, there was a property tax; the more energy and vitality, and the greater the thrift, the more people were taxed. This has been repealed. The system now obtaining is a tax on the unimproved value of the land, and this tax is graduated and the largest areas and values pay the most. We also have an absentee tax—those who are absent pay double that paid by those resident of the colony. This is just, for from those who are absent we receive no other revenue. Those who are here contribute through the customs in the consolidated fund. In other words, those who are absent shirk the burden, reap all the advantages, and give no collateral return. Indirect taxation, too, has been considerably altered. We have done a little in the way of protecting industries, and, at the same time, giving the necessary revenue. We have shown a wise discretion, and our tariff now is working very satisfactorily; for instance, what is generally known as a free breakfast-table is now practically given. We have taken off all duty on tea. The reductions by the 1890 tariff amounted to \$2,255,325, and by the 1900 tariff to \$3,757,555. The time is probably not far distant when we shall reduce or take off the duties on sugar, and I am happy to say, that, notwithstanding the fact that we have reduced our tariff to the extent of \$6,000,000 during my term of office, last year's surplus was \$2,502,000."

Sir Joseph Ward is the leader in Parliament, and one of the strongest men of the government.

Concerning New Zealand's laws, he spoke particularly of the statutes relating to telegraphs and telephones, which come directly under his supervision. The New Zealand government, according to Sir Joseph, owns and controls all telegraph lines, and fixes the rates for messages. It also owns and controls the telephone exchanges, the reason being that these services, like the post-office, were considered of such a character that more satisfactory results would follow under government than under private control. In pursuance of this policy, private corporations are excluded from



A General View of Auckland, the Commercial Center of New Zealand



Mt. Cook, 12,379 Feet high, the Monarch of the Southern Alps



This Illustration is from the first Photograph ever taken on the Summit of Mt. Cook



The Bivouac, 7000 Feet above the Sea, from which the Party made the Ascent. A Stone thrown from the Door of the Tent on the Right falls 4000 Feet to a Glacier

A NEW FEAT IN MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING

The photographs on this page illustrate a notable achievement in mountain-climbing—the recent ascent of Mt. Cook, in New Zealand, the loftiest of the Southern Alps, by a party of three New Zealanders, Messrs. Malcolm Ross, T. F. Fyfe, and P. Graham, and a Mr. Turner, of London. Mt. Cook is 12,379 feet in height, and has hitherto defied all attempts to attain its summit, as the task was one of great difficulty and considerable peril. The ascent occupied thirty-six hours, during which time the party had been constantly on the move, with but little food and drink—a remarkable feat of endurance, considering the great difficulties of the climb, and the fact that snows, spare clothing, extra rope, and food were carried

undertaking these services. Both telegraph and telephone services are operated with satisfaction to the general public. The telephone exchange service has been more than self-supporting. The rates for telegrams are low, and are about the same as those in Great Britain. They are sixpence for twelve words from any telegraph office to any other telegraph office in the colony, and one penny for each additional word. The telephone exchange rates are lower than those of Great Britain or America. The mail service is excellent. A network of services extends from one end of the colony to the other. The question of cost is not always considered, and many services are established which it is known will not pay, at least for a time.

"What advancement, if any, has New Zealand made in postal matters as compared with other countries?" Sir Joseph was asked.

"As postmaster-general I have made a thorough study of the matter, and we have tried, through the enactment of our laws, and I have personally tried through the improvement of the service, to profit by the mistakes of others. As compared with the United States, it may be said that our rates of postage for domestic matter cannot show any advantage over American domestic rates. New Zealand, however, is in advance as regards foreign postage. For example, we have offered every country in the world free delivery of letters



Sir Joseph Ward, K. C. M. G., leader in the New Zealand Parliament, and one of the ablest men in the Government

prepaid at one penny per half-ounce—that is to say, New Zealand is anxious to see established a universal penny post. With respect to postage, it has been my object to reduce the postages as low as possible without giving special advantages to large users of the post beyond what are given to the humblest member of the community. The efforts to introduce low rates of postage to foreign countries were based on the belief that it is of prime importance to any country to have the freest possible intercourse with the rest of the world. The reduction of the rate on heavy illustrated newspapers to one penny is likely to be of far-reaching influence, not only as advertising the colony by showing its present state of civilization and productivity, but in many other directions.

"You have a law, have you not, for the prevention of strikes?"

"Yes. Our Conciliation and Arbitration Act is for that purpose, and it works perfectly. There is no way that a dissatisfied employee can bring about a strike;

there is no way that a fellow worker can mix into the matter. We have no walking delegates or secretaries, and the workers would not allow any such interference.

All matters of dispute between employer and employee go before a court. This court is created especially to settle labor disputes
(Continued on page 569.)



The kind of scenery New Zealanders can expect—1 hour up Lake Wakatipu

A STEAMER TO CARRY FIVE THOUSAND PASSENGERS



Photograph by Sygma

The "Hendrick Hudson," which was launched at Newburg, New York, on March 31, is 460 feet over all, and is the largest non-sailing passenger-steamer in the world. Her cost is estimated at nearly a million dollars

FRENCH MINERS ON STRIKE AT COURRIÈRES



The disastrous explosion in the Courrières mining district, near Calais, France, by which more than a thousand miners lost their lives, was followed by serious disturbances among the survivors. On March 19, 2000 of the men went on strike, incited, it is said, by extreme Socialists among them, who made all possible capital out of the recent disaster, and tried to inflame the more temperate-minded by demanding vengeance for their dead comrades

MEN OF TO-DAY

VIII.—CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

By Charles Johnston

"**B**EVE merai de regah-
hoo," Mr. Hughes has
deserved well of his
country. His recent
work, his conclusions,
the remedies proposed by the
Insurance Committee, are mat-
ters of public knowledge. There-
fore when an opportunity came
for me to talk at some length
with Mr. Hughes, the greater
part of the time was given to
the large principles involved
and touching much of our na-
tional life. I must not be
taken as quoting verbatim, but
rather as recording a general
impression of a vigorous intel-
lect, a fair mind, and a kindly
heart.

First, as to the "insurance
revolutions." Do they indicate
far-reaching unsoundness and
dissolution of ideals? I think
Mr. Hughes by no means holds
this view. He believes heartily
in the American people, in
American ideals, and in the in-
herent soundness of heart and
principle of the vast majority
of his fellow-countrymen. How,
then, could the state of things
disclosed in the Armstrong in-
quiry come about? Largely, no
doubt, through the newness of
the country, its very rapid
growth, and the rushes which
goes with overgrowth. Men are
born among us of great in-
herent force; they go forth on
the path to success, and they
keep their eyes fixed on the goal
they have set before them.
With the energy of young
giants they cut and hew their
way through jungles of opposi-
tion, taking very little heed of
the nature and source of the
opposition, or of the principle
on which it may be based. So it
comes that if these vigorous creators and pioneers find them-
selves thwarted by legislative obstacles, by laws and law-givers, they
are tempted to cut through these obstacles, and force themselves
ahead, without regard to law. They have no very high opinion of
those who make the laws, or of those who administer them, and look
on them very much as they look on obstinate and disagreeable com-
petitors: something to get out of the way by whatever means are
likely to do the work best and quickest. So they reach a general lax-
ity of view, and come to do things as a matter of course which they
would altogether disapprove, if they saw them in their true light.
This disregard of law and of legal restrictions which has come to
be so general is also, in a large degree, due to the very imperfect
way in which our laws are often administered, and to the manifold
and extensive imperfections and errandies in the laws themselves.
With nearly fifty distinct Legislatures working year in and year out,
besides the national legislative body, it is small wonder that our
law-makers gain a tinged view. Our very successful men when
they reach their goal look back over the way they have
travelled with entire satisfaction, and without any severe feelings
of conscience. They would like to have done otherwise in their
relations with law, and had conditions been different they might
have done otherwise; yet they do not take their oblique course
very deeply to heart, nor does it spoil their daydreams.

Are we, then, to palliate and excuse the indifference to law
shown so often here, and so markedly brought out in the revelations
of the insurance inquiry? On this point Mr. Hughes spoke with the
deepest conviction. Far from palliating or excusing lawlessness,
it is ought to be felt, and all Americans ought to feel, that in entering
devious ways they are gravely guilty. Such oblique approaches to
our Legislatures are never unaccompanied by their true name,
and held as treason,—as treason to the principles of liberty and the
principles on which our state is built; and wherever is involved in
actions of this unbecoming character should feel that he is guilty
of a traitorous act, something more than a mis-lavance, some-
thing worse than a common crime. Law must be held supreme,
and must be loyally obeyed, most of all in a democracy where
there are no agencies of conservatism to fill its place. We want,
therefore, more loyalty to law, more reverence for law.

So far the general principles involved. There were certain
special matters, which have caused much criticism, concerning
which I wished to question Mr. Hughes. One of these was the
limitation of the amount of new business which insurance com-
panies might take up in any year. The special application of this



Charles Evans Hughes

Whose conduct of the recent insurance investigation has won
him international prominence

(Copyright, 1904, by Tuck Bros.)

capital and the great responsibilities involved have been made the
pretext for increased salaries and extravagant administration.

It is evident that if we except the few executive officers who
draw enormous salaries as one means of profit from the further
growth of these already immense companies. On the contrary,
such further growth is uneconomic and detrimental, and various
efforts at self-limitation have from time to time been proposed by
the companies themselves, yet such has failed to give advantage
to the other, and no effective steps have been taken. No possible
course remains to achieve the avowedly necessary result, except
limitation by law, and this is what is now proposed. There is,
therefore, no close analogy here with competing railroads or indus-
trial trusts, and their cases must be judged separately and on
their own merits.

Concerning stock companies, Mr. Hughes said certain things well
worth recording, and which further illustrate the mode of his
thought. The system of trustees adopted by the greatest of the
stock companies—the Equitable—in a manner that comes
movement in the direction of control by the policy-holders,
of actualization, and abolishing the stock basis, is deemed impera-
tive. It is recognized that the company is, in equity, the property
of the policy-holders, and means are devised to give this effect,
while adhering, in fact, to the stock basis. There is a further con-
sideration which should be taken into account. This company
was originally organized on the basis of \$100,000 stock, known
as a fund for the security of policy-holders. But the utility of
this reserve fund lasted only for a few years. After that point,
the original stock had no real meaning or purpose whatever. The
company was already, in fact, the property of the policy-holders.

Mr. Hughes further insisted that life insurance is in its nature
different from all other businesses. We know that we must all
die. While we cannot say when any one of us may die, we can,
nevertheless, tell with certainty that out of 100,000 a definite
number will die in the first or second or third year, and so on.
There is, therefore, an absolutely certain event in time, and we com-
bine together to provide for the inevitable loss thereby entailed.
We each pay a certain amount in premiums, to which, ac-
cording to the law of averages, the benefits are proportioned.
The same time collected have a certain earning power. It costs a
certain amount to manage them. There is no more in insurance
than this. When it is found that the actual expenses are less than
the estimated expenses, the difference is refunded. The "divi-
dends" of insurance companies are nothing but returned over-

charges. There is only a partial analogy between life-insurance and other forms of insurance, as fire-insurance, marine-insurance, or burglary-insurance. The last three insure against losses which may not take place. Life-insurance insures against a loss which is absolutely certain to take place. It is therefore on a special footing, different from all other enterprises.

This brief analysis well illustrates the character of Mr. Hughes's thought, and the logical and judicial temper of his mind. And we may say that these qualities were accentuated by the trend and circumstances of his life. Born in 1842, at Glen Falls, in a clerical family, his education developed the general as well as the special powers of his mind. Graduating from Union University when he was nineteen, he taught mathematics for the next two years at Delaware Academy, Del., at the same time attending the Columbia Law School. He was the first fellow in his graduating year, and, as such, undertook the duties of a special lecturer in law, which he held for the next three years—that is, from 1864 to 1867. He therefore, had the training given by teaching law for four evenings a week, during the first three years of his law practice, when he was doing the ordinary work of a beginner in one of our law firms. Mr. Hughes was married in 1868. He held a professorship at Cornell from 1869 to 1893, giving his whole time to teaching, and in 1893, in addition to his regular practice, was appointed special lecturer on law in the Cornell University Law School, holding a similar position in the New York Law School.

This careful training, lasting over a series of years, has been admirably effective in preserving the balance between the powers of the mind. No doubt it is, in a large degree, to his practice as a lecturer that Mr. Hughes owes his readiness of expression, his fluency, and directness in exposition; the teacher's training has habituated him to analyzing the matter in hand, to the search for the principles involved, to the discernment between seemingly similar cases, to the avoidance of false analogies. On the other hand, his practical acquaintance with affairs has given him mastery over the practical and applied side of the law, developing the tendency to treat each question separately, to avoid distributive pronouncements, to distrust generalizations.

To make the picture somewhat more complete, it should be said that Mr. Hughes combines one not only of the vigor and alertness of his mind, but also of the depth and sincerity of his moral convictions. He holds high ideals, and believes in the principles which underlie our American civilization. He trusts and admires his fellow countrymen, and while his judgments on certain delinquencies are severe, and his condemnation of certain tendencies is unswerving, these qualities go with a genuine tolerance and a great kindness, a readiness to find excuses in the weakness and ignorance of our land and the extreme rapidity of our national growth. This strong and attractive personality has a pleasant setting in a home where quiet taste reigns, where good pictures, good engravings, and good magazines have their place beside good music and the best books. Mr. Hughes has shown that a man may be his country's servant effectively by doing well the duties of his own particular calling. Excellence in his own work has brought good results to his fellow men.

The House of Glass

(Continued from page 357.)

She watched Missol not for a moment. Then she felt back. She never spoke again.

The old man's story awoke an extraordinary impression upon me. It wasn't so much the way he told it, you know, or that it had any particular sequence in itself. I don't know—it may have been the empty hall with its revealing reflections, the thought of what the mirrors had seen. One caught faint shadows of it, far away, at the end of the vista. It was memory. And one

had such a sense of the queerness, here, of everything—that that present girl, without lifting a finger, could have had all these things piled into her lap, and in the end could have been robbed of them all.

"He wants to sell it, eh?" I asked, after a long pause.
"Yes," said the old man. "Do you wonder?" Then, "The furniture, you see, he has taken away."

"I waited a moment."

"Did he get everything?" I asked. "Even the pictures?"

"Even the pictures?" Why not? Who was there to say no? He was mourning, and the ladies console with him. Wait; you will see. Here he is. He knew of your appointment."

As we stood there a sound of steps came slowly up the stair. We waited, our eyes upon the landing. But the figure that mounted into sight was not the one we expected. He was perhaps more well-dressed than Missol, yet taller and better-looking. What particularly attracted my attention, however, was the oddity of his dress—his peaked hat and his tasseled lapels. He returned my regard with equal curiosity.

As for my companion, he made at first not the slightest sign of recognition. Then he suddenly clasped my arm, and a strange light broke upon his face.

"The stone-cutter!" he cried.

A Drop of Irish

The wife of a wealthy Irish contractor of Kansas City, who was travelling abroad, was very watchful lest her speech betray her Celtic origin. On one occasion she was heard to say that while she had visited Vesuvius, it was her regret that she had not seen the "creature."

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THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT IS BROWN'S
HOUSEHOLD PANACEA. 25 cents a bottle.—[A.P.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THANKSGIVING PSALM

A Rhythmic and Grateful Chant.

A teacher in a Terre Haute public school joins in the chorus:

"Teaching is a business which requires a great deal of brain and nerve force. Unless this force is renewed as fast as expended, the teacher is exhausted before the close of the year. Many resort to stimulating tonics for relief."

"For 3 years I struggled against this almost complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctors' tonics. Then, in the spring of 1903, I had an attack of la grippe and influenza, which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief; a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back to school again."

"I ate enough food (the ordinary meals, while bread and vegetables), but was hungry after meals."

"It happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. I decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream as an experiment. It was a delightful experience and continues so after a year and a half of constant use."

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals."

"In a few days that tired feeling left me, and I felt fresh and bright, instead of dull and sleepy."

"In three months, more than my usual strength returned, and I had earned 15 pounds in weight."

"I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics—was not absent from duty even half a day."

"Am still in the best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement."

"I tell them all, 'Try Grape-Nuts.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's no reason."



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THE CANDIDACY OF WOODROW WILSON

From the *Trenton (N. J.) American*.

No one who has read any of President Wilson's masterly exposition of statecraft, no one who has followed the story of his life, will question his fitness for the high office for which Colonel Harvey nominates him.

It is apparent to students of the trend of modern politics that the Presidential battle of '08 must be fought on the issues of democracy and despotism. The radical party of a few years ago, the conservative party two years hence, President Roosevelt's radicalism has changed the course of events, has turned the tables.

The Democratic party is instinctively the conservative party. Thomas Jefferson insisted on a strictly literal interpretation of the Constitution. Andrew Jackson destroyed the United States Bank because of fear that the money power might through it become the ruler in America. James Buchanan feared to use force to compel South Carolina to remain in the Union, and thereby subjected himself to accusations of weakness. Thayer Cleveland's administration was so conservative as to warrant the charges of the radicals, who seized the party reins in 1890, that he was in sympathy with the monetary principles enunciated by the St. Louis convention.

The American people are progressive, but are conservative as well. No radical has ever been elected President. Even Lincoln, the most nearly radical President the country has had, would not pass muster with the centralists, the Hamiltonians, the radicals, of to-day.

Woodrow Wilson is a thorough Democrat. He is in hearty sympathy with the Constitution. Around his banner could gather all those forces which recognize that all real progress comes by evolution rather than by revolution.

The tendency of the Democratic party is away from the quagmire of socialism and imperialism, and back to the principles of popular government. The fact that most of the States that have undertaken governmental supervision of the railroads have proceeded along the Democratic line of giving equal opportunities to all men and special privileges to none, have evidenced the power of the States to deal with those questions which, under the Constitution, are theirs to deal with, is sufficient evidence on this point.

It is true that the United States has never called a college president to the office of Chief Executive, but Thomas Jefferson's scholarship and John Quincy Adams's intellectuality fitted either of them for such a chair as President Wilson now holds, while Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison both emerged from the White House into university lecturership, and President Roosevelt is already spoken of for a college presidency.

There seems to be no opinion that to win the highest office in the gift of the American people requires a spectacular career. True, Roosevelt has played in the lime-light since his entrance on the public stage. Undoubtedly his galaxy plays had a prominent part in his elevation, while a spectacular personality may increase a President's popularity, it inevitably weakens the party to which he owes allegiance. Theodore Roosevelt has demonstrated his own popularity. The coming election will more clearly expose the weaknesses of his party.

President Wilson, if nominated, will unquestionably have back of him the men of both parties whose ideas are the restoration of primal principles and a return to constitutional government.

From the *Bridgeport (Conn.) Post*.

The idea of nominating Professor Wilson is beautiful, but if we were to lay a wager on it we should be willing to place a big red apple against a small crabby one that William Randolph Hearst stood the better chance of carrying off the prize in the end, and, what is more, if the nomination were left to Democratic voters the owner of the "yellow" journal would beat the professor by a majority so large that it would be Hearst first and no second.

From the *Bohloke (Wash.) Times*.

If Mr. Wilson is all that Mr. Harvey says he is, and most people agree that he is, how in the world could he tie up to the national Democracy as it is composed to-day? The Virginia and the New Jersey in him would forbid such a union.

From the *Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette*.

Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, wants the country to be serious and consider President Woodrow Wilson as a Democratic candidate for President in 1908. A number of good things are said about the Princeton man, and not one of them can be gainsaid, but the candid observer of the country in this year of our Lord must confess that he sees comparatively little of a student in the Democratic party around which such a candidate could hope to build up a successful support, while the character of the support that he might be expected to draw from the Republican party would be apt to forget the excellent qualities of the candidate and turn from the friends that were flocking around him. In short, the Wilson candidate would inevitably be an anti-Roosevelt candidacy, and the trumpet of the people doesn't indicate that the return of

the administration of affairs into the hands of the anti-Roosevelt, nominally-backed Republicans—or Democrats, for that matter—is likely to arouse much enthusiasm.

From the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Press*.

Colonel George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has made the suggestion that Professor Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, be nominated as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Although nobody can beat Roosevelt, the Wilson suggestion appears to have been taken seriously. At all events, Colonel Harvey is able to print in HARPER'S WEEKLY some half a dozen more or less thoughtful responses by newspapermen representing different parties and different sections. Of course, the high character, mental attainments, patriotism, are everywhere conceded; but Colonel Harvey is too keen a humorist not to notice that the closest approach to enthusiasm evoked by his effort is found in the columns of a paper with Republican leanings.

If Professor Wilson had been born in a log cabin, had then gone to the land, and become a United States Senator, incidentally showing his ability to boss a State Legislature, he might have been the serious around which to rally a formidable candidacy. But he has done none of these things. He is a mere scholar. He hasn't any military record that any one knows of; he hasn't even a barrel to atone for his other deficiencies. What is there about him to inspire the "boys" with enthusiasm? The football squad will be for him, but can they back the Populace center?

From the *Chicago Record*.

George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, devotes the leading editorial of this week's issue to a serious discussion of the recent suggestion that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

In a categorical statement of the reasons which make President Wilson available, the editorial lays stress on the fact that he was born in Virginia, and that therefore "his election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united"; says he is an accomplished scholar, an idealist, yet notably sane; a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction; that he stands for everything sound and practical; that his fidelity to the interests of the people is unquestioned; that he "represents no class, no creed, no party, no vain imaginings," and is in the fullest of his power in age and experience. Continuing the list, Mr. Harvey says Professor Wilson has profound convictions from instinct and learning, but has no enemies; that he possesses personal magnetism, and is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded.

From the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

We have no idea that the thought of entering politics had ever found lodgment in Professor Wilson's brain, and his nebulous nomination, so to speak, by Mr. Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, to the highest office in the land, doubtless took him completely by surprise.

The wisdom of trying to elect a Southern man President has been strongly debated in the past, but it must be admitted that this is a somewhat different proposition. Professor Wilson has been identified with Princeton University and New Jersey in his life-work, but, as Augustans are well aware, he was born in the South, of Southern parents, and grew to manhood in this immediate section, his father, Dr. Wilson, having been at one time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and afterwards permanently connected with the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He may, therefore, be truthfully said to be a happy combination of the intellectual product of North and South—and the latter by heredity, birth, and breeding, of the former by long association in the prosecution of his career.

Possibly, however, the most significant feature of the incident is that the selection of a Southern man as a prospective candidate for the Chief Executive of the nation, and the statement that the South deserves the honor implied by such recognition, should have come from a publication with the past record of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for most assuredly that paper has not hitherto manifested any unusual affection for the people of this portion of the Union.

That is an extremely gratifying transformation to contemplate, however much weight the proposition of its editor at the Lotus Club banquet may have with the politicians and others who smooth such round-bow ends of suggestion.

From the *New Haven (Conn.) Leader*.

Undoubtedly all Colonel Harvey says of President Wilson is true, and being true, there is no doubt concerning the high character and general ability of this candidate, if he may be called a candidate.

Rise. Liars, and Salute Your Queen Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias, GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking-School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as

That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This laud of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

There is quite an assortment of travelling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up," but brand the cattle; so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking-school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get angry and show their true colors.

There also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people, instructed by the small home-sick doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforementioned doctor.

In this column some time ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts, for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has raised these "lecturers" to discredit into the ways of the tribe whenever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right, we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocery papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers, and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slips on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hale them to the judge to answer. If the paper has been bad enough to abuse some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "believed," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff-legged with a very "rocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's a different."

Should we untie them because they beat soft and low? It should we put the iron on, so that people who know the brand?

Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a tricky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Looce" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a demagnetism of the brain that makes the steer "lucky" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Looce" from late of any one who will not hastily obey the "demands" of a labor union, and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust, and this has brought down on us the hate of those editors. When they go far enough with their lies, it is hard for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers march for a chance to attach money due them from other editors (the rest are usually irresponsible). Keep your eyes out for the "Looce" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice: We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars, to be covered by a like amount from grain, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than one selected wheat and barley, with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good result, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and, according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through flour conveyors to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion, and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt, and a little yeast are added, and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly spread, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough, it is moulded by machinery into loaves about 12 inches long and 3 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays. These trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, are pushed into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long low heat, and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen reflecting on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary, the sugar comes from the interior of each bit of starch during the process of mastication, and remains one of the little white particles of sugar that come out of the side of a lick of sugar after it has been sucked off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, then washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with the milk to the bottom of the dish. This thin milk, charged with Post Sugar, is fed to the infants, producing the

most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly, and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk, thus continuing the sweetened food.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for the growing child. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the *London Lancet* analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American peculiarity, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste and unlike slightly burnt meal. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent.; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent.; fat, 1.60 per cent.; proteins, 13.50 per cent.; soluble carbohydrates, 48.40 per cent.; and unsoluble carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.50 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of protein, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and is as easily assimilated as wheat."

An analysis made by the *London Lancet* Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analysed.

The analysis is famous to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we state our honor, and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias.

When you hear a cooking-school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will fight that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and where in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among Indians men that there is some elixir to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and you never can tell where all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their heads about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the people.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person should be about one man, it brands the whole scheme as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "unreliable" whenever you find them running loose.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts and Postum



Photo by Lewis

MISS HILDA SPANG IN THE NEW COMEDY, "THE AMERICAN LORD"

Miss Spang is our leading actress for Mr. William H. Crane, who was last seen in New York in the somewhat unfortunate part which he played in "Business in Business." He and Miss Spang are appearing in a new comedy by George R. Broadhurst and C. Y. Leroy, "The American Lord," now at the Hudson Theatre. The play is said to be the first joint effort of Messrs. Broadhurst and Leroy, and has had considerable success on tour.

Iowa's Political War and its Bearing upon the Destiny of the Republican Party

(Continued from page 550.)

to the extent of \$3000 a year. This had never before been collected.

The first fight the Governor had with the railroad was during his first term. The Legislature had passed what was known as the Molokai bill, under which, it is claimed, railroad would have been permitted to incur debts without limit. The passage of the act, it is also claimed, was to enable the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road to merge with the Great Northern, in accordance with plans laid by James D. Hill. This act was vetoed, and as there were not sufficient votes to pass it over the Governor's veto, the scheme fell through.

But his attitude toward corporations was not the only factor which led to the opposition of the Rhythe wing. The State convention which nominated Cummins for the first time had a plank on the tariff declaring that tariff schedules which afforded a shelter to monopoly should be reduced. This was written by George Roberts, Director of the Mint, who was a member of the committee on resolutions. He says that the plank in question was submitted to President McKinley, who approved it. It will readily be realized what a storm this declaration would throughout the country. Indeed, the Rhythe wing repudiated it before the campaign was over, as constituting an admission that the protective tariff sheltered trusts. The following year it was the great issue for the control of the State convention. The Governor won and the plank was reaffirmed. There was also another one on reciprocity, which was urged as a means of reducing our foreign trade. The next year, Cummins was re-nominated without opposition. It was at this convention that Senator Wilson appeared as a harmonizer, in connection with George D. Perkins. The fight was over the wording of the tariff plank. In the end it was determined to follow the wording of the St. Louis platform, declaring that tariff rates should be "just, fair, and impartial, equally applied to foreign and domestic commodities." The word "shelter" did not appear at all, but the "stand-patners" were not entirely satisfied, as the revolutionists had practically had their ideas incorporated, though in somewhat different language from that of 1901. There was also a plank on trusts, declaring that they should be "so regulated and controlled as to prevent monopoly and promote competition." The "stand-patners" won their first fight against the Governor in 1904. They made a issue of the reciprocity views of the Governor, as publicly expressed in his inaugural address, pointing out to the farmers that he favored free trade with foreign, which would hurt them. To this their victory was largely due, and the tariff plank of that year emphasized the principle of protection—nothing more. The reciprocity plank was modified in so as to apply to non-competitive products only.

George D. Perkins, who is making the race against Governor Cummins, is sixty-six years of age, and was born in New York. He has lived in Iowa for forty-five years. Perkins purchased the Journal, of Sioux City, in 1869, and under his control it has become one of the most powerful factors in the affairs in the northwestern part of the State. He is regarded as one of the strongest writers on the Iowa press. Mr. Perkins was elected to Congress in 1890, where he served four terms.

Governor Cummins is fifty-five, and was born in Pennsylvania. His first studies were engineering, and was chief engineer in the construction of railroads in Indiana and Michigan. He moved to Iowa, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. For twenty years he has been practicing his profession with much success. He appeared for the Independent Manufacturers' Association in the suit of the barbed-wire monopoly, and was a sufferer five years of litigation. The Governor represented Polk County in the Legislature of 1888, and was a member of the Republican National Committee of 1890-1896.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A Triumph in Sugar Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER BRAND THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR." NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE.

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE. By grocers everywhere.

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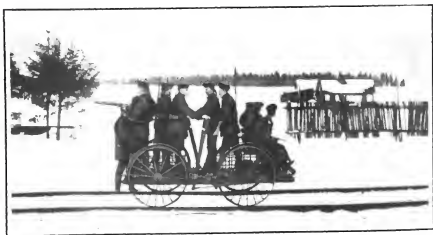
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Cossacks Sweeping the Woods of Livonia in Search of Rebels



Russian Troops Investigating a suspected Peasant, the peasant being held under threat



Russian Infantry patrolling the Railway Line from St. Petersburg to Riga



The entire Male Population of a Lithuanian Village shown up to be Searched by Cossacks for concealed Weapons

HOW WESTERN RUSSIA IS BEING "PACIFIED"

New Zealand—A Model Commonwealth

(Continued from page 500.)

and wages. It consists of two members, one appointed by the workers' union, the other appointed by the employers' association, while the third is a judge of the Supreme Court. Evidence is heard on both sides, the court decides the matter, and this decision stands final for a designated period of time, usually three years. The complaining employee maintains at work at his old wages while his trial is on; if he loses he continues at the old wage; if he succeeds the new wages are paid him. Business is not interrupted, and the workers go on with their work, knowing that if they attempt to stir up trouble they will lose their jobs. We have no strikes, for it is impossible for them to occur under our laws.

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"We have at present 8,000,000 acres of land available for settlement. We want those lands occupied by the right kind of people—agriculturalists,—and we assist them in getting a start by selling these lands at a low price, and by loaning them money at five per cent. per annum, to an amount equal to three-fifths of the sum they lay out in the land. We give them five years to pay the loan, and give them the privilege of making partial payments before the loan becomes due. This is an invaluable help to the farmers. Our lands are exceedingly productive, and, as we never have had a drought or failure of crops, our farmers rapidly pay off their loans and become rich."

"And what about your railroads?" I asked.

"The New Zealand government owns the railroads, which have cost it over \$10,000,000. Our policy is to benefit the public in every possible manner. We make low rates to shippers and to passengers. We help the worker who lives in the country by making him a low rate per week for his round trip, enabling him to have his little garden and the benefits of rural surroundings. We have two classes of tickets, the second at one-half the price of the first. The second-class cars are kept clean and always in good sanitary condition. This enables the poorer class to travel from station to station at slight cost. The policy adopted by the government in the management of its railways is to reduce the rates for passenger traffic and freight each year, and pay back the profits to the people in the shape of reduced rates. The government is operating its railways on sound and progressive business lines, earning dividends each year, but, when earned, then turning a liberal portion of them back to the people as indicated."

"What about the unemployed?"

"There are no unemployed. Our Labor Department is conducted on a system that keeps it fully posted as to the condition of labor. When a man is out of work he applies to this labor bureau, which has a representation in every district throughout the colony. The district commissioner immediately notifies the Secretary of Labor, and he promptly advises in what town or city in the colony this special labor is required, gives the names of the parties, and the government furnishes transportation to the worker after work, and the employer pays back to the government the amount of transportation supplied out of the first week's wages earned by the employee. This is done daily, and no man need be idle in New Zealand if he desires employment."



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THE POLICE PROBLEM—BY WM. MCADOO (SECOND ARTICLE)

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EDITED BY

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For MAY

8

SHORT STORIES

Of adventure, of love, of child life, of humor, of the
city, and of the country. Among the authors are:

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A Few of the Leading Articles:

A Woman's Explorations in Unknown Labrador

Labrador is one of the few portions of the world which has remained largely unexplored. Le-nufus Hubbard lost his life in trying to make his way through this desolate country. Recently Mrs. HUBBARD, accompanied only by a few guides, succeeded in accomplishing what strong men had failed to accomplish. In 61 days she made the journey of over 600 miles on foot and by canoe through the wilderness from one end of Labrador to the other, and for the first time correctly mapped the country. This is the complete account of her explorations, written by herself.

How Men Feel in Battle

A remarkable narrative of the actual sensations of a soldier under fire. It is written by S. H. M. BYRNE, a veteran of the Civil War, who enlisted as a private and was repeatedly advanced. His story, which is largely autobiographical, is unique. General Byrne is a trained writer as well as a soldier, and his detailed picture of his own experiences is a vivid and brilliant piece of descriptive writing.

Mr. Janvier in Mexico

After an absence of almost twenty years, THOMAS A. JANVIER recently revisited Mexico for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. This is the first of a number of delightful articles which he has written. A picturesque account of old haunts revisited, old memories revived, written with all the charm for which the author is distinguished.

The Tragedies of Animal Life

Mr. HAROLD S. DEMING is a naturalist who gets all his knowledge at first hand from the animals and birds themselves. He writes only what he himself has seen, and he is a keen observer and a charming writer. His article in the May MAGAZINE describes most vividly intensely interesting incidents in the life of two humming-birds, and later a dramatic tragedy of the forest in which a hawk and some of the smaller forest folk came to conflict.

Unpublished Writings of Lewis Carroll

A delightful paper by the late Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," full of the same charming humor and pleasant philosophy which have made him one of the most beloved of the world's writers.

Adventures in a Whale-boat

Mr. CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY, who made a trip on a whaler recently for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes dramatically of the stirring scenes of the actual capture of whales off the African coast and the long chase, the narrow escapes, and of the interesting but less exciting work of "trying out" the oil.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

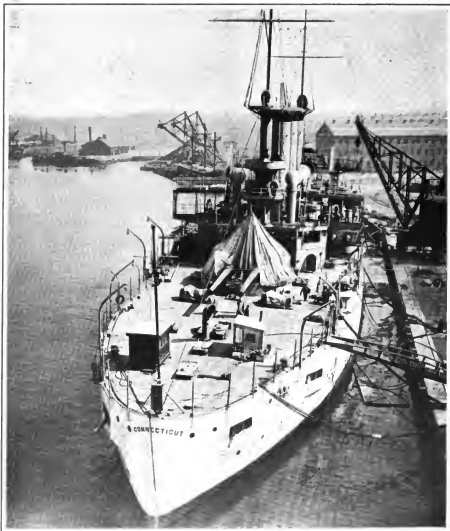
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. L

New York, Saturday, April 28, 1906

No. 221

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THE NAVY-BUILT BATTLE-SHIP "CONNECTICUT"

The first-class battle ship "Connecticut," which was built at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard entirely by government workmen, represents the highest type of American naval construction. Her noteworthy feature is the great power of her main battery, the character of which aptly demonstrates how the lessons of Admiral Togo's victories, and the value of long-range guns in warfare at sea, were anticipated by American naval experts. An illustrated article descriptive of her armament will be found on page 595.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L

No. 3575

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 28, 1906

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COMMENT

As we go to press, the anthracite operators' committee has rejected Mr. JOHN MITCHELL's last proposal. They say that they do not mean to depart from the position which they defined orally in their latest interview with representatives of the mine-workers. They are willing to submit two of the questions in dispute to the former Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, with the understanding that any vacancies in the board shall be filled by appointees of President ROOSEVELT, provided both parties to the controversy shall agree that the commission's decision shall be binding for a term longer than two years. The operators profess to insist upon five years, but probably would accept three years, thus averting a renewal of the dispute during a Presidential campaign. The only two matters which the operators are willing to refer to the commission are the question whether wages or rates of payment of employees should be increased or reduced, and the question whether complaints should be adjusted hereafter through the existing board of conciliation or otherwise. Mr. JOHN MITCHELL is willing that the commission shall decide whether wages ought to be increased, but not whether they should be reduced. The distinction which he insists upon scarcely indicates the belief that he has a strong case. If the miners are really confident that wages are too low and the operators are no less confident that they are too high, both parties ought with equal cheerfulness to submit the question to an impartial tribunal.

Whether a strike will take place in the anthracite coal-fields evidently depends in some measure upon the antecedent question whether all or nearly all the bituminous operators shall agree to grant the small increase of wages already conceded by their confederates in the Pittsburgh district and some other soft-coal regions. If this question is answered in the affirmative, the contributions of the bituminous miners might enable the anthracite workers to prolong a strike until the cold weather sets in. There is no doubt, however, that after the exhaustion of their present large stocks of mined coal the anthracite operators would insist upon producing the combustible with the help of non-union labor, and they can rely upon much more efficient support from Governor PENNYPACKER than they received during the last strike from Governor SWINEY. So at least we infer from statements made in Philadelphia newspapers which are believed to reflect the present Governor's intentions. We add that it is obviously far the interests of the anthracite-mine owners that the present suspension of work shall be protracted for a month or two in order that they may get rid of a considerable part of their surplus stock. We should not be surprised if ultimately Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, in behalf of the mine-workers, accepts the original proposal made by the operators—to wit, that the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which was operative for

the three years preceding March 31, 1906, shall remain binding for another triennial term.

It may be remembered that last December Senator TILLMAN, of South Carolina, offered in the United States Senate a resolution calling upon the Comptroller of the Currency to furnish to the Senate all available information in his department concerning contributions made by national banks to political funds raised by campaign committees. It appears that thereupon Mr. JAMES W. BUREX, who had been a resident of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1896, wrote to the South Carolina Senator suggesting that banks which had been guilty of making such political contributions were scarcely likely to surrender their political toll-books to the Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. BUREX intimated that if real evidence were desired, he should be glad to aid the Senator. Mr. TILLMAN replied that certainly he would use any available ammunition, or, as he chose to express it, would drive the dagger home to the bait, no matter into whose bosom, Democrat or Republican, it might go. Since then, however, he has been absorbed in the railroad-rate bill, in charge of which he was placed by the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, and accordingly Mr. BUREX has chosen to publish in the *New York Herald* certain evidence which he has offered to verify under oath whenever called upon to do so by a committee of either branch of the Federal legislature.

The *Herald* printed on Sunday, April 15, a letter dated Pittsburgh, September 2, 1896, and addressed to the directors of the City Deposit Bank of that place by the banking firm of T. MELLON & SON, who had been, as they explain, appointed a committee to solicit from the Pittsburgh banks funds in aid of the Presidential campaign then in course of prosecution by the Republican National Committee. The signers of the letter aver that the banks in New York city and some other places had been contributing on the basis of one-quarter of one per cent. of their combined capital and surplus. The authors of the letter go on to name six Pittsburgh banks which had made contributions on this basis to the Republican campaign fund. It is obvious that a subscription of one-fourth of one per cent. of their capital and surplus by all the national banks of the United States would produce an enormous sum. In September, 1896, these institutions had an aggregate capital of \$628,000,000, which, if the surplus were added, would be brought up to at least one billion dollars. A fourth of one per cent. of that amount would obviously be \$2,500,000. It is certain that all of the national banks did not respond to Mr. HANNA's first call, but Mr. BUREX deems it reasonable to assume that more than \$2,000,000 was secured in September, 1896, and that a large additional sum was forthcoming from the same sources when, late in October of the year named, Mr. HANNA urgently asked for a second contribution, "to make the doubtful States secure."

Mr. BUREX is not partisan enough, he says, to believe that such practices are the monopoly of any one party, and he testifies that a facsimile of the letter now published was shown during the Presidential campaign to Colonel GETTYS, the Democratic National Committeeman for Pennsylvania, who, although not slow to realize the bearing of the document on the McKinley campaign, advanced various "business reasons" for pronouncing it inadvisable for a Democratic paper in Pittsburgh to print the evidence. It is not denied by Mr. BUREX that national banks stand in a different position from life-insurance companies so far as contributions to political campaign funds are concerned. To take money in which a rabid Democrat has a beneficial interest and devote it to the election of a Republican is on its face unfair. Banks, on the other hand, are owned, as a rule, by only a few stockholders, and the controlling interest is usually held by the men on the board of directors. For this reason and because of the statute of limitations it is admitted to be doubtful whether any legal proceeding, civil or criminal, could now be taken against the bank directors who employed the money of their institutions to elect Mr. KINLEY in 1896. We should suppose, however, that the publication of the letter to which we have here referred would materially aid Mr. PHILIP BLAINE in persuading Congress to pass at this session a bill prohibiting campaign contributions by corporations.

An interesting incident in the week ending April 14 was the introduction on Thursday, April 12, to President ROOSEVELT of a large party of German war veterans, some of whom are now American citizens, while others are still subjects of the German Empire. In view of Germany's magnanimous acquiescence in what for her must have been the unwelcome outcome of the conference at Algiers, the words of earnest praise in which Mr. ROOSEVELT referred to that country and to its sovereign were timely and well deserved. They show how closely the President keeps in touch with the pulse of public sentiment in the United States, which is now much more friendly to Germany than it was some months ago, or, indeed, at any time since the Emperor WILLIAM seemed disposed to favor a dismemberment of China, which must have resulted in the closing and locking of the "open door." The President recognized that in view of the many and intimate ties which unite Germany and this country it ought to be a prime object of our statesmanship to bait the two nations together. He added with truth that nowhere at present is more admiration felt for Germany and its ruler than on this side of the Atlantic. He congratulated the German people and their sovereign upon the work done at Algiers, whereby had been secured not only a promise of improvement in the internal condition of Morocco, but an assurance of equal commercial privileges for all the powers interested in traffic with the Sultan's dominions. After pointing out that the United States had taken part in the conference only for the purpose of minimizing the chance of friction between European powers and of promoting the cause of international peace, he expressed the hope and belief that the agreement reached would tend to bring about more and more friendly relations between the Empire of Germany and the French Republic. As was to have been expected, German statesmen and German newspapers have evinced lively satisfaction at the sympathetic tenor of the President's speech.

It is well known that at various times during the last few months borrowers of the money required for stock-exchange operations have been compelled to pay exceptionally high rates of interest. The stringency has been relieved materially by Secretary-of-the-Treasury SHAW, who announced on the afternoon of Thursday, April 12, that special deposits of government funds would be made with national banks against deposits of such carefully selected collateral as by law may be accepted by savings-banks. The purpose of this proceeding was to facilitate the import of gold from Europe. It appears that the National City Bank and the Hanover National Bank have both profited by the Secretary's concession, the former to the extent of ten million dollars, and the latter to that of two million dollars. A special deposit of one million dollars in also said to have been made in the Chemical National Bank. Hitherto the banks have been reluctant to suffer the loss of the interest on gold which they would incur while the yellow metal was in transit. Secretary SHAW's arrangement, by giving the banks the use of an amount of money equal in value to the gold engaged abroad, nullifies the loss of interest. It is understood that the deposits are to be paid off as soon as the gold is received. Similar relief from financial stringency has often been afforded on the other side of the Atlantic by the Bank of France and the Bank of Germany. As was to be expected, night drafts on London advanced as soon as the new programme of the Treasury was made known. To the same cause is also attributed the strength exhibited by the standard railroad issues on the New York Stock Exchange at the close of the week ending April 14.

The friends of Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN are naturally enough delighted at Senator TILLMAN'S announced determination to refer to a committee of the Senate an investigation of the alleged proof offered by a Mr. BRYAN (to which we refer in another paragraph) that immense sums of money were contributed by the national banks to the Republican campaign fund in 1890. The Bryanites have always maintained that nothing but the corrupt use of money could have beaten their favorite in that year. It is an indisputable fact that Mr. BRYAN ran exceptionally well, obtaining 6,502,225 popular votes, whereas, four years before, GROVER CLEVELAND had received but 5,536,961 and BENJAMIN HARRISON only 5,178,000. It will be remembered that in October, 1896, Mr. BRYAN'S followers regarded his election as certain, and that in the

latter part of that month Mr. HANNA circulated a second and most earnest call for pecuniary assistance. It is well known that Mr. McKINLEY obtained 7,104,000 popular votes, or more by nearly 1,700,000 than had ever before been cast for a Republican nominee. He got upwards of 100,000 additional votes in 1890, whereas in that year the vote given to Mr. BRYAN fell off by about 150,000. In 1904 Mr. ROOSEVELT beat all records with 7,620,000 popular votes, while Judge PARKER received about a million and a half fewer than had been given to Mr. BRYAN eight years before. The letter's friends assert that if enormous contributions to the Republican campaign fund in 1890 can be brought home to the national banks, Mr. BRYAN will be the logical candidate of the Democratic party in 1908. They maintain that he is a conservative, as compared with Mr. HANNA. We adhere, however, to the opinion that a Southern man like WOODROW WILSON, who commands the respect and confidence of all sections of the country, would be more likely than Mr. BRYAN to lead the Democratic hosts to victory. There is a widespread superstition against giving a third nomination to one who has been twice nominated for the Presidency and twice defeated. As things seem now, it looks probable that Vice-President FAIRBANKS, whose partisans are actively engaged in securing State delegations, will get the next Republican nomination. As against him, WOODROW WILSON would be almost certain to get the independent vote.

Whether Mr. REED SMOOT, of Utah, will retain the seat in the United States Senate which he provisionally occupies seems to depend upon the legal question whether he ought to be expelled, or excluded on the ground that he was disqualified *ab initio* for admission. It is understood that the bare majority needed to exclude him can be secured, but that the two-thirds vote required in order to expel him would be unattainable. On Thursday, April 13, ex-Speaker and ex-Secretary-of-the-Treasury JOHN G. CARLISLE argued on behalf of the protestants that Mr. SMOOT was from the outset disqualified to sit in the Senate, for the reason that he belonged to an organization or hierarchy which had a complete system of ecclesiastical courts overruling jurisdiction over matters belonging to civil courts, and which denied to members of the Mormon Church the right of having property questions settled by the ordinary civil tribunals. Such a union of church and state being repugnant to our institutions, Mr. CARLISLE maintained that Mr. SMOOT, who was an apostle and high officer in the Mormon hierarchy, was thereby disqualified for a seat in the Federal Senate. He went on to assert that Mr. SMOOT'S disqualification having existed before he entered the Senate, his seat must be declared vacant, on the ground that he was incapacitated for admission in the first instance, and not upon the ground that he had committed any offense since he had occupied a seat. On the other hand, Senator BAILEY, of Texas, who also is a constitutional lawyer whose opinions are regarded with much respect, holds that Mr. SMOOT cannot be excluded, but should be expelled.

During the week ending April 14 the BANKERMAN government was compelled by its obligations to the English Non-conformists to put its fortunes to the touch, to win or lose it all. Through Mr. ALFRED RUSSELL, the well-known *Unitarian*, who is now president of the Education Board, it introduced a bill which practically subverts the educational scheme which has been operative for the last three years. Under that scheme not only the national or board schools, as the institutions which give free elementary instruction are called, but also denominational schools, most of which have been created and are controlled by members of the Church of England, have been maintained at the public cost. The Non-conformists, who are willing to be taxed for the support of the national schools where no sectarian instruction is given, have objected vehemently to being forced to contribute likewise to the maintenance of establishments the pupils in which are taught the doctrines of the Anglican Church. Not a few of them refused to pay the tax levied for the latter purpose, and had to be sent to jail. The assurance given by the Liberal leaders that if successful they would change the education law in the directions particular procured for their candidates the whole Non-conformist vote except the small fraction of it which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN managed to dominate. Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANKERMAN has kept faith by providing

in the new bill that no denominational instruction shall be given in any school supported by the state, except at the expense of the denomination desiring to impart it, and then only for two hours a week, during which hours attendance on the part of the pupils shall not be compulsory. There is reason to think that the bill will array against the BANNERMAN government almost all of its Anglican followers, and that these in conjunction with most of the Unionists may manage to defeat the measure. Then again, even if the ministers, with the help of the Irish Nationalists as well as of the Laborites, should succeed in passing the bill by a small majority, they will have to reckon with the House of Lords, in which the adherents of the Church of England are immensely preponderant. Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, however, will at least be able to assert that he has done his best to carry out the promise made to Non-conformists, and he will doubtless be able to rely on their zealous support thereafter, while his Anglican followers, though irritated, are unlikely to desert him with reference to any other question.

Nothing is more true than that statement of the fundamental issue for the Democrats in the immediate future which is made by "Jeffersonian Democrat" in the current number of the *North American Review*. If the Democratic party is wise, it will seize the opportunity offered to it and contend for tariff revision. In doing so it can certainly have no stronger or better-equipped leader than WOODROW WILSON. Here lies one of the many reasons why the Democratic party should seriously consider the president of Princeton for their candidate in 1908. It is not our intention to be too insistent upon the value of our suggestion to the Democratic party, and for obvious reasons. We cannot refrain, however, from saying that the present condition of parties is such that fitness for office, high character, and unusual endowments are about the last qualifications for which party leaders are looking. As will be seen from some of the press comments which we publish, the question asked by the usual party editor is, "Can he [the suggested candidate] carry the doubtful States?" or, "Can he drive the discordant elements of the Democratic party so that they will pull strongly together like a well-trained team?" Mr. HENRY WATKINSON especially is convinced that the Democratic party is the party of all the discontents and political vagaries of the time, and that Mr. WILSON is not the man whom the crowd so afflicted will follow.

This may be so. If it is, the task of making of the Democratic party the opposition party to the strong and well-managed Republican party is very, very difficult. The opponents of the Republican party cannot, however, expect to overcome it unless they take away some of its now disintegrated strength. In order to do this they must unite on some important issue in favor of which they will be harmonious, just as the Republican leaders have united in hostility to tariff revision, notwithstanding their own internal and threatening discords. It is to be hoped that the people of the Democratic party will prove the falsity of the critics who say that nothing good can come out of their organization; that no good man, no statesman, no man of worth, can be nominated by such a barking multitude as are now at each other's throat, and, therefore, at the throat of the party itself. The truth is that those who say that Mr. WILSON or any one of his character and ability—any one, in a word, who is fit to be named for President—cannot be nominated, are thinking of the wire-pullers, the slate-makers, and of the men who ought to be engaged in better work, but who impair the real usefulness of which they are capable, by considering too much the men to whom politics is a business, and too little the people with whom a good man, a true man, and a fit man is always available. It is true enough that WOODROW WILSON is not a candidate for the little conventional politicians, but he is the kind of candidate who would gladden the hearts of the people, who would satisfy their sense of proportion and their respect for a great office of honor and dignity, in whose occupancy they desire activity, but the activity of wisdom guided by knowledge. If the Democratic people desire to have their party occupy the high place which would make it the adequate opponent of the Republican party, a respectable opposition when in the minority, and a strong, patriotic, helpful government when in control, they must stop thinking about who can carry the doubtful States or who is available, and apply

themselves to the attempt to discover what Democrat is worthy to be President. Then they must compass their managers and slate-makers to nominate their man. Leaders of public opinion, like some of the editors who are rather timidly commenting on WOODROW WILSON, could not do better than to awaken the Democratic people to a realizing sense of their own power and to arouse them to such an assertion of it as the usual politician would highly respect.

Very much to the point were the criticisms made by President A. C. HUMPHREYS, of Stevens Institute, on April 14, at the dinner of the Columbia University engineers, on State reformation of the gas business in New York. Public clamor being cultivated, said President HUMPHREYS, against a certain industry, "and not without there being a basis of complaint," there was, first, an investigation by a committee from Albany, which was called "a most thorough investigation." As to that he said:

The thoroughness is seen when we find that upon the recommendation of this committee a law was passed requiring the company to distribute its product under conditions that would in the effort to conform thereto necessarily deprive a consumer of a satisfactory supply, and even then the company would be subject to \$10,000 fine as often almost as the authorities cared to make the inspections.

As a result of this investigation a law was passed putting this industry under control of a commission of three. The business being one of great complexity, it was natural to expect that the Governor would appoint commissioners qualified by special training for the work—at least one engineer, since nearly every branch of engineering was involved; at least one member of broad business experience, and men not subject to political pressure. All three appointees, President HUMPHREYS finds, were lawyers, and all three apparently subject to political pressure. Having thus appointed a board deficient in technical qualifications, the Governor put pressure on it to render a decision before the Albany committee had finished its investigation, and finally "the Legislature took the matter out of the hands of the board by passing a bill to cover some of the cases still under advisement." A parody of justice is what President HUMPHREYS calls the hustling of this exceedingly important matter from committee to commission, and then out of the commission's hands and into the Legislature, "because the investigation necessarily took more time than the politicians believed to be necessary."

What sympathy there will be among thoughtful Americans for the errand of MAXIM GORKY in this country will all be due to extreme good-will towards the Russian people and lively sympathy with all efforts to improve their government and their social and economical condition. Russia is very sick. We want to see her convalesce and on the way towards cure. If it is necessary that she shall be worse before she is better, let her be worse and have it over. We do not wish to see her disease suppressed, to break out again and prostrate her. We want to see her started on the way towards a true recovery, however gradual. Russian freedom will not be gained except by hard work and probably hard knocks, too. GORKY has worked long and hard for Russian freedom. He is certainly sincere and he has been effective. He is a revolutionist in good standing and competent to promote revolution as long as Russia needs it. It is as the foe of the reactionaries that he has gained here such support as has been given him. Gentle measures will not do for the reactionaries. They will shed blood in rivers if they can to keep the Russian people in bondage. They are desperate men to be desperately met, and GORKY is accepted as the representative of the sort of desperate intensity that must meet them.

That is why he has been welcomed here by some men and women who are greatly esteemed in our American community. The chief message he brings for the mass of the Americans is that the Russian peasant is less benighted than he has been pictured; that he is far less ignorant than he was thirty years ago, and is ready now for self-government. GORKY's chief complaint of Czar WITTE, whom he denounces, is that WITTE has mis-represented the Russian peasant and made him out far more helpless and hopeless than he is. GORKY says WITTE does not know the peasant except as a taxpayer, and that he is trying to save the Czar by a devious jugglery of inter-

ests. It is true that Count WITTE is trying to save the Czar, but the impression here is that he has a clear conception of the price that the Czar must pay for salvation, and is the man best qualified to make the Czar pay it. That price includes representative government, and must doubtless include some such concession of lands to the peasants as GORKY (and Tolstoy also) considers indispensable. GORKY is a socialist and looks for a socialist revolution in Russia. The number of Americans who will sympathize with that phase of his aspirations is very limited, but the number who will regard him favorably as a representative of the yeast that is working in the great mass of Russian dough is doubtless much larger.

That GORKY should have brought here as his wife a companion and fellow patriot who is not his wife was an incident that his friends here naturally deplore. It stands in instructive evidence of the irresponsibility which lurks at the bottom of the mind that is capable of accepting the socialist program. Everybody is to do as he likes, and quit when he likes, in the socialist heaven, and somebody else is to gather up all the dropped stitches and pay the bill. Nevertheless, GORKY stands as validly for the yeast in the Russian dough as though his marital fidelity conformed more closely to our best standards. What he must lately have learned about the restrictions of man's privileges in a country that is called free may be very usefully instructive to him, even though it leaves him gasping.

Hang them all, says FOLK. "Every man who had anything to do with the murder of those negroes at Springfield should be hanged." So says the Governor of Missouri. A little too sweeping perhaps, but none too emphatic. On Saturday night, April 14, a mob battered in the doors of the jail at Springfield, Missouri, and lynched two negroes held on suspicion of having assaulted a white woman. Returning to the jail in the early morning, they took out another negro accused of homicide and hanged him. The mob burned all the bodies. The probability is strong that the two negroes first lynched, and perhaps the other also, were guiltless of any crime. The woman assaulted is said to have declared positively that the negroes hanged were not her assailants. There is much consequent embarrassment at Springfield, where at this writing the State troops are still in charge of the peace.

The knave with the muck-rake that was advertised as the subject of the President's corner-store address of April 14 was almost lost in the shuffle. The card that came to the top of the editorial pack was the expression of the President's personal conviction that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount to prevent transmission in their entirety of fortunes swollen beyond all healthful limits. Of course we shall consider the adoption of some such scheme. No thoughtful person can have contemplated the vast fortunes which have piled up in this country of recent years without considering the possible need of eventually restricting such accumulations, and taking thought as to how it may best be done. The natural way to do it is by income taxes and inheritance taxes, as the President has been saying. There is nothing sensational about what the President said except the fact that he said it, yet there has been almost as much fluttering of head-lines over it as though he had suggested polygamy. "Mr. ROOSEVELT," cries the *Evening Post*, "has become a fearsome socialist a little too suddenly to be entirely credible in that guise. . . . His mouthing has made BYRAN appear a reactionary, HAYES a conservative, and has elevated DIXIE and POWELL to the level of Presidential statesmanship." Nonsense, neighbors! He has simply named a remedy for a disease—a remedy which has been in use more or less since feudal times, and that is now in use more or less in England, France, and most of the other civilized countries. We have not come to it so far because in our case the disease for which it is the specific has not as yet become sufficiently troublesome.

And how bad is that disease at present? We should like to have more attention given to diagnosis before going far in search of remedies. The swollen fortunes that the Presi-

dent speaks of are something like swollen appendices, in that it is quite a risky job to get them out, and involves an operation to which the American people will by no means be disposed to submit unless it is badly scared about the consequences of neglecting it. We hate the knife in these cases, and won't admit it among our honorable horrors unless we think the need of it is critical. What is the objection to colossal fortunes? There are several objections. If so large a part of the wealth of the country tends to become accumulated in comparatively few hands that there is not enough left to keep the main body of the people comfortable and contented, that may be expected to make trouble. Again, if the commercial and fiscal power that comes with vast fortunes seems to be used to the prejudice of liberty, security, and opportunity, there will be trouble made about that. If it is felt that the very rich men are getting too exclusive control of the national apparatus for making money and are using it for the further exaggeration of fortunes already unswollen, like enough the best means of loosening their grip on the sources of wealth will be earnestly considered. But colossal fortunes are by no means altogether detrimental. They have their great uses. Nobody spends the income of a hundred millions in luxury. Divide that sum among twenty families and they can make some headway in disbursing its income in unproductive dissipations. Give it all to one family, and the bulk of it has got to be employed as productive capital. Huge fortunes buy far less trash in proportion to their size than small ones do. That at least is to be said in their favor. Our fellow townsman, RUSSELL SACKS, has a lot of money. Does he waste it? Very little. It is all employed as working capital. Mr. JAMES HILL spends his money in building railroads and opening up new country. If the government seized Mr. HILL's savings, could it employ them to the better advantage of more people than Mr. HILL does? We think not.

Let us not have our country's pecuniary appendix cut out in too much of a rush. It is of much more use where it is than most people suspect or than the doctors are all aware of. If it swells up and hurts, we can have it out, of course. Our surgeons are equal to the job and would doubtless pull us through, but at best it is a nasty operation—major surgery—and we may not be so hearty after we have lost it. The effect of progressive—confiscatory—inherency taxes on the excessively rich is a minor consideration. They will be left affluent whatever happens. They are merely the appendix. It is the nation that is the patient, and whose future health and welfare the operation would affect.

Just as we go to press, there come in the early reports of a calamitous earthquake on the Pacific coast, which has shaken San Francisco with terrific violence and with profoundly disastrous results both in loss of life and destruction of property. Readers of these lines will have much fuller information than is available at this writing as to the extent that San Francisco has suffered, but it seems evident that no earthquake so destructive as this one has ever shaken the city before. It lasted three minutes. Among its results we read of the wreck of San Francisco's costly City Hall, the collapse of hundreds of buildings, the loss of hundreds of lives, and the twisting and bursting of the water-mains, making it impossible to deal with great fires which have naturally followed the collapse of buildings, and the possibilities of which excite deeply ominous forebodings. "Power of every kind is gone; there is no water, gas, or electricity. Business is completely at a standstill." So runs the news, which is sparse because of the derangement of the telegraph wires. Direct communication by railroad has been interrupted by the sinking of several miles of the Union Pacific track near Benicia. This great disaster, following so closely on the violent outbreak of Vesuvius, indicates a condition of general disturbance inside of the earth, signs of which are likely, we take it, to appear in other regions that are liable to seismic disturbance. Possibly we are to have a demonstration of what an earnest earthquake can do in Nicaragua, and possibly our canal-builders at Panama will have a chance to see an argument from Nature herself against the lock system. But all that is certain as we write is that San Francisco has been shaken dreadfully hard and has suffered great losses, and is exposed to further perils by fire.

President Roosevelt on Muck-rakers

It was a word spoken in season that President ROOSEVELT uttered in Washington, on April 14, when lying the cornerstone of the office building of the House of Representatives. It was high time for some one clothed with high authority and exceptional influence to hold indiscriminate mud-slinging up to contempt and condemnation. Muck-rake men rake muck because muck is sweet to them; they have no eye and no nose for anything else. We should flatter HUNYAN'S "Mud with the Muck-rake" to compare him with MILTON'S "Mammon."

"The least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed in vision beatific."

Mr. ROOSEVELT naturally felt it to be his duty just at this time to protest against the wholesale calumny of which such a body as the United States Senate has been made the victim, and his known conflict of opinion with a large number of Senators concerning certain constitutional aspects of the pending railway re-organizing bill should lead onlookers to imagine him in sympathy with the illuminators. He has made it clear once for all that he wants no muck-raking coadjutors.

Mr. ROOSEVELT began by recognizing that though muck-raking got its name from HUNYAN, there was nothing new about the thing. There was no lack of muck-raking and mud-slinging at Athens in the time of ARISTOPHANES, nor in the United States during Washington's presidency. The muck-raking of the present made our first President long for the seclusion of his country home in Virginia, but they were impotent to tarnish his fame, and have themselves been drowned in oblivion or relegated to the pillory of history. It was useful, however, in 1790-7, as it is useful now, that somebody whose words have weight should stand forth and point out the difference between just and useful criticism on the one hand and ungentle, indiscriminate reviling on the other. Mr. ROOSEVELT was at pains to make the distinction sharp and clear. Undoubtedly our duty to the community in which we live makes indispensable that we should not flinch from writing what is vile and degrading. If there is filth on the floor, it must be scraped up and carried off. There are times and places where this expurgatory and disinfecting operation is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. The man, however, who is fit for nothing except the scavenger's function, who never thinks or speaks or writes save of his brethren with the muck-rake, becomes, in the end, no help to society and no irritant to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil. Of course, no one for a moment disputes that if there is reason to believe that there are thieves in places of trust, the stevedore was ought to be made on the suspected person; when they are entitled, however, to their day in court, and have a right to be treated as innocent till they are proved guilty. The man who takes the guilt of an untried person for granted, and, in advance of a judicial decision, holds him up to obloquy, is himself a traitor to the spirit of our institutions, and deserves to be classed with such scoundrels as TITUS OATES. The man who accuses another without substantial proof of the charge fulfill the definition of a liar, and, as the President well says, a liar is no whit better than a thief. Nay, if his mendacity takes the form of slander or libel, the liar may be worse than most thieves. He is more harmful to the community, because to assail even a bad man with hysterical exaggeration provokes a reaction in his favor. That is the reason why an epidemic of random, reckless assault upon character does no good, but very great mischief. Mr. ROOSEVELT is undoubtedly right in declaring that the soul of every case is gladdened when an honest man is attacked, and when even a moral is attacked untruthfully. The moral has learned by experience that the reaction produced by excessive or misdirected denunciation is apt to take the form of giving immunity and even strength to offenders.

The systematic effort which for some time we have been witnessing, the effort to make financial or political profit out of the wholesale destruction of character, unquestionably threatens us with public calamity. Monthly, weekly, and daily is spread before us the evidence for the President's assertion that gross and random assaults on character in newspapers, magazines, or books not only create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, but, at the same time, act as a deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness, and tend to prevent them from entering the public service under any circumstances. Mr. ROOSEVELT recalled an instance in point, to wit, the serious difficulty encountered by him in getting the right type of men to construct the Panama Canal, owing to the certainty that compliance with the President's request would expose them to wanton and vicious assaults on their integrity and capacity.

Of course nobody in his senses would deduce from the President's denunciation of mud-slinging an endorsement of whitewashing. Only an idiot could be capable of such confusion of ideas. Nobody will accuse Mr. ROOSEVELT of any desire to check the most

unsparing exposure of the politician who betrays his trust, or of the big business man who makes, or, for that matter, spends, his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt ways. While, however, crime should be laid bare, and the criminal hunted down, it behooves us to bear in mind the psychological and historical fact that if even crime be attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. We all concur with the President in recognizing that the men with the muck-rake are often indispensable to the well-being of society, but only if they know when to stop raking the muck and to look upward. There are beautiful things above and round about them, and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. Touching this point, Mr. ROOSEVELT justly remarks that if a whole picture be painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the esculls from their fellows. Such painting finally induces, he says, a kind of moral color-blindness, and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray. In other words, people thus afflicted believe neither in the truth of the attack nor in the honesty of the man attacked; they grow as suspicious of the accusation as of the offense; and so, in the end, it becomes well-nigh hopeless to stir these either to wrath against wrongdoing or to enthusiasm for what is right. Unquestionably such a mental attitude on the part of a community gives hope to every knave and is the despair of honest men. To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation unquestionably means, as the President pointed out, the destruction of the public conscience. It is true, as he says, that the fact that the man who has not waste energy to discriminate between what is good and what is bad is not so dangerous to the body politic as the man who does discriminate and yet chooses the bad. Mr. ROOSEVELT can think of nothing that should be more distressing to every upright and patriotic American than the exhibition of that hard, scoffing spirit which treats the imputation of dishonesty to a public man as a matter of course and as a cause for laughter. Such laughter is pronounced worse than the cracking of thorns under a pot.

Opportunity, also, was the warning that the Eighth Commandment does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the poor man." The prohibition is universal, "Thou shalt not steal," i. e., from any man, whether poor or rich. The breadth of the injunction is lost sight of by the warped morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely licks with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself defrauded. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the activities of his corporation is that public man who will just as firmly protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression.

Well timed, also, was the reminder with which Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech ended, the reminder that the effort for reform should not always and everywhere be regarded as merely a long, uphill pull. Often, on the contrary, there is almost as much of breeching-work as of collar-work; the brakes have to be applied; if the traces alone are depended on there will soon be a runaway and an upset. The wild propagandists of anarchy and discontent, the furious aspersers of the entire existing order, the men who speak, write, extort, and act recklessly, whether because of sinistral motives or from mere purple bombast, the men who preach destruction, without proposing any substitute for what they aim to destroy, or who propose a substitute which would be incomparably worse than the existing order—all these men are denounced by Mr. ROOSEVELT as the most dangerous opponents of real reform. He predicts that, if the false prophets get their way, they will lead the people into a deeper pit than any into which we could fall under the present system. And even if they fail to get their way, they may still do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction which, in the vehemence of its recoil against the senseless malice of their teachings, would embrace unscrupulously even the very misdeeds which misguided hearers and readers believe them to have been attacking.

Taxation of College Property

THERE is a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature which provides for the taxation of all college and school buildings from which revenue is derived. The intention is to compel educational institutions to contribute to the expense of maintaining the towns in which they are situated. Taxes are to be imposed upon houses owned by them in which presidents and professors dwell, dormitories occupied by the students, and buildings in which students take their meals.

The proposal does not seem unfair, and yet it is in reality a suggestion which, if realized, will grievously burden the Massachusetts institutions of learning. Moreover, the bill does not come

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into court with clean hands. It may be well for the State to compensate a college town for its untaxable property, the property being exempted by State laws, but it does not follow that the college should be made to contribute from its slender means. Besides, it is true that much of the usefulness of the colleges, perhaps the very existence of some of them, is due to the permission which the State has given that all their funds should be used for the teaching of youth. The State has proceeded on the theory that schools and colleges are public utilities, and that the work which they do is at least equivalent, in value to the community, to the dollars which are paid in taxes by individuals and by money-making corporations. During its whole history as colony and State, Massachusetts has thus regarded educational institutions. About twenty colleges, universities, and professional schools have been established within her borders, and have grown up under her favoring laws. In addition, there are many endowed schools which would be affected by the proposed law. The commonwealth has always been regarded as one of the famed, and most helpful, friends of education, and by some she has been pointed to as the exemplar of enlightenment. It would be a grievous pity, then, if petty bickerings, local jealousies and animosities, or small misunderstandings, should now succeed in making her the first State to withdraw her continuance from the institutions which have grown in strength and grace in the light of her beneficent smile.

As we have said, it does seem on its face as though a tax on tax college property that is remunerative. It may be said, in advance, that the colleges do not object to paying taxes on dwellings that are rented to their professors; it is, however, a quite different proposition to tax dormitories and commons. These are for the accommodation of the students, and, often, in aid of the poorer students who are thus provided with better and cheaper rooms and board than they could otherwise obtain. Besides, very few dormitories pay interest on the cost of the investment, while commons, or boardinghouses, are notoriously usually carried on at a loss. Those that pay expenses are generally carried on by the students themselves. Whether the dormitories and commons pay or not, the aggregate revenues of the schools and colleges of Massachusetts do not equal their expenditures. The actual cost of instruction, per capita, is about double the tuition fees paid by the students, and if the sums received from them in payment of room and board be added to the sums paid for tuition, the cost will not equal the sum paid by the college for instruction. In a word, there is usually a deficit at the end of the college year, and sometimes this deficit is of a very considerable sum. There are only three ways of meeting it: either salaries of teachers must suffer, or the teaching force must be decreased in number, or the charges for instruction must be increased. It is almost impossible, with any regard to the continued efficiency of the institutions, to cut down salaries, already small, or to diminish the teaching force. Tuition fees have been raised as demands for better teaching have grown, but colleges do not like to resort to this expedient. This is not because the men who can pay must be driven away, but because any additional charge is a motive to the poor men who are aided from scholarship funds. Colleges are very unwilling to turn poor men from their door, and from one-fifth to one-fourth of the students of Massachusetts colleges are in receipt of money aid. If it were not for this aid, many a poor boy would be obliged to go without a college education. Of course, there is always the generous giver in hope for the men who have the colleges in their heart, and who give abundantly.

In the end, then, a tax on any college property, and this is true of all Massachusetts institutions, must be an addition to the annual deficit, and must be paid by taking money that ought to be devoted to education, or by making education dearer to the students, or by devoting the money given for educational purposes to the uses of the town. All the money, it must be remembered, that is invested in education and its instrumentalities, including dormitories and commons, has been given on the promise of the State that it will be exempt from taxation, and that all of it shall be employed for the fulfilment of the noble purposes of the givers. If Massachusetts now changes the policy which has governed the State from the time of the founding of Harvard until now, the result will not only be injurious to the cause of education, but will damage the fair fame of the commonwealth. It will cause some wonder in the civilized world if Massachusetts turns upon her cherished institutions.

As to the towns themselves there is little to be said. Not only are they not hindered by the presence of the untaxed colleges, but they are honored by it. Materially they are benefited by the large sums of money spent in them by those connected with the colleges, and by the increased value of property in the neighborhood of the institutions. In some instances a town would not exist but for the presence of the college. If any, indeed, be well for a town, for its roads, its parks, its police, if college property should be assessed and taxed, but if all that might be done with money so obtained is essential to the town, the State and not the college should bear the burden. This, however, is not the question before the Massachusetts Legislature. That question involves a direct attack upon the efficiency of the colleges and schools of the State.

THE joke will surely be on President Canino if Venezuela discovers that she can get along without him.

There is a revival of the prediction that birds will finally rule the world. When that time comes, the world may expect to see armed birds going around looking for nice fat milliners.

In the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, Vice-President FAIRBANKS has one advantage. No one will be able to quote any of his railway-rate speeches against him.

Millaire may recover from the defeat of Mayor Root for a fifth term, but it will be a little awkward for the next Democratic national convention to get down to business without having his name up as a candidate for Vice-President.

Incidentally, Chief-Justice FULLER intimates rather clearly that he proposes to consult his own wishes and convenience rather than those of the President and Secretary TAYLOR about the date for his retirement from the bench.

It is a little early yet to determine whether the Democratic gain in the West Virginia municipal elections indicates a slip at Senator FARMAN or appreciation of his distinguished father-in-law, HENRY GARRISON DAVIS.

A man who was foreman of President ROOSEVELT's ranch in Montana has been appointed to a Federal office. This is the first indication that there was really a limit to the number of men enrolled in that tough Rider regiment.

Take a given billion of wealth now in the hands of three men. Would it be better for the country if this wealth were in the hands of thirty or forty men? Correspondent of *The Sun*. For one thing, it would mean the maintenance of at least ten times as many automobiles by the same given billion. Would that be better?

A man who asks to have a drink sent up to his bedroom in a Boston hotel is put in the stocks in the Common for forty-eight hours.—*The Sun*.

A mistake. There are no stocks in Boston Common now, but there are some in State Street, and bonds too. What stocks is the defiant drinker put into? Coppers, maybe; not Coppers.

Secretary Root told the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, in urging better provisions for our consuls, that one European consulate was located in a building so squat that a man could not wear a silk hat in the room. It would seem to be necessary, then, to either build higher-roofed quarters or require consuls to wear opera-hats.

More kind things of the obituary sort were said about JAMES BAILEY, the circus man, than about any citizen who has died hereabouts since—say, WM. H. BALDWIN. BAILEY evidently made himself beloved of men and beast. There are plenty of folks who cannot run a circus nearly as much to the glory of their Maker as BAILEY ran his circus. He was an able man, and very interesting and very kind. Peace be to his soul!

Rear-Admiral ROCKWELL contends that officers of the navy are not sufficiently paid. While admirals receive \$13,500 a year, the sole drops rapidly to commanders at \$3000, lieutenants-commanders at \$2500, and lieutenants at \$1800 and \$1500, according to grade. Admiral ROCKWELL admits that he does not know how to secure the desired increase. He might give the lieutenants voting residences, and thus give them an opportunity to secure pay as good as that of school janitors.

Representative CHARLES A. TOWNE admits that the money question has been settled so that men do not have to resort to the expedients they employed in the days of the free-airer agitation to make up for their losses occasioned by their political activities. He demonstrates it by telling how JAMES SULLIVAN, a free-airer from Massachusetts, kept his newspaper going in a community where his teachings were unpopular. SULLIVAN owned a drug-store and a restaurant in addition to his newspaper property. "It's easy," said SULLIVAN, when TOWNE asked him how he managed to keep his paper going. "I use the profits of my drug-store to run the paper and board at my restaurant."

Immigration-Commissioner WATSON has explained why he does not favor restriction of immigration. "I came through Castle Garden with \$15 in my pocket," said the Commissioner, "and he does not think that the country would have benefited by his exclusion."—*New York Times*.

Possibly it would. Commissioner WATSON is, doubtless, an able man, and so far as we know a reasonably good Immigration Commissioner. Yet if extending his years ago had had the result of keeping Mr. WILLIAMS in charge at Ellis Island it might have benefited the country. Mr. WILLIAMS was an exceptionally good gatekeeper. It is doubtful whether a man, however worthy, who himself came through Castle Garden with \$15 in his pocket is an ideal choice for the particular post which Mr. WATSON holds.

EXPERIENCES OF A POLICE COMMISSIONER

By

WILLIAM McADOO

Former Commissioner of Police of New York

II.—CAUSES AND EXTENT OF VICE IN NEW YORK

THIS IS THE SECOND OF FOUR IMPORTANT ARTICLES BY MR. McADOO, DEALING WITH POLICE CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY." THEY POINT OUT THE MAGNITUDE OF THE TASK OF PROPER POLICE ADMINISTRATION, AND DISCLOSE THE FORCES ALWAYS AT WORK TO THWART IT

IS New York an unusually vicious city? This is a question frequently asked, and answered variously. Reform organizations, which had their inspiration in the Lexow Committee investigation, would probably say Yes. Americans who have travelled a great deal abroad will tell you it is comparatively a virtuous city: that in London and Paris, for instance, sexual vice is, at any rate, less concealed and is treated by the police as something which must be tolerated; that there is no public opinion in either of those cities demanding the same restrictive measures that are asked for here; that street-walking in London is open and offensive, even in the more fashionable and attractive quarters

he remembered that disorderly houses have no licenses, and that therefore sales within those places are always violation of the excise law.

Religious people, especially, have always opposed the licensing or segregation of sexual vice, and we know in this State how bitterly they have antagonized the idea of permitting the opening of saloons by law on Sunday for a portion of the day. There is apparently no use to argue from any given facts, so far as this element is concerned. The thing is wrong, from their point of view, and there can be no compromise with it. That it exists, has existed, and will exist is apparently a fact not to be recognized by them. It is foreign, however, to my purposes to argue on the practicability or ethics of license or prohibition with regard to either vice or the sale of liquors. This can be said; that where there is neither license nor segregation by common consent, nor permission to sell within certain hours and on prohibited days, there is very apt to be collusion between the police and those who break the law.

In the city of Washington, for instance, the disorderly houses have for many years been confined to one quarter of the city. This is not law, but custom. This locality is known to every one, and is carefully avoided by those who want to escape even suspicion. It is so located as not to interfere with the citizens in general; the neighborhood is isolated; instead of offering temptations to young people, it rather repels them, for to be seen there at all is apt to put one on the defensive. Any attempt to break up this quarter and scatter the vice throughout the city would be at once bitterly opposed by even the religious and moral elements in the community. All that the police do is to see that peace and order prevail; that barteries and robberies are prevented, and that the inhabitants



Looking Eastward on Twenty-ninth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue—the Heart of the District characterized by Mr. McAdoo as the "Old Tenderloin"

of the city; and that gambling, among the higher classes of people especially, is not interfered with to any extent; that the excise laws are more liberal, providing for Sunday opening, and that, on the whole, there is more individual freedom in these respects in both of those great capitals than in New York.

I am not prepared either to assert or deny these premises, but I think a careful investigation would show that gambling, prostitution, and evasion of the existing excise laws are more widespread and cover a larger territory in New York than in those European capitals where the vices are either regulated openly by law or condoned by a sort of common consent in certain neighborhoods and places. In speaking of the excise law in this connection, it is to

be remembered that this is often a most useful tool to the police, because it is there that they hunt first for those dishonest and desperate men who are trying to evade contact with the law, and where much can be learned about the movements of criminals, either those who make their headquarters in the city or come from other parts. I never heard a whisper, during a long residence in Washington, of any attempt by the police to blackmail the women in this quarter. The neighborhood is specially policed. Street-walking in Washington is practically unknown, and professionally bad women rarely if ever are found in hotels, boarding-houses, or apartment houses. The continuing of the dishonest elements in one quarter takes a great deal, too, from the labors of



At Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-third Street, looking toward the Northern Limits of the "Old Tenderloin"

the police, much more than if it were scattered throughout the city at large.

It is a well-known fact, to every one cognizant of matters in New York, that the breaking up of vice in quarters where it is congested, in some instances from houses where it has prevailed for over thirty-five years, has only resulted in its invasion of tenement and apartment houses and the cheap class of hotels. There can be no question whatever but that the vicious woman is more to be feared in a tenement or apartment house than in a house notoriously used for immoral purposes. The mechanic's daughter across the hall, who works hard all day in a leather or tobacco factory, he apt to become curious about the woman who does no work and who wears fine clothes and jewels, to become dissatisfied with her whole lot and envious of the easy life of the other; and finally, after an acquaintance, to join the vast army of unfortunate women who seem to increase rather than decrease with the march of civilization; worse than that, she captivates the young clerk, mechanic, or student, who in turn becomes a drunkard and profligate, and finally a criminal.

It is to be admitted, of course, that in a block given up more or less to disorderly houses it shocks one's sense of right to think of the respectable and virtuous minority of hard-working and decent people who are compelled to live in the neighborhood and have this vice haunted in the face of their children, sometimes passing its ugly presence into the neighborhood of public schools and openly soliciting from the windows and halls and doorways. This offensive exhibition, however, if the police are at all vigilant, can be suppressed; that is, if the police magistrates will do their duty.

The main thing, from the police point of view, with regard to gambling in all its forms, and the prevalence of prostitution and soliciting in the streets by depraved and professionally bad women, is that where these things exist there is a prison face case that the police are paid for non-

interference. If there are a considerable number of pool-rooms in a police precinct, the suspicious rests on the police captain that he, or those under him, are receiving money for allowing them to operate. It is the same with gambling-houses and houses of prostitution, and hotels or other places used for assignation purposes; and where this is widespread, in a city like New York, so that these vices are found more or less in a large number of precincts in Manhattan, some in the Bronx, and not a few in Brooklyn, one is face to face with the alarming situation that the toleration of these vices is corrupting and demoralizing the whole police force. If the men in a precinct know or believe that the captain is receiving money for permitting a disorderly house, pool-room, or gambling-house to run, they will, of course, not only have no faith in him, but they will evade their duty in all respects, because they will have constantly before their eyes the fact that a policeman can be successfully corrupt, and that the officers who command them are not only not doing their duty, but making money by failing to do so. The chances are, therefore, that some of the men who have this example before them will in turn become grafters and blackmailers. If the captain can collect a large sum of money every week or month from a disorderly house, the chances are that the men on post will insist on robbing the unfortunate street-walker and making her pay for the privilege of carrying on her infamous trade on his post, and, indeed, become a partner in her infamy, her quackish pretence. Once a man has put himself in the plough of grafting and blackmail it seems almost necessary that he run the furrow to its end. The moral courage has ceased out of him entirely; he must henceforth pass his life in the threatening shadow, a slave to those who know his secrets, a weak tool in the face of opposition or threats.

I was never deluded into the belief that there was any great moral indignation on the part of the community as a whole against betting on horse-races, and I am quite sure that in the so-called respectable quarters the other vices have wars, if concealed, defectors. Large numbers of people are indifferent so long as these vices do not annoy or offend themselves offensively on them; others, honestly conscious of moral weakness, are charitably disposed, and quite a number believe it is a necessary condition to a great city; and then, of course, there is a large army of defenders among those who patronize or profit by its existence. I have yet to hear of a police officer or any other being misled by the general run of people for trying to stamp out the sexual vice, or suppressing gambling, with the exception of policy-playing; there public sentiment was practically unanimous. Have you ever heard of any candidate for public office running on that platform? The mother whose children are removed from temptation by his action is pleased with him; a father whose son openly expresses his friendship.

To allow people to break the law presumes that the police are paid, that high officers grow rich on the blood and trampled money of this army of wretched unfortunates, degenerates, and criminals; and worst of all, these vices in New York are, as it were, syndicated, marshalled, drilled, and employed in the service of men who have grown rich on the weak-



Forty-second Street, looking Westward from Sixth Avenue toward Broadway—near the Centre of what Mr. McAdoo designated as the "New Tenderloin," which lies to the Northward of the Old



A View of Columbus Circle, at the Junction of Broadway, Eighth Avenue, and Fifty-ninth Street, which, according to Mr. McAdoo, is within the confines of the "New Tenderloin."

ness and wickedness of their fellows. They threaten the destruction of honest police captains and demand the transfer of inspectors who do their duty; they bound and persecute an officer who interferes with their schemes or lessens their profits; they drive good and honest policemen into being bad ones; they have a price for every man on the force; they have their agents at the bar, in the courts, and in the newspaper offices; they have friends in every political organization; they have votes to give the money to swell the campaign fund, and open pork-keholes for those who can protect them from the law. With their professional bending is often a great source of revenue. One of the most notorious landmen is supposed to have devoted over property to ten or three lieutenants, who really are only his agents. These men go on thousands of bonds, and a recent opinion of the Corporation Counsel was to the effect that they are the best men from whom to take bonds because they know whom they bend better than others, and are almost sure to produce them in court. The law seems to be in favor of their having a right to come brazenly into the stationhouses and, openly, for a consideration, bail out the poor fish caught in the police net. The sergeant at the desk is often only their tool; and the captain, and his plain-clothesmen, and the other officers, have in many cases made arrests only to furnish victims and money for these unspeakable scoundrels. There should be a law against the professional land-men. There is no difficulty, constitutional or otherwise, against a carefully worded enactment that would curb this criminal industry. Is there anybody really so ruined to kill the business? Is it possible that it has friends at Albany as well as in New York?

I become convinced, after experience, that the ma-

king of special posts of disorderly houses is at once an unfair draft on the police force, a withdrawal of a number of men from the proper patrol, and entirely useless as a preventive. It seemed to be commonly conceded on every hand that the majority of the men so placed received so much each night from the keepers of the houses. In the case of a gambling-house, the stationing of a plain-clothesman at his door was something worse than useless. Five or ten dollars, or maybe more, would be given him in a night, and generally, in addition, a nice warm supper would be covertly conveyed to him, so that he actually became a protector and guardian of the place and was looked upon with a more than friendly eye. Before the passage of the Bowling Act, there was a time, for a short period, when the uniformed men at the door really interfered with the business. A strict watch was put on the men themselves, and they knew that they were shadowed. It was about the holiday season and the town was filled with visitors with plenty of spending-money. The gamblers at that time made a very strong and united effort to have the uniformed men removed from the door. They said they were really preventing rich men of social standing from other cities and towns, entering their places. It was idle to assure one of these men that the policeman was entirely friendly. Even out-of-town "best citizens" were timid; there was no air of station-house and publicity about it, and they kept away. After the policeman had repeated his formula, the old-timers shook hands with the "cop" and gave him a cigar.

To illustrate how relentlessly the dishonest elements on the force pursue an honest man who gets in the way, there is a story of how, at one time, when the blackmailing and collecting system was to full swing, and men higher up were reaping vast fortunes of this money wrung from degradation, vice, and crime, a captain, who had elevated out his precinct and had stood like a stone wall against the invasion by gamblers, prostitutes, and thieves, was sent into a far-away precinct on the very confines of Greater New York. As his precinct covered an immense amount of territory, he thought he would apply for a horse and buggy. He did this very timidly, expecting disapproval from his enemies at Headquarters, who, at best, he thought, would send him some broken-down vehicle with a spavined animal to draw it. What was his astonishment one day, when a very stylish-looking animal pranced up in front of the station-house door drawing a fair buggy. The horse had an arched neck and stepped with the vigor and spirit of a colt. The captain was an old policeman and it excited his suspicion; the thing looked too good. The horse was put away in the stable for a couple of days, and then the captain cautiously told a subordinate, who was a careful driver, that he might take the horse out and exercise him. The man harnessed him up, opened the stable door, sprang into the buggy, and they were off.

So far as that station-house and stable are concerned the horse and buggy never returned. The runaway is still a tradition in the neighborhood. The driver luckily escaped. The horse took the buggy over fences and through back yards and kitchens, and what little was left of it was finally repaired miles away. That horse was an irretrievably vicious animal. He had run away

(Continued on page 602.)



Looking Northwest on Broadway from Fifty-ninth Street, into the heart of the Region of Restaurants, Hotels, Pubs, and Taverns, which, according to the former Commissioner of Police, lies within the "New Tenderloin." This Region extends Northwest to Fifty-ninth Street.

VESUVIUS THE DESTROYER

THE STORY OF POMPEII'S AWFUL DAY AS UNFOLDED BY RECENT DISCOVERIES

By RODOLFO LANCIANA, D.C.L., LL.D., PH.D.,
Professor of Ancient Topography at the University of Rome

PROFESSOR LANCIANA WAS COMMISSIONED BY "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TO PREPARE THE FOLLOWING PAPER, WHICH IS NOT ONLY OF SINGULAR INTEREST AS AN AUTHENTICATIVE SUMMARY OF A SUBJECT OF INEXHAUSTIBLE FASCINATION, BUT WHICH HAS A SPECIAL TIMELINESS IN REQUESTING THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUCH A CONFLUENCE AS HAS RECENTLY MADE VESUVIUS THE POWER OF THE WORLD'S INTEREST.

POMPEII is buried, as every one knows, under two distinct masses of volcanic matter, pumice-stones of various sizes called lapilli, and fine ashes, called cenere, which take sometimes the form of thick mud. An object buried in pumice-stones, in disappearing by the action of time, or by natural decomposition, does not leave any trace of itself, on account of the rough and irregular quality of the material by which it is surrounded; but an object buried in the soft fine ashes is most perfectly moulded, and the mould, hardened by time, remains perfect long after the decomposition and disappearance of the object itself. In the case of bodies of men and animals, their decay must have left a cavity like that prepared for the casting of a bronze statue. Such cavities had often been observed; but the theory that everything capable of being destroyed by fire had been actually consumed by the intense heat of the volcano, by the continuation of buildings, and by the so-called *pioggia di fuoco*,* was so generally accepted that no attention was paid to them. The idea was wrong. The pumice-stones and the ashes are naturally unfit to retain the heat for any length of time; and, admitting even that they came out of the volcano with an immense calorific power, after describing a parabola of ten miles, they must have fallen on Pompeii either cold or tepid. No piece of wood, no fruit, or textile substances are found charred or injured by fire; bronzes, marbles, lead-pipes, fresco-paintings, bones of men and beasts are found in an excellent state of preservation. The tale admits but few exceptions, which are easily explained, case by case. Such is, for instance, the case of the three half-charred human skeletons discovered in the neighborhood of the workshops of Lucius Virgatus; they had been crushed and mangled by the fall of enormous stones, weighing many hundred pounds, and which, on account of their extraordinary size had retained a high degree of heat. It is the glory of Giuseppe Fiorelli, the noble veteran of archaeological research (director of Pompeian excavations up to 1876, and since then general director of antiquities in the Kingdom), to have first conceived the idea of filling up these cavities with liquid plaster, and thus obtaining a cast of the objects which had been included in them. The discovery has been described with full particulars by Bruns in the *Bullétin di Correspondance Archéologique*.



The Ruins of the Forum of Pompeii

* Rain of fire.

August, 1863, p. 87; by Thomas Dyer in his *Pompeii*, p. 477 of the third edition, in number 230, p. 262, of the *Quarterly Review*; and it is at present too widely known and appreciated to require further explanation. It took place in 1862, and the first experiment was tried in the lane which connects directly the Via del Colosseo parallel with the east side of the Forum. The casts of four human beings were successfully obtained, and since that memorable year many others of men and beasts, of articles of furniture, of house-fittings, of plants, etc., have been added to the collection, which cover vividly so intensely the ruins of the city formerly so silent and speechless. It is incredible what touching tales these moulds tell; and how vividly they bring back to our memory and imagination the scenes the most detailed circumstances which attended the destruction of the fashionable watering place. Take, for instance, the cast of the dog discovered in the house of Vesuvius Primus, the most beautiful and elegant of Pompeian casts. The poor brute was tied behind the entrance door, half-way between it and the consummation, and it was tied with a short string fixed to a nail in the wall on one end, and to the ring of the collar on the other. When the shower of ashes and lapilli began to pour down through the opening of the roof, the dog kept himself free by creeping on the sloping surface as far as the length of the string allowed him to do so. Then the brute, obliged to turn on its back, head downwards and with his feet in the air, made desperate efforts to free himself from his ties. At last he was buried alive, and we have caught him with our cast just as he was expiring in an extreme convulsion. Had the ingenious invention of Fiorelli been made some years before, the history of the eruption of 79 and of the disappearance of Pompeii would have been written not by means of surmises, but from sheer evidence of facts, and with an almost incredible abundance of particulars. These casts have the value of instantaneous photographs. We regret, above all, that Fiorelli was not present when the Villa of Diomedes and its crypts were first excavated, and wish he would have preserved for us, living and palpating, the image of the twenty-two persons who had sought refuge in the cellars, and who perished miserably before being rescued from outside. The impressions left by these bodies on the ashes, which filled up the subterranean galleries, were used and preserved in cornices, and with their help we could have studied perfectly, stamped



Plaster Cast made by filling up the Mould of a Dog buried in the Ashes which overwhelmed Pompeii.

on every face their expressions of despair, of resignation, of hope. The casts would have helped us also to vindicate the memory of the head of the family from the accusation which casts upon him the shame of having deliberately and cowardly abandoned his dear ones to think only of his own escape. Here are the words of one of the best authorities on Pompeian history: "The love of life proved too strong for the social affections of the owner of the house. He fled, abandoning to their fate a numerous family, and a young and beautiful daughter, and went his way, with his most precious movables, accompanied only by a single slave, to the sea, which he never reached alive (*Dyer*, p. 453)." Totally different is Fiorelli's opinion. He rightly observes that the head of the family, perceiving the imminence of danger, as the scoria and lapilli had already choked from the outside the door of the cellar, around which they were all clustered, panting for breath and fresh air, determined to find another way of escape, and in spite of untold difficulties succeeded in crossing the garden, followed by a servant to whom the valuables of the house had been entrusted. They were not far from the postern, beyond which no other obstacle would prevent their exit, when they both fell, crushed and suffocated, by the rain of ashes and scoria. Their skeletons were found lying side by side in a furrow of the kitchen garden.

Those who saw the impressions left by the girl are unanimous in praising the extraordinary beauty of her form. So exact was the impression that the very texture of the dress in which she was clothed could be seen and identified with that fine gauze which *Severus* calls "morris wind."

Three other bodies were discovered on October 11, 1883, outside the Porta Stabiana, at a distance of thirty-five feet from the reticulated wall which is seen on the right-hand side of the runway. The existence of cavities in the thick bed of ashes having been noticed by the workmen, the plaster casting was tried at once, and successfully accomplished. Three human forms were thus obtained. The first one belongs to a man of mature age, clad in a mantle and lying on his back. The arms are crossed on the breast, and the legs are slightly bent. The attitude shows, as it were, a feeling of resignation, and conveys the impression of a peaceful death.

Totally different is the attitude of the second man; he is lying on the left side, and seems to be making a violent effort to raise himself up and escape suffocation, and being buried alive. His teeth seem to be chattering, and his whole countenance expresses intense agony.

The third cast belongs to a woman of advanced age, whose hands are drawn up round the breast, perhaps by the action of running water and mud. Her attitude is wonderfully energetic; she appears as if trying to lift up the mass of ashes by which she was gradually suffocated; and she seems to have been overwhelmed after entering her last cry for help.

Words can give but a deficient idea of the feelings which the sight of these three Pompeians, so wonderfully recalled to life after a rest of eighteen centuries, excites in our hearts and minds.

The addition of these new corpses to the already rich museum of Pompeian casts gives also a stamp of actuality to the following considerations.

The proportion between the number of those who lost and those who saved their lives during the eruption cannot be stated with certainty, for, although the human skeletons exhumed to the present day number between six or seven hundred, the population of the city and the suburbs is not known. It has been variously estimated by Pompeian archaeologists from a minimum of six to a maximum of forty thousand. Between 1861 and 1872 Giuseppe Fiorelli brought to light eighty-seven human skeletons (besides three of dogs, seven of horses, eleven of chickens, one of a sow, and two tortoise shells). An interesting chapter might be written on the various circumstances under which these poor Pompeians met their fate—by suffocation, by asphyxy, by starvation, by being burnt, or crushed, or buried alive. There is no doubt that, at the last moment, the majority of the inhabitants must have lost their presence of mind and self-control and that more victims must be attributed to the effects of a maddening terror than to the eruption itself. The inhabitants of the suburbs and of the second

rushed towards the city, whereas the citizens were seeking escape in the open fields. During this flight of crowds rushing against each other in complete darkness, and amidst the thundering noises



An interesting Example of the Representation of the Forms of Bodies found by Fiorelli in the Ash, the cavity occupied by the Body serving as a Mould for making a Plaster Cast.

of the volcano, many were crushed to death by the fall of houses and enclosures-walls, undermined by earthquakes. A skeleton has been found in the street of Minerva, cut in two by the earthquake statue of Nero, fallen from the top of his triumphal arch. In 1852 another skeleton was found, of a man overtaken by death while trying to bore a hole through a partition wall, which prevented his escape to the fields. The hatchet used in the unsuccessful attempt was lying close by. The remains of a goat were discovered, likewise, wedged in a hole in which the terrified brute was seeking shelter. In 1808 and 1809 eleven skeletons were seen grouped together on the first floor of a house of the Via Stabiana, and seventeen in the cellar of Diomedes' villa. The former expected to save their lives by remaining upstairs, the latter by descending underground; both with the same fatal results.

The open country seems to have proved equally unsafe, and many citizens who thought that, once outside the gates, they would be out of danger, perished on their flight to the seashore.

In the early spring of 1881, Commendatore Ruggiero was engaged in tracing the line of the coast, as it bent gracefully inland before the eruption.

Halfway between the porta Stabiana and the sea, near the farm-house of *Massone Vallante*, he came across the remains of a building, perhaps a bathing establishment, perhaps a *fratrina* di *campagna* (hostelry) containing about twenty rooms decorated with frescopaintings. Here a company of Pompeians, numbering thirty-six, had sought refuge from the fury of the volcano, hoping to take to the boats; but the fury of the sea, so vividly described in Pliny's letter, must have deprived these fugitives of their last chance of escape. Their skeletons were found mixed together as they fell in the struggle for a last breath of air, and near them a quantity of valuable objects, such as bracelets, ear-rings, necklaces, chains, brooches, finger-rings, engraved stones, pearls, and money, enough to secure their passage to safer regions. More remarkable still was the discovery of a silver looking-glass beside the skeleton of a young woman; how worthily and self-possessed she must have been to think of her mirror in such a desperate case.

The question whether Pompeii was a seaport in the strict sense of the word, or whether it was separated from the sea by a strip of land, was solved de facto, in 1874, by a network of trenches opened by Ruggiero across the disputed district. It was ascertained on this occasion that the story of a three-masted ship, in the form of the *flag-ship* of Pliny, alleged to have been found near the farm-house of *Massone* in 1853, was absolutely groundless. The masts, seen and described by the naval architect *Giuseppe Negri*, were simply trunks of cypress-trees. Many such trunks of cypress have been found since. They measure, as an average, m. 1.82 in circumference, m. 0.47 in diameter, which seems to be the proper size for a tree 40 or 45 years old. Their roots are still planted in the antique humus of the mouth of the Sarno, whereas the trunks are embedded in the soil of the eruption of 79. With the help of these fossil remains the line of the ancient sea-coast has been traced from *Torre Annunziata* to *Castellammare*, crossing the river *Sarno* three thousand feet above its present mouth. The picturesque rocks of *Rivigliano*, the petri *herculi* of the Romans, which, before the eruption, were separated from the mainland by a channel 1550 metres wide, come now within 420 metres of the shore.

Among those who showed an equal but far sadder self-possession, and who remained faithful to duty in spite of the appalling circumstances, were the few soldiers garrisoning the city. Sixty-three skeletons have been discovered in the barracks.

These facts, which I have quoted from memory, prove that the number of the victims of the eruption within and near the ill-fated city is greater than was generally supposed—viz. from six to seven hundred for the portion excavated up to 1880. This portion represents four-tenths of the whole surface. If the ratio be the same for the districts yet unexcavated, the total number of the victims may be put at a minimum of thirteen hundred. Admitting the number of ten or eleven thousand as the most probable for the population, this means that of nine Pompeians few perished, while eight succeeded in saving their lives. The professor *Giuseppe Fiorelli* considers it as one of the first of his empire's duties, but opinions differ essentially as regards the season or month of the year. Pliny in his letters—as they have reached us through the hands of many amanuenses—mentions sometimes August, sometimes November. *Giuseppe Fiorelli*, considering that the "codices Pliniani" which speak of the month of August, seem to be the more accurate and reliable, has declared himself in favor of the summer theory. The solving of the controversy by means of practical evidence, which is far more conclusive than paleographic inquiry, has been attempted of late years by *Carlo Rosini*. Considering that in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* various have been found laid over the mosaic pavements, as well as bricks laid in the open courts for the comfort of servants or clients waiting for admission to the inner apartments; and comparing these facts with the finding of dried figs, of chestnuts, of dried grapes, which are not stored in before the end of October, of figs and of the like at the beginning of the winter, and of pine nuts which come to maturity in October, *Rosini* persuaded himself and his readers that the eruption must have taken place in the month of November. His state-



From photograph copyright by H. E. Ruggie Co.

The Street of Fortune in Pompeii, as revealed by the excavators

ments, however, have been proved to be either inexact by the present director, *Michele Ruggiero*. He observes, for instance, that in the many hundred apartments excavated under his care at Pompeii, carpets have never been found, only a piece of nothing; but even in this single instance it was not possible to determine whether the carpeting had already been laid on the floor, or was still kept rolled and stored *aloidi* in the second place, that the bronzes collected between *Herculaneum* and Pompeii are only fifty or three-hundred, an insignificant number if compared with the number of houses and apartments; and besides, three bronzes were found in great many cases to contain pots and kettles and other kitchen implements. It is probable, therefore, that they were used for cooking purposes, rather than for heating. As regards the discovery of fruit, all those mentioned by *Rosini* begin to ripen towards the end of August. The dried figs and grapes might have been kept over from the preceding year; dates can be found on the market at every season, and can be preserved for a long time like the pine nuts. Professor *Ruggiero*, considering, at all events, that a true decision could be arrived at only from the mode of arguing the case adopted by *Rosini* in 1798, has published new particulars collected during his long experience of Pompeian excavations.

We know in the first place that when the signs of an imminent eruption were noticed round the bay, Pliny the Elder was basking himself in sunshine. It is true that the Romans made it a point to treat with equal indifference the fierce rays of the sun or the cold summer shades, or as to train themselves to all the hardships of military life. In the special case of Pliny the Elder it is known that *acute, so quid sit, heret in sole* (Pliny's *Epist.* III. 51); however, from the wording of the statement one is led to believe that on the eve of the appalling disaster, he had exposed himself to the sun more for personal comfort than for an exhibition of stoical strength.

In the garden or *viridarium* of the house of *Popilius Priscus*, standing before the images of the *Lares* or domestic gods, a rustic altar was found, and upon it a pine cone with four acorns in their sockets. If the pine cone had been offered to the *Lares* and placed on the altar as a primitive we must think, of course, of the end of August; but it is more probably the case of a customary and permanent offering, appropriate to any season of the year, because, in antique frescoes, the pine-cone is always represented upon domestic altars between two serpents, which symbolize the protecting deities of the house or of the estate.

The fruits preserved in the *Museo Nazionale* at Naples—besides many others which do not pertain to the present argument—are: chestnuts in great number, carbonized olives, olives slipped in oil, plums, and blossoms of pomegranates. The old inventories of the museum mention two peach-stones, two or three pears, a few laurel berries, and a few seeds of pomegranates; but every trace of them has long since been lost. We must, therefore, count among the arguments in favor of the autumn season the plums, which could not have been preserved and rediscovered by us unless they were already dried at the time of the eruption; the olives, which must have been black and he dried in the oven, before being put in oil—the seeds of pomegranate, an autumnal fruit, and—lastly—the great abundance of chestnuts. With these results concerns the almost absolute want of pears, because the Pompeians were very fond of them, and must have kept large quantities in store. More important seems to me the evidence derived from the signs of a vintage season, which in the region surrounding Mount *Vesuvius* begins with the last days of August and lasts until November. We

* In the summer, at times of young, he used to lie in the sun.

† Well known is the fate of young *Demetrius* who was choked to death at *Pompeii* by a pine which he raised himself, he was throwing high in the air and catching in his mouth.

(Continued on page 604.)

A MOUNTED PATROL for the COAL FIELDS by Henry Jay Case



ONE good sheriff could handle a county full of bad men when the West was young, and Pennsylvania is trying Western methods on the swarms of lawless aliens cluttering its mine-fields. But in this case the State has assumed the job of man-training where the sheriff and the militia left off. Two hundred and thirty-five constabulary have been turned loose on one hundred square miles of trouble. Even at Western ratios this is "chau trigger" figuring. Perhaps that is what Sergeant Garwood and two troopers from Wyoming Barracks thought when they splashed over the muddy roads from Wilkes-Barre to Yatesville and rode plump into five hundred trouble-makers around the Fernwood colliery. It is more probable that they didn't think at all, for the constabulary code is short on thought and long on action. The colliery had been the target for pot-shots all through the night before. There were bullet-holes in the roof, bullet-holes in the walls, and windows were empty of glass. Two hundred yards away on a hill was a settlement known as "Boston Patch," the reputation of which was such that the local authorities had left it severely alone, and the coal company

"Me gash citizen, Gotta de paper," each declared. The sergeant was not a lawyer, but he made his case before he started proceedings. Then bang! Down went the doors, and a herd of scared Italians fled out the back way. Seven shotguns were found under the mattresses, in closets, and up the chimneys. No arrests were made, but the arms were confiscated.

"Mr. Schuler man say," translated the interpreter to the ring of dark, sultry faces, "if the shooting continues he will burn the houses to-morrow!"

Two troopers were left to ride the roads all night, the rest clustered back to the barracks, and thus ended trouble at the Fernwood colliery.

In three other instances the constabulary acted with equal promptness and decision, collecting a small arsenal of guns, revolvers, and wicked-looking knives, besides several prisoners. The Groveburg troop was cut from twelve o'clock noon on one day to three o'clock the next morning over almost impossible roads in a blinding snow-storm. Night after night has seen the Foxmantawney troop in the saddle. The day following the Yatesville raid two privates of the Wilkes-Barre troop were arrested for trespassing and illegally forcing an entrance into the home of a citizen. The State promptly gave bail and will carry the case to the highest court for a decision that is binding. The United Mine Workers are back of the prosecution, and already, it is said, are trying to introduce legislation that will repeal the law by which Pennsylvania's new State constabulary was created.

His teleforce Pennsylvania's National Guard has been called to the coal fields at each outbreak of trouble, with the result that these State troops have seen more service than half a dozen others put together. They also ran up a sum total of expenses that made the taxpayers howl. The Mounted State Constabulary created by the Legislature of 1905 is the result, and the beginning of this year saw the new force in the field ready for service. As though to test it at the start, the lawlessness that invariably follows a cessation of work in the coal regions broke out with the closing of the collieries, and the troopers, hardly yet equipped, have been given little rest while strike negotiations have



Types of the Different Grades of Pennsylvania's new State Constabulary

was afraid to collect rent at its tenants. The bombardment of the colliery had come from the "Patch," where a mob of seven hundred soon gathered to jeer and leave lumps of coal at the policemen. Several in the crowd showed guns.

"According to last action," as the sergeant afterwards reported to his chief, "each man on the force is expected to be good by a hundred. We were there, and that left us one and a half shy! Could have done it alone all right, but that was the first job on the books and I wanted to do it proper!"

So he telephoned for reinforcements and ten men came galloping to his aid. The thirteen ascended up the hill-side, scattered the crowd, and pounded on the doors of the shanties. The doors were barred, and those inside refused to come out and parley. They had no guns? How could they shoot without guns?

been pending. Captain John C. Groome, of Philadelphia, was appointed Superintendent of Constabulary by Governor Pennypacker. Captain Groome for several years had been captain of the smart City Troop of Philadelphia. An enthusiastic horseman, clever whip, and polo player, he took up his new duties with enthusiasm. By the provisions of the bill as drawn, Captain Groome was given full power to recruit, organize, and equip a force of 250 officers and men, seven by his aid. He raised four troops of one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, and fifty men each. For these 228 positions he had many applicants, every man of whom was given a thorough physical and mental examination, and by a process of elimination, in which previous experience in the handling of men counted not a little, the material was so finely sifted that only the pack of the lot was left. The pace Captain Groome enlisted in,

physically and mentally, probably one of the finest bodies of mounted men in existence today. Eight out of every ten of them have seen service in the army either of this or some other country. Applications come in from the Southwest and the Northwest, the Philippines, China, Canada, and South Africa. Most of the men have held sergeants' commissions, the majority in the cavalry, and every one of them is a citizen of the United States. Married men are not eligible. The law which created the force provided that the men should be quartered at will in the towns. Captain Groome built barracks and herded the men together, making them sign papers for what they ate and wore, and keep their books like soldiers. The State provides each man with his horse and his uniform, and builds the barracks in which the troopers live, but the men have to feed themselves, and the men which each barracks provides costs about \$10 per man a month. With \$720 a year to stand this trivial outlay, and most all the other necessities provided, it is not to be wondered at that there is a long waiting-list for each troop: \$720 a year and a private's job is not the end of a man's ambition in this force by any means. Even that is better pay than a trooper of the Regulars receives. But the sergeants of constabulary receive \$1000 a year, the lieutenants \$1200, and the captain \$1500. Captain Groome could double his force in a month if the State gave him permission.

"If the State does decide to enlarge, I'm afraid I'm going to seriously discomfit the United States Army," said the superintendent, with a twinkle in his eye. "I mean what I say," he added. "Right here," tapping a bundle of application blanks, "I've got requests from something less than one hundred army sergeants who are dead set on joining the mounted police as privates."

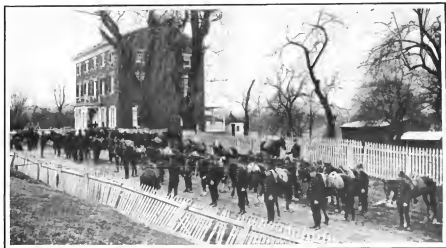
Each paper was a regulation application blank of the constab-



John C. Groome, of Philadelphia, who organized Pennsylvania's new State Constabulary and is its Superintendent

lery properly filled in and signed by the applicant. Among the signatories were non-commissioned officers of the Fifth, Seventh, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirtieth Cavalry, the Ninth Infantry, and several companies of field-artillery. One applicant was a sergeant of engineers. These men will be taken in as vacancies appear, and members of the force are not infrequently dropped. They go out for a number of reasons. If a constable shows the least regret at enlisting—and the terms of enlistment are for two years—he is allowed to purchase his discharge for two months' pay. There have only been a few desertions, but the moment a man turns up missing, he is dropped. Captain Groome believes in "weeding out." He can afford to because of the splendid material he has on the waiting-list.

Captain Groome was appointed Superintendent of Pennsylvania's Mounted Police in June of last year, and spent the summer studying picked bodies of soldiers, constabulary, and police in England and Europe. Always an admirer of Canada's Mounted Police and the Irish Constabulary, the best features of both these outfits are embodied in the organization which he has created in Pennsylvania. The helmet with the chin strap underneath is an idea borrowed from the Irish Constabulary. This helmet, by the way, is Captain Groome's hobby. The experience of the militia in the mining-towns taught him that something besides a soft felt hat was necessary to protect the head from chunks of coal and iron ore. The slouch-hat may be all right on the plains and to sleep in, but Pennsylvania's constabulary, declares Captain Groome, is not looking for a nightcap. When off duty the mounted police have a fatigue cap which is the counterpart of the uniform cap in the Regular army, except that all the head-gear of the constabulary is of dark-gray material and the army's is blue. The headpieces of the enlisted men bear the wearer's number and the letter of his troop. Those of the officers support the State's coat of arms.



Constabulary Troopers mustered for inspection in front of their barracks at Reading



Members of the Wilkes-Barre Troop of Pennsylvania's Constabulary with their mascot, on the steps of their barracks. It was this Troop which put down the *Interstate Outbreak*.

Like the caps and helmets, the constabulary uniform is dark gray, made of irremovable whipcord. The blouse is cut very much like that of the field-service uniform of the Regular Army, and the riding breeches built to a better fit than one usually sees in the government service. Buttons are of nickel, and the leggings black leather puttees. For protection from inclement weather in summer, the constabulary wears a light rubber cavalry cape; in winter a heavy dark-gray storm-coat serves the purpose. This great-coat is not built on umbrellas-cover lines like that of the army, but is a roomy garment with enough cloth, so that when the wearer is mounted the skirt may cover the pommel and cantle of the saddle as well as the legs of the rider. The whole uniform is substantial in material as well as effect. It is serviceable and impressive, and clothes the wearer with the respect due a representative of the State's Executive. But the constabulary is not dependent on the uniform alone to carry the majesty of the law against the turbulent classes. Each trooper carries a Colt's .38 strapped on his hip, and a twenty-inch bowie knife is slung from the pommel of his saddle. In addition to these "persuaders" he carries the Springfield carbine of the army for riot duty, but the better arm hangs in its racks at the barracks most of the time, for the idea of the force is to produce a moral effect rather than physical, and the instruction to each trooper is to carry his point without resorting to "gun-play." Under the act by which Pennsylvania's constabulary was created the members may make arrests without warrants for all violations of the law, and serve and execute warrants issued by the proper authorities. Besides

these duties, the force is expected to act as fish, game, and fire wardens, but since the shutting down of the mines the constabulary has been held in readiness to answer emergency calls, patrol duty has been continuous, and little time has been found to devote to their other police duties.

The constabulary is not hipless out of the saddle. The Reading troopers proved it at the Cornwall Ore Banks, in Lehigh County, last month. Three hundred striking mine employees took the situation in their own hands there, intimidated those who wanted to go back to work, assaulting others who remained loyal to their employers, and openly defied the sheriff to interfere. A citizen of Cornwall telephoned the Superintendent of Constabulary at Harrisburg for help.

"We have got to keep our formers going here," said this man over the long distance. "If we don't it will mean thousands of dollars loss, and the strikers are determined that the few men left at work shall draw the fires!"

"Where's your sheriff?" asked Captain Grooms. "Why doesn't he act?" The sheriff happened to be right at the elbow of the man telephoning, and he took the receiver.

"Captain Grooms," confessed Lehighman's officer of the law, "I can raise only seven deputies in the whole county to stop these fellows, and when we tried to

do it they chased my men up and down the banks like a lot of rabbits."

"Haven't you got any guns?"

"Hrally, I captain, you know I can't shoot miners. They'll have the law on me!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Come down here with every man you've got. These fellows are just looking for trouble!"

Captain Grooms telephoned Reading Barracks, and ten men and a sergeant were hauled to Cornwall on a special. The men didn't take their horses. At the ore banks they were dropped at intervals along the railroad tracks and at the gates to the furnaces. Then the manager was told to blow his whistle. The first workman stopped by pickets found himself backed up by an aggressive little man in a black helmet and gray whip-cords. Grimy-looking foreigners with a jibbering of alien tongues closed in and began shoving.

"Do you want to go to work?" asked the helmet of the workman, who gave him a frightened nod.

"Then you guys clear out!" said the little man in uniform. "Me and this party have an engagement!"

The ringleader of the trouble-makers stepped in the way and pulled a gun. Something tapped him on the head and he dropped like a log. More than one head was broken by that long night-stick before the little constable panned to take a breath over the form of his prisoner. That took all the fight out of Cornwall's unruly colony and the authorities have had no more trouble since.



"Boots and saddles"—a squad of the Wilkes-Barre Troop turning out on a heavy call for patrol duty.



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MAXIME GORKY, RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST AND AUTHOR, WHO HAS JUST COME TO AMERICA

Maxime Gorky, the distinguished Russian novelist and poet, has come to America, as he says, to "do something for his fatherland,"—or, in other words, to make propaganda for the Russian Revolutionists. He has announced that he will not make any speeches, but will read some lectures descriptive of the recent insurrections in Russia. Gorky has been banished for life from his native country because of his participation in the activities of the Revolutionists, and has lately lived in Paris. He is best known to American readers through his novel "Foma Gurdjev," although he has published a dozen other books. He was born at Nijni Novgorod in 1868.



ILLUSTRATED
BY

GEORGE GIBBS

IT was the third month of heat at Trees Palmas, and even the three shaggy palms, their roots clutching at the spring of water, wilted and drooped before the sun. The gray mosquito trees down the gulch faded and disappeared in the excess of light, and the palo verde that topped the ridges danced dizzily as hot men do when they get mad. From the spring hole a trickle of water flowed past the thirsty palms into a trough, where mud-wasps flitted severely about and the wild bees came to drink. All day the sun drank greedily from its gleaming surface, bubbling the nectar level in its cup; but as the divider of the cañon wall reached out and covered its water row and fell into the sand below, where the creatures of the desert stooped to sip it—rabbits and birds and snakes.

In winter Trees Palmas was prospectors' headquarters on the Great Desert; but at the first stroke of summer heat the distant miners had all "gone in" to the cool valley over the western mountains, and the burros had retreated to the willow-lined river to the east. Up the gulch, huddled in the meagre shade of the cañon wall, stood the last remnant of the big camp—a string of double-roofed tents, a brush shed or two, and a broad-wheeled wagon warping in the sun. The six or eight men who scurried there were the lucky ones of the season—men whom even the desert heat could not drive from their claims. Held by their claimed gold, they had burrowed like weasels down under the bank above the spring, and with leath thrown open they lay against their moist places enduring the heat in silence.

Spreading half naked on a rusty wire mattress, Old Sandy, the father of the camp, lay talking to himself. His light-spinked eyes, half blinded by the glare of many desert summers, were mild in spite of their bloodshot, and with his heavy jaws and round cheeks gave him the appearance of an amiable desert chipmunk. He was thinking out loud—the only man in camp who could do so without offending his fellows. The fever of intense heat, which water could not quench nor perspiration equalize, ran like fire through the veins of the others, distorting the flaws in their virile eyes, and leaving them peevish and sulky. In the tent next to Old Sandy's a storm of German oaths burst suddenly upon the silence, rising higher and higher until it culminated in a bullfight roar. A heavy can came hurtling out through the doorway, spitting foam to five or six feet, and fell in a wilderness of empty ones. If Big Otto had flung his bottle after it, the camp would have breathed easier, for the whiskey made him wild.

"Tan the stuff!" he raged; "it sorts already! . . . You'd you laugh at me, Baldy Logan! . . . What's that? . . . You did, but . . . You mean to say I hit? . . . Well, I heard you! . . . Not I ain't drunk!"

"Come, come boys," interposed Sandy, gently, "you'll get all hot up" and the tenth one-sided quarrel of the day subsided into a surly muttering.

A great bank of thunder-clouds gathered over the sand-hills to the east, mounting higher and higher until, with lightning and distant thunder, it burst. And though the cooling drops fell far away, the tension in the air was lifted. In the tent next to Old Sandy's, Baldy Logan threw aside the old novel he was trying to read, and, crossing his swart southern shoes upon a prematurely bald head, slipped out to a brush row where a horse was moaning impatiently at an empty water bucket.

"Well, Parbe," he said, throwing a nose over the high Roman nose of his pony and vaulting lightly upon his back, "I guess you want a drink."

As he rode down the trail the head lines on Logan's forehead cleared away, and he clung his boots with the rollicking swing of freedom. Otto Rasch had been crowding him pretty hard that day, but, once astride of "Parbe," he fell to humming a song—a song that goes to the jungle of cowboy spins on the painted mesas of Arizona.

"Tim a too-ri, lueks bar-koo-ri-roo,
Tum a too-ri, lueks bar-koo-ri-roo."

A grunt, a jolt, a rabbit, drinking at the spring, rose up on its hind legs to listen, and then galloped silently away. "Hyup!" yelled Baldy. "Kick him, 'Parbe!" and he leaned forward as if to meet a great burst of speed. Humping his back playfully, the wild-eyed little cow pony went clattering over the rocks; but when he reached the spring he turned short and, wilfully disobeying the spurless heels, plunged his unbridled nose up to the eye in the water.

"You old scound!" scolded Baldy, slipping his neck; but "Parbe" sat back on a few inches and rolled his eyes. This was his play-time, and he knew the law.

To the battered residents of Trees Palmas, Baldy Logan was not much for a man. He was little, and his eyes tended more to the

mid blue than the steely gray. To Big Otto he was breath contempt, for he absolutely would not fight. Still, for some reason, Old Sandy treated him with respect—and to "Parbe" he was the one man. The near-lashed horses of Otto Rasch threw up their heads and shied even when he fed them their grain, but "Parbe" would walk up to a club if Baldy called him. In the stern chest of the robe "Parbe" had felt both whip and spur, but his master had never struck him in the face. The confidence of his baby horse was as precious to Baldy Logan as the faith of a child to its father; and whatever men might think of him, so long as "Parbe" would reach out his salt muzzle to be petted, he felt sure that he was man enough. In a distant cañon Logan had a prospect where the ore was threaded with gold. With the first rains of winter the tanks would fill with water, rich golden grass would spring up on the flats; they could camp by the mine and, with Baldy digging and "Parbe" dragging the sand, the stake would soon be theirs. Then they could charter a stock-car and go back to Arizona in style.

His skin stretched to the uttermost, the well-beloved "Parbe" was mounding the turbid water dismally, when there was a thud of hoofs and Otto Rasch came down the trail, riding one of his clumsy work-horses and leading the other. In uncouth bulk and ponderous muscle-bound strength the man was not unlike his horses, descended from a thousand generations of unthinking will. But some break of will—a crime perhaps—had shaken him from his native soil; and on the desert, where there is no law except that of man to man, he had straggled on the belt of the gun-fighter and turned "bad." As he rode up to the trough he swayed about in a drunken stagger, and his face took on a leering malice.

Baldy Logan saw it and pulled at the tie-ropes, but "Parbe" had read the mood, and when the thrifty work-horse crowded in beside him he was still riding about in the half-swaying trough.

"Ah," sneered Rasch, leaning over, "I heard you running your horse to get ahead of me! Well—just—look—out—there—crier! Here. Take your head up! You ain't plumb!" he belittled, and a sudden spasm he lashed out at "Parbe's" nose with his rope. As his horse leaped back snorting, a sudden change came over the villan features of Baldy Logan. He set up, straight and wiry, and his sharp voice cut short the roar of abuse.

"You hit that horse again and I'll kill you!"

"You law, haw!" roared Rasch. "Kil' nothings! I'll hit him whenever I please."

"Well, you try it on, and as sure as I'm a-sittin' here, I'll hit you." Turning "Parbe's" head by a slap on the neck, Baldy leaned forward and gulped grudgingly back into camp.

"Well, what's the matter now?" inquired Old Sandy, interrupting himself as he noticed Logan digging into his saddlebags.

"Oh, nothing much," answered Logan, but Sandy saw that he was strapping a cowboy's pistol to his hip.

"The first time I knowed he had one," he commented, absently, and went on with his broken monologue.

II

There had always been bad blood between Otto Rasch and Logan. The contempt of the big man and the answering hatred of the little one did not rest on the whole truth. Rasch was a "jumper," one of those bullies who hang about every mining-camp ready to jump the claim of the first unfortunates prospector who, from sickness or poverty, fails to conform to the mining law. His reputation had followed after him over the desert from Ehrenberg, and it was his saucer-eyed presence that held half the suffering inhabitants of Trees Palmas. If the runners from Ehrenberg were cursed this big black-haired man was more than a jumper—he was a killer. He would risk claims on sight and held them with his gun. If the owners tried to eject him, he shot in "self-defense"—and by the time the officers of the law arrived, if they ever did arrive, Big Otto had made a clean-up of a few hundred dollars and was ready to move on.

It was a hairy group of citizens which confronted him at Trees Palmas—the quiet and short-spoken kind whom experience had taught him to let alone. But in Baldy Logan he perceived his natural prey; and, but for the aggravating circumstance of his poverty, Big Otto would have jumped him long ago. In some sort of the Chukaralla Mountains, these fire-branded bullies which rose above the waste of sands to the north, Logan had a claim; but neither he nor his close-mouthed associates would even so much as indicate its general direction. All that Big Otto knew was that at irregular intervals this dumb little man would disappear in the dusk of the evening, riding each time in a different direction, but invariably returning with a pack of ore, from which he would out a grub stake at his leisure.

Walked in his efforts to worm out some clue, Rasch turned ugly and resorted to hectoring and abuse. To see one of their quarrels was

like watching a sad dog lingering at a dog's fix, which licks slowly away until it reaches a corner, at last by a slow curl of the lip reveals a suggestion of a tooth. It was a peculiar belief among the griot-priests of Tree Palms that this freed slave would ultimately result in an addition to the graveyard over on the bag's back; each quarter came to an end in the same place—when the little fox showed his teeth—and the heat-dazed residents no longer dignified those outbursts by their serious attention.

Logan was eating a light supper out of a series of tin cans spread on a board when Rasch came riding back into camp. The preliminary rumble of his Dutch curses told of another approaching cat-hunt and the wearied desert men groaned.

"If I'll be a hangman's job when he does," prophesied another, and the religious undertone passed from tent to tent.

"Yes, I mean you," yelled Rasch, sharply, "you—you, you little

“You’re making a mistake,” Logan said, “making a thing!”

“Who? Get on to the gun,” he jeered, as his eyes fell upon Logan’s pistol.

“You will shoot me, will ye? Well, come ahead, then! Shoot me!” — he threw up his hands.

“Shoot now!” and he tore open his shirt. “Yab! You doesn’t,” and he broke into a guffaw of laughter. But the little fox said nothing, and the big dog crowded in on him closer.

"I don't let no man threaten to shoot me," he said, loosening his heavy gun in its holster and advancing to the door of Logan's tent, "unless he wants to fight, come ahead!" And leaping forward, he kicked the board which served Logan for a table half-way across the tent. A deep bunk settled upon the ramp, but it was not broken by the expected shot.

by the expert sailor. "You'd better not crowd me too far," piped the high voice of the little man, and with a howl of derision the big German returned to his tent. "Fine fight!" he shouted to the rest. "Why, he wouldn't scratch if he was bit by a flea!"

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[illegible][illegible]

The sun had descended to the south before Italy began riding from the crest of one sand-hill to another, would acknowledge that he was lost. Then, drawing his knife, he cut loose the snaffle of one and threw the reins on Packer's neck. More than once Packer had been thrown by a horse, but never so badly as now. He fell on his left heel, he turned and followed a little stream of freshness which came flowing through the hot air. It was the breath of the water hole, the faded-green smell of the three pillars. As a man follows a trail, so Italy followed the stream of freshness. He knew it was there, he swung about in his saddle and listened to the swirl of his blood. A feverish impulse to hurry swept over him, but he held fast to the saddle-horn and said nothing. His head had his try—it was Packer's

The dust which hung in the air after the sand-storm of the night before shut out the sight of the lost one until he was close to the camp. Horse and man, their lips working with the thought of

with the thought of water, had their eyes set upon the three green palms. Old Sandy, whose squinting eyes had swept the gray distance all that day, was the first to see them.

"That's him, by God!" he said, and it sounded something like a prayer.

"That's who?" demanded Hanch, rearing up from his bed. "Tam his heart! If there ain't Baldy Logan! I hoped the dastard was dead." Whiskey had thrown Big Otto into a daze and he awoke in a vicious mood.

"He killed the winter for me," he muttered. "By God! I'll do the same for him," and, hitching up his pistol-belt, he ran to untie his horses. They say that horses can smell hatred and murder. Big Otis's had reason enough to fear him besides, and, despite his lenient hurry, they shied and flew back until he had to tie their heads together before he could even mount.

The lost ones came hurrying across the last weary bit of sand. "Pache with his hand stretched far out, Biddy Logan gazing fixedly before him. Neither of them heard the clatter of hoofs down the trail, but just as "Pache thrust his nose in up to the eyes the heavy work-horses of Otto Rasch trotted up at the other side and crowded their eager noses into the trench. Logan was



He kicked the board half-way across the front

in the stirrup to dismount when he heard the splash. He checked himself and looked up into the leering face of Ogo

Rach. — What horse out of that?" he cried, sharply.

"Take them horses out of there," he said. "Ain't this a free country? I don't know," returned Big Otha.

And then, "You're not even close to most dead!" drilled Logan.

"Can't you see that my horse is most dead?" shrieked Leggin.

"Sure I can," answered Rased. And now you shall see—

swinging the heavy knoll on his hip, he came
 the way. Baldy Logan met his horse's hunch mechanically.

When the rails, partly broken and bent, were torn from the ground, he reached for his gun, then, with a movement of lightning swiftness, he

Then with a movement of his hand he jerked the iron in his grasp which turned like blacksmith's iron in his grasp and the little pitched to the ground be-

"Take that!" he said, and Big Otto pursued to the ground.

been his rearing horses. Baldy finished the season by

"pathe," he whispered, gently patting his neck. "Now go
pathe." "pathe," he thrust his head in to the

"When, Tache," he said, "Tache thrust his head in in the
and drink." And once more Tache thrust his head in in the

ahead and drain.

eyra.

IV

if the wren of Tril. Palma had had their will, they would have dug another hole on the edge of a hawk and forgotten both into Rasch and Baldy Legua. But while there is no law on the desert to protect there is a law to punish. Just as it fell the body of Legu into the hole he until the corner viewed the remains. Wherever he went, the Legua must be pursued until he was brought to the place where he was the. So, in 1911, when the back-country was struck back across the sand to the west, another man on a heavy draft horse went hurrying to the south, where the railroad and its giant telegraph line stretched interminably, and the clicking station instruments chatted familiarly with the great world beyond the moon.

In his cord office on the shady side of the courthouse the coroner of San Bernardino County sat with his feet in the window, enjoying the breeze, when a messenger boy burst in at the door and handed him a telegram.

"Mrs. Palfnest" groaned the fat little doctor, slamming his feet down in a pet. "—and the thermometer is here!" And for the third time he cursed the crazy gun-fighters of the desert. But when the doctor had delivered a bang telegram to the iron-gay sheriff there was no such demonstration. Motioning the boy to wait, Mr. Hark Williams, tall, iron-willed, silent, reflected for a minute, and then wrote a series of hurried messages to the sheriff at Yuma for Coughlin, the cowboy; to the deputies; and to the constables, warning them to watch the water holes. He called the boy back to add the last one, to an old frame at Palm Springs, asking for a certain mottled horse. Then he roared for his six-shooter and corralled and rode for the east-bound train.

cast-bound train.
The full elections
were close at hand,
and there were men
in the county who
clamored for
younger blood.
Some thing like
"Cher, cher, Williams"
Sheriff could help and his
company immense.
So he thanked
him as following in
his inspiring dignity,
was the train desert
into the desert
of tall blue hills,
of snow, and
at him of making
his content and the
and his through the
of the mountains.
He, even, brush
the fugitive was
first, but that in
to him would
his future.

One bent draped to his gun

Drawn by George G. G.

It seems he doesn't think

the boat trapped to his gun.

changing mounds. But far in the west—if he could rise to reach it—there was a well of living water, and beyond it towered the jagged ridges of San Jacinto and Torres. There one might live in peace among the Indians, and be forgotten. So reasoned Haby as he lay on his back, his eyes closed, his hands clasped. He turned one idea into his mind. On the ridge above Tree Palmas he passed for a lost look back, and then rode doggedly against the blazing sun. As night came on a bright star appeared in the west and he rode for it, until it set and higher stars swung down to take its place. He rode on, his eyes fixed on the stars, until dawn turned the drooped lower and lower. At times he stopped—but his master was deep in every moaning and did not notice his distress.

As the new day dawned Haby reined in on a little mound and surveyed the land about him. Then he threw himself on his horse's back and burst into tears.

* What's the use, 'Pacho?' he mumbled, but

Patche made no reply. He slowly drew his pistol and looked at it doubtfully; then he gazed far across the sand to where a ragged bunch of iron-oxen marked the kids' spring. Hunger at thirst and fever had broken his spirit and the hot sun was adding the insupportable touch of madness.

"What's the use, 'Pache?" he questioned, dourly, but the horse only pricked his ears and nickered.

"Poor boy!" murmured Baldy, stroking his neck, "you have never quit me; why should I leave you here to die?" And he thrust the pistol back into its case.

"Come, pet," he said, dropping limply from the saddle, and taking the bridle rein, he led on towards the dreary trees.

A dazzling mirage of heat was drawing the bare sounds into the semblance of a great lake, where, from behind his lummoxed at Coyote Wells, Red Williams saw a little man, leading a black-hin horse, come staggering across the desert. At times he stopped to rest; and then they drew near he saw that the man was petting his horse, and talking to him in a low voice.

"I thought," remarked Williams, working his pistol around in front, "he's drunk." Then he stood listening till they were close upon him.

“Poor” “Packs!”

"Thrust up your hands!" challenged the sheriff, stepping out from behind the tree, and both horse and man turned to stare at him. "You're my prisoner," called the officer, wrangling, holding the carbine at a ready. "Hands up, now, and don't make any trouble." But the man seemed not to understand, three more he turned and buried his face in his horse's mane.

"Fudge," "Fudge," he whispered.

"All right," responded the little man, edging off to one side. Suddenly he stopped and lowered his arms ominously.

"Don't hit my nose," he said. And then one hand bopped to his gun.

"Drop that!" yelled Williams, taking a snap shot at his wrist, but the pistol broke too quick.

"Plumb crazy, by God!" muttered the sheriff, as he stood there the body, that Pache still nudged his master joyfully, he could understand.

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THE BIG GUNS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "CONNECTICUT"

By Walter L. Beasley



Powder-Charge and Projectile for the 12-inch Guns

test of a ship's efficiency, although heavy and prone to a response in a basis for reasonably accurate estimate. The United States and Spain demonstrated many things concerning vessels of war and brought about many developments. No did the Russo-Japanese war. Admiral Togo taught the nations of the world many lessons which must be heeded by those powers which are seeking to maintain their sea forces at the highest point of effectiveness.

In the United States battle-ship Connecticut, which is being finished at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it is quite clear that the American naval constructors who designed and supervised her construction anticipated Admiral Togo's lessons, particularly the historic one of the Korean Strait. The Japanese admiral conclusively demonstrated the value of high-power, large-caliber guns and the enormous possibilities of long-distance gun-fire. He proved great guns to be the most reliable and effective weapons for warfare at sea. And it is in her gun-power that the Connecticut is the most effective vessel of her class in the United States navy.

A noteworthy feature of the vessel's offensive equipment is the abandonment of the 16-inch secondary battery by which, heretofore, great stress had been set by naval ordinance experts. Her main battery has, on the other hand, been much strengthened. It consists of four 12-inch turret-mounted guns, mounted in two turrets, one forward, one aft; eight 8-inch and twelve 7-inch guns. Of smaller pieces, there are twenty 3-inch, twelve 3-inch, eight 16-inch and eight 14-inch pounders, and eight 14-inch pounders.

Each of the 12-inch guns is capable of hurling an 800-pound projectile at a velocity of 2400 feet per second with sufficient force to penetrate twelve inches of a ship's armor at a range of six to six miles. The extreme range of one of these guns is about twelve miles.

These four great guns are forty-five feet long, eight feet higher than the former 12-inch guns, and far outclassing them in range and penetration, and weigh 123,000 pounds each. They represent the highest type of American gun-making and were constructed at the Washington Naval Gun Factory. At four miles, the probable fighting distance in future sea engagements, the Connecticut's concentrated broadside gunfire, hurling more than two million pounds of armor-piercing and explosive projectiles a second, could, it is claimed, destroy the largest vessel now in any service.

An entirely new ordinance device, the first to be put in service, is that of a thick square shield attached to the front jacket of the 12 and 8-inch turret guns. This adds an extra protection to the turret crew from possible shell fragments entering through the gun openings as well as guarding the vital parts of the turret itself. To meet the shock of fire, a 15-ton recoil jacket is shipped over the breech end of each gun, the rebound being nearly three feet. A belt of protective armor twelve inches thick forms the base of the 12-inch turrets. With a powder charge of 250

HERE are very few things of man's construction which possess in so remarkable degree a potentiality for becoming "out of date" as the modern battle-ship. A vessel of this type may remain supreme in strength and efficiency for a long period, and yet it is not impossible that her second birthday may find her surpassed in some detail of armor or armament, construction or equipment.

Naval rivalry is keen throughout the world, and naval constructors are ceaselessly striving not only to perfect existing types, but radically to revise more or less fully established principles.

Actual engagement is, obviously, the only real

test, but on each beam at the end of the centre superstructure. The 12-inch guns are arranged broadside on pedestal mounts on the gun-deck, and each has a separate armored steel compartment.

The Connecticut's hull is protected at the waterline by a complete belt of armor, more than nine feet in width and eleven inches thick, which extends 200 feet amidships, while the front and back of this, embracing the magazine spaces, is nine inches in thickness, decreasing to four inches at the stem and stern. The magazine armor, from the top of the water-line to the edge of the 7-inch gun ports and upper casemates, is from seven to eight inches thick throughout. A complete protective deck composed of steel plating ranging from forty pounds on the flat to one hundred on the sloping parts, extends from bow to stern. There are seven decks, the last three being below the water-line.

The Connecticut will be the flag-ship of the North Atlantic

fleet, under Rear-Admiral Evans, with Captain William Swift in command. The ship's company will include about 50 officers, a crew of 900 men and 75 marines. The Connecticut's keel was laid on March 19, 1903, and she was launched on September 26, 1904. She is 454 feet long and 76 feet and 10 inches beam width. Her speed will be eighteen knots. The Connecticut is scheduled to go into commission in about a month, and she is destined to retain her preeminence until the new heavily armed battle-ships of the North Carolina and Michigan class, carrying eight 12-inch guns, are about.



Lowering one of the 12-inch Guns into Position on the After-Deck

Flot, under Rear-Admiral Evans, with Captain William Swift in command. The ship's company will include about 50 officers, a crew of 900 men and 75 marines. The Connecticut's keel was laid on March 19, 1903, and she was launched on September 26, 1904. She is 454 feet long and 76 feet and 10 inches beam width. Her speed will be eighteen knots.

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The Electric Rammer for Loading the 12-inch Guns

WHERE HUMAN BEINGS ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD FOR THE PRICE OF A PIECE OF CLOTH

By H. W. Nevins

IN THIS ARTICLE MR. NEVINSON DESCRIBES THE BARTER IN HUMAN LIVES WHICH IS CARRIED ON IN AFRICA TO-DAY, AND TELLS HOW A WOMAN WAS SOLD FOR FORTY YARDS OF CLOTH AND A PIG

THE few English people who have ever heard of Bihé at all probably imagine it to be a large town in Angola, famous for its slave-market. Nothing could be less like the reality. There is no town, and there is no slave-market. Bihé is a wide district of forest and marsh,

part of the high plateau of interior Africa. It has no mountains, and no big rivers, except the Cunene, which separates it from the land of the Chibokwe on the east. No that the general character of the country is rather indistinctive, and you might as well be in one part of it as another.

There is no town and no public slave-market. The Portuguese fort at Belmonte, once the home of that remarkable man and redoubtable slave-trader Sula Porto, and the scene of his rather splendid ascende in 1880, may be taken as the centre of the district. But there are only two or three Portuguese stores scattered round it, and scattered over the whole country there are only a very limited number of other trading-houses, the largest being the headquarters of the Commercial Company of Angola, established at Ombaka, one day's journey from the fort. The trading-houses are, I think without exception, worked by slave labor, as are the few plantations of sweet potato for the manufacture of rum, which, next to cotton cloth, is the chief coinage in all dealings with the natives. The exchange from the native side of slaves, a head of rubber (say an ox, and a young slave counting consists chiefly of rubber, an ox, and a young slave counting fifty pounds to sixty pounds). In English money we might put the value at £1.

It is through these trading-houses that the slave-trade has hitherto been chiefly conducted, and if you want slaves you can buy them readily from any of the latter houses still. But the Bihéans have themselves partly to blame for the ill repute of their country. They are born traders, and will trade in anything. For

generations past, probably long before the Portuguese established their present feeble foothold upon the country, the Bihéans, as they are called, have been sending their caravans of traders far into the interior—for among the tributaries of the Congo, and even up to Tanganyika and the great lakes.

As traders, the Bihéans have gained certain advantages. Their Umbundu language almost takes the place in Central West Africa that the Swahili takes on the eastern side. It will carry you fairly well, at all events along the main foot-paths of trade. They are richer than other tribes, too; they live a little better, they wear rather larger cloths, and get more in out. But they are naturally despised by neighbors who live by fighting, hunting, fishing, and the usual arts. They are tainted with the softness of trade. In the rising against the Portuguese in 1902, which brought such benefits to all this part of Angola, nearly all of them refused to take any share. They are losing all skill and delight in war. They are almost afraid of their own axes, and scarcely have the courage to train them. For the wider side of Africa life a Bihéan is becoming almost as useless as a board-school boy from Maryland. For skill or sense of beauty in the common arts of metalwork, woodwork, basket-weaving, or ornament, they cannot compare to any of the native tribes. In fact, they

are a commercial people, and they pay the full penalty which all commercial peoples have to pay.

Away from the main trade routes the country is rather thickly inhabited. The villages lie scattered about in clusters of five or six together. All are strongly stockaded, for custom rather than defence (unless against leopards), and all have rough poles of heavy, swinging beams that can be dropped at night, like a portcullis. Most people would say the huts were round; but only the cattle-breeding tribes, like the Dampos in the south, have round huts. The Bihéan huts are intended to be oblong or square,



Bihéans Carrying on the March



on the Bihé



Bihéan Children pounding Meal on Rock



Lundu Hut and Fetiches

but as natives have no eye for the straight line, and the roofs are invariably conical, one is easily mistaken. Except in those who have seen nothing better than the filth and grime of English cities, the villages would not appear remarkably clean. They cannot compare for neatness and careful arrangement in the Zulu villages, for instance, nor even to the neighboring Chibwe. But each family has its separate enclosure, with huts according to its size or the number of the wives, and usually a little patch of garden for peppers, tomatoes, the size of dumplings, and perhaps some tobacco. Nowhere in the centre of the enclosure there is a tree to be a large open space with a town-hall or public edifice (canga). This is much the same in all villages in Central Africa—a pointed, shanty roof, supported by upright beams, set far enough apart to admit of entrance at any point. It serves as a parliament house, a court of justice, a general workshop (especially for anti-workmen among the !Karas), and for lounge, or place of conversation and general idleness. Perhaps a good cloth is the best idea we can form of it. It forms a meeting-place for politics, news, chatter, money-making, and games, nor have I ever seen a woman inside.

On the dusty floor a piece of hard ground, three or four inches above the rest of the surface, is usually kept as the throne or place of honor for the chief. There he reclines, or sits on a stool six inches high, and exercises the usual royal functions. He is clothed in apparel which one soon comes to recognize as kingly. It is some sort of cap or hat and a shirt. The original owners of both were probably European, but time enough has elapsed to secure them the veneration due to the symbols of established authority, and they are covered with layer upon layer of tradition. Thus arrayed, the chief sits from morning till evening in the very heart of his kingdom and contemplates its existence. Sometimes a criminal case or a dispute about debt comes up for his decision. Then he has the assistance of three elders of the village, and in extreme cases he is supposed to seek the wisdom of the white man at the fort. But the expense of such wisdom is at least equal to its value, and rather than risk the delay, the uncertainty of justice, and the certainty of some contribution to the legal fire in pipe, cash, or rubber, the villagers usually settle up their own differences more quickly and good-naturedly than they need, and so out of the strong comes forth sweetness.

Adjoining the public square the chief has his own enclosure, with the royal huts for his wives, who may number anything from five to ten or so, the number, as in other countries, being restricted by the expense. Leaving the politics, law, games, and other occupations of public life to the more strictly intellectual sex, the wives, like the other women of the village, follow the paternal labor of the fields (which, as a rule, are of their own making), and so out at dawn with basket and hoe on their heads and babies strapped to their backs, returning in the afternoon to pound the meal in wooden mortars, and otherwise prepare the family's food.

I have had difficulty in finding out why one race is chief rather than another. It is not entirely a matter of blood or of wealth, still less of character. But all these go for something, and the villagers themselves appear to have a certain vire in the selection, though the choice must be within the bounds of the "blood royal." Constitutionally, I believe, the same principle holds in the case of the British crown, I have never heard of a despotic succession in an African village, though disputes often arise in the larger tribes, as among the Cameroons, where a very intelligent chief was lately poisoned by his brother, as two peaceable and philosophic men. But there is no longer a king or head chief in this.

The last was captured not twenty years ago, and in mythical resistance on his muscles or capital of Kooragga, the an-

cient trees of which can be seen from the American mission at Kamundongo. So he joined the kings in exile, and, I believe, still drags out an existence of memories in the Sautings of Portuguese Guinea. There remains the chiefs of districts and the headmen of villages, and though, as I have described, their state is hardly to be distinguished from that of royalty.

Nearly akin to folk-lore are the quaint sayings and brief stories which sum up the daily experience of a people. Take, for instance, this dilemma, turning on an antiquity which appears to be the common heritage of all mankind: "I go to bury my mother-in-law. The king sends for me to attend his council. If I do not go to the king, he will cut my head off. If I do not bury my mother-in-law, she may come to life." More unusual to English ears was the statement made quite seriously in my presence by a young man who was inquiring about the manner of life in England. "If you can buy things there," he said, "there is no need to marry. Certainly not; when you can buy meat in a shop, why expose yourself to the annoyance and irritation of helping wives to sow and gather and pound and sift the meal for you?"

Slavery exists quite openly throughout Rife in the three forms of family slavery among the natives themselves, domestic slavery to the Portuguese traders, and slavery on the plantations. The purchase of slaves is rendered easier by certain native customs, especially by the peculiar law which gives the possession of the children to the wife's brother, even during the lifetime of both parents. The law, has many advantages in a polygamous country, and the parents can redeem their children and make them their own property by various payments, but, unless the children are redeemed, the wife's brother can claim them for the payment of his own debts or the debts of his village. I think this is chiefly done in the payment of family debts for witchcraft, and I have seen a case in which, for a debt of that kind, a mother has been driven to pawn her own child herself. Her brother had murdered her eldest boy, and, going into the native trade, had died there. Of course his wife and other relations charged her with witchcraft through her murdered boy's spirit, and she was condemned to pay a fine. She had nothing to pay but her two remaining children, and as the girl was married and with child, she was unwilling to take her. So she pawned her little boy in a native for the sum required, though she knew he would almost certainly be sold as a slave in the Portuguese law before she could redeem him, and she would have no chance of redress.

In that particular case, which happened not long ago, a missionary, who knew the boy, intervened an ox in his place; but the missionary's intervention was, of course, entirely accidental, and the facts are only typical of the kind of thing that is repeatedly happening in places where there is no one to bring it to know.

In a village in the northwest of Rife I have seen a man—the headman of the place—who has been gradually tripped on by a Portuguese trader till he has sold all his children and all the other relations in his power for run. The morning he told his wife to shorten herself up and come with him to the trader's house. She appears to have been a particularly excellent woman, of whom he was very fond. Yet when they arrived at the store he covered a keg of rum and went home with it, leaving his wife as the trader's property.

To show how low the price of human beings will run, I may mention a case that happened in January, 1903, in the Cameroons, just over the northern frontier of Rife. I think I noticed in an earlier letter that there was much famine there last winter, and so it came about that a woman was sold for forty pounds of cloth and a pig (which being worth about five pounds a yard), and was brought into Rife by the triumphant purchaser.



A slave who escaped from Cameroons to a Mission

MR. ROOSEVELT THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

By Sydney Brooks

Washington, April 26, 1901.

FOR a foreigner to venture an opinion on American politics is a desperate undertaking. They are complicated as perhaps no other politics are complicated; among the governmental systems of the world they rank as Capharnaum junctions among the cities of the world. To plunge into such a matter, more or less blindfold, would be at any time an enterprise of hazard. Just now it is an enterprise approaching demeridia. For the normal confusion of American politics seems just now to be trebly confounded. A score of times during the past few days I have been asking myself whether chaos has not again descended upon the earth. There is, to begin with, the amazing spectacle of a Republican President striving to pass radical measures by the help of Democratic votes. There is also all that spectacle implies—a strife, verging on civil war, between the White House and the party leaders in the Senate, an infinity of cabals, conferences, underground negotiations, an atmosphere of suspicion, surprises, and heated antagonism. The centre of this turmoil is, of course, the rate bill; and the tale told itself, by its complexity, the hopelessly legal and constitutional arguments in which it is getting entangled, and the difficulty of deciding whether the people at large are three cents or three miles ahead as a Roosevelt measure, generously completes the foreigner's bewilderment. And, besides this, there is to be sought an explanation of a fact that has always puzzled us in England—the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, admittedly one of the most popular Presidents in American history, who has been elected by a large majority in the control of his party, a masterful man occupying apparently a not less masterful position, should yet have failed to inscribe on the statute-book a single great measure of legislation and should have been forced to witness nearly all his proposals mutilated, rejected, or ignored by a legislature elected by a people in the belief that it would support him. But beyond all this, and as a final warning to the wayfaring stranger that the ground before and around him is insecure and sown with pitfalls, is the conviction that American politics and parties are in a transitional stage, that the old labels and the old issues are ceasing to apply, that names no longer represent or answer to things, and that a deep-rooted process of breaking up and realignment has begun.

These elements together form a situation on many-sided that no mere onlooker like myself can hope to bring to focus in a single focus, even with the unwearying assistance of his American friends, yet so interesting that, against all prudence and common sense, he must try to resolve it. He, therefore, as I have done, trudges many times the length of Pennsylvania Avenue; he has the gasping experience of an hour or so conversation with the President; he goes from him to his bedroom apartments in the Senate and from there to his friends, and to those aloof and tranquil, yet keen and all-seeing, spectators of the game of whom Washington is delightfully full; he hears, or thinks he hears, all sides; he is treated with a frankness as great as to be almost deceptive; and he forms in the end certain conclusions with which probably no single one of his informants would wholly agree—conclusions, too, for which a ten years' study of American affairs had scarcely prepared him. If Washington were America, Mr. Roosevelt would not be the popular President he is. I am told that anyway his popularity throughout the country is not now what it was a year or even six months ago; that the people (in the words of one of his opponents) are beginning to find him out and are asking for less talk and more achievement, and that the force of popular approval behind him and the popular interest in his personality are bound to decline with a progressive velocity the nearer he approaches to the end of his Presidency. That may in part be true, but I take the President's hold over the masses to be so firm and well founded that he can afford to let half of it go and still remain the one dominant and appealing figure in the Republic's ranks. The people, so far as I can feel, are not asking for less belief in his personal and political honesty, his sincerity, and his palpable freedom from any mercenary taint. They look upon him, I should judge, as almost their only effective champion against the alliance of corporate wealth with consciousness political leadership; and there is hardly one of his opponents, even among those who are most certain that he is a declining power and that he will drop politically dead the moment he leaves the White House, who would not be glad to have the backing of Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement at election time. I have heard of efforts to get that endorsement—Washington is huge, whispering-gallery—that employed all the graces of pettifogged diplomacy, and that seemed to show that even Senators had their doubts whether opposition to the President was altogether good politics. But I cannot question that on the whole Washington opinion is much more critical of Mr. Roosevelt and much less favorable to him than outside opinion. There is as much difference between the Washington and the American views of President Roosevelt as there is between the London and the English views of King Edward. That, no doubt, is very largely inevitable. Nothing induces a fairer impression of a great man than living near him, and Washington is leading him up to judge all politicians by the standard of the committee room. He is excessively near to Mr. Roosevelt, but I own that local criticism also takes on a wider scope than I had anticipated. I never expected to hear Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity questioned. I have heard in Washington not merely that sincerity, but integrity, I hear, again, that Mr. Roosevelt is not a man of strong convictions. For ex-

ample, I am told that in a recent message of his there appeared a paragraph informing Congress that a special message would be addressed to it urging the necessity of tariff revision. In the advance proofs of the message, which are sent out to the papers a day or two before it is read to Congress, the paragraph stood as the President had written it. The "standard pattern" got stuck, it is said, down upon the President's full name, and in the end the message, as read to Congress and printed in the papers, appeared without the paragraph in question. "Now how," I was asked yesterday, "can you call a man who does things like this, who has thought out and deliberately adopted and put his hand to a definite line on one of the greatest questions of the day, and who then, under pressure, abandons that line at a moment's notice—how can you call him a man of strong convictions and fixed principles?"

I do not infer that Washington at all objects to the President "playing politics," even politics of the kind one associates with the names of Gorman and Platt. What it does object to is that while playing politics the President should be regarded by the country, and should seem to regard himself, as a man of superior virtue and the sole repository of disinterested probity in the national capital. Mr. Roosevelt really looks upon himself in this exalted light in my opinion more unlikely, but unquestionably his public reiteration of the moral platitudes that most men are content to take for granted has spread abroad the idea that political honesty has formed a trust and registered itself in the man of Roosevelt's character. The public, however, is misled. It is inside of things than the rest of the country, finds it hard to reconcile with many of the President's acts. Again, as I have said, Washington believes Mr. Roosevelt's constancy to be greatly exaggerated. I should be inclined to agree with it there. If the public expects of the President anything in the nature of the heroic Cleveland attitude on the rate bill or any other question, the public is likely to be disappointed. He is not a last-ditch man. His theory of politics, in my judgment, must always prevent him from being or becoming one. He has thoroughly assimilated the doctrine of compromise and instinctively and rationally prefers a possible second-best to an impossible best. He greatly helped in his progress of surrender and concession, if I may believe even half of what I hear, by the generous gaps that exist in his knowledge of technical economics. One of my informants even went so far as to declare that his ignorance of commerce was modeled on Chamberlain's ignorance of the tariff question; but I should be sorry to impute such an abysmal want of information to any man.

At the same time I can easily understand that the details of such a message as the rate bill do not really interest Mr. Roosevelt; except in a general way, he is nothing like so sure of what he wants as are the Republican leaders of what they want; and the last man he consults with on such matters is apt to be the man who makes the greatest impression upon him. Being always guided by what is possible, he cares not a rap for consistency, and I can imagine him asserting a proposition with almost ferocious emphasis to-day and retracting or contradicting it to-morrow with an equal emphasis of superlatives. His mind takes things at a bound, and the bound is often a reckless one. He talks in hasty exaggerations and tangential turnings that may or may not argue a certain incapacity for sustained and consecutive thought, but that are apt at all events to lead people into doubting either his veracity or his sincerity. Personally I doubt neither, believing Mr. Roosevelt to be sincere all through, and transparently incapable of a deliberate falsehood. Yet I must own, many men, of high character and intelligence who are honest, personally, and Mr. Roosevelt has lied to them. I hear their stories, I read their documents, and though I find points in what the President has written to them or is reported to have said to them that I cannot reconcile, and though I recognize the impression left upon the minds of my informants to be genuine one, I remain convinced that they are convinced that they must be mistaken. The matter, I own, has interested me because it was the last I ever expected to hear discussed in Mr. Roosevelt's connection. It has startled me, too, almost as much as I was startled when a well-known college professor pronounced the President to be a "faker," and I am disappointed judgment, he is neither the one nor the other. More than once his devotion to the "practical" and his grasping interestness upon the goal to be achieved, have led him, as I think, to transgress the Golden Rule and have carried him over the heads of the highest public morality; and I can readily conceive that impulse, acting upon half-baked knowledge and dogmatism expressing itself in heated superlatives, must occasionally force him to do more and say more than he would justify in cold blood and may at times have all the effect of premeditated duplicity. But, there I stop, and stop with the conviction that to go farther is to miss the essential drift of the President's character and to founder in meaningless abstractions.

I am glad I came here, if only because of the side-light one is able to cast on one of the most interesting personalities of our time. I do not mean that they are very much alike, the fundamental conception of Mr. Roosevelt that I had formed at a distance, but they certainly change many of its details, and in particular they lead me to the conclusion that his is a far more complex character than I had supposed or, I imagine, than he suspects himself—more complex, but not less admirable.

Typesetting

In one of the big football games last season a certain young giant came out of a scrimmage looking somewhat as though he had been having unfriendly doings with an automobile. Among other things, his nose had been most thoroughly broken.

"Say, let that nose alone, and bring me a telegraph blank," he commanded, while they were busy repairing the damages, and he absolutely refused to allow it to be touched for several hours, until a reply was received to his wire.

"You run go ahead now, and follow these instructions," he said, handing the yellow slip to the doctor. The message read:

"Have nose set Roman. Do not like Greek.—Nan."

A Happy Thought

A WELL-KNOWN Boston writer tells, with glee, of a neat sally on the part of his thirteen-year-old son, who is a pupil in a private school at the club.

Approach of something or other, the teacher had quoted the line, "In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as 'fail.'"

At this point the lad mentioned arose and politely made known his desire to offer an observation with reference to the maxim.

"It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that if such be the case, it might be advisable to bring the omission in the attention of the publishers of that lexicon."

Education

THE principal of one of Washington's high schools relates an incident in connection with the last unmemorable day of the institution mentioned. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations.

"Were't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?"

"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"

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BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

By James MacArthur

ONE day last summer I picked up a volume casually to read on the train. The book was called *Spindlers*, and the author's name was Rex E. Beach. There was no savor of originality in the title, nothing to indicate the pioneer in posture new, and the name of the author was unfamiliar. I settled myself comfortably, and set about tasting the first story in the collection, to discover whether it were worth while

ings. There is a note of high imperiousness, a joy in the elemental passions, a strong man's fierce delight in the strife of the strong and mighty in *The Spindlers*, which recalls the earlier Kipling. Like Helen Chester, when she picked up a copy of *The Seven Seas*, marked liberally, in Helen's cabin, we feel again and again in the splendid pulse and swing of Mr. Beach's tale of the rough and brutal North that we have struck a scent. It hardly needed the reiteration of Kipling's line:

"There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three," which strikes the keynote of the story, to indicate that if Kipling is not an influence, he is at least a prohibition.

What place Mr. Beach will occupy in the literature of our country remains to be seen. One cannot deny him the power of seeing and seizing life as it has impressed his imagination, and of imparting to it a narrative form that impresses the imagination of the reader with tremendous vitality and gripping reality, with graphic picturesqueness and ingrained humor, all infused with the freshness of feeling and dynamic force of magnetic youth. There is little doubt that *The Spindlers* will attain a height of popularity that will place it among the leading novels of the year.

The name of Louise Morgan Hill has become so familiar—familiar to many readers—in the fugitive pages of the magazines, that the publication of her poems in more durable form will be warmly welcomed. In her case, it is an act of justice, for the little volume, *In Sun or Shade*, is not merely the work of a minor poet. Now that we can view these poems covering a diversity of inspirational moods in the world of sentient thought, we perceive to them that quality of evaluation, that singular potency to awaken recollected images and ideas, which is the true realism of poetry. The collected verses are well named, for they range in tone and key from lyrical joy and laughter to the tragic diapason of sorrow that vibrates through every life. In several of the longer and more sustained pieces like "Out of the Shadow" and "As the Woman Spoke" there is a sweep and sweep of rhythm that shows unusual virility of tone and dramatic strength of poetic imagination. Nearly always there is the stamp of distinction and



Rex E. Beach
Author of "The Spindlers"

adventuring further. With the first pages I tasted blood-red blood; and my curiosity turned to a swift and passionate hunt, until I had exhausted the chase and pulled up at the end of the book. What captured me and created a fresh illusion was the zest of life, the rigor of the game, the reckless daring of the adventurer, the impulsive passion of the sportsman following a trail through an uncharted country that gave you the thrill of a new discovery. There was also a rich vein of humor running through the upturned soil which lay in the wake of this adventurer wherever he turned. The tang of it made your nostrils quiver. Here was a man, you felt, who had seen life here, and looked upon the primitive instincts of mankind at play in the open and in the raw. He had been in the land where "never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three," and had known the struggle for life, the thirst for gold, and the blinding hunger of man for woman and woman's love.

That was only last summer, yet to-day the name of Rex E. Beach is becoming known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the author of *The Spindlers*—the most widely talked of novel of the hour. The forces that were gathering in his volume of short stories have been assembled in a tale of rapacity and passion that make his first novel tingle with the adventure of life, and assume a dramatic force that holds the reader spellbound from start to finish. It is the story of a great hatred and a great love centered around a rich gold mine in the far Northwest. The scenes are laid in Nome during the great gold stampede in 1900, when men of the most daring political conspiracies were hatched to rob the miners of their claims. Many the wretched crew of gold-seekers and miners and adventurers that jostle one another in the action of the story, there stand four strong natures: Roy Glenister, the owner of the *Midway*; Alvin McNamara, the head and front of the political game; Helen Chester, loved by both of these men; and Thorne Malotte, "the handsome woman in the North and the most dangerous." Nor must one forget Joe Harvey, the old frontiersman and Glenister's partner, who is a new figure in humorous fiction and a host of witty and racy say-



Louise Morgan Hill
Author of "In Sun or Shade"

power. The serious note is dominant. The sensitive perceptiveness to mood and feeling dominates the inherent gift of true poetry. Every where there is restraint, the power to reserve, the imperial touch of conservatism that reveals the artist in the poet. *In Sun or Shade* is pure imaginative delight of a really high order, and if poetry is to be enjoyed here, I should say, one may find a wellspring of joy.

The Winning Design in the Competition for the New Naval Academy Doors

The first prize in the competition for the bronze entrance doors intended for the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, has been awarded to Miss Evelyn R. Longman, whose plaster models of her design were recently placed on exhibition at the rooms of the American Fine Arts Society, in New York. The prize, for which thirty sculptors competed, consists of the award of a fifteen-thousand-dollar contract for the execution of the doors; and as the cost is not likely to exceed two-thirds of that sum, Miss Longman will clear something like five thousand dollars. One of the judges in the competition, Mr. Daniel C. French, the distinguished sculptor, has said of Miss



Longman's achievement that it "has been equalled by few, if any, sculptors of her sex in this country." Her best-known work, according to Mr. French, is the figure of "Victory" in the Festival Hall at the St. Louis Exposition, which has since been remodelled in bronze for the Union League Club of Chicago.

Miss Longman's design for the Naval Academy doors comprises two main groups representing, respectively, "Peace" and "War." The doors will measure, with the transoms and the space above, twenty-one feet in height and ten in width. They will stand as a memorial of the class of '08.

Refined Torture

THE wife of a well-known official in Washington holds some novel ideas with reference to the punishment of refractory children. Physical chastisement is most resurgent to this lady's mind, but she has evolved a unique system that has proved most successful.

On one occasion a friend was visiting her when one of the boys had surreptitiously appropriated an orange belonging to his younger brother. The misdeed was discovered before the culprit had disposed of his spoil; so the two youngsters were summoned to the judgment-seat.

"James," was the stern command of the mother, "take this seat; and you, Thomas, that one. Now, Thomas, give James the orange you have stolen from him."

When the lads had done as they were ordered, the mother added:

"James, I want you to take as long as possible to eat that orange. You, Thomas, are to sit there and watch him eat it. Under no circumstances are you to leave the room."

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Washington.—L HENRY JAMES
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THE CANDIDACY OF WOODROW WILSON

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal

Editor George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, ever unsparing of himself when he sees an opening for a national improvement, has embarked upon a task that would dismay less stout a heart. He announces his intention of making President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, the Democratic Presidential nominee, and President Roosevelt the president of Harvard. To be sure, Editor Harvey might make the transformation save a little score symmetrical by sending Dr. Roosevelt to Princeton to exchange woodland reminiscences with Honorable Grover Cleveland. Still, an ambition to keep the highest office in the land in the collegiate family is altogether praiseworthy.

Undeniably he [Mr. Wilson] is all that Editor Harvey said he was at the Lotus Club dinner—a brilliant scholar, an able orator, a bustling executive, and a statesman of parts. With the possible exception of Dr. Eliot, he is clearly the most conspicuous figure on the educational horizon today. But he has yet to demonstrate those rough-and-tumble qualities of the successful animal-trainer needful to lead the boisterous Democratic band to victory.

From the Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette

Editor Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests that the Democratic party name Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as its standard-bearer in 1908. He is a scholar, an orator, a broad-minded man representing no faction or creed, without enemies and at the fulness of his power.

From the Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel

George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, announces editorially that he was in dead earnest when he made that postprandial suggestion of Woodrow Wilson for Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Wilson is a splendid man. But will it not be radicalism's turn at the bat in 1908?

From the Chicago Record

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY says President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, New Jersey, has no enemies. This must be a mistake. President Wilson is a successful man.

From the Auburn (N. Y.) Chief

Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, recently nominated President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket. The Philadelphia Record proposes Senator Rayner, of Maryland. These nominations are far in advance. One explanation, perhaps, is that the trend of things indicates the advisability of getting early in the field for a good thing.—Elsiea Gazette.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer

It may not be profitable to speculate as to whether or not a Southerner could be elected President, but very plainly the time is past when an American from that section could not be considered for the nomination. As a matter of fact the eyes of a good many Northern Democrats, of the so-called conservative type at least, have been for some time turning to the South. A while ago HARPER'S WEEKLY presented the name of a comparatively young but well known and able Virginian as possessing qualities that should make him acceptable both as candidate and President. Now Judge Parker is advising the Democrats of North Carolina to unite with other Southerners to name a candidate in 1908. In this country at least the sins of the fathers are not visited upon the children to the extent of branding with treason, or even lukewarmness in patriotism, an entire generation in the South to whom the civil war is as purely a matter of history as that of the Revolution, in which conflict, by the way, the people of this country were divided into two opposing and not wholly unequal camps, though to be sure there was no geographical line of cleavage. The civil war ended forty years ago, and nearly a decade ago ended another war in which the new generation of Southerners showed that they would fight for the Stars and Stripes as readily as their fathers did for the stars and bars. No disability which the Southerners of the states suffered can now attach to their sons, especially as the conditions which gave rise to the civil war have passed away, and the animosities which it engendered are passing with the only generation, North or South, which harbored them. Of course, the question of a Democratic nominee in 1908 will not be determined by considerations of justice or sentiment, but mainly by those of practical politics. Who can win, or who has the best prospect of winning? Such is likely to be the question, and about the only one. At all events, no candidate since 1862 is in a position to lay claim to the leadership by reason of his vote-winning capacity, and about all that at present can be claimed for any Democratic nominee is that he would be reasonably certain to carry the solid South. Plainly no Southern candidate would do less than that, and no Northern candidate in the last two campaigns has done much more. A good deal is likely to happen politically in the next two years, and that much has recently been happening, though generally unnoticed, is evidenced by the fact that mention of a Southerner in connection with the Presidency not only does not excite an out-

burst of sectional hatred or derision, but is seriously considered and even seriously advised, and not in the South, but in the North. Nor is it necessary to deny that some who are urging a Southern man may have particular, not to say personal, reasons for desiring to head off another candidate, say from the West. The significant and wholly welcome fact remains that the suggestion of a Southern man for President is nowhere ridiculed as a political absurdity, still less denounced as the reward of treason.

Correspondence

THE CASE OF DR. CRAPPEY

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 17, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In a paragraph on the painful case of the Rev. Dr. Crapney which appears in the WEEKLY of April 7, the position of the Church Standard is stated less precisely than we should like. Now that the case has been sent to a judicial tribunal, the Church Standard does not feel free to comment on it, but we should like to keep our own position clear. May I not, then, beg your permission to state it very briefly?

The editorial to which you refer was published on October 7, 1905, (that is, just six months ago, and although many things have occurred since we have heard of nothing that ought to change the sentiments which we then expressed. We regretted then, as we still do, a phrase in the last Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops which seems to imply that, if a clergyman of the Episcopal Church loses his hold even upon "fundamental verities," he is morally at liberty either to "be silent or to withdraw." We maintained, and maintain, that a man cannot honestly nor honestly remain in a position to which he has been admitted on conditions that he can no longer conscientiously fulfil. We did not then, nor do we now, cast any discredit upon any man who finds himself no longer able to hold or teach doctrines which he once believed. But we held then, and we hold now, that when a man has been admitted, as every Episcopal clergyman is, to sacred office on vows that he shall teach certain truths, he is bound in common honesty to retire from that office if he comes to believe that those supposed truths are in fact falsehoods. Dr. Crapney was understood then, and he is understood still, to hold the contrary view, and in the editorial mentioned we said that whatever might be thought of the logic or the morality of his claim, there was no hypocritical cowardice in his action. He had given public notice of the understanding on which he held his commission. Consequently there was no need in this case of any heresy-hunting; there was only a plain fact to be faced and a plain question to be answered. The fact is that the Episcopal Church requires its ministers to swear at their ordination that they will "teach the doctrine of Christ as this church hath received the same"; the question is whether Dr. Crapney does now teach that doctrine, or is able conscientiously to teach it. The fact is beyond dispute; the question might be settled with one word by Dr. Crapney himself in a sense in which no one would more heartily rejoice than

THE EDITOR OF THE Church Standard.

GARRICK LEFT A FORTUNE

RENO, Colo., April 22, 1905

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Referring to the article in the WEEKLY of March 17, entitled "Arcturion Who He Left Behind," it may be of interest to know that David Garrick, the great actor of the eighteenth century, retired from the stage in 1776 worth £100,000 (Hoswell's Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Dent's Temple ed., vol. 4, p. 201).

I am, sir,

EDITH M. WHITE.

A SENSIBLE FOOTBALL SUGGESTION

POCAHONTAS, Ind., April 16, 1905

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Relative to the discussion ensuing over the present football rules, I offer a suggestion which I have not seen presented, and which may be considered. It is this:

Why not modify the present football spookerballs so as to exclude the wearing of shoes containing spikes or cleats, by players?

I venture the assertion that if the question were put to any representative body of football players as to what causes the most injuries in football that they would unanimously ascribe it to spikes and cleats. While, on doubt, the play would be slower, with such a change in footwear, than at present is possible, still the lessening of the number of injuries would more than make up for slowness. Hoping you will give this publicity, in order to let other people's view on this question.

I am, sir yours for the good of the game.

H. D.

Experiences of a Police Commissioner

(Continued from page 58.)

dozens of times. The man who first trained him had broken his jaw and taken a number of bone five inches long out of it in his efforts to make him tractable. They might as well have sent the captain a man-eating tiger in disguise, or put poison in his food. I shall never forget the look of astonishment on the captain's face when the details were at last furnished him. If the thing had jinned out right, from their point of view, imagine the good cheer of the grizzlies at the captain's funeral! Probably they would have agreed that he was a good fellow, but knew little about police affairs. As it is, he is still living, and no honor to the police force.

But again, I must remind the reader that it will not do to launch the bad and the good on the force. There are good men and true men, whose ideas of honesty are above that of politics or business, and some of them have made very great sacrifices and continue to do so to this day. The whole force, in my judgment, if freed from the shackles of its evil customs and bad examples until it had the moral courage to rise up itself and drive out the evil ones, would be as good if not a better police force than could be found anywhere else. The reader must not, therefore, every time he meets a policeman, think from the stories told about them that this particular policeman is necessarily a dishonest man or unfaithful to his duty, and that he does not truly represent the majesty and power of the law.

The reports of vice in New York have shifted very much with the changes in the city. As every one knows, the city is being rebuilt, and vice moves ahead of business. South of Fourteenth Street, on the West Side, there are but few disorderly houses, and these are old landmarks in the neighborhood south of Washington Square. The New Tenorlin, which begins at Forty-second Street and runs up in Sixty-second Street, is rapidly depopulating the ranks of the sporting vicinity in the Old Tenorlin. There is a steady effort to invade Harlem on the upper east and west sides, and here it comes in contact with the great middle-class population, the very cream of our citizenship, and here it should be resisted most strenuously. It is beginning to show its head in Brooklyn, and will grow there unless checked at once, and vigorously. It is a business, in a way, and changes its forms and modes like other businesses. The old-style disorderly houses are very infrequent; flat houses and apartment houses, given over wholly to the residence of single women, and a certain class of Italian Law hotels, have taken their place. Certain newspapers which claim to be respectable, but with thinly veiled advertisements of association apartments.

There is one feature about toleration of vice in New York by the police which possibly makes it different from other cities. It cannot be denied that for many years corrupt police administrations and dishonest police officers have made systematic collections from this source. Of course the actual figures are not known, but they are undoubtedly large. I am prepared to say that during my incumbency of the office there was no systematic and, indeed, no considerable collection of this filthy money. The result of this long-contested custom of taking the police has made a number of disorderly and gambling houses not only willing but eager to pay the money. As a matter of fact the manager of a disorderly house, whether man or woman, does not for any use of security unless some one representing the police authorities has received money. These men and women will withhold their money from the landlord and pay their "protection rent." Sometimes a certain class of professional "schwabs" business is in infected localities will act as the go-betweens, and will collect the money under guise of rent. They will say to the woman: "You can have this house for ten hundred dollars, with police protection, or one hundred dollars if you take care of yourself." Of course I do not attempt to

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published in 1870 by Professor Scacchi, I had described no less than five such strokes, the traces of which are still visible in the elevated portion of the city; but there is no doubt that many more must have been observed since the beginning of the excavations, although no account has been kept of them. Among the best examples left of the effects at a thunderbolt, I may quote an amphora vitrified and sealed in the pumice-stones, a shower of which was falling at the time of the electric discharge.

To come back, however, to the discovery at the break of *Pompeii nobilis*, we are almost tempted to believe that the three unfortunate Pompeians whose bodies have been found close by are the very ones who felled the tree. At all events, the discovery is of extraordinary value, because the presence of berries which come to maturity in the autumn solves forever the difficulty about the precise date of the destruction of Pompeii.

The Rise in the River

It is little short of astonishing to see how little water is required to float the Southern river steamers, a boat loaded with perhaps a thousand bales of cotton slipping along contentedly where a boy could wade across the stream.

Not long ago, however, the Chattanooga got too low for even her light-draught companion, and at tinahout Shoals a steamer grounded. As the drinking-water on board needed replenishing, a dockhand was sent ashore with a couple of water-buckets.

Just at this moment a Northern traveller approached the captain of the boat, and asked him how long he thought they would have to stay there.

"Oh, only until that man gets back with a bucket of water to pour into the river," the captain replied. Presently the dockhand returned, and the stale water from the cooler was emptied overboard. Instantly, to the amusement of the traveller, the boat began to move.

"Well, if that don't beat thunder!" he gasped.

The fact was that the boat, touching the bottom, had acted as a dam, and there was some backed up behind her enough water to lift her over the shoal and send her on down the stream.

A Family Affair

"Once upon a time there lived a good man of New York, who was soliciting contributions for the erection of an orphan-asylum," said the story-teller. "He had been to many rich people and received liberal contributions, which were entered in a book he had for that purpose. Among these many names there appeared, 'Mrs. Russell Sage, \$25.' The good man went to Mr. Sage's office, and showing him the contribution entered in the book by Mrs. Sage, asked if he would not give a like sum. And what do you suppose he did?"

"Well, I suppose he at least doubted it," remarked a listener.

"Doubted it? Not Russell!" exclaimed the teller of the story. "Why, he simply took his pen and wrote, 'Mr. Sage, before his wife's name, and looked the book back to the good man.'"

Rainfall and Tree Growth

A REPORT has recently been published which shows how closely the growth of trees is dependent upon rainfall. Not only was this seen in the case of one and two year old trees, but in an investigation extending over a period of twelve years, during which time the annual rings of growth were carefully examined. With an annual precipitation of from thirty to thirty-five inches a width of ring was produced varying from .11 to .45 inch. If, on the other hand, there was either an unusually large or small rainfall in any given year this was followed by a corresponding tree growth in the following year.



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SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE LAY THE CITY IN RUINS

THE City of San Francisco has been virtually destroyed by earthquake and conflagration. What of devastation was accomplished by the first of these is insignificant by comparison with the disastrous work of the flames. It was the series of early morning earthquake shocks which began the catastrophe, demolished a large number of buildings, and caused the loss of life. It was fire, arising simultaneously in all parts of the city, even before the earth had ceased trembling, which swept the city and laid it waste. The loss of life was relatively small, owing to the hour at which the disaster occurred. The damage to property runs into the hundreds of millions.

After the first few moments of panic remarkable efforts were made by the people of San Francisco to save their city, but the earthquake had shattered the water-mains and it was impossible to check the progress of the conflagration. United States troops and militia regiments were called out, and almost from the first San Francisco was placed under martial law. This done, all the dynamite and gunpowder in the city were commandeered and block after block of buildings was blown down, but without avail. Within twenty-four hours the entire business section, with its many fine modern buildings, had been completely destroyed; the city had been practically cut off from the rest of the world, and its inhabitants had fled to the surrounding hills, leaving to the fumes what remained of their city. Early in the morning of the day succeeding the earthquake all hope of saving the city was abandoned. At that time not a single large building had survived the earthquake and fire, and Nob Hill, the residential section of the city, which was noted for the size and magnificence of its mansions, was

ashore. This section was bounded by Powell Street on the east, Pine Street on the south, Van Ness Avenue on the west, and Pacific Street, overlooking the Golden Gate, on the north. Among the residences on the hill were those built by C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, "Lucky" Baldwin, Mark Hopkins, and Senator Fair. In this section was the Fairmont Hotel, a marble structure owned by Mrs. Hermann (Schriber), which was destroyed.

The devastation throughout the city was such that the thousands of persons who were rendered homeless were provided for temporarily by an order from Secretary of War Taft, who directed that 200,000 rations and several thousand tents be sent to the military commander of the division.

Until driven out by the fire, thousands of persons sought refuge in the city's parks, and about these protection lines of soldiers were drawn to keep order. This was accomplished with the greatest difficulty in some parts of the city, as a lawless element arose during the time of panic and attempted looting.

General Funston, who was in charge of the regular troops, promptly issued orders prohibiting outsiders from entering the city, but allowed those within safe transportation across the bay to Oakland, from which city all news of the disaster had to be sent. Railroad communication with San Francisco had been completely cut by the earthquake.

San Francisco's famous Chinatown section was utterly destroyed, many Chinese being killed in the collapse of their buildings.

The first shock of earthquake came about five o'clock on the morning of April 18, and although all San Francisco was shaken it was in the low land between the city's hills that the



San Francisco's \$7,000,000 City Hall, which was Wrecked by the Earthquake



The "Chronicle" Building, which was Wrecked

THE DEVASTATION OF SAN FRANCISCO BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

Important buildings in the business district which were in a state of ruin at the time of the disastrous earthquake shocks of the early morning, followed by the fire, were in a state of ruin. The water-mains, spread unchecked. Later in the day the residents are believed to have been killed. The damage to property is estimated at \$100,000,000.



A Section of San Francisco's Water front after the Earthquake



A View of the Business Quarter of San Francisco looking East from Nob Hill, showing the Portion of the City destroyed by the Earthquake and Fire



The Mutual Bank Building, destroyed by Fire



The Hall of Justice, used as a temporary Morgue

CATASTROPHE OF SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

was laid waste in the catastrophe of April 18. The
were followed by fire, which, owing to the destruc-
tion of the residential district. About 500 persons
lost their property is estimated as high as \$200,000,000



The Ferry Terminal, which was Destroyed



The Pacific Mutual Life Building, which was Burned



Earthquake and Fire which lies between the Ferry Terminal Tower at the Left and the lofty Building at the Right



Hotel St. Francis, which was Damaged



The British Consulate, San Francisco's oldest Building

greatest damage was wrought. Here were the business buildings and warehouses, and to the southward many blocks of tenement houses and cheap lodging houses. There occurred most of the fatalities. Rescue work was rendered hazardous, and in many cases impossible, owing to the recurring shocks of earthquakes and the sudden springing up of fires from shattered gas-pipes. The first fire occurred in the Warehouse district near the waterfront, and the west wind carried it toward the heart of the city with appalling rapidity. Then it was that the water supply failed and gave first token of the city's doom. When the fire spread up Market Street to the heart of the business region it found many of the modern steel buildings stripped of their brick and stone walls, and the lesser buildings in ruins.

It was estimated that in all parts of the city about 30,000 houses were either partly or wholly destroyed by the earthquake, which gave the flames excellent opportunity to sweep the city from end to end. Among the buildings which were destroyed were the Palace Hotel, the Hotel St. Francis, the offices of every newspaper in San Francisco, including the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Examiner*; the City Hall, Grand Opera House, Post-Office, the extensive gas-works, St. Luke's Episcopal Church, the celebrated Cliff House, which slid into the sea, the Winchester Hotel, the Postal Telegraph and Western Union buildings, the Mutual Life Building, California Hotel, the buildings of Leland Stanford University, the Fairmont Hotel, Grace Church, the Merchants' Exchange, and the Mark Hopkins Institute. Within a space of several blocks the only building left standing was the United States Mint, in which was stored more than three hundred million dollars in gold and silver coin and bullion.

Although a great many cities throughout the State had been damaged by the earthquake, all possible assistance was sent to San Francisco, fire-engines and men being hurried there when they could be spared, but the fire had gained such headway in the city that within a very few hours they were returned as useless, as quickly did the conflagration spread.

Not only San Francisco itself, but practically the entire State felt the effects of the earthquake. Santa Rosa, in Sonoma County, was totally wrecked; the loss of life exceeding many hundreds. Not a single building was left intact; what was not destroyed by



Market Street, looking East, showing the "Call" Building to the Centre, and behind it the "Examiner" Building and the Palace Hotel, all of which were Destroyed in the Conflagration

the earthquake was consumed by flames. The loss of life is estimated at two hundred. In San Jose every business building was either demolished or badly wrecked, and the death list is said to reach fifty. Santa Cruz, Monterey, Gilroy, and Hollister were seriously affected, the death list at Santa Cruz having been particularly large. At Napa many buildings were wrecked, the loss reaching \$300,000. At Leaville the loss was \$10,000. Salinas, California, was damaged to the extent of \$2,500,000. Bransley, a town on the line of the South-coast Pacific Railway, 120 miles south of Los Angeles, was practically annihilated. So far as is known, there was no loss of life. This is believed to be the only town in Southern California which felt the results of the earthquake. In Sacramento a severe earthquake shock occurred simultaneously with the tremendous shock in San Francisco. At the time of writing, the loss of life in the outlying regions is impossible to compute.

No earthquake of equal seriousness is recorded in the history of this continent. The worst previous shock was that which wrecked surroundings of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, on August 31, 1844, when fifty lives were lost, and property to the amount of \$5,000,000 was destroyed. The earliest recorded earthquake in this country occurred in 1753, when Boston was frightened by some falling chimneys. California experienced a shock in 1812, when fifty persons were killed by the collapse of the Mission Church at San Juan,

Capistrano. In 1872 a number of shocks occurred in the Inyo Valley, in California, when several towns were destroyed and thirty persons killed. San Francisco has experienced many shocks of minor importance, although no previous loss of life is recorded. The most severe of these occurred on March 31, 1895, when for several hours the city was cut off from telegraphic communication with the world. The last seismic disturbance felt at San Francisco was in January, 1900, when the St. Nicholas Hotel was severely shaken.

Among the great earthquakes in the world's history were those on the island of Yeddo, Japan, in 1703, when 100,000 people were killed; at Lisbon, in 1755, when 25,000 persons perished; at Kankaton, an island off the coast of Java, in 1853, when 50,000 died; and that which destroyed a number of villages in the southern part of Italy, on September 8, 1905—the last serious earthquake prior to that at San Francisco last week.



The widely known Palace Hotel, which withstood the Earthquake, but was destroyed by Fire



The Cliff House, San Francisco's most famous Resort, which slipped into the Sea

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runs north of Fifty-three"*

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO



THE BURNING CITY

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by

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and the blinding hunger of man for woman and for woman's love. It is a story of to-day, but it goes back to the root of things, and is true of all men and all real women since time began.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. L

New York, Saturday, May 5, 1906

No. 296

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Drawn by Arthur Lewis

THE HEART OF THE RUINS

This drawing, by Mr. Arthur Lewis, the artist, who lived in San Francisco, shows the centre of San Francisco's business section during the fire. The view is eastward from the junction of Market, Kearny, Geary, and Third Streets. Here the fire reaped its fullest harvest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 2576

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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NEW YORK CITY, MAY 5, 1906

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COMMENT

MAN is more than things; greater, far greater, than all his works. San Francisco has lost most of her things, but she has got her men left. There remains the organization of a great city, including the apparatus of government and of business, families, traditions, reputations, credit, and established relations with the rest of the world. What is gone is the greater part of her material plant. Think how infinitely greater would have been her disaster if she had lost her population and kept the shell that they had dwelt in. The indispensable part of the city is left, and will be sustained, we trust, without excessive hardship, until there is time to build a new shelter for it. For its temporary sustenance there is being made such a provision as was to be looked for from a great country abounding in prosperity. To aid in the rebuilding there will come in an enormous sum of insurance money, together with a vast amount of available capital, the use of which will be facilitated by the good-will and sympathy which flow in such a strong tide towards our brethren in distress. We look to see the relief of San Francisco take such shape and volume as will make it at least as memorable as the prodigious disaster which occasions it. There never was a nation riper than ours for a huge ebullition of good works. We have been calling one another particularly hard names for a year past. Every one of us must feel that here is our chance to demonstrate that the Americans, after all, are not swine, not blindly concentrated on material gain, not without brotherhood and bonds of compassion. It is recognized that prosperity, by intensifying selfishness, has done us some harm. It will be no more than turn about and a reasonable consequence if calamity, by bringing out the better side of us and quickening altruism, shall do us good.

Properly to measure the dauntless heart with which the people of San Francisco have confronted unparalleled disaster, we should recall the very different spirit with which similar catastrophes have been encountered in the past. In the jungles of Java, of Cambodia, and of Ceylon lie the ruins of enormous cities, whereof there is no record in written history, but which, according to tradition, were destroyed by earthquakes, a tradition which scientific investigators have verified. No attempt was made to rebuild these cities, long since overgrown and buried by almost impenetrable forests. The same tale is told of the huge masses of ruptured masonry which have stood or lain for undetermined ages in the wilds of Yucatan and other parts of Central America. Up to 1773 the city of Guatemala was, next to Mexico and Lima, the finest in Spanish America, having a hundred churches and 60,000 inhabitants. In the year named it was levelled by an earthquake, and the inhabitants emigrated en masse to rear a new city of the same name more than twenty miles away. There were not a few who, when the tremendous proportions of the calamity which befell San Francisco were made known, pre-

dicted that we should witness a similar exodus from the Golden Gate, and that Seattle would become the future metropolis of our Pacific coast. Those who made this prophecy lost sight of two considerations. There are certain sites which nature has marked out for the *entrepôts* of international commerce. Such sites are those of Alexandria and Byzantium, which, for upwards of two thousand years, have been market-places for the traffic between the East and the West. Such a site is that of Lisbon, at the mouth of the Tagus, the key of the Iberian Peninsula, and possessed of a deep harbor, large enough to hold all the navies of Europe. Lisbon now has a larger population than it ever contained since the Moors lost control of it, although in November, 1755, within less than ten minutes, most of the city was made a heap of ruins, from 30,000 to 40,000 persons were killed, and pecuniary damage was done to the extent of nearly a hundred million dollars. From the view-point of geographical advantage not Alexandria nor Lisbon, nor Constantinople itself, is more firmly anchored against the buffets of destiny than is San Francisco. It was with splendid insight and foresight that BART HARRIS, writing at a time when the public mind of California was still depressed and haunted by the alarming earthquake of 1868, said of her metropolis,

Severe, indifferent in fate,
She sits beside the Golden Gate.

and rightly defined her function as that of "Warder of two Continents." She is endowed imperishably with an imperial future, with the queenship of the Pacific, by her vast and almost landlocked bay, which is larger than the bays of Naples, Lisbon, and New York put together, and which is accessible only by a very narrow portal, impracticable, as it is now fortified, to attack. That is the first reason why San Francisco, although seemingly destroyed, is indestructible.

The second reason why San Francisco is certain to arise quickly from its ashes, greater and more beautiful than ever, is that the sons and grandsons of the Forty-Niners are still instinct with Argonautic spirit. As they brush off the cinders with which they are begrimed, and scramble over the ruins of their homes, their faces are set forward and upward, and they bless the opportunity of proving themselves the equals, or more than the equals, of their sires. We can hear the typical San-Franciscan say, as, standing on the naked and fire-swept top of Telegraph Hill, he surveys the scene of desolation,

What, though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome.

And again:

Too well I see and rue the fire event
That with and overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as God and Heavenly Essence
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.

To-day it may be said of San Francisco what was said of the city whereof HOMER sang, *Troja fuit*. The Trojans fled, however. The San-Franciscans remain. We predict that for those who five years hence shall behold the brand-new splendor of the reconstituted capital, the earthquake of 1906, with all its unparalleled destructiveness, will serve only to point a moral and adorn a tale.

If it be true that all the world loves a lover, it is more emphatically true that a universal and irresistible outburst of homage attends the brave. Never have the victims of calamity stood more in need of confidence and assistance, and never have the proofs of sorrow and the offers of succor been more striking and profuse. Only some four million dollars were collected for the benefit of the burnt-out inhabitants of Chicago in about as many years. It looks as if twice that sum would be pressed upon the sufferers from the San Francisco calamity in about as many days. What the total of the relief fund will be, no one can guess, but at this writing it is already estimated at \$20,000,000. Not only Chicago, but Boston, Charleston, Galveston, and Baltimore

have been laid waste by conflagrations, earthquakes, or tidal waves. It is to the honor of our country that the national heart was deeply touched on each of those harrowing occasions, and that the grieving onlookers brought forth proofs meet for commiseration. Never, however, has such a demonstration of sympathy been witnessed in this country as was seen in the week ending April 21. Why is it that our people have beheld the woes of San Francisco with an unprecedented outpouring of pity, and are striving to relieve its miseries with unexampled tenderness? It is because all warm-hearted Americans who have known her, or have read her history, have long looked upon San Francisco as Columbia's most lovable and fairest child. What America, with a heart in him, could repress a thrush of patriotic pride as he surveyed that splendid capital, created in half a century by voluntary exiles from homes thousands of miles away? Greece in her swarming-time sent forth some magnificent colonies to Thracia, to Asia Minor, to Sicily, and Magna Græcia; but what was Amphipolis, Miletus, Ephesus, Syracuse, or Sybaris compared with the Mistress of the Golden Gate? In many an Atlantic seaport, in many a hamlet of Maine or of Vermont, in many a frontier county of Missouri, the home-keepers treasured the thought that sons or neighbors of theirs were counted among the men of Forty-Nine.

Then, too, the civilization evolved by the Argonauts with the swiftness of an exhalation was so blithe, so joyous, so exhilarating; so naive in its exultation, so artless in the frank expression of its just and contagious complacency, that no warm-blooded visitor could find room in his soul for criticism, much less detraction, but felt a responsive shiver of admiration and affection. The San-Franciscans had achieved so much—and with such virginitas rapidity. They were so happy and so gay; and they had such abundant warrant for their happiness and merriment. So when it came to pass that the descendants of the creators of a noble emporium, the men and women who seemed born for rejoicing, were staggered all at once by an appalling cataclysm, it is any wonder that the nation's heart was wrung, and for a time would not be comforted!

The San Francisco earthquake will, of course, give a great stimulus to the development of the science of seismology, which, as yet, is in its infancy. Earthquakes, to be sure, have been recorded for the last three thousand years, but only in relatively recent times have they been made the subject of scientific investigation. It was, indeed, impracticable to collect and collate the pertinent data in a systematic way before the invention of the seismograph made it possible to register the movements and duration of seismic tremors. This instrument records every earthquake, no matter in what part of the world may be its centre of activity and although the seismic waves may be imperceptible except to the delicately balanced contrivance which responds to the feeblest pulsation. Of other valuable contributions to the science of seismology, we are indebted to M. DE MONTESIEUX DE BALLORE for tables of the distribution of seismicity, which are brought down to 1897 for those districts wherein seismic disturbances have been most frequent and most carefully observed.

The whole list of earthquakes mentioned in historic times presents a total of 131,292, but until lately the records were very incomplete. It is said that almost a thousand quakes annually are now registered by the Japanese Seismological Society. Major CLARENCE E. DUTTON, U. S. A., another high authority, brought out not long ago a volume on *Earthquakes in the Light of New Seismology*. Of the California quakes, he says that, as a class, they suggest a tectonic, or structural, rather than a volcanic, origin. He has found that in California the seismographic traces show considerable length of period, and well-marked separation between the short preliminary tremors and the longer waves, which is indicative of considerable distance travelled by the vibrations between the centre and the recording station. On the other hand, the seismic phenomena observed in South Mexico and Central America point to a volcanic origin. In these regions volcanoes are more numerous and closer to each other than anywhere else in the world. Throughout the volcanic coast-line, some 1500 miles in length, which runs from the Mexican state of Colima to the Isthmus of Panama, earth-

quakes have always been frequent and highly destructive. On the other hand, the isthmus itself has always been comparatively free from marked seismic disturbances. We add that between the Alaska-Alaskan field and the coast of California earthquakes are uncommon. On the other hand, according to the catalogue of recorded quakes in California from 1769 to 1896, made by Professor E. F. HOLMES, ten earthquakes of high intensity were felt in that State during the nineteenth century. From 1850 to 1886 no fewer than 254 quakes were recorded in San Francisco.

In the message of April 18, the President requested Congress to pass a declaratory act defining its real intention in existing antitrust legislation, so as to avert another judicial decision like that rendered by District-Judge HENRYPH in the case against the beef-packers, a decision which Mr. ROOSEVELT describes as a miscarriage of justice, and which, in his opinion, Congress could not possibly have foreseen. He points out that there is grave doubt whether the Federal government has the right of appeal from this decision of the district judge, and submits that the case well illustrates the desirability of conferring upon the government the same right of appeal in criminal cases on questions of law which the defendant now has, provided, of course, the defendant has not been put in jeopardy by a trial upon the merits of the charge made against him. Attention is directed to the fact that the laws of many of the States, and a law of the District of Columbia recently enacted by Congress, give the government a right of appeal in such cases. We are reminded that hitherto immunity has been supposed to be conferred by law only upon persons who, being subpoenaed, have given testimony or produced evidence as witnesses relating to any offence with which they were or might be charged. Now, however, Judge HENRYPH holds that if the Commissioner of Corporations—and, inferentially, the Interstate Commerce Commission—should, in the course of any investigations prescribed by Congress, ask any question of a person not called as a witness, or of an officer of a corporation not called as a witness, with regard to the action of a corporation, on a subject out of which prosecutions may subsequently arise, the fact of such questions having been asked operates as a bar to the prosecution of that person or of that officer of the corporation for his own misdeeds.

Most fair-minded persons will concur with Mr. ROOSEVELT in thinking that such interpretation of the statutes comes measurably near to making the law a farce. So far as the President's request for the bestowal on the government of the right of appeal in criminal cases is concerned, it had been already granted by the House of Representatives, which, on April 17, passed a bill enacting that in all criminal prosecutions the United States shall have the same right of review by writ of error that is given to the defendant, including the right to a bill of exceptions, provided that if on such writ of error it shall be found that there was error in the ruling of the court during the trial, a verdict in favor of the defendant shall not be set aside. What would be gained by this bill is the certainty that the same error would not again be committed in a court of the first instance.

In the week ending April 21, no progress was made in the United States Senate toward an agreement on a railway rate-making bill, although a conference of Democratic Senators was held in the hope that some compromise might be hit upon which could secure the unanimous support of the members of the minority party. The attempt proved a failure, the opinions expressed making it evident that about ten of the thirty-three Democrats are favorable to the broadest possible judicial review of a rate or order made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The fact seems, so far as it goes, to confirm the assertion, repeatedly made by conservative Republican Senators favorable to the fullest court review, that, when a vote is reached, they are certain of a majority of five. The statement is obviously based on the assumption that they can command thirty-nine Republican votes, which is denied by their opponents. The impression prevails that at least two weeks more will be spent in debate, and some close observers predict that no amendment, whether providing for a full or for a limited judicial review, can quite obtain a majority, and that, in the end, the HERRICK-TULLMAN bill, unamended,

may be passed by a combination of the Democratic Senators with those of their Republican colleagues who are looked upon as special friends of the President. In that event nobody doubts that Mr. ROOSEVELT would sign the measure.

Mr. THEODORE P. SIROTS, chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, left Colon for New York on April 15, and was interviewed immediately on his arrival in the last-named city. His account of the state of things in the canal zone was decidedly encouraging. The digging of the canal will begin as soon as Congress shall have fixed upon the type. Already nearly a dozen steam-shovels are working, and Mr. SIROTS expressed the belief that by July or August the chief engineer will be able to install forty steam-shovels, and be in a position to move approximately one million cubic yards a month. It seems that the actual cost of the excavation work done in March, including all the items that a contractor would include under the head of expenses, was but 53½ cents a cubic yard. The existing health conditions are pronounced highly satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fact that there are now more employees on the Isthmus than were ever collected there before—there are from 22,000 to 23,000 on the payrolls—there were fewer hospital patients in April than had been registered in many months. Four hundred and fifty vacant beds were reported. The enforcement of American sanitary regulations has banished yellow fever in epidemic form; indeed, there has been only one authentic case of the malarial since December. As a proof of the gratifying minimization of disease, Dr. DOMAS, the health officer, reports that the rate of sickness is now only twenty per thousand. The figures testify to an almost incredible improvement since the day when the Panama Railroad was built, and when every sleeper on the roadbed was alleged to represent a dead laborer. Assistant Chief PEPPERMAN, of the Washington office of the commission, who arrived in New York with Mr. SIROTS, averred that while on his previous visit to the Isthmus he was almost eaten up by mosquitoes, he was not during his latest trip bitten once. The reclamation of swamps, the annihilation of open cisterns and receptacles for rain-water, and the lavish use of kerosene oil, are the agencies that seem to have obliterated the mosquito pest.

Not long after this number of the WEEKLY meets the reader's eye—that is to say, on May 6—the process of choosing a new Chamber of Deputies will begin in France. According to the constitution of 1875 a general election must take place once in four years, unless, indeed, the Parliament may have been dissolved by the President of the republic, with the consent of the Senate, an event which has never occurred but once. Most observers take for granted that the SURIEN ministry, the real leader of which is M. CLEMENCEAU, Minister of the Interior, will still be backed by a majority at the opening of the new Chamber, but recent incidents have caused an apprehension that the majority may be materially reduced. Although M. CLEMENCEAU has exhibited unexpected moderation and remarkable tact in the enforcement of the law for the separation of church and state, the monarchist Right is likely to make considerable gains in Brittany and other agricultural regions, and government candidates are likely to be beaten in the mining districts of northeastern France. A serious collision between the military and the strikers may happen there at any moment, although M. CLEMENCEAU is doing his best to avert it. M. DORMEN, who, although he is a staunch Republican, was the candidate of all the opponents of the present government for the Presidency of the republic, is the most conspicuous and active figure in the antimilitary campaign. He wants to remodel the French constitution on the pattern of the Federal organic law of the United States. It is almost certain that if in France, which has an immense standing army, the ministers were only the clerks of the Chief Magistrate, and responsible to him alone, the Republican régime would quickly be superseded by a Bonaparte monarchy or a Bonapartist empire. It will be remembered that under the second French republic the powers of the President resembled much more nearly those of an American Chief Magistrate than they do today. But for these powers LEON XAVIER would never have been able to carry out his *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

Our neighbor *Life* had a pair of pictures last week about missionaries in China. One represented two or three missionaries of the comic-paper type chopping up images and choking Christianity by physical force down the throats of unwilling Celestials. The companion picture represented Chinamen inculcating Confucianism by like methods in Fifth Avenue, and the suggestion was that turn about is fair play. Since the various muffled fists of the Western powers have been extended so impressively for the protection of Christian missionaries in China, and, incidentally, for the acquisition of spheres of influence, almost any libel on the missionaries can find some basis of defense. There have been missionaries and missionaries, and some of their doubters have lacked the tact, the large-minded toleration, and the brains to do the delicate work of carrying a new religion to a civilized country as it should be done. But in spite of that, and in spite of the intolerable expatriation of religious zeal with commercial enterprise and military compulsion, we guess the missionary record in China will bear closer scrutiny and make a better showing of benefits done than that of any other relation of the Western and the Eastern peoples. Whatever have been the faults in the methods some of the missionaries have used, who has given to China so good an example on anything like the same scale of Christian civilized life? Who else has started schools and hospitals? We read that the Empress Dowager, who denounced in an edict in 1902 the Chinese custom of bundaging girl babies' feet, has by a recent decree abolished that custom forever, and that "she was persuaded to do this by the Protestant missionaries."

In the week of the burning of San Francisco ordinary news had a hard time to get any notice. People had no thoughts and newspapers no space for anything but San Francisco. It was a particularly unfortunate week for the death of persons entitled to notice. Professor CRAN, the discoverer of radium, was run over by a wagon and killed, on April 19, in Paris. He was only forty-seven years old, and his early taking-off is matter for the deepest regret, though his wife, coworker with him, and co-discoverer of the secrets of science, may, perhaps, continue his work.

On April 18, at the venerable age of ninety, died, in New York, DANIEL HUSTON, the painter. If volume of work settled it, he would be rated as the most noted American portrait-painter of his day. He was exceedingly productive, and a painter of remarkable talent, but less fortunate than either his predecessors or those who came after him in the schooling he got in Europe in the formative period of his career. The week before, EUSTACE JOHNSON had died, also full of years, at eighty-two. They were veterans of their craft in this country, and will be remembered for generations to come by their portraits of notable Americans of the nineteenth century. When it comes to durability of reputation, the painters and the sculptors figure to great advantage. Provided their work is good enough, their fame goes on increasing after they are dead, and often it happens that the men and women whom they painted because they were notable end in being notable because they painted them.

It seems that when THOMAS DYON's race-prejudice play, "The Clansman," was advertised to appear at Springfield, Missouri, a delegation of negroes protested against its being given. The protest was unavailing, and the play was given. The lynching that occurred here is naturally regarded as indirect evidence of the efficacy of Mr. DYON's dramatic talent. DYON is a smart man. It may be that he is smart enough to play with fire and himself avoid the scorching that he stirs up for the black brother, but it will be contrary to precedent if he succeeds.

We are told that MYRA GORRY and his wife parted by mutual agreement, and that GORRY tried to get a divorce, but the Russian Synd refused to grant him one. It is further explained that he is as much married to the lady who is his companion in this country as he can be, and that associations such as his with her are recognized in Russia as respectable. It seems possible, therefore, to say in Mr. GORRY's behalf that if he had been an American, and had the advantage of our institutions, he would now be the best husband of his present comrade and companion.

San Francisco

In some features the San Francisco catastrophe differs materially from other calamities of the kind. It is customary for severe seismic shocks to be followed by the outbreak of fires from collapsed buildings, but nowhere has so resultant conflagration been so wide-spread and ruinous as was the case in the recent instance. Although it will not be possible to apportion the figures until the fire-insurance companies shall have adjusted their losses, there seems to be no doubt that, in the case of San Francisco, most of the devastation was immediately caused by conflagration rather than by earthquake. The burnt-over area is of unprecedented size, covering about eight square miles, whereas in the great fire of Chicago the superficies laid waste fell considerably short of 3000 square acres. In Boston and in Baltimore the space swept by the flames was comparatively small. The number of persons who lost their lives in San Francisco is not yet known with certainty, but it is not expected to exceed a thousand, and will fall far short of the mortality suffered from similar disasters in Lisbon and in Tokio. Unexampled, on the other hand, are the number of persons rendered homeless and the value of the property destroyed. Of the 450,000 inhabitants credited to San Francisco in the middle of April, at least two-thirds seem to have been deprived of shelter by the conflagration. The housing and the feeding of such a multitude present tremendous problems in commensurate and sanitation. It is astonishing that those problems should have been solved with such promptitude and efficiency as entirely to avert the danger of famine or pestilence.

When the causes of the earthquake are subjected to sharp scrutiny, it will probably be found that some were due to unhappy chance, but that others could have been avoided. Had the disaster occurred a fortnight earlier, when the rainy season was not yet over, the sporadic fires due to the collapse of buildings under the wrenching to which they were subjected by the earthquake would have been quickly and effectually quenched by showers. Had it occurred a fortnight later, the trade-winds that blow steadily for at least half a year from the Pacific would have driven the flames toward the bay, and the greater and most valuable part of the city would have been saved. As it happened, the seismic shock was felt during a brief interval between the close of the rainy season and the setting in of the trade-winds. To a large extent, therefore, the destruction of San Francisco must be attributed to misfortune. It is equally plain that the magnitude of the losses incurred from conflagration was due in no small degree to causes which may be averted hereafter. Had the fire department been able to perform its duty there is no reason to believe that San Francisco would have suffered more from fire than Boston or Baltimore suffered. Unfortunately, the fresh-water mains were burst in many places by the earthquake; and there seems to have been no apparatus fitted for drawing sea-water from the bay. We are further told that many sections of the fresh-water mains were old and rotten, and succumbed to a strain which new and strong iron pipes would have resisted successfully. Unquestionably, the fire-insurance companies, before they issue new policies in San Francisco, will insist that the fresh-water mains shall be made as strong as possible, and that appliances adapted to the use of sea water in case of necessity shall be provided. It would also be reasonable to demand a change in the materials to be employed in the rebuilding of the city. Heretofore, the dwelling-houses have been made almost entirely of timber—timber being preferred for the purpose, while of the business structures, most were of brick, only comparatively few being constructed of steel. The fact that the iron and steel frames of the *Call* building and other lofty edifices withstood both the earthquake and the fire, will or should cause an extensive, if not the exclusive, selection of such materials for the reconstruction of at least the business part of the new city. We have here enumerated a number of reasons for thinking that the loss incurred at San Francisco was in a large measure preventable, a conclusion which ought to give encouragement and confidence to the victims of the catastrophe.

Those who are supposed to be best equipped for accurate computation estimate the aggregate property damage done by the earthquake and the fire at about \$100,000,000. Of this sum it is calculated that the fire-insurance companies, American and foreign, will make good from \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000, though they are not liable for losses due exclusively to earthquake, and probably not in the case of buildings destroyed by fires directly traceable to the collapse of those buildings following seismic disturbances. They will undoubtedly be held liable in the case of structures that withstood the earthquake, but subsequently caught fire from adjoining houses. It is clear, therefore, that, after fire-insurance policies have been paid, there will remain an immense deficit, which voluntary gifts of money, however lavish, will not avail to cover. It is true that the contributions made within a week have amounted to about twice as much as could be collected for Chicago in some four years. The stream of munificence, however, cannot be expected long to maintain its initial volume. For complete rehabilitation, San Francisco will have to rely on the

same force which created her former beauty and activity, to wit, the toil, the energy, and the spirit of her citizens. It is already patent that she retains this indomitable, irresistible force. Scarcely in recorded history has an urban population, tried at once by earthquake and by fire, exhibited so much elasticity and resilience. The demonstration of the city's determination to help itself will bring it help from all parts of the United States—not much longer, perhaps, in the form of gifts, but in the more bearing form of loans and advances, such as capitalists are glad to make when they see what they consider a promising investment. No capitalist ever had a better guarantee than the resolute and lofty spirit of the San-Franciscans.

President Roosevelt's Rejection of Foreign Donations

It has been asserted in some daily newspapers that President Roosevelt has informed foreign governments that contributions of money intended for the relief of San Francisco will not be received. If any such intimation has been given, it must have been limited to the statement that pecuniary contributions would not be transmitted through the Federal authorities. If a private citizen or subject of a European government desires to send a gift to the homeless and penniless inhabitants of a stricken American city, he cannot be hindered from doing so by our Chief Magistrate. The gift may be sent by mail or by express. Mr. ROOSEVELT's power in the premises is confined to a refusal to facilitate the transmission. Such a refusal may well seem ungenerous, for it amounts to a declaration that, while Europeans in distress have often received help from American citizens, our national pride is such that we will not brook acceptance of similar benefactions. National pride deserves respect, but we are not the sole possessors of that virtue, and we submit that we have no right, by repelling offers of substantial sympathy, to humiliate the former recipients of our own beneficence. Moreover, we are by no means clear that the position said to have been taken by the President is constitutionally warranted. The legislature, as well as the executive, constituent of the Federal government may have something to say about the matter, and we question whether even an act of Congress forbidding American sufferers from earthquake and fire to profit by foreign donations would be sustained by the United States Supreme Court. This is a topic which is likely to provoke a good deal of discussion in the not distant future.

Some Timely Words

THE speeches at the JEFFERSON birthday dinner in New York are worthy of serious consideration, as is the letter which Mr. CLEVELAND sent to the president of the Democratic Club, under the auspices of which the dinner was held. Mr. CLEVELAND will said: "The Democracy of today will best honor the memory of JEFFERSON by refusing to invent or borrow new nostrums or unfamiliar remedies for the cure of popular ailments—often demagogic and frequently hygienic."

In these words is to be found the keynote of the serious and impressive remarks which were subsequently made by Mr. WOODROW WILSON and by Mayor McCLELLAN. The latter spoke strongly of the "spirit of disorder and lawlessness and spirit of unrest and hopelessness sweeping around the world, a spirit which masks under the name of socialism, collectivism, communism, but which has for its object the subversion of existing law and order, and ultimately manifests itself by the flaming torch and the red flag of anarchy. . . . The spirit is with us in the United States today," he went on, "taking advantage of conditions brought about by our opponents."

Here is a clear, forceful, and convincing expression of the problem which is confronting the people of the United States. Whatever may be thought of the partisan tone of the Mayor's speech, whatever men may deem to be the cause or causes of the existing well-defined and somewhat impetuous movement toward socialism, it must be admitted that there is such a movement, and that it threatens the dominance of our old theories of government—theories in which many of us still believe; theories whose application to individual life has resulted in the development of the altogether admirable individualism of the country.

It remained for Mr. WOODROW WILSON to emphasize the need of resistance to the new social movement which is so powerfully led and which is just now attracting such voracious support. "There are snakes," he said, "in the body politic. They are not incurable if the patient will obey the instructions of the physician, and we return to THOMAS JEFFERSON tonight to hear the instructions of the physician. For me, we shall reject, as we would reject poison itself, the prescription of socialism."

There was no more enlightened enemy of despotism in any one of its many forms than THOMAS JEFFERSON, nor has there ever been a political philosopher who has taught more clearly and more

insistently the duty of absolute obedience to the law, as well as the natural and proper restraints which the law-maker should impose upon himself. He was opposed to the despotism of socialism as to the despotism of kings. He believed in the free government which he had helped to establish in this country, under which the individual might preserve his own good in his own way, in accordance with his own views of right and propriety, so long as he did not trespass upon the rights of his neighbor nor come into conflict with the laws of the State. He believed that social and industrial conditions which might be harsh and unjust were to be left to the ameliorating influences of progressive enlightenment. Government—at best government controlled by those whose want of enlightenment made the very conditions complained of—was least fitted to remedy wrongs which could only be righted by the long processes of time. JEFFERSON'S wisdom has been exemplified by the rise and development of the American citizen. Whatever genius our civilization has made are due largely to the individual's freedom from government interference—from government restraint, and from government favors. Much of the evil that has come upon us, and against which there is now a strong revolt, which threatens to go to an unwholesome length, is charged against socialistic experiments which have put the will of the majority in some degree of control over men's lives and their property.

The nostrum of socialism is an easy one to prescribe, and it is sometimes, for the moment, pleasing to the patient; but like the soothing syrups indicted upon infancy, it usually weakens and sometimes degenerates. The law must be obeyed by every one. Disobedience of the law must be punished, no matter who may be the offender. The individual, whether he violate the law by his own wrongdoing, or as a director or an officer of a corporation, must be held to his responsibility. But the responsibility must be accompanied by corresponding power. The law must not seek to accomplish too much, either by way of restraint or of aid, while holding the individual to his duty to his neighbor and to the State. It must not check his liberty to employ all his talents to their full capacity; all that he does for himself may be, and usually is, helpful in the community. The law-maker must not attempt to deplete the citizen of the fruits which are brought forth by the rightful increase of his own capacity, but not only has the individual the right to the full enjoyment of his divine gifts, but the community also has the right to the benefits that must come to it by the free employment of his abilities. The law must punish him when he seeks to benefit himself by wrongdoing, but it does harm to him and to the State when it puts any barrier in the way of his progress.

The tendency against which the letter and the speeches of the noteworthy dinner warned the country would put the community in the pathway of the superior men who are its benefactors. It was expected that the great blessing of the free government which was established in this country would be that no monarch, no hereditary aristocracy, no tradition, and no law should ever stand in the way of any man, however unpropitious might be his entrance into life, who possessed the ability, the genius, the industry to rise to the foremost place in wealth or in power. This freedom of the individual has existed, with some qualification, for more than a century. Now it is proposed to lay the heavy hand of government upon progress and to prevent the full fruition of the individual's powers. Against this is made a worthy and interesting protest. To quote again from Mr. WILSON:

"Capital will not discover his responsibilities if you tie it. Labor will not discover its limitations and prohibitions if you coddle it; you must see to it that your law does not take sides, and that is the Jeffersonian principle. Law is your umpire, and it must not go into the ring until one or the other opponent hits below the belt. Law does not object to strokes, but it objects to fraudulent and dirty strokes."

And herein a wise statesman adopted the view of a wise philosopher, whose calm and clear teachings are especially needed in this emergency. The country will do well to listen most respectfully to the older man and to his modern interpreter.

Personal and Pertinent

THE nation is demonstrating to stricken San Francisco that money talks.

That New York paper which is asking, "Who is the low-down man in the world?" probably never saw the husband of a D. A. H. about convention-time.

Venusian and San Francisco furnish new evidence that it is not difficult for a scientist to predict an earthquake in a very few minutes after it happens.

"Speak every day with some one you feel is your superior," says DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. What an impossible assignment for RICHARD MANSFIELD of BERKMAN SQUARE!

It is asserted that THEODORE ROOSEVELT has a marked aversion to the miners. The young man should be congratulated upon the possession of at least one trait that was not inherited.

Anyway, the Chicago packers were not the only beneficiaries of that "immunity law." Commissioner-of-Corporations GARRISON issues from the same tub with a complete vindication of his famous report.

After reading the reports of the personal squabbles in Congress, the country would probably rush to Mr. CANNON'S support if he should drop his spelling reform and turn his efforts to a reform of Congressional speech.

The Chicago Tribune notes the coincidence that the navigation season and the baseball season opened at the same date this year. That's nothing. The irrigation season and the golf season open at the same date every year.

This movement to check profane language on the stage is all right, but more good would surely be accomplished by supplying the stage with a band of actors that would check profane language among theatre-goers.

The manner in which some of the yellow journals are criticizing the administration indicates that the editors must have been wearing ear-muffs when the President delivered his famous speech on "The Man with the Muck-rake."

As soon as a man is arrested in British Guiana the authorities shave his head. It would be almost worth while to get Senator CLARK, of Montana, and J. HAN. LEWIS over into that country and trump up some case against them.

Colonel BRYAN stops long enough in his right-seeing tour of the Orient to notify this country that he does not agree with many of the policies that are being advocated by President ROOSEVELT. This seems to be corroborative evidence in support of the recently oft-repeated assertion that Colonel BRYAN has become a conservative.

General FURNISS'S masterly management of affairs in San Francisco, during the panic that followed the earthquake and fire, may make the country forget his swimming experience in the Philippines, but there will always be some heartless person at hand to remind us of the speech FURNISS'S father used to make when he represented a Kansas district in Congress.

Representative BARNETT, of Georgia, was fairly fuming with indignation while the House was considering the Federal quarantine bill. He insisted that it was an invasion of States' rights and the obliteration of the police powers of the States, as well as an assault upon the Constitution. "Let it go, Judge," continued Minority leader WILLIAMS, in a single whisper, "and we'll get a concurrent resolution through requiring any damage to the Constitution."

An argument in the Republican Senatorial cloak-room as to whether President ROOSEVELT'S recent course was hurting the Republicans or helping the Democrats recalled former Senator VAN WYCK'S explanation of the purpose served by an independent political factor. VAN WYCK, familiarly known as "Crazy Horse," represented Nebraska in the Senate, and was the leader, almost the father, of the Populist party. Asked what good the Populist did in the world, he replied, "The Populist serves the same good purpose in politics that the bill-goat does in a livery-stable. He kicks up just enough stench to keep the other animals healthy."

Poetry is looking up in the Southwest. Teacher offered prizes, with astonishing results. A dead cat inspired the following:

Jenny often on Pa's shoulders rode
When he went the hogs to feed;
But she was not a heavy load,
And had rats were often her feed,
She frequently upon my lap perched,
Dead, and is from labor at rest;
She hears not a single word
Which is to any one addressed.

This won honorable mention. Woe and moral lesson, happily blended thus:

Pa dug artichokes on that day,
He never will dig any more,
He has only paid the debt we owe,
We would try to reach the shining shore.

captured the lovelorn medal. But the obsequies of both Pa and Ma were requisite to the highest artistic effect, as follows:

At Pa's death Ma was consoled,
But was consoled and wearily bent,
And very loosely hung her garments
When she without help again went,
She lived a little over years three
After Pa was in the ground laid;
At their graves hearts sang out their gloe,
And their hearts are not by care weighed.

Needless to add this got the first prize—a pair of earrings.

EXPERIENCES OF A POLICE COMMISSIONER

By

WILLIAM McADOO

Former Commissioner of Police of New York

III.—THE EAST SIDE AS A POLICE PROBLEM

THIS IS THE THIRD OF FOUR IMPORTANT ARTICLES BY MR. McADOO, DEALING WITH POLICE CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK, WHICH WILL APPEAR IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY." THEY POINT OUT THE MAGNITUDE OF THE TASK OF PROPER POLICE ADMINISTRATION, AND DISCLOSE THE FORCES ALWAYS AT WORK TO THWART IT

THE East Side, like every other side, has its virtues and its vices. On the credit side in the main it is hard-working and thrifty, diligent in business, serving the Lord, active, and religious. No one is really idle, for even vice is an industry there, and the men and women engaged in it work hard. A great army is at work on the little, but essential, things. There are no big machine-works or soap-factories, but there are thousands of little clothing-shops, restaurants, small stores, liquor dispensaries, and everywhere, in all tongues, trading, haggling, buying, and selling. Where there are no outside buyers, the apple-cart man trades apples with the hat-cart man for a refurbished derby of the vintage of 1832. Down in the fish-market you learn facts about the fish-trade that are not generally known. You notice that the staple article of fish down there is carp—big carp, little carp, middle-sized carp, but everywhere carp. Now this fish is the coarsest and cheapest of all fish. It can live in any muddy pond; it wallows in mud like a hog, is a scavenger, and grows with remarkable rapidity. It was introduced into this country from Germany some years ago, and down there in the ghetto fish-market it plays a most important part as a food product. It sells anywhere from three to four cents a pound, and, in do it justice as offered in the market, is the freshest of all fish, as there is always a plentiful supply.

As to the vices, they are mostly against property—pocket-picking, shop-robbing, ingenious swindling, cheating common carriers by substituting fraudulent packages for real ones, stealing cloth goods in bulk, and horse-and-wagon stealing. We generally associate horse-thieving with the far West, but, as a matter of fact, more

horses are stolen in New York City in a year than in any State in the West. The careless grocer's boy leaves the horse and wagon standing alone while he goes in to deliver the package, and when he comes out it is gone, and rarely, if ever, is a trace found of it. If it had gone up into the air or down into the earth it could not have disappeared more completely. While the boy has been gossiping with the servant maid the horse and wagon sped around the corner with a new driver, off to Hudson, Long Island City, up into Westchester, down into Groveland, into the depths of Brooklyn or Newark, Yonkers, or a dozen other places. It has gone maybe only a few blocks into a dingy stable; the wagon repainted as fast as brushes can get at it; the horse's mane clipped, his tail docked, if necessary his hair bleached until he is a blond, and the whole outfit placed beyond identification.

Gambling exists on a small scale in all parts of the Italian quarter and among the Jews, and there are not a few illicit stilleries; and over it all, and to say, sexual immorality, far too widespread. The "sedat" and the open sale and barter of women have been practically abolished owing to police vigilance, but the quarter furnishes many recruits in the ranks of unfortunate women in all parts of the town. Fearful persecutions and poverty in the Old World, and bad environment, great temptations, and too much social freedom in the New World account for much of this. The horrors of the sweat-shop, the awful sordidness of life in the dismal tenement, the biting poverty, the fierce competition, the depression, and mental hopelessness are all allied with the temptation to join that better-clad, better-fed, and apparently happier but awful army whose steps take hold on death.

The East Side is an less moral than the other sides, but the conditions are different, and, withal, in no one section of the city are there more devoted families, more affectionate and self-sacrificing fathers and mothers, more virtuous and religious households than right in the heart of the most congested portions of what are called the slums of New York.

Considering the fearful congestion of the population, the great number of families housed in each house, the closeness of the living quarters, the narrowness of the streets and the mixtures of race, the lower East Side presents undoubtedly the most complex and difficult police problem of any similar place on the earth. The density of the population in some parts of this quarter is well-nigh incredible. The police here are concerned not only with the peace, order, safety, and morals of the people, but in the interest of the city at large, and, indeed, if for nothing else than their own comfort, they have to be vigilant in the matter of infractions of the rules against the public health. In the worst tenement-houses the conditions are very bad, and is the best



Looking North on Ridge Street from Rivington, where the density of the Population is extreme



How the world looks from the Rear of an East-Side Tenement

they are nothing like as good as they should be. It is simply impossible to pack human beings into these boxes opening on narrow balconies of streets and not have them suffer in health and morals. It is cold days in winter when they are compelled to keep hermetically closed doors and windows, and in very hot days in summer when fires are burning in the stoves for cooking and washing purposes, the only place the inhabitants can get air a little purer than in their rooms is on the streets. The streets, therefore, are at all seasons crowded. The roadway becomes a foot-path, and wagons, automobiles, and trolley-cars thread their way through dense masses of men, women, and children, the last being here much more plentiful than in the richer portions of the city. If the inhabitants were left to themselves they would make the street not only a pleasure-ground and promenade, but a market-place and refuse-heap. There are probably five thousand push-carts in this region, licensed and unlicensed, and selling everything from a picture-hat, from a banana to a dressed goose, from a bunch of boots to a pair of shoes, from a stick of candy to an oil-stove. In some of the more densely populated and ill-considered streets the residents, too, have a pleasant way of throwing refuse from the windows into the roadway, giving to travel there a spice of adventure in dodging these missiles. In the Hebrew quarters the delights of the neighborhood are added to by the impounding of live chickens and geese awaiting butchery after the manner provided for in the Hebrew Code, so as to be made properly clean and acceptable to these people.

Much has been written about the Ghetto and Little Italy, and in addition to that you will find in this quarter also colonies of Greeks and various representatives of the Slavs. The police management is, on the

whole, creditable, as up to this time there have been no very serious racial outbreaks, although there is an ill-concealed distrust of the Italians by the Hebrews. The Jewish population is not apt, unless under great pressure, to resort to force or to commit crimes of violence, and they have a natural horror of the baser sort of Italians who go armed with deadly weapons. At one time not long ago, when there was a great stir on the whole East Side about the Black Hand—the Mafia—in connection with some recent outrages, Jewish mothers would rush panic-stricken to the school-houses at the cry of the Black Hand to take their children home, and showed every sign of being panic-stricken.

When the two races first came in contact, and before relationship to each other was as well settled as now, the Jews used to peddle goods, especially jewelry, freely among the Italians, and this led to much trouble. The jewelry was sold on the installment plan, and if the Italian purchaser thought he was being unduly importuned for payments he was apt to get into a nasty temper, and in one or two instances appalling tragedies resulted. Italians, as is obvious, are very fond of showy jewelry, and the women especially were willing to assume obligations which the husbands failed to ratify so as to obtain the coveted articles. It soon became evident to both races that this trade was attended with danger, and it has fallen off greatly. The Italians also have their own push-cart people who cater to their peculiar tastes, which run largely to fresh vegetables. Indeed, it is one of the singular sights of Little Italy to see an array of most excellent-looking vegetables generally a week or two earlier than they appear in other parts of the city. I could never ascertain where those vegetables came from, but they looked very inviting. Their fresh look I rather suspected was increased by constant washing in hydrant water. The municipal bath decidedly improves the bunch of carrots, kale, and spinach, and the large and formidable-looking cauliflower. For staples there are odd and foreign-looking cheeses, and macaroni, of course, in all shapes and sizes, and gorgeous colored prints of the King and Queen of Italy and all of the royal family. Bankers abound. The Italian quarter seems partial to hanks, beer, cheese, and (Miami)—the last, in most instances, a very young and vigorous California wine, which, acting in conjunction with what is known as the "finger" game, has probably added its quota to the number of deadly collisions which have unfortunately marred the history of the neighborhood. The "finger" game is as fine a prelude to homicide as has ever been invented. A bunch of Italians sit around a table in a dingy room and begin guessing at the number of fingers which each in turn releases suddenly from his closed fist. One man holds up a clenched fist before another man. Suddenly the man with the fist shoots out two, three, four, or five fingers. Simultaneously with the making of this motion the other tries to guess the number of fingers that will be released, shouting it out. His success depends on the accuracy of his guess. This game seems to furnish indefinite amusement, a large number of drinks, and even a free exchange of coin, and, unfortunately, many disputes, which, under high-fevered excitement, have in a number of instances led to ghastly tragedies, more especially as too many of these people carry deadly weapons at all times of the day and night. I frequently applied to the better class of Italians and the Italian newspapers to join with the law authorities for a stricter law and a more vigorous enforcement of its provisions against the carrying of these weapons. No one should be allowed, in my judgment, to sell any deadly weapon—revolver, knife, razor, or club—without entering the name

(Continued on page 636.)



Cherry Street, at the Corner of Catherine, showing Consumption Block, where the White Plague flourish more vigorously than in any other area of similar size in the World

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

Author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," etc.

San Francisco, Cal., April 21, 1906.

AT 5.15 the city was still asleep. An early student, a rattling milk-wagon, the carrier delivering the papers, had the morning to themselves. It was the sort of morning San Francisco does not often have—clear, light, sunny, with the bay soft and sparkling, the sky unclouded by fog, and in the air a hint of spring that the tender green of the hills and the islands graciously confirmed. At 5.17, as at a signal, the chimneys came rattling down. That was the first we knew of danger. We are used to earthquakes, and so

we had merely turned over in our beds at the first gentle shake. But a moment later we realized that this was the real thing in earthquakes. It came with a grinding, crushing, menacing, deep-throated rumbling; a twist, a clutch at the earth's vitals, and then a wrench that lifted us out of our beds up into the air and down with a thud upon the rocking, trembling floor, over which the shaking walls seemed to hover, leaning toward each other as if for comfort. At twenty minutes after five the streets were crowded with nightgowned and barefooted women, shivering with the cold terrors of horror, with ashen-faced men and children screaming

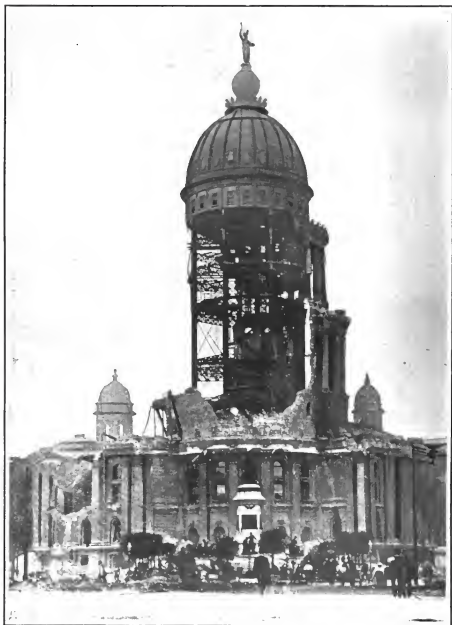


THE RUINS FROM GEARY STREET SOUTH TO THE DISMANTLED CITY HALL



LOOKING NORTH ON BATTERY STREET AT BROADWAY, SHOWING, ON THE RIGHT, THE WESTERLY
SLOPE OF TELEGRAPH HILL

Copyright 1909 by J. P. Morgan



THE STEEL FRAMEWORK OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CITY HALL STRIPPED
BARE BY THE EARTHQUAKE



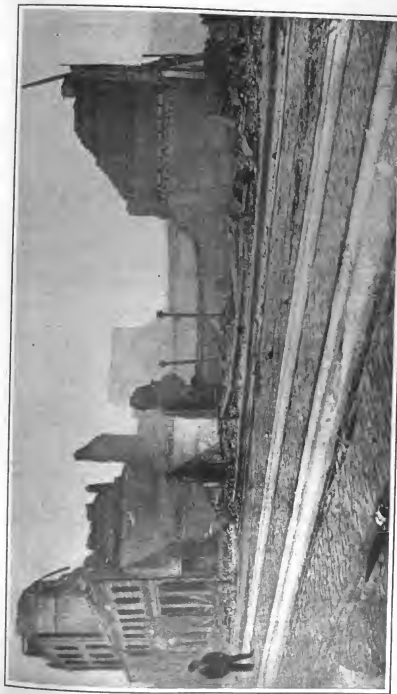
**DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES UNDER ARMS AT THE FOOT OF THE
DEWEY MONUMENT, IN FRONT OF THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL**

The officer in the background with the revolver in his hand is superintending the distribution of bread and water to famished refugees. The Dewey Monument stands in the square upon which faces the blackened and crumbling St. Francis Hotel



Copyright, 1914, by G. F. Swannick

THE SOUTH SIDE OF MARKET STREET AT THE CORNER OF MAIN, SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE NEW
MILLION-DOLLAR BUCKLEY BUILDING



RAVAGES OF THE CONFLAGRATION IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY—A FIRE-SWEPT BLOCK
AT THE CORNER OF MISSION AND FIRST STREETS

Copyright, 1904, by O. F. Sherman



Using Dynamite to Raze a Block of Buildings in the Path of the Fire



Checking the Advance of the Flames toward the Presidio

FIRE ATTACKING THE FASHIONABLE RESIDENCE DISTRICT BETWEEN VAN NESS AVENUE AND VALLEJO STREET, WHERE THE LAST STAND WAS MADE AGAINST THE FLAMES

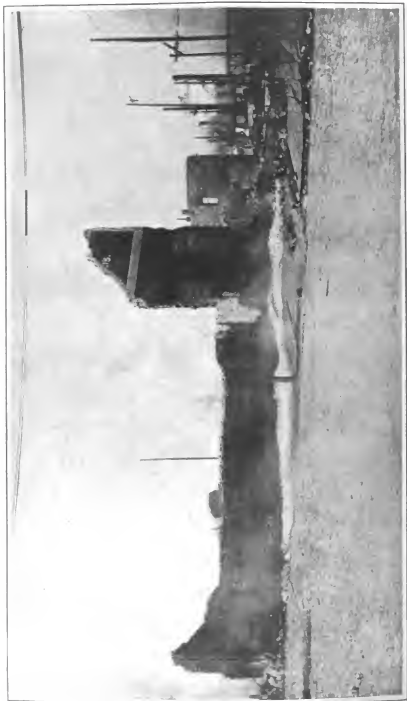


Looking North from the Corner of John and Gray Streets, showing the Ruins in the Neighborhood of the Fairmont Hotel



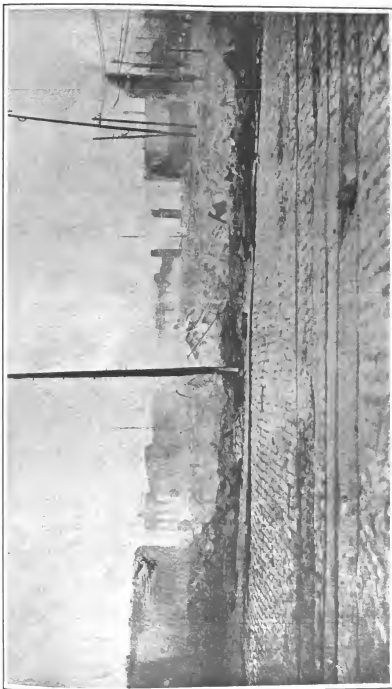
The Valencia Hotel in Valencia Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, in which Twenty-five Persons were Killed

WHERE DEATH AND RUIN MARKED THE PROGRESS OF THE FLAMES



Copyright, 1911, by G. B. Bessinger

IN THE TELEGRAPH HILL SECTION, AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF FOLSOM AND EAST STREETS,
SHOWING THE CRUMBLING WALLS OF FORMER BUSINESS BUILDINGS



Copyright 1919 by G. F. Smith

THE CLEAN SWEEP MADE BY THE FIRE AT THE CORNER OF HOWARD AND STEWART STREETS—AN ENTIRE
BLOCK HAS BEEN BURNED LEVEL WITH THE GROUND



Refugees on the Plaza in Front of the Ferry Building at the Foot of Market Street. In the Foreground may be seen cracks made in the Street by the Earthquake



Distributing Supplies in Front of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce intended for the First Relief Train sent to the San Francisco Refugees

INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER—SCENES IN SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES



The Fire attacking the "Call" Building



A View of the Burning City looking toward the Harbor



The Palace Hotel in Flames—taken from Market Street Fifteen Minutes after the Fire started

DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CALAMITY

Photographs except the top, by Hickey Photo Co.



The Wreck of the Baptist Church on San Pablo Avenue



What the Earthquake did to a Residence on Chestnut Street—the House was practically split in Two Horizontally

EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE IN OAKLAND



A Wrecked Building in Oakland's Business Quarter



Refugees from San Francisco in Oakland's public Park

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN OAKLAND



RUIN WROUGHT IN CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE EARTHQUAKE



IN O'FARRELL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, LOOKING WEST FROM STOCKTON STREET

Brest to be France's Most Important War Harbor

In view of the uncertainty of maintaining amicable relations with Germany, French naval circles urge that Brest be made the real naval base of the Atlantic. At present France's Atlantic naval forces are distributed at three points: Brest, Cherbourg, and L'Orient. Several writers on naval affairs maintain that division is a mistake, since the Mediterranean is no longer "the defensive centre."

"Brest," says one of these writers, "is the *base par excellence* for the war we dread,—war with Germany. At Brest, then, our Atlantic fleet should rendezvous in days of peace to hold itself in readiness for the fatal moment, for Brest is nearest to the enemy's line of operations."

The naval department is urged "not to expose the Atlantic coast by neglecting Brest," as otherwise "the enemy might land there at the outset of the war, besides establishing a blockade on a large scale."

The French writers agree that "the danger from the Italian-Austrian navy is not as great as anticipated or wished for in some quarters." By another it is hinted that Italy may elect to be neutral in case of war between Germany and France. Count Revettion, the German naval expert, in commenting on the above, seems to think that the writers quoted are "echoing the opinions and wishes of the French naval department." This seems particularly significant in view of the fact that the articles referred to take it for granted that "France and Austria may some day come to loggerheads at sea."

Count Revettion thinks that France, following the British example, may feel called upon to move her naval base northward.

The French "North Squadron" consists to-day of three battle-ships, three coast ironclads, and three iron-clad cruisers. But the crews are reduced during the winter months. Hence, if war had been forced upon France, as was feared several weeks ago, the North Squadron would not have been ready for immediate action, as the naval list intimates,—at least three days would have passed before the crews could have been increased to war strength. Besides the vessels mentioned, there are three old type ironclads, one of which is in course of reconstruction. These ironclads are very inefficiently manned at present.

As to the French Mediterranean fleet, with Toulon as naval base, it consists of six battle-ships and three ironclad cruisers on a war footing. For reserve there are three ironclads half manned, like the British and German war-vessels of the reserve.

In case of war a number of old-type battle-ships and coast-defenders are at the commander's disposal, but it will take several weeks to mobilize them. A French author, whom the German naval expert considers inspired by the naval office, calls this "a motley outfit, resembling Rojewsky's fleet."

Weather to Order

A TRAVELLER tells of a remarkable performer which he witnessed in one of the small hill states of India.

The young Prince of this state had become more or less imbued with Occidental notions, and reading of motor-cycles in a magazine which drifted into his palace, at once ordered one.

Great preparation was made for the expected machine, a special circular cycle-path some two miles around being cleared. The path was of clay, well packed by continuously marching several elephants over it, and a very good one so long as the weather remained dry. The day before the machine was to arrive, however, there occurred a heavy rain, and the carefully prepared track was left some three inches deep in mud.

The wrath and disappointment of the Prince were great, and he retired to his apartments, accusing the world at large that there would be trouble for somebody if that track was not dry the next day. And it was. The whole population was roused out by the Minister of Public Works, and all night long they carried tin cases of kerosene to the

path, poured it out, and ignited the oil. A fierce fire was kept burning upon it until near morning, when the sand had become practically dry. Then the elephants and the population proceeded to tramp it smooth and hard. When the motor-cycle arrived the next day the path was dry, though on all other roads the mud was ankle-deep.

Dining Out

A PHILADELPHIA business man recently had as guest a friend from Toledo, an extremely busy individual, little familiar with the social graces.

For the first evening of his stay a dinner party had been arranged. The hostess had provided a most attractive young woman for the Toledo man, and it was thought that he would take a desperate fancy to her, which, indeed, he did.

When the guests had gathered and were ready to go out, the host, with his politest bow, said:

"Mr. Blark, will you please take Miss Deah out to dinner?"

"Certainly," responded the Toledo man, with stammer, "but I understood that we were to have dinner here in the house."

He Knew

"SAY, BRIGGS," said his rhum, "do you know what women are wearing this spring?"

"My wife for one," replied Briggs, mildly.

Won by a Head

A NEW YORK lawyer tells of the neat rest made by a youthful physician to the sarcastic references of counsel in a case tried in that city.

It was during the cross-examination of the young physician that the counsel made his disagreeable remarks touching the improbability that so juvenile a practitioner should thoroughly understand his profession.

"You claim to be acquainted with the various symptoms attending consumption of the brain," asked the lawyer.

"I do."

"We will take a concrete case," continued the counsel. "If my learned friend, counsel for the defence, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

The young physician smiled. "The probabilities are," he replied, "that counsel for the defence would."

THE ORIGINAL

Brown's Basic Balm Contains Mink and the Civil War Veterans are its friends. The Eagle brand is well the standard. It is sold by all first class grocers. Avoid unknown brands—(L.S.)

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee, myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drink it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks, after using Postum, I found I was much benefited, and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion."

"Naturally, I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used."

"I observe a curious fact about Postum used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is refused to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness."

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They must always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 or 20 minutes and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage."

"There's a reason" for Postum.

**NOT LOWEST IN PRICE—
BUT BEST!**



**CHEAPEST,
BECAUSE BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.**

GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

A Free Course in Practical Salesmanship

IN these times of keen business rivalry, the services of the trained salesman command a high premium.

The Oliver Sales Organization is the finest body of trained salesmen in the world. It is composed of picked men, and is under the guidance of sales experts.

In less than ten years it has placed the Oliver Typewriter where it belongs—in a position of absolute leadership.

Its aggregate earnings are enormous, and the individual average is high.

Its organization is drilled like an army. It affords a liberal education in practical salesmanship, and increases individual earning power by systematic development of natural talents.

Men who had misused their calling and made dismal failures in the over-crowded professions have been developed in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship into phenomenal successes.

The Oliver Typewriter puts the salesman in touch with the human dynamics which furnish the brain power of the commercial world.

Because every business executive is interested in the very things the Oliver stands for—economy of time and money—the course is education of Correspondence and Accounting Departments.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Is simple in principle, compactly built, durable in construction, and its sound is tolerably soft and least disagreeable.

The Oliver, by its responsiveness to all demands, pale and bold, an ever widening circle of enthusiastic admirers.

If you wish to learn actual salesmanship and become a member of the Oliver Organization, send in your application immediately.

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Read THE SPOILERS



Where Bayard Street and the Bowery meet, near the eastern boundary of the East Side

of the purchaser on a book, and with a full description of him and stating his residence. These books should be open at all times to police inspection. The free sale and purchase of deadly weapons go to the very root of the trouble.

The Italians are a hard-working, honest, and not undesirable people, and the great majority, who are peaceable, law-abiding, and thrifty, should not be held accountable for the bad acts of the criminal element among them. As the deadly aftermath of the quarter rarely injure an outsider, there is a good deal of public indifference as to whether or not the man who has committed an atrocious assault or murder is pursued with proper vigor. This is all wrong. The community cannot hope that lawlessness thus encouraged and tolerated will always confine itself to this neighborhood and among these people. There are no people in New York who would welcome so much a vigorous enforcement of the law against the carrying of concealed weapons and crimes of violence as the large majority of the peaceable, law-abiding, industrious, eminently kind-hearted and friendly Italians. When they see the law authorities indifferent they naturally become terrorized themselves by the dangerous element among their own countrymen.

That there is such a thing as a thoroughly organized, widely separated secret society which directs its operations in all parts of the United States from some great head centre, such as the Mafia or Black Hand is pictured, I have never believed in the light of the facts presented to the police. That there are groups of criminals—desperate ones—whose blackmail if not accorded to is followed by violence, there can be no doubt.

Here is an Italian case—a true one: A Calabrian peasant was standing not long ago at the corner of the Bowery and one of the cross-streets. He had just come from the bank and had on his person something like one hundred and fifty dollars, a princely sum to him. He also had a watch of considerable value and some other trinkets not wholly invaluable. He was approached by a countryman from the same province, who

called him by his correct name, and told him that he had known his people in the old country. They fraternized over memories of the old land, and talked about common acquaintances; and then the stranger said he had been looking for this man because the brother of the man who had just come from the bank was lying dangerously ill over in New Jersey; that he had been badly injured and was not expected to live, and he had despatched this countryman to go over to New York, find his brother, and bring him to him. He correctly named the brother, who really had been working in New Jersey. The unsuspecting Italian peasant, with profuse thanks for the kind offices of the stranger, and with ingratiating Italian affection, agreed at once to start for New Jersey to see his brother and embrace and console him in his last hours. They started down towards one of the ferries on the North River, crossed the ferry to a railroad, and as the Italian with the money could not read English he was unable subsequently to identify the ferry. The only clue that could be gotten from him was that it had the letter "s" in it. As nearly all the ferries of the principal railroads on the Jersey side have this letter more or less prominently in their names, it was not an easy clue to follow, but it was thought that possibly the "s" stood for "Erie." At any rate, they crossed the ferry, got on a train, where he said he rode about an hour, and then got off, following his unknown guide, who took him off the highway and through a bare path, walking very slowly and telling him how anxious his brother was to see him, and how sick he was, and keeping up a rapid-fire conversation to distract him from any suspicions. When, however, the sun had set, and in the late fall the darkness came on quickly and found him alone in a wooded section with a stranger, he stopped short, showed alarm, and wanted to go back, but the stranger reassured him, and he continued to follow him until he came to a hut among a cluster, evidently one of those labor camps which Italians put up when working on some public work

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A Kiosk Shop on Mott Street near Bayard. "When this man is outside Bayard, the Apple-cart Man trades Apples with the Hot-cart Man for a refurbished Derby of the vintage of 1832"

or railroad. In this he was told his brother lay, and as he entered the door he was seized and bound, and found himself at the mercy of three or four ruffians, all his own countrymen. They robbed him of every cent he had, took his watch and chain, and then, drawing huge knives, they told him that if he ever mentioned the robbery to any one or put the police on them that they would kill him. They then bandaged his eyes, put him in an old wagon, and rode him over rough roads to a railroad station, a little out-of-the-way place, generously gave him two dollars of his own money with which to get home, and left him. The police trail, which was followed by one of the ablest Italian detectives in this country, who has handled thousands of these cases and brought a number of murderers to the electric chair, an able, conscientious, intelligent and modest man. Detective Sergeant Petrosini, who earnestly requested that the Italian immigrant laborers' camp in northern New Jersey, but of course the robbers stopped there only temporarily, and left no trail behind them.

For the purpose of dealing with these Italian criminals I found it most effective to create a special squad under the charge of Detective-Sergeant Petrosini, and the results were most gratifying from the very beginning. These men were Italian-Americans who were regular policemen, and who were at one put in plain clothes and intelligently directed by Petrosini, working in all parts of Greater New York. The very existence of this secret service among the Italians had a deterring effect on the professional criminals. If I had had the opportunity I would have been glad to follow up this by working in conjunction with the Commissioner of Immigration, Hyatt, and Watchtower, who earnestly requested such cooperation in endeavoring to deport these criminals who bring such discredit on the Italian community and colonies here in the United States. I am satisfied that an active participation by the Police Department with the Federal authorities in this respect would beget very important and satisfactory results from the beginning.

The East Side Jew rarely commits a crime of violence such as assault or murder. Among themselves disputes are mostly confined to wordy arguments, some of which I have no doubt would be highly interesting to any one familiar with Yiddish. They are a logical and interesting people, and argue with great vigor and earnestness, but the argument ends as it begins. Those who have come here fresh from Europe, especially during the recent troublous times, have at once a great suspicion and fear of the police. The words "police," "law," "prison," conjure up dire possibilities in their minds, and for self-protection they naturally become evasive and secretive. The children prove themselves marvellously adaptable to the new surroundings. The first thing the newcomer generally does is to begin peddling. He either gets a pushcart of his own, hires one by the day, or peddles for some one else. The buzz of trade goes on at all hours of the day, and practically all hours of the night. They like good food, and no matter how saving and thrifty, they have their little pleasures. The Ghetto swarms with clubs—men's clubs, boys' clubs, women's clubs, associations. Their crimes in the main are against property. Of late it is more confined to the quarter has produced quite an army of pickpockets, and altogether too many burglars, who confine their operations to robberies of silks, furs, and cloth from the neighboring shops and manufacturers. A typical robbery of the quarter is to have a shop given over to the making of, say, shirt-cuffs and cuffs of silk to the value of one, two or more thousand dollars stolen in a night. Once stolen these goods disappear with the greatest rapidity. A system of "fines" is elaborately arranged, and two days after they are gone the chances are that the owner is probably raising ribbons in a car with the girl whose shirt-cuffs is made of the stolen material. It is scattered all over Greater New York, Long Island, New Jersey, and up the river; cut up at once and manufactured into clothing. Everything is most ingeniously and cleverly arranged; nothing is left to chance; system, order, great shrewdness and marked ability characterize the whole operation. The forced intercourse of the tenement-house gives the depraved and criminal, especially in the case of the young, a great opportunity to contaminate those who are compelled to associate with them. These children of misfortune and persecution are at once tossed into fearful promiscuity with manifold temptation and vice, and that so many fall, therefore, is not at all to be wondered at. It was here that the "cadet" flourished; and there are not a few Fagins who thrive on thieves' schools for boys—boys who are mere children. The children of the shop-robber are very apt to follow their father's profession. The young boys are much skilled pickpockets and snatchers. A group of women in one of the Ghetto streets are



At the Corner of Hester and Essex Streets—the Heart of the "East Side"

marketing; along comes a boy about sixteen years of age apparently trying to ride a bicycle; he is stumbling and falling, mounting and dismounting. All at once he gets in the very heart of the group of women who have their sateleles open, and down he goes, wheel and all, in the very midst of them. He clutches awkwardly here and there at them. In the mean time, three confederates have been busy picking pockets and snatching pocketbooks right and left. The young thief is on his wheel in a jiffy; the plunder is slipped to him and he is off. This is only one of numerous tricks. As they get older they take to the car lines, railroad stations, and public assemblages.

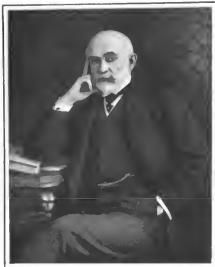
The population of the First Inspection District is 824,602, which is exceeded only by three cities in the United States—namely, New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. There is an additional floating population of probably 75,000, chiefly strangers, wandering from along the river front, lodgers in lodging-houses, and the fleetest and jetmost of a great city, who have no permanent abode, but go to swell the immense population on the East Side. There is in places a denser population to the square foot than there is in Bombay, India, which is supposed to have the most congested population of any place on the earth. In comparison with other cities and their populations, and indeed with many other and better housed portions of New York, there are less crime and better order in this district than in many such places.

You can go down to one of the police precincts in this district and find more people than in whole lots of American cities. You could go down and find, in one block, more population than in some places that have three railroads running into them. A small precinct down here will show more population than a whole section of the map of New York State north of Yonkers. Just think of it. You could put Boston and all its cultures down here and it would not have as many people as this one police district, and the same for Baltimore, Cincinnati, and say old Congress district over in Jersey City. And, by the way, there you are. Wouldn't you think that these people would run over these narrow boundaries—that this piteer is so full that the water would run out—and these people would spread out in Jersey City and Staten Island? No, they are very gregarious and social. Then, too, they are, after all, a bit timid and of course fearful. They feel much safer here, where they are in masses, than if they were scattered; and many of them don't take kindly to farm life or the country, so that you could not get them off into farming districts.

The fifteenth precinct has a population of 156,375; the fourteenth, 127,493; twelfth, 113,745; seventh, 104,116; thirteenth, 89,935; sixth, 87,023.

Here are the nationalities: United States, 25,637; Irish, 20,833; Germans, 13,042; Swedes, 133; Italians, 30,612; Scotland, 11; Russians, 495,507; Greeks, 300; English, 71; French, 6; Chinese, 60; Hungarian, 40,729; Spaniards, 356; Danish, 6; Canadians, 6; Austrian and Slovaks, 8283; Japanese, 60; West Indians, 9; Swiss, 1; Finnish, 29; Norwegians, 19; Belgians, 1; Cubans, 2; Poles, 15.

Under the head of the United States are many children and young people whose parents have not long been in this country. Of the 25,637 I should doubt very much if it represented twenty-five per cent. of native stock. In fact, I think that is a very liberal estimate. Therefore, under the head of the United States, you are really dealing with the children of foreigners lately arrived from the countries which follow in the table. Under the head of Russian the race is almost wholly Jewish, and a large portion of Jews will be found under the head of Hungarians. How lovely that one Swiss, eleven Scotchmen, and six Frenchmen must feel! The police force assigned to govern this district comprises 11 inspectors, 8 captains, 34 sergeants, 16 detective sergeants, 38 roundsmen, 732 patrolmen, 14 drummers, 8 messengers—a total force of 853—or one patrolman to every 852 citizens.



Hon. Frederick W. Whitbridge, Lawyer and Author
Who will represent the United States as a special ambassador at the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain, on June 1



Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw
The marriage of Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw to the son of William Waldorf Astor will take place in England this month



The End of the Prince of Wales's Indian Tour
The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Sir Walter Lawrence, Chief of Staff, leaving the "Oceanic" at Ketchikan, on the completion of their Indian Tour. The Prince and Princess began their tour on October 15, sailing from Portsmouth on the "Reindeer." Thirty years ago, Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, made a similar tour of India

PERSONS WHO FIGURE IN THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS OF THE DAY

Antiques

SEVEN THIRTY MAY was once speaking of a section of North Carolina remarkable for the great longevity of its residents, when he referred to an old character long known as "old Jim Tolliver." No one knew Jim's exact age, but he was popularly supposed to be somewhere round ninety.

"Old Jim," enjoyed no greater pleasure than to jest about the senility of his neighbors, for he himself was as spry as a youngster of forty-five.

(One morning "old Jim" Tolliver met a friend named Taylor. "And how is my venerable friend?" asked Tolliver.

"Venerable nothing!" exclaimed Taylor. "I am not over as old as you are, Jim, and you know it."

"I'm not so sure about that," said old Jim. "Tell me, Taylor, what is the first thing you can remember?"

"The first thing I remember," replied Taylor, "and that must have been eighty years ago, was hearing people say, 'There goes old Jim Tolliver.'"

Spotted Him

A character who for many years was the mascot of a country in Massachusetts manufacturing various high-grade explosives, recently visited the place of his former employment.

During a talk with his old friends of the institution, he made inquiry with reference to a certain colleague by the name of Jenkins.

"By the way," said the chemist, "what has become of Jenkins? Fine fellow?"

"Fine chap, indeed!" agreed the foreman, "and very skillful in the use of chemicals. But a little absent-minded—Jenkins. Now that decoration on the wall over there?"

"Why, yes; but what has that to do with Jenkins?"

"That is Jenkins."

An Expensive Joker

When on their way to luncheon recently, two Philadelphia business men were stopped by a prominent physician, who quietly made certain inquiries touching a nervous indisposition of one of the pair—a patient long under his care.

When the two had resumed their course, the younger made some observation in regard to the extremely pompous and out-of-like address of the doctor. "Looks as if he had never thought of anything funny during his whole life," said the business man.

"His sense of humor is rather restricted," returned the other, "though I have found that he has two jokes."

"Only two?"

"Yes. The first one is to tell you to try a different climate. And number two is, raise to think of your ailments. Price of other jokes, five dollars."

A Sentimental Risk

Among the Washington properties affected by a recent condemnation proceedings instituted by the government was a house belonging to a most attractive widow well known in the Congressional set. Now this lady was concerned that the sum offered for her property was far below its actual value. After many fruitless attempts to get her protest before the proper committee, the lady finally addressed a pathetic appeal to a Senator, chairman of a committee having nothing whatever to do with the condemnation proceedings. "If only I could have an opportunity," wailed the lady, "to look into your kindly gray eyes, I am sure you would hear my side of the case."

This unique appeal was "respectfully referred" by its recipient to Senator Scott, chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings. He carefully read it through several times, and then for the information of his clerk enclosed it as follows: "Risk one eye. William B. Scott."

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READ THE SPOILERS

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See page 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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—THE N. Y. NAT.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK

THE Honorable Bourke Cockran is generally regarded as a brilliant political speaker, and his friends take particular delight in telling of a citizen who heard him speak during the last Presidential campaign. It had been announced that the subject for the evening would be the tariff. The citizen in question is a Democratic voter, but an ardent protectionist.

The next day the man in question was dilating upon the oratory of Mr. Cockran, when one of his hearers interrupted.

"Well, I hear what you say, but I don't know what you are talking about. A person has got to take one side or the other in a

"Why—er—I don't know—he didn't say," the admiral responded, and then went off by himself, with a puzzled look upon his face.

In the privacy of his Paris apartment, ex-President Loubet now often talks of episodes in his long official life, "a relaxation which up to now I had to deny myself," as he expressed it. The ex-President often refers, with expressions of deep satisfaction, to the good relations existing between France and Russia. Speaking of his last interview with the Czar, M. Loubet said the other day:

"The Czar and I had been discussing European politics for an hour or more when his Majesty put his hand upon my shoulder and said:

"We are not well enough acquainted, Mr. President. The Russians do not know the true France, the French do not know Russia as she is. I deeply regret the fact. Set an example, Mr. President, and visit us annually. We must become better acquainted."

"I would be pleased to accept your Majesty's generous invitation," I replied, "but reflect: I cannot go to Russia yet after year. The burdens of my office forbid frequent travel. But your Majesty is a young man. You visit one or another of your relatives on the Continent every little while. Why not drop in on us in Paris every time you go to Darmstadt, or Copenhagen, or some other capital?"

"To this the Emperor made no answer, but I am convinced that France and, for that matter, the rest of the world would profit by becoming more closely acquainted with the true Russia."

THE late Colonel David B. Henderson, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, was a good "mixer." Especially did he like to touch elbows with old soldiers, for he had a fine war record and had lost a leg in conflict. Colonel Henderson also possessed a broad sense of humor. Last summer he attended a veterans' reunion and slipped on the back a man he thought he knew. The latter turned around and said: "Glad to meet you, sir. But I must say you're a lot older than me." — *Continued*

Colonel Henderson chuckled. "Well, hardly an *entire* stranger," he replied, as he motioned to the place where his goal bag should have been.

No Time Payments

No Time Payment
The session of a church in a small Pennsylvania town negotiated with a tennisee New York clergyman for a bettor. The church expected to pay off a debt, and did everything possible to advertise the Son of Man and his subject.

"What letters do you place after your name?" wrote the committeeman, in correspondence with the minister. "We want to give you the greatest prominence in our advertisements."

"So far as the general public is concerned," answered the degenyma, "I may say, 'J. B. Smith, D.D., LL.D.,' but among yourselves as a committee [sic] consider me as 'J. B. Smith, C. O. D.'"

A New Torpedo-Boat

As soon as the motor-boat was developed as a speedy and economical craft, the attention of naval officers was directed to it as a possible aid in sea warfare. Recently there has been tested in England a small torpedo-boat driven by internal-combustion engines which is a distinct novelty in vessels of this kind. The new craft is but 60 feet in length and 9 feet in breadth, but can run at a speed of over 25½ knots an hour, this being possible, as the engines weigh only one-half what similar steam-engines would weigh. Furthermore, by this lightness of weight the vessel is raised in the water when going at high speed, and virtually skims over the surface with a minimum of resistance. Consequently, the bottom is quite flat, and the hull very considerably from the traditional high-speed models. The lightness of this torpedo-boat enables it to be lifted aboard a large battleship or cruiser, where for harbor defense a fleet of such vessels could be maintained most economically. In fact, fifteen such torpedo-boats could be built for the cost of one modern destroyer, while their high speed and small size would enable them far less liable to damage when making an attack. In addition, a much smaller crew is required, therefore reducing to a minimum the loss of life should one of the vessels be sunk. The offensive armament consists of a machine-gun and a torpedo-tube, so that the motor-boat should be able to pass under the guns of a battleship and discharge the torpedo at its target. The vessel has been designed and constructed by the firm of Vickers & Company, and it is a matter of speculation which government will be the first to adopt the new type.

A Masterly Retreat

A CERTAIN clergyman in Boston takes great interest in the welfare of his poorer parishioners, and makes it a special point to cultivate their friendship.

One day he received a call from a brick-layer, who laid before the minister a photograph, saying: "I've brought you my best picture. You remember you said you'd like to have it."

"That is very good of you," said the divine. "What a splendid likeness! How is he?"

The bricklayer's face fell. "Why, sir, you haven't forgotten that he's dead!"

"(Oh no, of course not!)" exclaimed the clergyman, hastening to extricate himself from the difficulty. "I am sure he's the man who took the photograph."

Uncle Sam Fooled

"JAMES, my son, did you take that letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it?"

"Father, I sent a lot of new putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking I slipped in yours for nothing."

Turning on Him

An officious policeman of the United States Capitol met a man in the Senate corridor with a cigar in his mouth.

"Pardon me," he said, "but unless you stop smoking I will have to exclude you from this building."

"Sir," replied the offender, "you may note that I am not smoking. This cigar is not lit. To have a cigar is not necessarily to smoke. Now, I have others in my pocket. Am I guilty on three counts simply because I have three cigars? I have shown an eye for you would kindly decide from that that I had walked in the Capitol, would you?"

The guardian of the building was non-phlegmated around, but he came to all right.

"No," he replied, "and neither would I want to testify that you rode over just because you have wheels."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. L

New York, Saturday, May 12, 1906

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THE FLIGHT FROM THE BURNING CITY—SAN FRANCISCO'S REFUGEES
HASTENING TO THE OAKLAND FERRY

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COMMENT

ALTHOUGH the earlier estimates of the number of persons killed and the magnitude of the area devastated by the San Francisco catastrophe have been reduced materially, the value of the property destroyed is still computed at hundreds of millions of dollars, and it is expected that the resources of the fire-insurance companies will be taxed severely in the effort to bear their share of the loss. As we go to press, the aggregate of the relief fund has already reached the unprecedented figure of over \$20,000,000. Some surprise and concern seem to have been caused in San Francisco by the discovery that of the \$2,500,000 appropriated by Congress for the inhabitants of the stricken city, only about \$300,000 will reach them in the shape of cash. They overlook the fact that the appropriation had to be used primarily to make good the rations and other supplies furnished by the military and naval authorities. Neither Secretary Tamm nor Secretary Bonaparte had a right to expend a dollar or a dollar's worth of supplies for the purpose of relieving the necessities of the victims of the catastrophe, though they rightly dealt with an awful emergency on the assumption that their acts would be ratified by Congress. The ratification came promptly, but it must be remembered that it took the form of specifying \$2,500,000 as the outlay beyond which the War Department and the Navy Department must not go. No doubt a considerable proportion of the private contributions has also been disbursed in purchasing and forwarding food-supplies. The amount of cash which will be available for employment by local authorities and local committees in San Francisco and other affected towns in California will, nevertheless, be large. The funds needed for reconstruction, however, will, of course, come mainly from the fire-insurance companies and from capitalists who are willing to erect new buildings on their own lands or to make building loans on the lands of others. There is reason to believe that the major part of the losses incurred by fire-insurance companies will be met promptly, and that the requisite supplementary supplies of money will be quickly forthcoming. There is a deep and growing conviction that San Francisco will be rebuilt within five years, and that no large permanent drain by its population will be made by Seattle, or even by Oakland, though, of course, the last-named city is temporarily a gainer by the misfortunes of its great neighbor.

We may also take for granted that as regards the application of fire-proof methods of construction, the new San Francisco will be a striking improvement on its predecessor. For such improvement there was ample room. The report published last October by the fire-insurance experts, after a careful examination of American cities with reference to water-supply and the means of protection against fire, indicates that the prolonged escape of San Francisco from a sweep of conflagration was little short of a miracle. It was pointed

out by the fire-insurance experts that ninety per cent. of the buildings were of wood; that only 2.2 per cent. of them were what is called "fire-proof"; that there was but one sprinkler equipment, and that obsolete; and that there was no means of utilizing the water in the bay for the purpose of fighting fire. On the other hand, San Francisco was acknowledged to possess some advantages from an underwriter's point of view which many American cities lack. For example, it had several independent sources of water-supply, and some of its distributing reservoirs were provided with gravity-supply mains. Moreover, its fire department was well organized and well equipped except in the matter of fire-boats. The danger that water-mains will be fractured by earthquake will, of course, always remain. It is impossible to guarantee a water-supply against seismic disturbance, but in all other respects San Francisco may be relied upon to have, five years hence, as efficient means of protection against fire as human ingenuity can devise.

The San Francisco catastrophe has directed attention to the fact that fires are much more common in American than in British cities, although our fire departments are much more costly than are their British counterparts. According to the lately published returns of the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade for 1905 and the report of the Fire Marshal of New York for the same year, there were, during the preceding twelve-month, in the Boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond, 7750 fires, as against only 3511 in London, which contains upwards of 6,000,000 inhabitants. Mr. ALBERT SHAW, in his book on *Municipal Government in Great Britain*, points out that American towns of 50,000 inhabitants have in some years as many fires as London. On the other hand, the fire department of Chicago, as well as that of New York, employs considerably more men than that of London, while even that of Boston has three-fourths as many employees. To maintain the New York fire department costs over twice as much as London spends for the same purpose. The relative immunity of London from destructive fires is doubtless attributable in part to the solidity of the materials of which most of the buildings are constructed, but mainly to the absence of American negligence with reference to chimneys and flues and the management of heating apparatus, and to the absence of American carelessness in the use of matches, although in the British metropolis also matches cause most of the conflagrations. In the London report no conflagrations are ascribed to bonfires or brush-fires, whereas the New York fire marshal imputes nearly five hundred to this cause.

As we go to press, it is uncertain whether the convention of anthracite-mine workers, to be held in Scranton, will accept either of the two proposals made by the mine-operators. If both are rejected, a strike in the hard-coal region will be ordered. The operators' proposals are, it will be remembered, first, to renew for three years the agreement based on the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission; secondly, to refer to the arbitration of that commission—any vacancies in it being filled by President ROOSEVELT—two questions, namely, Has such a change occurred in mining conditions as to require a readjustment of wages, either in the way of increase or of reduction? and, secondly, Has such a change taken place as calls for a modification of the methods of conciliation adopted at the suggestion of the above-named strike commission? There is no doubt that if both of the operators' proposals are rejected the consumers will hold the mine-workers responsible for the privations suffered by the community, and will withhold from them the sympathy which, to some extent, they possessed in the winter of 1892-3. The retention or loss of sympathy is no mere matter of sentiment, but is likely to have a decisive effect on the situation. But for the widespread feeling in the winter of 1902-3 that the operators ought not to have refused the request of the mine-workers that certain questions should be referred to arbitration, Governor STONE, of Pennsylvania, would have used more effectively the State militia for the maintenance of order and the protection of non-union miners in the anthracite region; and, if his force had proved inadequate, would have called upon the Federal Chief Magistrate for aid. In either event, the strikers must have experienced a defeat. As it was, Governor STONE shrunk from vigorous measures, and, in response to a general appeal from the consumers, the Federal Executive undertook

an interposition of doubtful constitutionality. Now it is the operators who offer arbitration, and if the mine-workers reject it, they will find themselves in a very grave predicament. Not only are the reserve stocks of mined coal at the disposal of the operators exceptionally large, but a concerted and determined effort to work the mines with non-union employees will be made, and backed by the whole military force of Pennsylvania, assisted, if necessary, by the regular army of the United States. The consumers of hard coal, therefore, have apparently no reason to dread a prolonged scarcity of that combustible.

The proposal introduced in both Houses of Congress that all duties shall be remitted on iron, steel, lumber, and other building materials imported from foreign countries, when it can be proved that these had been used in the reconstruction of San Francisco, has put the "Stand-Patters" in an awkward plight. What renders their position peculiarly difficult is the fact that a similar remission of duties was ordered by Congress for the benefit of Chicago after a large part of that city had been destroyed by fire. They know very well, however, that if the demand that San Francisco shall be treated as generously as was Chicago is granted, no American iron and steel products will be used for the rebuilding of the California metropolis, unless, indeed, American manufacturers consent to sell their commodities to the Californian victims of disaster at as low prices as they accept on the other side of the Atlantic. This our manufacturers might consent to do, but for the fact that they would thus bring out with startling distinctness the difference between the prices charged for their product in Europe and those normally exacted at home. Such an object-lesson in favor of revision is naturally not desired by those who want to see the DINGLEY tariff kept intact. In any event, it is evident that the election of members of the House of Representatives next November will pivot on tariff revision, unless, indeed, Mr. ROOSEVELT should call an extra session of Congress for the express purpose of readjusting the DINGLEY rates in certain schedules. Nobody expects a flanking maneuver of the kind to be performed during the summer, although few persons doubt that next year the President will renew his advocacy of tariff revision, the expediency of which was formerly recognized by him.

During the week ending April 28, Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, made it clear that in his opinion tariff revision should for the present constitute the principal plank in the Democratic platform. That is the conviction also of the Democrats of KANSAS, who have nominated for Governor ex-United States Senator WILLIAM A. HAMM, and who hope not only to elect him, but also to capture the United States Senatorship now held by the indicted JOSEPH R. BURNES, a Republican. The platform framed by them declares that they are for free raw materials, and are willing to give to the showmaker of the Eastern States free hides, though these will come in competition with the hides produced in Kansas. Most persons would say, at first thought, that for a Democrat to carry Kansas would be impossible, in view of the plurality of 128,000 obtained by Mr. ROOSEVELT in 1904. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. KINKADEY only got a plurality of 23,354 in 1900, while in 1896 Mr. BURNES got the State's ten electoral votes. All of the State's eight Representatives in the Fifty-ninth Congress are Republicans, but nobody expects the clean sweep to be repeated this year.

There will be a deep sigh of relief when the New York Legislature adjourns, and nobody believes that Governor HERRICK will call an extra session. We would not for a moment seem to deny that the Legislature of 1906 has rendered some services of great value to the Empire Commonwealth. The new laws which were recommended by the AARSTROM committee, and which, with some judicious modifications, have been enacted, constitute, beyond a doubt, efficient safeguards of the interests of policy-holders, and have placed the life-insurance business in New York on a sound basis, which for years has been exemplified in Massachusetts. It will be, of course, on its life-insurance legislation record that the Republican party will appeal to the voters of the State of New York next November. As regards other matters, there is not much to boast of. The truth is that the New York Legislature

of 1906 was broken up into factions. There were, first, the regular Republicans, who could be trusted to carry out the views and wishes of Governor HERRICK and President ROOSEVELT. Then there were the ORGUE Republicans, who would have liked to discredit the present State administration. There, again, were the Tammany Democrats, who were unwilling to cooperate either with the Republicans on the one hand, or with the HERRICK men on the other. There, too, were the McCABEY Democrats from Brooklyn, who voted in the interests of their local organization, first, last, and all the time. As for the HERRICK men, it is difficult to say whether they should be classed with Democrats or with Republicans. They assumed at one time a truculent attitude, and undertook to dictate legislation, but no fair-minded outlooker will assert that they possessed so much influence toward the close of the legislative session as they exercised at the beginning. There now seems to be no doubt that the Democrats of the Empire Commonwealth will decline to nominate Mr. HERRICK for Governor, and that, if he wants to run for the Governorship, he will have to rely exclusively on his own organization. The question at once arises, Will he draw more recruits from the Democratic or the Republican rank and file? If it be true, as is asserted by some persons usually well informed, that the principal accessions to the HERRICK strength will come from the Republican masses, the Democratic nominee for Governor, who probably will be ex-Judge D-CAIR HERRICK, seems likely to be elected by a moderate plurality. It is too early, however, to make predictions, for even the nominating conventions are still distant.

There is some reason to think that at last England will have a court of appeal in criminal cases. It may be remembered that not long ago a man named ADOLPH BECK was thrice convicted and twice imprisoned for a crime he did not commit. The sole redress for the frightful wrong to which he had been subjected was a "free pardon." When the facts were revealed it became evident that if there had been a criminal court of appeal, the first sentence would probably have been set aside and a new trial ordered, in which event the innocence of the accused might have been demonstrated. Although in England an appeal may be made from the judgment rendered in every other court, civil, military, or admiralty, it has hitherto proved impossible to bring about the establishment of an appellate tribunal before which the sentences imposed by criminal courts may be subjected to review. More than seventy years ago a vain attempt was made to introduce such an innovation, and in 1890 Sir HENRY JAMES, now Lord JAMES of Hereford, made a similar proposal, which again, however, failed to secure the approval of the House of Commons. Now, however, the Lord Chancellor himself has brought forward a bill creating a criminal court of appeal, which has reached the committee stage in the House of Lords, and seems likely to become a law. In advocating the measure, the Lord Chancellor directed attention to the absurd anomaly in English jurisprudence that whereas a man can have no appeal when he is tried for his life, yet when only a matter of a hundred dollars is at stake, an appeal from a merely interlocutory proceeding may be carried to the House of Lords. Reasonable as the Chancellor's proposal seems to Americans, it encounters many opponents in England, some of whose arguments are familiar. It is alleged, for example, that the establishment of a criminal court of appeal would destroy the finality of verdicts, would weaken a jury's sense of responsibility, and would mean such an increase of appeals as would choke the channels of justice. These objections seem weak indeed compared with the duty of averting such monstrous injustice as was suffered by the man BECK in the case to which we have referred.

It appears that emigration from Ireland to the United States and other transatlantic countries is approaching an end for reasons that will be gratifying to the friends of her people. The rapidly increasing shrinkage of the exodus is due partly to the remonstrance against self-expatriation addressed to the men and women of Ireland by the Anti-Emigration Society and the Gaelic League. These societies currently censure Irish-Americans to renounce the practice of sending home to their relatives prepaid passage tickets, which, hitherto, have been the chief incentives to emigration. A still more effective obstruction to the outflow of emigrants from Ireland

is the signal improvement of economic conditions at home. Under the operations of the land-purchase acts, and especially of the WYNDHAM law, the agricultural lands of the island are rapidly becoming the property of the men who till them, while, on the other hand, the stimulation of Irish industries has signally increased the opportunities for non-agricultural employment. Just what form will be taken by the political concessions to be made to the Irish people by the BAXTERMAN government is not yet definitely known, but it is believed that they will constitute a substantial instalment of self-government.

Not so much in order to gratify the justifiable pride of the editor of the *Memphis Commercial-Appal* as to present to our readers the ablest argument that has been made by any Democratic editor against the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President, we reprint the following paragraph:

We must say we don't care for a college professor for President of the United States. HARPER'S WEEKLY will please copy.

Seriously, we ought to say that this editor does not really believe that a college professor is necessarily disqualified for the Presidency of the United States because he is a man of learning. He would undoubtedly admit, if he knew Mr. Wilson, that he is most admirably qualified, for he has the learning of a statesman, a knowledge of our history and of our politics, a reverence for our traditions, a respect for our institutions, and a regard for the dignity of the highest office in the land, which are not the happy possession of many practical politicians, and which, say some of the commentators, have not been as conspicuous as they might have been of recent years. This, however, is a question of taste which we do not care, at present, to discuss.

On May 1 the latest news from Kansas was that the HECH-STANLEY kissing episode had fallen flat, and that Governor HECH would be re-nominated by acclamation. The introduction of the kissing episode into the Kansas campaign is charged to the chairman of the Democratic State Committee. The precise dimensions of the kissing charge against Governor HECH have not come to our knowledge, but it was charged that about a year ago he offered, or attempted, to kiss a lady upon whose affections he had no claim that either she or Kansas law recognized. It seems that, for a time, the lady was angry. Six months later, when the time for another election began to approach, the story began to be matter for gossip, and during the last month there has been hardly a newspaper in the country which has not had allusions to it.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him! Circulate a kissing story about a public man and finish him! The gentle intimation that seems to be back of the kissing stories is to destroy the reputation and prospects of the man they are pinned to. A thousand newspapers printed the lies about the HOSCOX kissing episodes and joked about them. Once those stories got well started on their course of defamation, it was impossible to stop them or refute them. Nobody knows now but HOSCOX himself what kernel of fact there was behind that avalanche of lies. On anything like a kissing story the newspapers seem to seize as a hungry dog seizes a bone. Such a tale told the other day of Mr. CARMECHIE swept the country within forty-eight hours. The predicament in which such stories leave their victim is that if he makes vigorous denial he seems ungentle and seems also to magnify a trifle. Public opinion that frowns on men who kiss and tell inclines to decide men who are accused of kissing and deny it. Their denials are easily attributed to a blushing reluctance to make ungentle admission of favors received. It is a bad case all around for the male victim. If kissing stories are to be used in politics they must be taken seriously, and met by suits at law for libel or defamation of character.

There is no reason why General SHERMAN's son should not traverse the route taken by his father in the march to the sea. Neither is there any reason why a squad of American soldiers should not march, undeterred and unmodeled, on American soil anywhere they may happen to be sent. But the combination of the general's son and a small squad of cavalry into an expedition to go over the ground of SHERMAN's march seems an indirection, the ineptitude of which might

easily have been foreseen. SHERMAN burned and ravaged freely where he went. Mr. WHITEHEAD RICH has called his march "barbarous." Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ANANES, in a recent paper published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, discussed the ruthlessness of General SHERMAN's methods and could not find justification for them. Let future historians discuss that. Whatever they decide, SHERMAN's fame and his place in our affection are forever secure. But it is not remarkable that the name of SHERMAN should still arouse resentment in Georgia, nor is it surprising that bad words should be used down there about the advertised visit of the general's son with an escort of soldiers. It is a relief to know that this ill-advised excursion was planned without the knowledge of the War Department, and was promptly squelched when heard of.

L. B. MYERS, who managed Captain R. P. HOSCOX's successful campaign for Congress in Alabama, has lately been in New York to see about running Captain HOSCOX for President on the Democratic ticket. There seems to be a conspiracy to prevent Captain HOSCOX in lights that upset the gravity of the spectators. It is important for him to get people into the habit of taking him seriously. It does not look as though progress was being made in that direction by urging him as candidate for President at this time.

Steamers reaching Leith from Iceland on April 30 report that Mount Hecla had been spouting fire and distributing ashes. Mount Hecla is on the southwestern coast of Iceland, and has about it 292 square miles of second-hand lava. It is one of the most popular volcanoes in the world, the secret of its popularity being that it knows its place and keeps it. Activity in Hecla is gratefully accepted as an effort to modify the rigors of a severe climate. Hecla's innocuous activities are an example to *Vestruvis* and *Actus*. What the world needs is a *HAGENBERG*, who can domesticate earthquakes, and train them to slake in the right place at the right time, and not to shake elsewhere.

General GARELY has evidently got his hands full at San Francisco, and quite as evidently the chief reliance there for the keeping of order, the prevention of looting, and the honest distribution of supplies is on the officers and troops of the regular army. General GARELY's urgent call for forty-five more competent officers of energy and "horse-sense" gives inkling enough of the work that is being done and must be done for a good while to come. The flood of supplies that has been rushed into San Francisco has excited, of course, the cupidity of all the rascals in the town. We never heard that San Francisco lacked anything of having its due equipment of these cattle. Of course, supplies have been wasted and stolen to some extent. That was inevitable. But there is an earnest and competent purpose to minimize waste and stealing, and no better men could be hastily gathered for such work than our army can afford. There seem to be no serious clashes of authority between military and civil officers. There is so much to do that everybody that is trustworthy is needed in the work. The business of the army is to meet emergencies, and in such a case as that of San Francisco its training and its system are invaluable.

Mr. ANNEKE CUNNINGHAM, being asked for his views on graduated inheritance taxes, points with pride to an article contributed to the *North American Review* in 1889, in which he advocated them. At that time he expressed his approval of graduated taxes, "beginning at nothing upon moderate sums to dependents and increasing rapidly as the amounts swell, until of the millionnaire's board, as of Sisyback's, at least."

The other half
Comes to the privy order of the state."

This policy he then argued would work powerfully to induce the rich man to attend to the administration of wealth during his life, which he thought to be the end that society should have in view as being by far the most fruitful for the people. Moreover, he thought that the enterprise of able men would be stimulated rather than diminished by the prospect of having enormous sums paid over to the state from their fortunes. Mr. CUNNINGHAM says that Mr. GAMBROUX fully shared these views which he entertained in 1889, and which he has since seen no reason to change.

German Emigration to the United States and South America

THE notion that German emigration is a menace to the territorial integrity of southern Brazil is pretty thoroughly dispelled by the statistics presented in an article contributed by Baron SPACK VON STRUBBERG, Imperial German Ambassador at Washington, to the May number of the *North American Review*. It is perfectly true that for more than three-quarters of a century German settlements have existed in Brazil, and it is also true that German colonization societies have attempted to divert thither the stream of emigration. Official figures, however, attest the futility of the endeavor. In the Brazilian provinces of Rio Grande do Sul and of Santa Catharina, there are about 200,000 persons of German extraction, most of whom continue to speak the German language, and, not unnaturally, evince a preference for goods of German origin. There are a good many Germans also in the provinces of Parana and São Paulo, and they seem to have thrived there, although they have had to compete not only with the Portuguese-speaking natives, but with Italian and Polish-Galician immigrants. How insignificant in the volume of German emigration to the Argentine Republic will be evident when we point out that of a total of 2,279,000 emigrants to that country between 1857 and 1893, there were only some 25,000 Germans. The number of Germans in Chile is still more insignificant. According to official German statistics, the total number of Germans who emigrated from the fatherland between 1871 and 1894 was 2,616,731. Of this aggregate, 54,719 went to Brazil, 31,814 to Argentina, Chile, and other South-American countries, while no fewer than 2,380,792 came to the United States. In 1904, of the 27,084 Germans who left their native land, only 255 went to Brazil and 516 to other South-American countries, whereas 26,063 preferred to seek new homes in our own republic. According to the latest data compiled by the German Bureau of Statistics, there are, of persons born in Germany, only 28,000 living in Brazil, and upwards of 2,600,000 in the United States. The Federal census of 1900 placed the number of persons born in Germany, but residing here, at 2,603,000, against a total population of nearly 75,700,000. A German statistician estimates the percentage of German blood circulating in the veins of the inhabitants of the United States at 33.56, and our own immigration statistics compute the influx of Germans into the Union between 1820 and 1903 at 5,138,091, or 25 per cent. of the alien arrivals in our country. As Baron SPACK VON STRUBBERG reminds us, nobody was ever heard to speak of "German Peril" in the United States. Why, then, conjure up such a bugbear in Brazil, where the infiltration of German blood has been relatively negligible?

There is this, however, to be said in reply to the German Ambassador, that in the position occupied by his fellow countrymen in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul there is no precise counterpart in the United States. To find one, we should have to assume that the greater part of the German emigrants to this country had been concentrated in the State of Florida, where they not only would occupy a strategic cordon of vantage, but might conceivably, in the event of their secession, receive protection from the German navy. There has been, of course, much concentration of Germans in Milwaukee and St. Louis, but under no circumstances could those emigrants from the fatherland hope to obtain aid from the German Empire in attempts to set up independent commonwealths. Then, again, the children of German emigrants to the United States almost always speak English, and become latently fused with the rest of the American community. It is otherwise with the German settlements in Rio Grande do Sul. There even the descendants of people who crossed the Atlantic as early as the third decade of the nineteenth century continue to speak German, and to keep up the customs of their native land. It must also be recalled that Rio Grande do Sul has always been a rebellious province, and that German residents have heartily co-operated in the repeated endeavors to secure political independence. If one of these efforts should be temporarily successful, it is not impossible that the new republic might appeal for protection to Germany, as Texas under similar conditions appealed to the United States.

There might be more foundation for the apprehension that a German-speaking republic may one day be established in Rio Grande do Sul if German emigration to that province were in increasing. As a matter of fact, the number of German emigrants to Brazil, which, in 1890, was 896, had shrunk, as we have mentioned, to 255 in 1904. Moreover, the whole volume of German emigration to transatlantic countries has been significantly diminished in recent years. Thus, although the outflow amounted to 203,563 persons in 1892, there were only 22,309 emigrants from Germany, all told, in 1900, fewer still in 1901, and only 27,084 in 1904. The tendency toward a cessation of emigration is the more remarkable, because, owing mainly to the excess of births over deaths, Germany's population has lately been expanding at the rate of 800,000 annually. The growing aversion to expatriation is due,

of course, to the extraordinary development of German manufactures, which has multiplied the chances of earning a good livelihood at home.

Excess of Literary Zeal

IN Georgia, late in March, "CUB" and LEE WATTS shot and killed C. B. BERRY and GEORGE and JAMES McDEVITT. "CUB" explained that he had it in mind to write a book, and that he could better write the book he had in mind if he could write from actual experience of murder. His plan was to serve a term in the penitentiary, and then get out and produce some literature. He said that his brother LEE had the same aspirations and had acted upon them. This story the news despatches tell, and they say the Watts boys have been well educated, are great readers, and think they have literary gifts.

It will be agreed that they have been overzealous. Whatever big sellers they have fed on have mislead them. They have gone much too far. A literary aspirant goes about on an far out of the beaten track as is safe when he abandons his wife and children and takes up with an affinity. Even so great a divergence as that from conventional form has its hazards and its inconveniences, because aspirants are apt, in those, to give even of affiliates, and a collection of abandoned wives and detached affiliates loosed here and there makes the world seem cramped to a free spirit.

The truth in there is no royal road to literary success. One or two persons have caught up with it in automobiles, but that method is costly and is already pretty well worked out. Certainly you cannot go out with a gun and bag it, and even an experience of affiliates in only valuable in hands entirely great.

We are sorry for "CUB" and LEE. They got fooled, poor children.

Personal and Pertinent

ACTIVITIES in Indiana towns are arresting men for playing baseball. There are men in some of the leagues who deserve arrest for not playing.

"LOU" F. FAYN, of New York, has declared in favor of a third term for President ROOSEVELT. The President cannot reasonably expect his "luck" to overcome everything.

The Senatorial side-tracks for the railway-rate bill have been completed and in good order for some time, but there seems to be great difficulty in securing switches that will work properly.

Plans for the next national convention are already under way, and the Republican managers are apparently anxious to see how the elephant will act without his customary life-insurance protection.

Senator LA FOLLETTE says that he once spoke eight hours a day for twelve days in a Wisconsin campaign. This puts Senator MORGAN, Senator CARTER, and former Senator WILLIAM V. ALLEN in the shimmering class.

The Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution broke up in a row at Washington. Careful observers of the sessions of the body insist that it shows no parliamentary progress over the male Congress which has made Washington famous.

TOM JOHNSON says he is working on a motor-car that will go at the rate of 400 miles an hour. Ohio politicians will hope that the auto will meet expectations, and that JOHNSON will make his first speed test in the direction of Halifax.

A judge at Hagerstown, Maryland, has notified WESLEY FOX, who has been granted three divorces, that he has reached the limit, and will have to stand hitched the next time. Newport will breathe easier when he learns that there is little danger of the precedent becoming general.

The Grand Jury at Springfield, Ohio, has scored the officials of the city for "amazing ignorance, positiveness, and misconception of duty," in connection with the recent race riots in that city. The authorities will doubtless feel the censure very keenly, as they have been laboring under the impression that they did a very complete job in the lynching and stake-burning line.

The Senate Committee on Post-office and Post-roads has refused to investigate the charges against BENJAMIN F. BARNES, the White House attaché who achieved notoriety by throwing Mrs. MINOR MORGAN out of the executive office, and was rewarded by an appointment as Postmaster of Washington. The charges against Mr. BARNES were filed in a formal manner by a Senator of the United States Senate. The result leaves a question as to whether it is a slap at "The Man with the Black-rake" or a victory for "The Man with the Whiteash-shush."



SAN FRANCISCO'S TRAGIC DAWN

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Author of "Rulers of Kings," "The Splendid Idle Forties," etc., etc.

Berkeley, Cal., April 21, 1906.

UNFORTUNATELY for the lovers of sensational personal details, I was not in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, but "across the bay," in Berkeley; and although the shock was no doubt quite as severe here, it was accompanied by no horrifying details. It hit the house I live in—a well-built frame one—a tremendous thump; then, accompanied by the usual roar, the earth heaved, twisted, seemed to swing in all directions at once. At first I remained in bed, thinking it was merely an unusually severe earthquake, which would finish as quickly as it came. But when, after a lull of a fraction of a second, it seemed to have taken breath for a still more violent heaving and twisting and jarring, I began to wonder if it was going to stop at all—I can see no reason why an earthquake should not go on for several days—and got up and stood in the doorway. This, by the way, no matter how hardened one may be in the matter of earthquakes, should always be done, if only to protect the eyes from falling plaster. As soon as it was over I looked out in the street, and, as I had imagined, it was suddenly full of men—bachelors—in their nightclothes, undereclothes, bath-gowns. It was several minutes before I saw a woman out. This is a phenomenon I have always noticed in earthquakes. Then, when I was a child, I was standing on a third-story landing of a hotel, watching a couple whose devotion had been a matter of comment for some time. A hard earthquake came, and the man was down the three flights before it was over. I shall never forget how the woman laughed. I do not pretend to understand the phenomenon. Perhaps it is because men have a greater appreciation of danger, more probably because it takes matrimony to develop their sense of responsibility.

After I dressed I concluded to go over to San Francisco and to the island of Belvedere in the bay to see how my various relatives had fared. I will confess to us, for islands have gone down, and earthquakes always assail San Francisco with concentrated viciousness—and this was by all odds not only the longest, but the most vicious earthquake we have ever experienced. No other word will describe it; there was something so personal and determined in its attack, and in the general exhibition of its powers. It displayed as many varieties of motion as it could crowd into twenty-eight seconds, and the mystery of it is that a shock of such tremendousness should have stopped so abruptly. If any one thinks twenty-eight seconds a short time, let him hold his breath or his pulse for that space—our experience of an earthquake of the same duration. I would have staked my last possession—not knowing at the time how little in the

way of personal belongings I had to stake, for my "things" were in town—that it lasted a minute.

On the way to San Francisco I heard talk of the city being on fire, but paid no attention, as there are always wild reports after any catastrophe. But when the boat was well out in the bay, and I had just satisfied myself that Belvedere stood, I saw two great blazes ahead, and for the first time I ceased to look upon the earthquake with the jealousy which is de rigueur with the born-and-bred Californian. My sister and her husband, Ashton Stevens, lived on the top floor of the Occidental Hotel, and I had imagined myself joking the former upon her survival, for I have never met any one that has less liking for earthquakes.

They lit in hand. Before the ferry is a wide street. It was lumpy and smoken. On the other side was a curtain of fire and smoke. As far to the right and the left as I could see there was an egress and so on. But there was no confusion. I went up to a policeman and asked him how I could get up to the Occidental Hotel—which was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the ferry and directly ahead.

"The Occidentals!" he exclaimed, as if he thought I was mad. "Why, you can't."

"But there must be some way," I replied. "And I want to get there."

"Well, you can't," he said. "For I won't let you. Everybody is out of it and gone before this. Take care of your own life, and get out of this." So I tried to go to Belvedere. There

was no boat running; nobody knew when one would run, and as it looked as if the blaze across the way would reach the wharves immediately, I concluded to go back to Berkeley. When I bought my ticket I mechanically asked for a return, and the clerk demanded, grimly, "Do you think there will be any city to return to?" That was only an hour and a half after the earthquake, but they knew that there were many fires, and that the water-mains had burst.

All that day the news was bad-finite and conflicting. At night the sight of the burning city was appalling. Nobody slept. The very few who dozed off were awakened immediately by the explosions. The next day no one was allowed to go to the city, and there is no other regular way of reaching Belvedere; but in the afternoon I managed to hire a launch and reached the island in about three hours. The city, as I passed it, seemed blazing from end to end. Over it hung an immense pall of smoke, set with a blood-red ball where the sun looked through. The air was full of cinders. Fairmount, the new marble hotel on the highest hill,



Blowing up a Building with Dynamite at S. square and Market Streets in an Effort to check the Conflagration

(Photograph copyright, 1906, by A. J. F. J. J. J.)



Photograph by Catherine G. Smart

The View up Market Street, showing the wrecked Dome of the City Hall on the Right



Photograph by Catherine G. Smart

The View down Market Street toward the "Call" Building, which may be seen at the End of the Street, on the Right

HOW MARKET STREET LOOKS NOW TO THE PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO

poored up volumes of white smoke from the top alone, while the hundreds of windows were like eyes of brass. As we reached the middle of the bay and faced the northern hills of the city I saw a wave of fire roll down and against the wind. By this time it was dark, and there was no other craft moving on the great bay. The islands looked black. All life and movement seemed to be confined in the flaming city—and even from that there came no sound. Impersonally, it was a great sight.

On the island I found little danger zone, although they had not dared to make fires and were eating out-of-doors. We had news of the fire's progress and the terrible condition of the people from day to day, but it was three days before I could get any news of the rest of my family and friends. Then I heard that the former had escaped from San Francisco on the third day—in a milk-wagon as far as the ferry—and were in Oakland. They had slept on a hill above the city the first night—four on one mattress, which my brother-in-law had dragged up hurried. Heaven knows how many blocks. His experience had been a fearful one. The Occidental is on what is known as "made ground"—that part of the city which was filled in many years ago, that the

excitement. Everybody seemed dazed, horror-stricken; their faces, it is said, expressed the belief that the end of the world had come. One woman told me that when she had managed to get her children to the front door and saw the waves and flames in Van Ness Avenue she wished that another shock would come and end it all; she had no desire to live with such a memory. Shortly after, the automobiles began to tear by with the ill and the wounded, and the mangled, and these were ordered to leave that the house might be dynamited. Nearly every friend I have was burned out. The park and Presidio were full those first nights of women in open-chucks—they had been to "Larner," the night before—and today, millions are standing in the "bread line" with Chinamen and laborers. There never has been such a leveler. Socialism and anarchy are meaningless words out here. Nobody has any ready money, to speak of, and the banks cannot be opened. I had exactly \$1.50 in my purse. Two days later I managed to get \$25 from a country bank, and today, in despair, I telegraphed to my New York bankers to send me money by registered mail. And I am far better off than many, who are wealthier but have their all out here.



Photograph by Carlton G. Smith

The Sort of "Shack" which spells "Home" for Thousands of San Francisco's Refugees

boats might not have to anchor beyond shallow water. This ground always shakes with unusual severity, and the Occidental was no old-fashioned building. Everything in my brother-in-law's rooms, including the corners and a part of the roof, came down in a succession of crashes, and a dictionary flew from one room into another. He held my sister in the doorway and saw daylight through the roof. Above the crashing of falling objects in every part of the big hotel, the dropping of skylights and tons of plaster, he could hear the screaming of women. It must have been pandemonium, and the plaster did get into the eyes and made it almost impossible to see. When it was over he caught up his overcoat and a pair of boots, and my sister her opera-coat. They picked their way through plaster and glass, in some cases a foot deep, out of the hotel into the street. There they were obliged to hang the wall, as the trolley wires were down and sparking. They sat for some time in Portsmouth Square, and then returned to the hotel for clothes—the Square, by the way, was crisscrossed with Chinamen, who were much amused at the sight of my sister in a nightgown, pink opera cloak, and her husband's boots. They found their rooms dark from the smoke of the already burning city, but managed to get some necessary things together before the second shock came and sent them out again.

After the first shock there was no screaming and no particular

But, in a sense, little money is needed. Organization began almost before the earthquake stopped. Red Cross ambulances and automobiles were flying about, car-beds and ship-loads of food were on the way, and these cities "across the bay" literally opened their arms. Never has there been a finer exhibition of the good in human nature, for it is one thing to subscribe what you can afford, and another to take strangers into your house for weeks and perhaps months. This, thousands have done and are expressing their desire for more, while the relief work in San Francisco, under Mayor Schuch and Mr. Phelan, is as systematic as if earthquakes and fires that devoured four square miles of a city were part of the yearly routine. There have been few cases of extortion reported; personally I have only heard of two. One was the case of a leading firm of grocers, who immediately put lambs' prices on everything. General Funston turned them out, closed them up, and put a sentry before the door. The other case was a personal experience, but I have less respect in withhold it until the excitement is over lest the man be lynched. But these exceptions dwindle and disappear before the abounding kindness and helpfulness of hundreds of thousands, some homeless, but willing to share an asparagus stalk, others more fortunate and almost ashamed of being so. I have never had much respect for the intelligence of the present, and since this spectacular



Photograph by Catherine G. Smith

The Spreckels Residence at the Corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street, destroyed by Dynamite and Fire



The Flood House on California Street. On the Sidewalk are art works rescued from the Mark Hopkins Institute near by

THE ASHEN RUINS OF TWO OF SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST NOTED MANSIONS



The "Stew Line"—Making Stew in Wash-boilers for Homeless and Hungry Refugees

exhibition of human nature I have the profoundest contempt for a tribe for whom civilization and all its resources have done so little. I doubt if there is a variety of the Anglo-Saxon race, in matter what its hyper-civilization or frivility, that would have acted differently under the same terrible strain as this to which the people of California have been so suddenly and so terribly subjected. There is no such thing as absolute self-interest, unless it is a case for the alienist, and although it may take Nature at her worst to surprise the fundamental generosity into visible and unashamed activity, it is a poor analyst—or an affected and nearly ambitious one—who cannot discern it without the aid of an earthquake.

The hope and animation, the eager interest in the future, the delight in the idea of the beautiful San Francisco that shall arise from the ashes, which one finds on every side, are not so surprising, for we are a buoyant race out here, perhaps because of the climate, perhaps because we are born gamblers. There is an old saying that you can knock a Californian down, but that you cannot keep him on his back five seconds. I will confess that on the first day, when there was little hope that any of the city would be saved, and horror was in the very air, I recalled a conversation I had had with Mr. Furness a few days before. He had sent me a book of the Burnham plans—plans which, if carried out, would make San Francisco, a picturesquely ugly and shabby city incomparably situated, as beautiful as Athens in the height of her glory; and I was lamenting that I had not millions enough to do it all myself.

"But," said Mr. Furness, "how could you wake all these people up? How would you ever get all these signs off Market Street, all those hideous rows of houses out of the way? You couldn't even persuade their owners to put new houses on them. It will take fifty years."

And then Nature stepped in. She employed an unpleasant method, but she disposed of the signs and about three-fourths of the buildings. I went over the city to-day. It is the Forum and the Palatine Hill on a colossal scale: miles of walls, arches, solitary ruins; hills that look like cemeteries, where a few days ago a people that was burning to be as friskous as other communities and losing all individuality, was entertaining in some of the most sumptuous houses in the world. There is a touch of romance about those hills and valleys of shattered palaces, for many, when they saw the hopelessness of fighting the flames, evacuated and buried their treasures. How they will and there is another matter, for never was there a city so shorn of its landmarks. Nor is it a pleasant place to search for treasure at present. I was in a semi-demolished corner grocery-store, seated on a counter, very tired from a tramp and waiting for a promised automobile, when two severe shocks came and threw down several tottering walls.

The probabilities are, judging from a pretty full history of earthquakes, that the worst was over with the first shock; but if it was not, and we are to be an earthquake centre, there is nothing to do but make the best of it and build accordingly. The "Class A" buildings, those with inner construction of steel, stood the earthquake as a ship rides a storm; the frame-shed structures can be avoided by enclosing the wires in pipes, and from torn pipes by lining old chimneys with tin. Such horrors as the whole front falling out of a building and the upper stories sliding off, of houses dropping into their cellars, or twisting on their foundations, means

nothing but criminal economy; and legislation can prevent a recurrence of the double disaster that has put an end to the fourth chapter of San Francisco's history.

But while we are all excited over the prospect of the new and "aged beautiful city in America," there are few of us that were born and brought up here that will not regret the old San Francisco, which, if ugly, was the most individual and interesting of cities, full of queer landmarks, traditions, and associations. Quite aside from sentiment, there has never been anything like it, and never will be again. A city constructed all on one plan may be a thing of beauty, but it can never have the richness of interest of a city that has grown from an Indian pueblo, through the days of Spanish dots and "Pocky-ai-ai-ai," to a great cosmopolitan city with a bit of Hong-kong in its middle and of Italy on its skirts; with old shacks and "missions" of the "fifties" crowding the severe structures of stone and marble and brick, as modern as the "busks" of its people. However, Nature, no doubt, was tired of our everlasting growling and took matters in her own hands with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired—except that she might as well have taken the rest while she was about it. I have no doubt, though, that the fierce wave of reform will shame into emulation those householders at present congratulating themselves, and then, five years from now, we will be the great show-place of the continent.

It is not to be denied that under all the buoyancy and activity, the hopefulness and vivid interest in the future, is an abiding sense of horror. Those that were in San Francisco during not only the earthquake, but the subsequent days of night before fire, and who looked upon such scenes of death and despair and horrible desolation as in their well-ordered commonplace lives they have never dreamed of, must carry with them for many years a grim feeling of impotence and philosophy. Rich men must have received a mental shock comparable only to the earthquake itself, and socialists must have observed that Nature accomplished in twenty-eight seconds what they have failed to do in half a century.

I do not see how it can do other than good. Privately, the most impassionable and far-reaching of all views, is at an end in San Francisco for years to come. Rich women, who have been cooking in the streets in an oven made from their fallen chimney, and may have to do their own washing until frightened servants can be induced to return to the city, who have been confined with as little economy and shelter as the women of wandering tribes, and the men who stand in line for hours for their portion of bread and potatoes, look back upon the ordinary routine of their idle lives with a mixture of wonder and contempt. Old people, who vegetated in corners and feared draughts, are active and interested for the first time in a quarter of a century. Even dyspeptics are cured, for everybody, even the asthmatic, fed, is hungry all the time. Everybody looks back upon the era "before the earthquake" as a period of inequality, and wonders how he managed to exist. If they are appalled at the sight of a civilization arrested and millions of property and skill now to be lamented treasure gone up in smoke, they are equally agitated with a renewed sense of individuality of unimpoverished forces they are bent to pit against Nature—that wanton humor in whose face it is a supreme satisfaction to laugh—they feel all the half-terrified delight of the

(Continued on page 673.)

A STRICKEN CITY'S DAYS OF TERROR

By JAMES HOPPER

WHEN the quake came I was in my room on the third floor of a seven-story brick building in the central part of the city. The thing started without gradation, with a direct violence that left me breathless. "It's incredible," I said, aloud. There was something personal about the attack; it seemed to have a certain vicious intent. My building did not sway; it quivered with a vertiginous and rotary motion, and there was a sound as if a snarl. I stayed in bed for a long time, as it seemed. I raised myself on my elbow, but even that rudimentary approach to a movement toward escape seemed so absolutely futile that I lay back again. My head on the pillow watched my stretched and stiffened body dance. It was springing up and down and from side to side like a panicle in the tossing griddle of an experienced French chef. The bureau at the back of the room came toward me. It danced, approaching not directly, but in a zigzag course, with sudden bold advances and as sudden bashful retreats—with little bows, and heels, and nods, with little mincing steps; it was almost funny. The next second, a piece of plaster falling upon my head made me serious. The quake gave me one of its virulent jerks, and I had a sudden clear vision of the whole building dancing an infernal dance, the loosened bricks separating and clacking to again like chattering teeth. And the quake continued, with a sort of stubborn violence, an immense concentration of its deadly purpose that left me without fear, without horror, without feeling.

"It's the end," I thought, and a panorama of cataclysms swept through my mind: Pompeii, Lisbon, Krakatoa, Manila, St. Pierre, Sumner, Vesuvius, with San Francisco as a stupendous climax. Then as the thing continued there returned the first feeling of incredulity—incredulity at the mere length of it; then came irritation—at the senseless stubbornness of it.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r" went the quake, raising the plane of violence another notch. Up to that time I had only felt and seen. Now I seemed to turn on my sense of hearing, as one turns on an electric light, and I heard. I heard the crash of falling buildings, the tumble of avalanching bricks, the groans of tortured girders,

and a great curiosity sent me out of my bed, across the tossing floor, to the window. As I arrived at the window, it silently dropped out, such and all, together with the fire-scope, leaving an unobstructed view. A sky green with dawn was the first thing my eyes lit upon, and the freshness of the sky astounded me. Here I was going through what I thought was an unseemable cataclysm. Yet the sky was placid and dawn-colored, and the buildings were not swaying as I thought they should be—like a palm in a storm. Their swaying was moderate, almost prudent.

A vague sense of disillusion came over me. A shadow passed across my line of vision. It swooped down into the alley at the back of the building and upon the roof of a row of little wooden houses, and went through them as through tissue-paper, leaving gaping holes at which I looked stupidly. The shadow was the brick wall of my upper three stories, which had fallen.

As I realized this, I realized also that the quake had ceased. I began to dress. I am a newspaper man, and I began to think of my paper and my responsibilities toward it. For a second, the thought of the day's toll that lay before me hovered unpleasantly in my mind; but it was followed by the usual resignation. I thought myself absolutely calm, though now, as I look back at the singular things I did, I smile indulgently at my pretensions.

The streets were already full of people—silent, gray-faced people, with an expression of mild resentment about their lips. I walked slowly down the street, taking notes of injured buildings that seemed to me of value for the paper we should get out that day. First I went into the alley where the buildings had been crushed by my wall. The houses seemed deserted, and my calls met with no response. Across the street the two upper stories of a building in course of erection had collapsed. I noted that. All the way down Post Street buildings were injured in various ways. I noted them all conscientiously. I went into the Olympic Athletic Club. The swimming-tank had been shaken as if it had been a glass held by a palsied hand, and had splashed water all over the first floor.



View of the wrecked St. Francis Hotel, from Market Street

It was as if the great city had decided absolutely to ignore the disaster, as if with some vague pathetic hope that if it resolutely went on with the routine it lived, the whole thing would prove a nightmare from which the city would presently radiantly awake. Also, it was stifled. That diabolical earthquake had given us such a shake, that long minute had been such mental torture, that our brains were numb. We did not realize the extent of what had happened and was happening, and we were never to do so. The disaster was one long, three days' progression; by the time one phase of it was grasped it had swept on to another, and when it was all over the entirety was so colossal as to be beyond the immediate realization of human minds. The destruction of San Francisco will always remain a vague, chaotic, and somber nightmare.

A part of the giant automation which the city had become, I kept on my way to my paper. Here and there something which absolutely forced itself upon my attention stopped me, but always my purpose returned uppermost. At Union Square my attention was arrested by the sight of a man in pink pajamas walking heel and toe in his bare feet, in a continuous circling of the Dewey column; also by a tall, English-looking man with flowing whiskers, clad in a long white nightshirt, who sat on a bench, perpetually replacing in the orbit of his left eye a monocle which an involuntary contraction immediately twitched off again. At the corner of Geary and Stockton streets I helped some people out of the wreckage of a wooden hotel upon which a steel skyscraper had dropped one of its walls. Some were alive, others dying, and we left some dead beneath piles of

through it all we circled that fire, circled and circled it as if fascinated, and the last time we circled it, at the end of the third day, our register, which started at zero, marked off twenty-six miles when we had returned to the starting point.

But of that experience several pictures remain detached but vivid. At Fourth and Fulton streets, by some freak, a hydrant was still giving out water. I still see the fireman who stood there, pushing a hose down the street flaming on both sides; I can see their rigid standing at the corner, his white helmet racy with the flame, his long slicker dripping, his mouth pouring out a volley of jolly oaths, and then these men, the hose upon their shoulders, their helmets tilted toward the terrific heat, rushing in between the roaring walls. The whole city, mind you, is burning beyond them. They have one hose, one stream of water; they are lost. It was something big, the very fatality of their effort, of their immense determination to do, with their whole world crashing to ruins about them, their single duty—to fight to the last the hopeless fight.

In Valencia Street, at the corner of Eighteenth, a four-story wooden hotel collapsed, and now seems but one story high. I peep the ruins four policemen and fifty volunteers are working. I see them, a rope moved about a fallen partition, tugging in concert. A hundred men are buried in those ruins. The fire is only a few blocks away. They tug, their yellow faces distorted with the effort, heads of cold perspiration swelling from their pores. At intervals they stop, all of them; they look toward the fire, their weary faces ridged with the glow, puckering in an expression of anxiety almost sinful, and then with new courage they tug again,



What is left of the Hibernia Savings Bank

Photograph copyright, 1906, by C. J. Stenwood

brick twenty feet deep. But, on the whole, my course was toward my paper. As I neared it the sun rose, a red water behind heavy spirals of smoke. I knew that the water-mains were broken.

"The city is gone," I said to myself; but really I did not believe it. When I reached the *Call*, my city editor was standing before the door. "The plant is badly shaken up," he said. "It will be hard to get the paper out to-day." An hour later the whole building was burning; three hours later the *Call*, *Chronicle*, and *Examiner* were destroyed. By night every printing-plant in the city was molten metal.

I went down Third Street, and there I saw starting the fire which was to sweep the southern half of the city. The streets in that district are alternately broad avenues and narrow alleys. I saw the fire rushing up the narrow ways with a snarling sound as of a starving dog springing upon a bone.

At times the fresh eastern breeze caught it, and then it fairly steeped itself, its scarlet jacket bulging and snapping. Here and there in its path, as far as I could see, were some of the humble cottages of that quarter, which had fallen down like stacks of cards. And there, like a flash, I had a vision of the tragedy: the earthquake first, with the red shock of fire thrown like a mantle of hypocrisy over its ravages, and the results forever a poignant mystery. I got an automobile. Thereafter the thing is a nightmare. We whirled around the fire, four of us, for three days. We circled it and circled it, a prey to its terrors, and the circle, continuously widening, threw us out farther into the suburbs. It was a phantasmagoria of destruction. We sat a sausage here, a cracker there; we wrote upon our knees in haste, throwing the copy into a furnace impatient for the presser across the bay; we re-coined, carried wounded, helped to vomit burning hospitals; but

and the whole ruins shake—and the next time we pass there they are gone, and the ruins are but a haze of a great time twisting toward heaven.

The dazed population are fleeing the city which has failed to harbor them. They patter along by thousands, silent, stupefied. The men carry little bundles or drag boxes behind them. The women carry babies, and older children toddle after them, hanging to their skirts. These children bear their pets—a kitten, a pup, a canary in its cage. There is no panic, no jostling, no running, no trampling. They singly march, heavy-stopped, and somehow the very calm of it is far worse than the hysteria of panic. It tells of greater tragedy, of more complete hopelessness. The faces are of stone, the eyes are dead, there is no revolt; and behind, his advance comely curling almost alone there, the great tidal wave of fire.

At the end of the third day I was standing on the top of Russian Hill. The fire had then swept the city, but was still burning in the North Beach district. To the south, a little below me, was the Jones Street hill. A strange hallucination possessed me. I thought I heard strains of music. It was no hallucination. I p on the tip top of the Jones Street hill, in the middle of the street, the only thing standing for miles, was a piano. A man was playing on it. I could see his hands rising and falling, his body swaying. In the wind his long hair and a loosened red tie at his neck streamed. The wind here the sounds away from me, but in a full I finally heard the music. It was Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre"—the death dance. His hands bent up and down, his body swayed, his hair streamed, and from the great dust down over the devastated city, like a cascade, poured the notes with their sound of shaken dry bones.



IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT AT CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STREETS—THE RUINS OF SAN FRANCISCO'S GREAT BANKING INSTITUTIONS GUARDED BY A MILITARY PATROL.



BAKING FOOD FOR THE HOMELESS IN AN UNDESTROYED OVEN DISCOVERED IN THE RUINS

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE "SPIRIT OF THE WEST"

BY JOHN A. GRAY

OAKLAND, Cal., April 26, 1906.

FOR all the horror and the pity of it, it is a stupendous thing to have witnessed, this destruction of San Francisco. Even with the city in ruins about its hills, it is actually difficult to adjust one's mind to an acceptance of the fact. To be sure, there had been other earthquake disasters, but reflection of them had become more or less dulled, and San Francisco had come to seem so secure in her tormented throne, so sunny, so smiling. That is what makes the disaster appalling. Elsewhere in the world cities know their rest is a balance which at any moment Fate may set quivering. San Francisco knew it, perhaps, but in a vague sort of way, as a tale from a past generation. So she went on with her planning and her building. Then, one day, Fate set her hand roughly to the scale, slung us in if in relapse of the city's proud security, and sent the buildings tottering down. The fire came as a devilish afterthought and swept the ruins bare.

The great spirit of the West has long been a boast in the land, and the magnitude of what this means is evident now in what San Francisco is struggling to do to meet the results of her catastrophe. The shock of the thing is still strong upon the people; it seems, indeed, as if it would quiver within them for years, but the spirit is already manifest. It is not hesitating to say that San Francisco will set the world a lesson in fortitude and determination.

The calmness brought about after calamity which perhaps can be thoroughly understood only by those who faced it. It, within a few hours, reduced the people of the city—yet all, perhaps, but most of them—to a state which can only be described as primordial. The earthquake shocks of that Wednesday morning flung the people of the city into a panic, but it held them fast, as it were. The search of the catastrophe put them to fight, fighting for safety. The condition which arose when the city was known to be lost, when water-supply and foodstuffs had been destroyed, was that of man against man, and the survival of the fittest. Then it was that the lawless spirit flared up, and with it flared up the Western spirit, and in that moment the new San Francisco was born.

Reduce man to his elemental nature first through fear and then through privation, and many of the incidents we have witnessed here are readily explicable. The stupefying panic of the early morning cannot be understood by those who have not undergone an earthquake upheaval. People came from their homes in a mad rush, and then stood trembling in the streets with the buildings rocking and falling around them. It was only natural, too, that there should have been a certain tincture of hysterical merriment in the reactions of many persons during these first terrible moments. There are those who remember now having laughed at the ridiculous sight of San Francisco's buildings swaying crazily

on their foundations. But that was before the fire had taken its fearful hold upon the city, before it had swept away ninety per cent. of San Francisco's wealth, and driven three hundred thousand people from their homes. The terror of the fire changed all the emotional mirth to madness, and every one realized what a prodigious thing it was that the troops were so quickly placed on guard throughout the city. They did much, indeed, to bring the people to their senses—that is, to such of their senses as remained. And those who were heedless paid the maximum price for it. It had been made terribly clear to every one that there would be no toleration of crime in any of its aspects, and it is known now that several persons have been shot and killed for their failure to obey the orders which it was imperative should be obeyed.

To illustrate the conditions with which the people of San Francisco have been faced to free, this incident will suffice: A dozen persons who escaped death in the earthquake and the fire were killed in Filson Street yesterday by a herd of stampeded cattle. They had flung themselves into the blazing district and were in blind flight. From the pen at the corner of Third and Filson streets a herd of cattle had escaped, and near this corner the fugitives encountered them. The cattle were mad with fear, and with lowered heads they charged the people. Twelve of them went down and were gored and trampled to death.

The devastation of San Francisco is a catastrophe which should be contemplated in its entirety rather than in the light of detached incidents. However many thrilling events might be enumerated, they would fall short of presenting the magnitude of the calamity. Now that the city lies in ashes, with what may be called the preliminary phases of its revival practically at an end, the mind of the observer rather relinquishes the details. He strives to focus his senses upon the great picture of the stricken city as a whole. And that is where his understanding fails of complete adjustment. All he can do is seek to recognize in the seemingly endless panorama of shattered, blackened buildings and cluttered streets the merry, care-free city which had so often been likened to a brilliant European capital. He cannot for the life of him reconcile these silent squads of stretch-bearers, these legged, worn-out scavengers of the ruins, with the figures which, such a little while ago, had had their places in the crowded moving picture of a peaceful city.

But for all the desolation and the inconceivably great loss which has overwhelmed San Francisco, hopelessness has never for one moment conquered her people. Again it is the indomitable spirit of the West. For every grain of sympathy which her sister cities have shown there are ten of courage here. There has never been a moment, from the first hour of the calamity, in which courage was lacking. It kept firemen and hundreds of others at work when all their efforts were pitifully, obviously vain; it sent scores into greatest danger in the task of rescue, and in the days to come it will fear San Francisco again on her sunny hills.



Looking Southwest over the North Beach District, the Fire spreading toward the Fairmount Hotel, which may be seen on the Hill at the Left



IN THE MAIN BUSINESS SECTION—ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE STREET, IN THE CENTRE, ARE THE RUINS OF THE PALACE HOTEL, AND, BEYOND, THE BUILDINGS OF THE "EXAMINER" AND THE "CALL"



LOOKING SOUTH FROM NOB HILL, SHOWING TELEGRAPH HILL ON THE RIGHT. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND ARE A MELODEON AND A SEWING-MACHINE SAVED FROM THE WRECK OF ONE OF THE HOUSES



Photograph by Catherine G. Hunt

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEVASTATION OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT LOOKING FROM VAN NESS AVENUE DOWN O'FARRELL STREET



Looking from Nob Hill toward the City's burning Wharves. In the Centre is the Tower of the ruined Hall of Justice



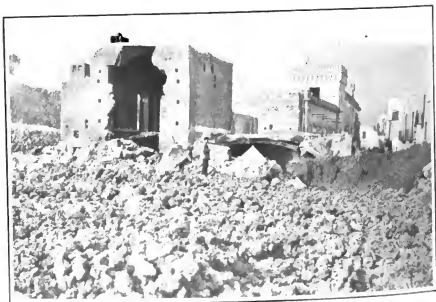
The Ruins of St. Ignatius Church and College on Van Ness Avenue

AP Photo by Lawrence Sanders

THE SILENCE AND DEVASTATION OF THE SHATTERED CITY



The Eruption at its Worst. In the Middle Distance may be seen the ruined Town of Bosco Trecese; in the Foreground is a huge Field of Lava



A View of the ruined Town of Bosco Trecese, at the Foot of Vesuvius, showing wrecked Buildings and cooling Lava

THE FURY OF VESUVIUS—SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE RUINED TOWN OF BOSCO TRECASE DURING THE VOLCANO'S RECENT ERUPTION

Photographs by the Illustration Bureau



Collecting Volcanic Dust thrown from Vesuvius into the Streets of Naples



The Lava Flow in the Streets of Bosco TreCase—the Mass of Lava in the Background is at least Thirty Feet in Depth

VESUVIUS IN ACTION—EFFECTS OF THE ERUPTION IN NAPLES AND BOSCO TRECASE

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau



The STAR TRAP

By
CLARA BYRNES

Drawings by E. V. NADHERNY



"FINE!" commented Jimmy Wreakes, the stage mechanic. "Fine!" And his sneer tilted his stage shuttles.

For Rowland, to clinch a point of stage mechanics, had taken down his favorite plaything, a very remarkable little model of the stage of the new Comedy Theatre. It was a toy worth playing with, for it embodied most of his theories, and showed some curious mechanical devices, among them a wonderful stage that dropped a whole section into regions below, to be reset while the play went on. To illustrate, Rowland began to set this with toy furniture.

"Shut up, dummy!" he said severely to the grinning veteran. "Don't revile our modern improvements. You know you're out-classed!"

With smooth facility the new set went up into place, and seating two continued dolls by the backs of their abbreviated skirts, Rowland pointed their silent dramatic ally as a climax.

"Out-classed—nothing!" growled the outraged Jimmy. "You need new things to help you act nowadays."

"Any way," retorted the New Era, "we don't kill people the way you used to with your confounded vampire and star traps. Wait, you fellows, till I show you how they worked it in the prehistoric days when Jimmy went out with the Black Creek!" Standing on the arm of a great chair, Rowland claved jubilantly at the models on a high shelf.

"Get off that throne!" commanded Jimmy Wreakes. "Think you're Henry Fifth? That's right, put your feet on the cushion!" He was quite serious under his sheltering stage. "It ain't so long since that would have stood for a model of every theatre in the States outside of the big cities. And you mayn't believe it, but there's some theatres in the little towns that work things just that way."

Rowland was tenderly slipping the dust from the miniature stage that he had set alongside the Comedy model.

"Dated 1890," he observed, lifting it to display an imaginary hallmark. "Or maybe later, according to Jimmy. Scenery moves in grooves." He joggled the wings. "See the foolish wires and ropes and things Jimmy had to pull! See the rotten old-fashioned rigging left! See the lamps Jimmy had to light!"

"Lamps be —, we had gas!" said Jimmy, indignantly. "All this electricity business has come in since you can remember. The oldest things ain't ten years old, lamps!"

"Jimmy! It tell you what a vampire he," pursued Rowland, with malice in his eye. "I've forgotten how they worked, but they called 'em that because they ate men up."

"They were like shutters in the side of the stage," Jimmy Wreakes explained grudgingly, and then opened out. When Harlequin or somebody got chased, he'd banged against those doors. They'd let him through and spring back, and it looked as if he'd gone straight through the wall. The vampire swallowed

him, you see. It was harmless enough, but the star trap was the devil."

"This," said Rowland, pointing to an octagon in the floor of the stage, "is the star trap. I never saw one worked, but I heard old Billy Thompson—he was a trick dancer, a little bit of a chap—tell how it shot him clear over the audience, into a fat man's lap. Wouldn't that make a hit in vaudeville, Jimmy?"

"They had it weighted too heavy," said Jimmy Wreakes, laying down his stage act last. "I time see the shears and a piece of cardboard, and I'll show you how it worked. That one there's just a dummy."

The thing that he cut was octagonal, and its eight sections opened up in the center.

"The eight flaps were hinged where they made the sides of the octagon, so they could open up and cut like a star." He lent the cardboard points to illustrate. "And when they were closed, it was bolted underneath to hold it. Now when it lay open, it always looked to me like some internal kind of flower, a daisy maybe with eight sharp-pointed leaves and an octagon for a centre. Underneath the points was cushioned, and there was a little lift like a dumb-walker. It was pretty heavily weighted, and then four or five stagehands sat on the lowest shelf of the dumb-walker to hold it down. Now the devil, or Harlequin, or whoever it was that was to be shot up on the stage, stood on the top shelf of the dumb-walker, and when we gave the signal, the stagehands jumped off in a hurry, the weight slammed down, the lift went up, and the man on top was shot through clear into the air, and came down on his feet on the stage. His head, you see, struck the cushions right in the centre of the trap, and the flaps opened up and let him through. Then they fell back into place."

"If it worked right," interrupted Rowland, grimly. "It was right that he knew cheerful things about the Star Trap."

"If it didn't work right," Jimmy Wreakes said slowly, "there were quite a number of things that might happen. The trap might not be unbolts for instance. You can guess the rest of that. Or it mightn't be weighted heavy enough, and the man might fall back on the sharp points. Or they might catch him as he went through. And sometimes if they sent him through like Billy Thompson, there was no telling where he'd come down. Sometimes it was funny, but most times it wasn't. I've seen two men killed by the Star Trap, and one or two who crashed their way."

Rowland was experimenting with the post-board model. "Good old days," he observed, amiably, "when everybody was a genius, and stage mechanics were in their prime!" He shot one of the cushioned dolls through the trap, and let it fall back halfway through the cardboard jaws. They snapped at it viciously, and caught it just under the armpits.

"Don't!" yelled out Jimmy Wreakes. "I see that once too



Drawn by E. V. Nadherny

The flaps were hinged so they could open up like a star

elf, and that's why I shook the spectacular. Why, I'd rather work under a flip kid like you than run a show that had that devil of a thing in it. Did I ever tell you about Davy Funes?" Howland sat up on the edge of the table like a Sunday-school child, holding between his knees the little dancer, still impaled in the Bim Trap.

"Go on and tell us about Davy Funes," he said. And Jimmy Wreakes told us.

This Davy Funes drifted into the company in Baltimore, as a sort of helper to Jimmy Wreakes. He was learning the carpenter trade, but he had a great passion for the theatre, and was delighted to get in even as a stageland. To him it was like getting a job as chauffeur in Arcadia. It wasn't the "Black Crook" that Jimmy was with then, but a cheaper spectacular play, all demons and fairies and ballet. There wasn't the humor that people demand now, but there were lots of clever effects, drills, and elaborate dresses, and all that, and the sudden appearance of the demons supplied most of the fun. There was a dear little premiere danseuse, Jeanne St. Alana, and Willy Leonard, a great trick dancer, played Memphis.

Now this Willy Leonard was a big jowled animal, as handsome as a tiger-cat, and as full of cruel fun as a kitten. And Davy Funes, from the time he was taken on, played mouse.

It was queer that no one stood up for him, but Willy Leonard tortured him so frankly and with such humorous effect that there really seemed to be nothing to make a law over, and no one knew just how the boy felt about it. So it went on and on, and Davy went on working. There were lots of times when they were caught short-headed in little towns, and Davy Funes did the work of half a dozen stagelands. He was a good boy, too, and Jimmy Wreakes got to be quite fond of him.

He couldn't have been more than twenty when he joined, and he seemed younger, for he was little and lanky, and looked as if he always wanted to run. When a dog looks like that, you string the runs to him. When a boy looks like that, you leave him alone, unless you are a Willy Leonard.

Willy Leonard never let him alone. At first it was chiefly nicknames. Sometimes Davy was Dog Tray, and sometimes he was the White Slave, and Jimmy Wreakes was more annoyed than Davy seemed to be when Willy Leonard laughed at him, or clanked imaginary fetters. Then there was muffled thumping in the pews and Davy made it by rattling a sheet of zinc. So after a while Willy Leonard changed his name to Jupiter, and he stayed Jupiter until he got to be Bosphorus.

For it was also one of Davy's duties to imitate the galloping steed of the Amazon queen—"clippy, clippy, clip, clippy, clippy, clip!" cut in the wings. "You know how it sounds. It was funny to see Davy Funes, with a serious face and his legs strapped to horsehooves, galloping about in a limited area behind the scenes, and it was funnier still when Willy Leonard imitated him, clattering about on all fours and neighing shrilly. And one day he got Davy under his arm, and played Mazurka, to the great joy of the company.

This kind of thing could have gone on forever for all Davy resented it. He got the best of it by accepting it all dumbly, and enjoying himself as much as possible. And that irritated Willy Leonard. The cat likes the mouse to run and squeak a bit.

So his jokes got to be rather cruel toward the end, and Davy began to look worried and hunted. And one day Willy Leonard made two brilliant discoveries.

That was that Davy had fallen desperately in love with Jeanne St. Alana, and had written some queer little poems to her. Somehow Willy Leonard got hold of them and was reading them aloud to two or three of his subject demons in the passageway—this was in Richmond, and the dressing demons were under the stage—when Davy Funes came down to fix something on Wreakes.

"Fairy-spangled Jeanne, my queen!" chanted Willy Leonard, in his beautiful big voice. Davy Funes made a spring for the paper, but Willy Leonard kept him off with the flint of his hand.

"My love for thee is never seen!" Right here Davy had gotten into difficulties, and Willy Leonard read it just as it was scribbled down.

"You riliest—Rilestest—thou riliestest—dancetest—on our hearts—on my heart, I ween."

Willy Leonard shook his head with the air of a moral censor.

"I woen you better look out for Patrick O'Hearn's. Jeane was Mrs. Patrick O'Hearn in private life.

Davy wasn't fighting any more to get hold of the paper. He was watching the stables. Jeanne had to come down to change for her Amazon dress. Pretty soon her glittering little feet appeared on the first rough wooden step, and Willy Leonard, spying them, poured over the paper like a hot cat.

"Don't read 'em to her," said Davy Funes in a hushed voice, as if he were praying. The hand that he held on Willy Leonard's arm was shaking.

"Don't read 'em, Willy," said one of the other men. He said afterward that Davy took it as hard as a young girl would, and turned all sorts of colors.

"Fairy-spangled Jeanne, my queen," chanted Willy Leonard, waving the manuscript.

"My love for you is never seen. Thou dancetest on my heart, I ween. My very Jeanne, my fairy queen!"

Now little Jeanne who, to look at, was just a bunch of little and wings, with the real peaked fairy face, gave herself great airs because she had a boy ten years old, and frowned savagely on sentiment. So she proceeded to dance most energetically on the mild heart of Davy Funes.

"Who wrote that?" she inquired, resentfully.

"I did," said Willy Leonard, with a grin.

"Bah, you!" said Jeanne, for she despised Willy Leonard, and rose on her tiny toes to investigate the paper. Then, glancing around, she beheld Davy Funes, shrunken and ashamed, covering away from her gaze.

"Boy," said Jeanne, "are you a fool. But Willy Leonard is a beast. I will keep these to show my husband."

With that she marched into her dressing-room and slammed the door, and the rear view of her was as much like Mrs. Siddons as her size and the tilt of her ballet skirt allowed. Davy shook away, utterly withered by the contempt of his divinity. But Willy Leonard was angry. He kept quiet about the poems. Like most people, he was afraid of Patrick O'Hearn, but he took it out of Davy in another way.

Jimmie Wreakes heard about the poetry, and pitched into Davy, calling him many kinds of fool. He was so disgusted with the



Drawn by E. V. Killebrew

glancing around she beheld Davy Funes, shrunken and ashamed, covering away from her gaze

San Francisco's Tragic Dawn

(Continued from page 600.)

adventurer stepping upon unknown shores and into a problematical future. I can say just as better "cure" for those that live there. Nature has practically forgotten them and civilization has become as great a vice as too much virtue, in whom a narrow and prosperous life has bred pessimism and other forms of degeneracy, stunting the intelligence as well as atrophying the emotions, than to spend part of every year in an earthquake country. They will find their chance not only to become completely furnished, from henceforth, but will have a sense of being taken into partnership with Nature—which will enlarge any brain and vision. By and by they will despise all that have never been "up against" the great elementary forces that laugh at civilization and the affections, ambition, and mental plans. From this extraordinary deindividualizing process man rises refreshed, wider awake, more determined to conquer than ever before; and with a sense that if he has lived through that he is equal to worse in the future. Earthquakes destroy one sort of culture, but they give another. The analogy is in such persons that have "lived" feel for those that have merely existed.

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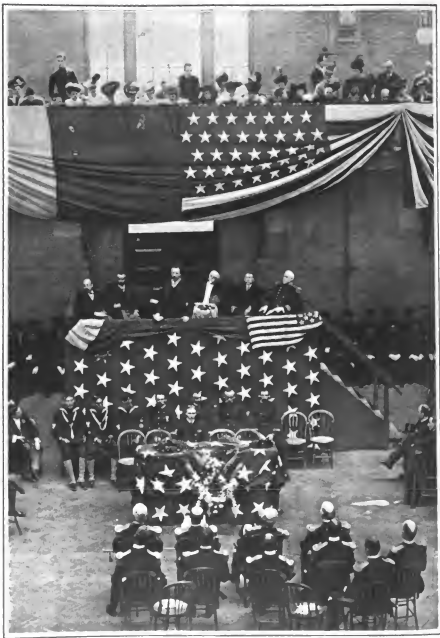


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HONORING THE MEMORY OF PAUL JONES AT ANNAPOLIS

The interment of the body of John Paul Jones in its permanent resting place in Bancroft Hall, at Annapolis, was signified on April 24 by notable commemorative exercises held at the Naval Academy. The day, which was also the anniversary of the defeat of the British frigate "Bonhomme Richard" by Paul Jones's ship-of-war "Ranger," was marked by tributes paid to America's first Admiral by President Roosevelt; W. J. Donovan, the French Ambassador; Governor Warfield, of Maryland; and General Homer Porter, who recovered the body of the Admiral from the forgotten burial place in Paris. In the scene reproduced above President Roosevelt is delivering his address.



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SCENES FROM THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF LEW WALLACE'S

"THE PRINCE OF INDIA"

Following the remarkable success of the dramatized version of Lew Wallace's famous novel "Ben-Hur," his later work, "The Prince of India," has been dramatized by Mr. J. L. Hancock. It was produced by Messrs. Khar and Edwards at the Fulton Theatre in Chicago, on February 5, and has since been playing to crowded houses in Pittsburgh and Baltimore. Mr. Hancock has selected thirty-six characters from the book to cast the story upon the stage, in addition to four hundred supernumeraries, which is said to be the largest number of people ever utilized in a dramatic production in this country. The title role is played by Mr. J. L. Hancock; Mr. William Frawley plays "Muhammad"; Miss Sarah Frawley is the "Princess Tose"; Mr. Harold Lawrence plays "Musa"; (afterward "Cassidus") and John Hays is the "Laird". Mr. Hays, who has written incidental music for the production. The play will be seen in New York early next season.

Tennyson's Many Loves

In discussing little oddities and peculiarities in connection with the works of various writers, and more especially poets, an official of the Congressional Library recently said:

"I was talking with a publisher not long ago about a new edition of Tennyson's poems which he proposes to bring out. He showed me a sample of the type which he intended to have cast for the edition, and I asked, 'Have you given an order for an additional lot of T's and e's?'"

"Why, no; why should I?" he asked.
"Because you will have to have them," I told him. "The word 'love' occurs so many times in Tennyson's poems that the usual percentage of T's and e's is far short of the number required."

His Candidate

BRUNNEN JACQUES tells of a certain citizen whom he consulted on the last Presidential election day. Conversation was somewhat hampered by the fact that the citizen's vocabulary was limited to about eighty-five words. "Who?" and "what?" were evidently one to him as yet, but he made himself clear on one point.

"How long have you been in this country?" he was asked.

"As long as one month," he answered.

"Are you going to vote?"

"Yah."

"Whom are you going to vote for?"

"Ah, I have paid' vote for ten dollars," was the self-satisfied response.

Drawing It Fine

"She is stiff on the subject of germs and disinfectants or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."

In a Hole

AN official of the New York Post-office relates a story of the sad predicament of an Irishman who entered that office for the purpose of mailing a letter to his family.

He had passed in perplexity before a board containing three letter-slits bearing the words "City," "Domestic," "Foreign."

"Faith," he muttered, "this is a pretty problem. Maggie's a domestic, she lives in the city, and she's a foreigner. What hole is it now I'm to get the letter in the three holes at once?"

Diplomacy

A very so and smart looking Scots clergyman was in to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fearing that he was to be discouraged or that he might have a sermon on his face, he said to the sexton, "There being no mirror in the vestry," James, could you get me a glass?" James disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat which, to the consternation of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle, saying, "Ye musta let on ahead o' me, for I got it as a special favor, and I warn't far from it at all if I had na told them it was for you."

Told of Mark Twain

At a recent dinner Mark Twain, according to an English report, made a most amusing little speech which was responded to as follows by a lawyer who was present: "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual?"

"Indeed, that a professional house(s) should be funny?" When the laugh that greeted this witty but unadvised Mark Twain died out, "Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

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Patent eight-day malt, made from finest barley, grows in nature as it would if put in the ground, matured for the time and sown by the sun. Nature allows waste, and in the eight-day process there is no forced unnatural growth that wastes food elements of the grain. The result is a beer that has the greatest food value, the greatest food value, yet is mild and pleasant, superior in taste and flavor, perfect in age, purity and strength. This is Patent Blue Ribbon Beer, the best beer brewed.

Correspondence

JAMESTOWN ISLAND FOR A FEDERAL RESERVATION

New York, March 18, 1914.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I have read with pleasure your four-page article entitled "Commemorating the Nation's Birth," in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of January 20, concerning the plans for the celebration of the Jamestown Tercentennial at Norfolk, Va., and the historical associations of the charming old Colonial capital, Williamsburg, and vicinity. It cannot fail to interest all patriotic Americans. To the lines devoted to a description of Jamestown Island itself—the scene of the tremendously important event which is to be commemorated at another place—may I add a few words? It seems to me that the Federal Government is on verge of committing a great mistake. Last year Congress provided \$250,000 for the celebration, of which four-fifths is to be spent for publications necessary to the exposition at Norfolk, and only \$50,000 is set aside for a memorial at Jamestown, "provided the site be donated to the United States." Fifty thousand dollars to put up a monument on the birthplace of a nation is pitiful—pitiful! And conditioned, too, on the site being given. In the name of the great God of Nations, what do we not owe to Jamestown—to the pioneers who first taught Spaniards, then Indians, then Americans, then disease, then indelible other sufferings, to secure and hang on to that little piece of land, and give the first permanent lodgment to the Anglo-Saxon people, culture and institutions in the New World! Isn't it humiliating to see Uncle Sam passing around the hat for a site on which to put a fifty-thousand-dollar monument for a forgotten people?

Now I have no objection to the monument, but it alone is not commemorative with the importance of the event, nor does it provide against two dangers which menace Jamestown Island—desecration and physical obliteration. What these dangers consist of I will mention in a moment.

I want to say first that in the course of my historical and archaeological investigations I have explored the fields on which the cardinal events of English-speaking history in the New World have occurred, from the Plains of Altemus to the battle-field of New Orleans, and I do so tremendously single-eyed, where I was so profoundly impressed and thrilled as I was when I first foot on Jamestown Island.

Jamestown is more than the birthplace of the United States. It is the place where the civilization which overtops and dominates the continent first took root. It is the cradle of all English-speaking America—Canada as well as the United States. Its significance is not local or sectional. It may not be circumscribed by the word "national." Its meaning is at least continental; and, to the extent that the nation sprung therefrom exists a world-wide influence, it is universal. Jamestown is not in a class with any other historical site in America. It has no duplicate. It is unique.

Resisting the temptation to dwell on the historical significance of Jamestown, let me mention a few physical reasons why the Federal Government should take this site under its protective ownership. When Jamestown was settled in 1607, it was upon a peninsula connected by a narrow neck of land with the left bank of the river—the north bank at this point. The strong current of the river, striking the peninsula on the west, long ago cut through the neck, leaving an island. Thus process of erosion is still going on, in spite of the protection afforded to a part of the shore by the government breakwater, and from observations which I made I calculate that the island has been eaten away at the rate of six feet a year, since the settlement of 1607. The river has encroached so far that the very foundations of some of the houses that sheltered the pioneers have been washed away, and their water-worn brick strewn the shore, intermingled occasionally with the beads with which the settlers trafficked with the Indians.

The insatiable river is gradually gnawing its way toward the old church-tower and the graveyard, and if something is not done to prevent it, the disappearance is not only inevitable, but inevitable. Jamestown Island comprises about 1600 acres of land. In 1893, Mrs. Edward Everett Barney, the present owner, and her late husband, gave twenty-two and one-half acres at the western end to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. This latter area contains the church-tower, some of the ancient foundations, some of the graves of some of the civil-war earthshakes. This, however, is but a small portion of the island, all of which is historic ground and is a veritable unexplored Pompeii of historical information. I have dug among some of the old foundations myself, and more extensive excavations have been made since my visit. Foundations of the pioneer settlers are to be found in numerous parts of the island, and their relics, such as coat armor, halberds, domestic utensils, articles of personal adornment, and the actual bones of their bodies are found in the most unexpected places.

There is no authentic plan of the ancient settlement of Jamestown, and I believe that the thorough scientific exploration of the island would throw new light on that Mother of Colonies and explain many obscure points in her history.

Since 1902, the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, whose headquarters are in the Tribune building, New York, has been trying to get the Congress to take the island for a Federal reservation, chiefly to protect it from destruction, but partly to prevent its falling into the hands of a trolley-line syndicate which has had an option on the island with a view to making it a popular picnic resort. If the government does not take the island, it is in danger of becoming a side-show in the position next year, with merry-go-rounds and all the other unbecomingly

attractions of such a resort; and in the course of time, through the action of the elements, obliterated entirely from the map of the United States. It is not too late for Congress to provide that a portion of the appropriation made for the Jamestown Tercentennial shall be devoted to saving Jamestown itself. Let us not have "Hamlet" with *Hamlet*!

A distinguished English writer, speaking of the power of historical sites to stir the emotions, once said: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of the Temple."

Upon Jamestown Island, Christian worship in the English language was first established in America, and across these historic acres have swept the battle-rides of both the Revolutionary and civil wars. Jamestown is to us more than Marathon and Iona Island together. Will not Congress take it, protect it, and cherish it for the sake of the great people who have grown from this little cradle?

I am, sir,

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL,

Secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

The Candidacy of Woodrow Wilson

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican

It is not surprising that the leading article in the April *North American Review* boasts Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States, and cordially endorses the stand taken by *HARPER'S WEEKLY* in the same direction, for both are guided by the same hand. . . . Colonel Harvey's thought and effort in this matter are to be commended. His appeals for high and strong action on the part of the Democratic party, as it must face the various issues of the next Presidential campaign, are worthy of recognition and applause.

Nor will they be without some valuable result. No high standard was ever lifted in this way without some effect upon the march of a party. Everything which will tend to persuade the politicians of the minority to look higher than the feeding trough, and to realize that the best opportunity for service, as well as the greatest hope of success, must be upon a higher plane, is to be welcomed. It is not often enough realized that the journalism of the country has a vitalizing power of its sort to wield. Therefore Colonel Harvey's leadership in this particular matter is worthy of sympathy, and in it there may be larger hope and potency than the merely practical politicians are yet ready to recognize. Dr. Wilson is doing an admirable work as the progressive head of Princeton University, and may not be called into the field of national politics. But the idea that some one of the cultured and capable for statesmanship, even though as yet inexperienced in politics, can profitably be made use of by the Democratic party, is a worthy one, and the more it is considered the more favorably the thought is likely to appear in the eyes of men of sense and patriotism. They will be ready to admit that the man who now rules at Old Nassau would in all human probability make a fine figure in the White House, and it is a good deal more profitable to talk about Wilson than to discuss the wretched or the factional differences of the Democracy. Colonel Harvey's thought is of the right sort.

From the *Mercurius* (Ga.) News

It is rather remarkable that the editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, which has always been classed as a Republican paper, should suggest a candidate for the Democrats to nominate for President. Still, he probably thought in doing so he was rendering both the country and the Democratic party a service.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson is an able man and one worthy of any honor to which he might aspire. He has the qualification of having been born and reared in the South and of having spent his greater part of his life in the South, and yet to reside in the North. His native State is Virginia, and his youth was spent at Columbia, South Carolina, and in Augusta, this State. If he should be nominated for President his nomination, therefore, could properly be credited to the South, and as there has been much talk in recent years as to the advisability of making a Southern man for President, it is not improbable that Mr. Harvey's suggestion will command a good deal of attention.

In fact, it has already been commented upon by a number of Southern papers, and as far as we have been able to observe, all of the comments have been of a kindly nature.

Still, of course, too soon to speak very positively about Presidential candidates. It is far from clear yet what the issues will be, but if they should be such as to commend themselves to Mr. Wilson, we have no doubt that his friends would have no difficulty in securing very favorable consideration of his candidacy.

We have not an unknown man, though he has had nothing to do with public affairs and very little, we assume, with politics. As to whether or not he knew that it was Mr. Harvey's intention to bring him out as a Presidential candidate we are not informed, but there isn't much doubt that Mr. Harvey's action wasn't dictated by him.

Mr. Wilson is making a great institution of Princeton University. It is growing rapidly. Only a man of very superior ability could maintain him at the head of it. We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Harvey's suggestion should be given much more than a passing thought by the Democratic leaders and by Democrats generally.

Inspiration

THE late Speaker of the national House of Representatives, David B. Henderson, spent most of his life on the battle-field and in Congress, but a portion of it was devoted to a willingness to practice law.

His early professional experiences were not materially different from those of most young lawyers.

Finally he was retained in an estate case, which involved large interests. The future Speaker was mighty hard up, and he was seriously thinking of asking the heirs to pay his bill, which he had never rendered. He was meditating whether to charge them \$200 or \$300, when one of the heirs, representing them all, stepped briskly into his office and, taking out a roll of five-hundred-dollar bills, said, "Mr. Henderson, I want to pay your bill," and commenced laying down these five-hundred-dollar bills until he had \$2500 before the astounded young lawyer. Looking up at Mr. Henderson the heir said, "Is that enough?" And the lawyer, with that self-possession which subsequently made him famous, calmly said, "Pard another one, and we will call it square."

Sensible

Nor long ago a lady was suddenly deserted by her cook, and advertised for another, stipulating that they bring good references.

Among the applicants for the place was a colored woman who, when asked for her references, replied:

"Deed, ah done tore up dem references, lady."

"Destroyed them? Don't you see that, not to bring your references must lead people to suspect that you are not a good servant!" the lady asked.

"Yesum, maybe dat's so," the applicant said. "Des 'peck ah ain't er good sarvant—but you'd know ah was crazy ef ah'd brung dem references!"

Single Entry

THERE is a certain young business man of Baltimore, not long married, who has thought him of a device to curb the growing extravagance of his wife.

"Now, Margaret," said he, producing a neatly ruled memorandum book, "for some time you've been spending the money I give you for the household expenses, not to speak of your own personal expenses, in a somewhat loose and haphazard manner. So I've got this little book for you. You'll find that a keeping of your accounts will tend to a more economical disbursement of our funds." And the husband explained how the receipts were to be entered on this side and the expenditures on the other, thus affording an ideal statement of the monthly balance.

The young wife took the suggestion in good part and promised to keep the book as directed.

At the end of the month the husband asked that he might see how she had kept the accounts.

"Oh, everything is all right, Dick," said she, "you'll find that it balances perfectly." Dick took the book. A single glance was sufficient to send him into hysterical laughter, for these were the entries:

On one side: "January 1. Received from Richard, \$100." On the other: "Spent it all."

His Weak-end

MR. MELVILLE INGRAM, the Western railway man, was induced by a friend while spending Sunday with him to attend service at a church, the pastor of which is noted for the extreme length of his sermons.

As the friends were leaving at the conclusion of the service, the 100-tonian, with a touch of pride, inquired:

"Dr. Blenk is a most eloquent minister, is he not?"

"Very eloquent," was the dry response of the railroad man, "but he has poor terminal facilities."

Columbia

Cars at San Francisco

THE following dispatch received Wednesday, April 25th, speaks volumes for the merits of Columbia Cars:

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Received, Hartford, Ct., 4/25/06

San Francisco, April 25, 1906.

W. J. Dodson, President.

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John Dougherty

Acting Chief

San Francisco Fire Department.

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was published, and almost all securities, railway and industrial, sterling or speculative, underwent a signal advance on the New York Stock Exchange.

The news regarding the condition and immediate prospects of San Francisco may seem at the first glance conflicting, because it emanates through different channels from different points of view. It appears that—with the exception of \$300,000 now forwarded to General GASKELL—the appropriation of two and a half million dollars made by Congress has been expended, and that out of the rations supplied General GASKELL had at his disposal on May 4 only enough flour and other provisions to last for ten days. It is, of course, impossible to reconcile the number of persons to whom rations have been issued daily with the number of those who, as the railway records show, have left San Francisco since the earthquake, and who, for the most part, have been prohibited from returning. The unavoidable inference is that a large fraction of the food-supplies distributed daily has been misappropriated. This is an incident that always attends the alms-house of contributions, whether national or private. It is manifestly impracticable for the officials stationed at innumerable points of distribution to identify applicants, and many dishonest persons, therefore, have travelled from one local station to another, and thus accumulated large stocks of provisions.

According to a published telegram from San Francisco, a member of the Relief Committee itself has been guilty of cheating his fellow sufferers. Detectives found at his house, it is reported, a store of provisions, tents, and bedding sufficient to last for many months. The perpetration of this kind of fraud will, of course, become more and more difficult as the number of relief stations is diminished. For the moment, it is better that ten despicable creatures should commit fraud with impunity than that one deserving victim of calamity should starve. Of the 200,000 people said to be left in San Francisco, it is certain that the majority must be fed by charity, until the opening of streets and the removal of the debris of ruined buildings permit them to pursue their various callings. The preliminary process, of course, takes time, and may not be completed for many months. Meanwhile the number of persons really needing help will be lessened daily as more and more obtain employment, and a large proportion of them can be supported for a while by the Red Cross fund and other private contributions. To avert, however, all chance of suffering, it might be well for Congress to make another appropriation, the proceeds thereof to be expended under the joint supervision of General GASKELL and the municipal authorities.

That San Francisco will be self-supporting after her labors, skilled and unskilled, are able to go to work, seems evident from the declaration issued on May 5 by the San Francisco Clearing-house, to the effect that the city can be rebuilt with home funds, including, of course, those accruing from the payment of fire-insurance losses, and supplemented by such investments of outside capitalists as can be attracted, and that a government guarantee of a great municipal loan is not needed. The high-hearted pronouncement issued by the Clearing-house is to the effect that the business interests of San Francisco, as such, need no charity to aid them in the rebuilding of the city. With \$150,000,000 or more to be received from insurance companies, with the local banks in a solvent condition, with bountiful harvests in the State of California, and with the general underlying business conditions sound, further financial help—except for the feeding of the hungry—should be looked for only on strictly business principles. The Clearing-house goes on to say that money in great volume is already being forwarded by the insurance companies of the United States and Europe to pay the immense losses which they will have to bear, and that, consequently, the banks of San Francisco will soon have at their disposal more money than can be immediately used. Already on May 5 the commercial banking-houses were doing a good deal of business, and it had been decided that on Monday, May 7, the savings-banks should open under certain conditions.

It was also recognized that, before the close of the week ending May 12, the Citizens' Committee of Fifty, which had

virtually had control of the city government since the earthquake, would have about ended its usefulness, and should be discharged. The maintenance of law and order, it was thought, might now be handed over safely to the municipal authorities assisted by the regular army. As we go to press, it is uncertain whether the duties on iron and steel products, cement, lumber, and other materials, needed for the rebuilding of San Francisco, will be remitted. The United States Steel Corporation has agreed to give orders from San Francisco a preference over all other business, to furnish all materials as fast as they are needed, and to extend the credits granted on orders formerly filled. Other American producers of iron and steel structural commodities have since made similar offers. Under the circumstances, it is doubtful whether the Californian victims of earthquake and fire would, in practice, gain much by a remission of duties on foreign structural materials. Assuming that the buildings destroyed will be duplicated, we can get a partial idea of the quantity of building materials which will be needed from a report filed last winter by a committee of experts of the national Board of Fire Underwriters. A careful inspection of the entire congested value district in San Francisco showed that it consisted of 101 blocks containing 2086 separate buildings. As regards the types of construction, the report pointed out that only 2.2 per cent. of the buildings were fire-proof, 68.3 were joisted brick, and 29.5 per cent were frame. It is certain that a far larger proportion of the new buildings will be at least nominally proof against fire.

Alive to the fact that this year not only a new House of Representatives, but the successors of twenty-nine Governors, are to be chosen, the Republican leaders are striving to re-establish harmony in those States where of late their ascendancy has been temporarily lost or seriously threatened. We refer to such States as Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and, above all, Ohio and Pennsylvania. It is certain that the Republicans will lose Massachusetts if the tariff-revisionist members of their party cooperate with the Democrats. In New York the Republicans are split between the friends and opponents of ex-Governor GASKELL, and a careful analysis of the votes cast at the last municipal election held in New York city indicates that Mr. HEARST drew many more votes from the Republicans than from the Democrats. In Pennsylvania the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer was elected last autumn by a substantial majority. In Ohio, the Democratic candidate, Mr. JOSEPH M. PATTON, was chosen Governor, and since his recovery from a grave illness, he has substituted Democrats for Republicans in almost all appointive offices. Moreover, in Hamilton County, which includes Cincinnati, a Democratic legislative committee, not satisfied with the defeat of Ross Cox and his lieutenants at the ball-box, has been engaged in investigating and exposing the fraudulent transactions of the Hamilton County ring. A Democrat is Mayor of Chicago, and in Kansas the Democrats hope to defeat Governor HORN for reelection by proving that about a year ago he tried to kiss the wife of ex-Governor STANLEY. It is a forlorn and unsavory hope, and destined to fail. In Iowa the Republican party is supposed to be divided pretty evenly between Governor CUMMINS, a champion of tariff revision, and the stand-patters, whose most conspicuous leader is Mr. LESLIE M. SAIAM, Secretary of the Treasury.

Of all the States named it is Pennsylvania which Republicans rightly deem it most necessary to recover. To that end Senator PENNISTON, the head of the regular Republican organization in the Keystone commonwealth, has been prevailed upon by President ROOSEVELT and Senator KNOX to make conciliatory overtures to the so-called Lincoln Republicans, whose secession from the organization brought about last year the elevation of a Democrat to the important office of State Treasurer. Senator PENNISTON has proposed, we are told, that the State convention of the regular Republican organization, to be held on June 1, shall nominate for Governor Supreme-Court-Justice JAMES STEWART, who is a reformer of reformers. This country lawyer has a remarkable reputation for independence. Some twenty-five years ago, in conjunction with other rebels against the CAMERON-QUAY machine, he brought about the defeat of HENRY W. OLIVER, its candidate for the office of United States Senator, and in 1882, by accept-

ing an independent nomination for Governor against JAMES A. BEAVER, the candidate of the Republican organization, he enabled the Democrats to elect ROBERT E. PATTERSON. After serving a term in the State Senate, SKEWAY returned to practice law in his home town, and from 1888 until the beginning of this year, served his fellow citizens as presiding judge of the Franklin County judicial district. In 1895, at the suggestion of Governor PENNYPACKER, he was nominated by the Republican organization for a vacant seat on the Supreme Court bench of the State, and having been endorsed by the Lincoln Republicans and the Democrats, he received 958,000 out of the 975,000 votes cast. As Supreme Court Justice he will receive \$10,000 annually for twenty-one years, whereas as Governor he would get but \$10,000 a year for a quadrennial term. Nevertheless, it is believed that he will sacrifice his private interests to what his friends consider his public duty.

As we go to press, sufficiently full returns have been received concerning the election of a new Chamber of Deputies, held in France on Sunday, May 6, to render it almost certain that the so-called bloc, as the coalition of Parliamentary Socialists, Radical-Socialists, and Radicals pure and simple is called, will have a slightly increased majority. It will be remembered that the French method of election differs somewhat from our own. It takes no account of pluralities. That is to say, if last Sunday a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies did not obtain a majority in his district, the two candidates who obtained the highest number of votes will have to submit to a second balloting on May 20. That the government majority would be reduced was taken for granted by those who had noted the odious incidents which, in certain sections, have attended the enforcement of the law separating church and state, and the intense exasperation aroused against the SARRAULT cabinet in the mining region of Northwestern France. As a matter of fact, M. CLEMENCEAU, the Minister of the Interior, who maintained order so successfully in Paris on May-day, has shown himself quite competent to deal with treacherable Socialists on the one hand, and with angry clericals on the other. The chances are that the gain already made by the Ministerialists will be increased on the second balloting, and that the majority thus ascribed to the bloc will hold together for four years longer. It follows, apparently, that those who have hoped to see the Separation law relaxed are destined to be disappointed.

On May 10, the first Parliament held in Russia for about three hundred years will have convened. The Imperial Duma, or popular assembly, and the Upper House, or Council of the Empire, which is partly elective but mostly appointive, will on that day meet in the Winter Palace in the presence of the sovereign. The significance of the long-deferred acceptance of Count Witte's resignation is better known than it was a year ago. It needed, of course, no prophet to foresee that, from the moment the new Russian loan was subscribed in Paris and other European capitals, he would cease to be indispensable. It now appears that in two important matters he had failed to please his imperial master. The solution of the agrarian problem proposed by him was unsatisfactory. The fundamental law or Constitution proposed by Count Witte in advance, and erroneously supposed to have received the approval of the Czar, was intended, it may be remembered, to restrict narrowly the powers of the Duma. Nicholas II. we learn, has no intention of thus minimizing beforehand the authority of that body, but, on the contrary, intends to consult it concerning the forthcoming Constitution, and presently to substitute a Ministry composed of men enjoying the confidence of the people's representatives for the present cabinet *ad interim*. Fortunately for the orderly development of representative institutions in Russia, the action of the Constitutional Democrats, who, in conjunction with some Liberal delegates of the peasants, are expected to dominate the Duma, seems likely to be shaped, not by violent extremists, but by men of moderate aims, willing to take one step at a time.

Will the next Eldorado be found, not in South Africa or Alaska, nor yet in Northern Siberia, but in the Republic

of Panama, to the west, and particularly to the east, of our usual zone? The question is answered in the affirmative by Mr. JOHN R. SPEARS, who brings together from Spanish-American records some remarkable evidence touching the deposits of gold that have been found at various periods, either in placers or in subsurface mines, scattered through the region stretching between Costa Rica and Colombia. Mr. SPEARS points out that the first discoverer of the American isthmus, RODRIGO DE BARTOLAS, who, in 1500, struck the coast from the eastward, procured so much gold from the natives that he returned home rich, and was rewarded by the king with a pension for his discovery. BARTOLAS was followed by COLUMBUS, who in his third voyage reached the isthmus from the west, and, wherever he touched, found the Indians wearing gold ornaments. COLUMBUS gave the region the name of *Castilla del Oro*—golden Castille—and maintained a foothold on the Belen River until he lost many of his men and was threatened with starvation because of the increasing hostility of the natives. Soon afterwards another attempt was made to establish a settlement on the Belen by DIEGO DE NUNEZ, at the head of 600 men. NUNEZ persisted until his force was reduced to seventy. In 1553 a third colony was established there, but this also came to naught through famine, and from that day to this the coast in the neighborhood of the Belen River has remained a wilderness. In the mean time another expedition, under BALBUENA, had crossed the isthmus and gazed on the Pacific, securing in their journey a considerable amount of gold. Other raids on the part of the Spaniards followed, and, at the end of 1511, the king's share of the gold obtained in that year amounted, we learn, to 15,000 castellanos, or, say, \$38,000.

Mr. SPEARS goes on to say that for testimony to the existence of gold on the isthmus we are not restricted to the records of the early conquistadores. An account of the gold possessed by the natives of the western end of the isthmus in the days before the Spanish occupation is given in a paper read to the American Ethnological Society by Mr. J. K. MERRITT on "The Ancient Graveyards of Chiriqui." It seems that in the autumn of 1858, two farmers, gathering a crop of corn from a farm about twenty-five miles from the capital of Chiriqui, found a golden image in an unmarked Indian grave. They at once began prospecting in neighboring graves, and secured a number of images weighing 150 pounds in the aggregate. A subsequent and more thorough exploration of the graves yielded gold to the amount of \$50,000. There seems to be no doubt that if a railroad were built westward from Panama for a hundred miles, a region extraordinarily rich in gold-bearing reefs would be opened. It is, however, toward the eastern end of the Republic of Panama that the real "Eldorado" may be looked for. For nearly 150 years mines that are believed by American engineers who have been permitted to traverse the region to be among the richest in the world have been lying unworked because of the implacable hostility of the Indians. No Spanish-American dares venture among them, but they are much less inimical to English-speaking people, and it is probable that they would tolerate the presence of American prospectors.

The Massachusetts Senate makes it a condition of participating fifty thousand dollars' worth in Virginia's Jamestown Exposition that the Exposition managers shall not countenance any discrimination against negroes at their show. Virginia, as is natural, is not pleased at this method of accepting an invitation, especially as assurance was early given the Massachusetts Legislature that no such discrimination would be made. Massachusetts, which is good at showing how some things ought to be done, is equally good in showing how other things ought not to be done. But, after all, the action of the Massachusetts legislators probably made more people angry in Massachusetts than in Virginia.

It has been the rule at Cornell University that members of the instructing staff should retire from active work at the age of seventy. The papers report that at a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees the retiring age was reduced to sixty-five, with a possibility of further reduction. There are two possible explanations of this action. One is that the energies of the average instructor become so much impaired by the time

he is sixty-five that he is no longer fully up to his job. The other is that by the time the instructors reach sixty-five their accumulations of wisdom and erudition become so great as to make competition with them unfair to their colleagues. No doubt both of these reasons are in use at Cornell, one applying to some cases, the other to others, or, perhaps, both to all cases, but from different points of view. Any arbitrary retiring rule shaves some professors too soon; but in the colleges, as in the army and navy, experience has proved that such rules are desirable, provided there is provision for retiring pensions.

No findings have been handed in at this writing in the case of Dr. A. S. CASPARY, of Rochester, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church who was tried for heresy at Batavia during the last week in April. Heresy trials being rare in these days, Dr. CASPARY's case has excited very general public interest, and has been fully reported in the newspapers. It was charged that the accused had publicly disclosed his belief that the birth of Christ was not miraculous, and had uttered divers other opinions which were in conflict with those beliefs of the Episcopal Church to which, in his ordination vows, he had bound himself to adhere. Dr. CASPARY's counsel were Congressman PERKINS, of Rochester, and Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD, of New York. Opposed to them were Mr. J. H. STIMES, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and Lawyer FRANKLIN D. LOCKE, of Buffalo. The facts as to Dr. CASPARY's opinions and utterances were not disputed, the argument for the defence being that he was within his rights as an Episcopal clergyman in holding and uttering such opinions as he had disclosed, and that other clergymen (among them Dr. TEMPLE, who became Primate of the Church of England) had held and published opinions quite as much entitled to be called heretical as those of Dr. CASPARY, but had either not been tried for heresy or had been acquitted.

The remarkable feature of the trial has been the strong support given to Dr. CASPARY by eminent clergymen and laymen of his own Church. The case for weeks past has been profusely discussed in the newspapers, especially by correspondents, and some of the letters written about it have been of great interest. Those who favored Dr. CASPARY's views and those who opposed them have been heard from, but the sentiment most generally and forcibly expressed, both in print and by word of mouth, is that heresy trials in the Protestant Churches are of no use, but quite the contrary, and should not be held. This opinion was widely shared both by those who agreed with Dr. CASPARY's views, or with some of them, and by those who thought them deplorably erroneous, the sentiment being that heresy trials could not settle matters of faith and doctrine; that if a minister of good repute was right in his variance from accepted views it was best to let him alone in the interest of truth, and that if he was wrong it was still best to let him alone and give him time to come, by further thought and study, to sounder opinions. To try to stop him mouth by disciplinary method did good—so it was held—neither to him nor to the Church. The standing and quality of the men who, on these grounds, defended Dr. CASPARY at his trial, or in the newspapers deplored the trial itself, have been very impressive, disclosing a strong sentiment in favor of the utmost freedom of speech and opinion in the Episcopal Church, and the conviction that whatever opinion concerning the truths of religion is in the minds of modern scholars and other thoughtful men had better come out and be considered on its merits than be suppressed by ecclesiastical authority. The question whether Dr. CASPARY's views were true was not considered at the trial, the point there dwelt upon being only whether they were consistent with the doctrines of his Church.

On May 7 the President sent to Congress the report of the International Waterways Commission on the preservation of Niagara Falls. The commission finds, in brief, that it would be a sacrifice to destroy the scenic effects of Niagara Falls, and that the amount of water which can be diverted without injury to the Falls does not exceed 30,000 cubic feet per second on the Canadian side, 18,500 cubic feet per second on the American side, and 10,000 cubic feet per second for the Chicago Drainage Canal. To these amounts, therefore, the com-

mission recommends that the diversion of water shall be limited, by treaty or legislation, the Canadian section being of opinion that such an arrangement should be limited to a term of twenty-five years.

There seems to be no doubt that the Kansas Democrats tried to defeat the re-nomination of Governor Hootch by the Republicans by circulating the charge that he got into some sort of a kissing scrape with a Kansas lady. The charge, so far as appears, has no serious substance to it whatever. It did not prevent the Republicans from re-nominating Governor Hootch by acclamation. Nevertheless, if we can believe the reports that come from Kansas, it is being used with industry to defeat Governor Hootch's election, and is a vital issue in the campaign. The news excites disgust. What is the matter with the Kansas Democrats that they should have allowed themselves to be put in the ridiculous position of pressing such a charge against such a man as Hootch? The Governor can probably stand it, but the Kansas Democrats are making themselves the butt and laughing-stock of the country. It is just possible that they have not stooped to the level of vulgarity that the newspapers assign them. We hope they haven't. What the newspapers print about kissing incidents and kissing issues is apt not to be true. We still hope that the Kansas Democrats are to some extent, at least, the victims of the cheap newspaper jokers.

The Czar of Russia and Chancellor Day of Syracuse University do not see eye to eye in their estimate of our President. The Czar, on May 8, said to ex-Senator WASHINGTON: "I believe President ROOSEVELT is a great man, and that the establishment of peace with Japan is in great part due to him." On the same day the newspapers quoted Dr. DAY as saying: "There are two kinds of anarchism. The late practices of our President are of the more dangerous of these two forms. . . . Anarchism in the White House is the most perilous anarchism that has ever threatened our country." The "late practices" which Dr. DAY disapproves consist chiefly of the President's action against Mr. GUMFIELD's charges against the Standard Oil Company. The Standard Oil people will hardly thank the Chancellor for his spirited onslaught in their defence. They have not been very fortunate in their clerical defenders. We guess the Czar, who has had experience of anarchism, and probably knows it when he sees it, will be considerably surprised when he reads Chancellor DAY's assertion that it prevails in the White House in its most dangerous form. Tut! tut! Dr. DAY. All the President desires is that the laws shall be enforced. Most of Mr. GUMFIELD's charges are disputed. If they cannot be proved to be true they will fall to the ground. If they are true it is the duty of the administration to press them, and there is nothing anarchistic about the performance of such a duty.

Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE was chairman of a committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to prepare a Book of Common Worship for the use of such Presbyterians as liked it. The book is ready, and is praised as a credit to the committee. Not all the Presbyterians will like it. To some of them, whose preferences are shaped by old-time standards, a prayer-book will seem to smack of "piousness" and other things against which Presbyterians have historical prejudices. So the book is not to be forced on any worshipper, and is issued "For Voluntary Use in the Churches." It appears that the marriage service in the new book omits the word "obey," and omits also all reference to the "worldly goods" with which the "M" and "N" of the Episcopal prayer-book endow one another. The latter omission is, possibly, a concession to the statutes of most of the States, which provide that a married woman shall keep what she has. "Obey" in the service went out of date about the time of the enactment of the same statutes.

"Just for old Times' sake, Mr. Astor, eh?" was the comment of the Indianapolis News on Mr. W. W. Astor's gift of \$100,000 to San Francisco. It took an earthquake to get a move on Mr. Astor's congenial sympathies, but, after all, they were there. His gift has started speculation as to what might be discerned if a sample of his blood were put under the microscope. There seem to be American specks in it still.

The Senate's Agreement on a Rate-making Bill

As we go to press it seems certain that the Republican Senators, with possibly one or two exceptions, will combine to pass the HERRICK-TILMAN rate-making bill, with an amendment, attributed to Senator ALLISON, expressly referring upon United States circuit courts, sitting as courts of equity, the broadest possible power to review rates or orders made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The amendment grants all that the so-called conservative Republicans, of whom Senator ALLISON is usually regarded as the leader, have demanded, yet it will also be accepted by almost all, if not quite all, of the more radical Republicans, who, headed by Senator DOLIVER, have tried to narrow the powers of judicial review, especially the power of suspending by an injunction the operation of the Commission's rate pending final adjudication of its constitutionality or reasonableness. What some of the Democrats describe as the surrender of the radical Republicans is due partly to the convincing speeches of Senator KNOX, Senator SPOONER, and Senator FORAKER, but mainly, no doubt, to President ROOSEVELT's declaration that the ALLISON amendment meets with his cordial approval. Mr. ROOSEVELT's approval is based on the conviction, repeatedly expressed in the columns of this paper, that the amendment is merely declaratory of an indisputable fact, the fact, namely, that under the Constitution the United States circuit courts cannot be deprived by an act of Congress of the widest powers of judicial review, including, of course, the right to issue injunctions. We have always held that a statutory affirmation of those powers is superfluous, and that any attempt on the part of Congress to withhold or limit them would be frustrated by the United States Supreme Court. We may be asked, if the ALLISON amendment is superfluous, why enact it? We answer that it will avert popular clamor for useless litigation, and that the dignity of Congress requires it not to pass statutes deemed to be branded as unconstitutional by the highest Federal tribunal. There ought to be sufficiently good constitutional lawyers in both Houses of Congress, and they ought to possess sufficient influence over their colleagues to avert such a stigma. Every time an act of Congress is thrown out as being incompatible with our fundamental organic law, the popular respect for the Federal legislature is impaired. This obvious truth seems to have been overlooked more than once of late in the House of Representatives, where the duty of considering constitutional objections to a bill has been relegated to the Senate. Whether the HERRICK measure in its original form was unconstitutional is disputed, but, had it reached the amendments which, at one time, it looked as if Senator TILMAN, assisted by Senator DOLIVER, might be able to attach to it, there is but little doubt that it would have been adjudged null and void by the United States Supreme Court.

Just what action will be taken by the Democratic Senators with reference to this interesting bill is not yet known. Should they, with the view of placating themselves on what is supposed to be the popular side of the controversy, agree, with a close approach to unanimity, to oppose the ALLISON amendment, they would place themselves in the false position of interfering with the right of a Federal court to issue injunctions, an interference which some of the most eminent lawyers in their own ranks have denounced as unconstitutional. A great political party cannot afford to take such a position with a general election impending and the choice of a President less than two and a half years away. We opine, therefore, that a good many, and probably a majority, of the Democratic Senators will accept the HERRICK-TILMAN bill as finally amended, and thus take the railway rate-making issue out of politics. This, of course, would not have been the case had the Democrats, assisted by a radical minority of Republicans, succeeded in passing the LOAN amendment providing for a limited review of an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the BACON and OSTERMAN amendment relating to the suspension by injunction of the Commission's orders, or any of the various contrivances proposed with the aim of securing summary action untrammelled by the intervention of a court.

That the ALLISON amendment to the HERRICK-TILMAN bill, backed, as it will be, by an almost unanimous vote of the Republican Senators and by President ROOSEVELT's earnest commendation, will be acceptable to the House of Representatives, we have no doubt whatever. It follows that a measure intended to give the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to annul any rate made by an interstate railway, and substitute therefor a rate made by itself, will presently become a law. We predict that those who underrate the importance of this innovation will soon discover their mistake. It is an enormous power which will be lodged in the Commission, and, manifestly, it remains for the United States Supreme Court to determine whether the exercise of such a power is not an encroachment on the functions reserved by our Federal organic law to the executive, the legislative, and the judicial departments of our government respectively. If the constitutionality of the act be upheld by the highest Federal tribunal, we expect to see interstate railways legislate a long time

before challenging a rate made by the Commission, and we deem it likely that they will strive to avert appeals to the Commission by exercising the utmost vigilance and self-restraint as to their own regulations with regard to rates.

It cannot be denied that, at the end of the prolonged discussion of the legality or propriety of entrusting to the Interstate Commerce Commission the power of making rates for railway transportation—a discussion which has stretched over two Congresses—the mass of intelligent Americans feel an increased respect for the Federal Senate and a diminished respect for the House of Representatives. In the Fifty-eighth Congress, the popular branch of the national legislature, after a debate, the length of which was by no means commensurate with the importance of the subject, passed the EICH-TURNER bill by a nearly unanimous vote. When the measure was held up in the Senate, that body was unreasonably exposed to a great deal of obfuscation in certain quarters, although it was notorious that the constitutionality, or even the expediency, of the project had not yet been subjected to adequate investigation. Such an investigation was begun by a committee of the Senate during the summer of 1903, and has been carried on through the greater part of the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. It looked at one time as if the Republican Senators would be split irretrievably upon the question, a division which would have clouded seriously the prospects of their party in next November's election. Nor is there much doubt that, if all the Democratic Senators could have brought themselves early in the season to combine with the Republican minority, the HERRICK bill might have been passed in the form which it bore when it left the House of Representatives. It turned out, however, that Democratic Senators themselves were by no means agreed about the constitutional right of Congress to curtail the powers of judicial review exercised by Federal courts of equity. The chance of an agreement on their part grew smaller as the debate proceeded, some of the more eminent lawyers on the Democratic side showing themselves every bit as conservative as their Republican colleagues. The apostate convinced far-minded onlookers that there must be some solid foundation for the constitutional objections to the HERRICK measure in its original form. It is equally plain that President ROOSEVELT, as the discussion went on, became personally persuaded that the opposition to the bill was based not only on political or interested but also on constitutional grounds. When we see, in fact, what has been accomplished for public enlightenment, we must acknowledge that Senators deserve the gratitude of their fellow citizens for insisting upon proceeding with extreme deliberation in a matter of tremendous moment.

We have taken for granted that the ALLISON amendment will be ratified in the House of Representatives without such, if any, delay. We are not so sure about the promptness of its acceptance by the CLEVELAND amendment, which the Senate adopted on May 7. Senator FORAKER had proposed to amend the HERRICK-TILMAN bill by inserting a provision prohibiting the granting of rebates, passes, drawbacks, or special rates to passengers on railways, and also prohibiting discriminations in the way of accommodations where equal rates are paid. To the latter part of this proposed amendment objections were offered by several Southern Senators on the ground that if it became a law it might prevent the migration of colored persons to separate cars on Southern railways. The Senate finally adopted a substitute for the FORAKER amendment, which was presented by Mr. CLEVELAND, of Texas. The substitute provides that no common carrier engaged in interstate commerce shall, directly or indirectly, give a free ticket, free pass, or free transportation in any person except the officers, agents, employees, and attorneys exclusively occupied in the service of the carrier issuing the same, or to ministers of religion, or inmates of hospitals or charitable institutions. Any carrier violating this provision is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and must pay the United States for each offence a penalty of not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than two thousand dollars. We may confidently assume that if the CLEVELAND amendment is sanctioned by the House of Representatives it will effectively prevent hereafter the issuance of free passes or the granting of free transportation over the tracks of a given railway to the private cars of officers of other railroad companies.

Learning and Public Men

WITMORE regard to any particular Presidential candidate, it is high time that the country should begin to appreciate learning as a valuable possession of its public men. Many of those who discuss the suggestion of WOODROW WILSON's candidacy say that the nomination would be excellent, but that Mr. WILSON is not available because he has not been engaged in practical politics. The truth is that the happiness and fortunes of the country would be greatly enhanced if we could introduce into its government a few idealists, thereby replacing an equal number of practical men. Whatever troubles we are having with our govern-

ments, national and State, are owing to the mistakes and the blunders of practical men, that is, men whose idea of politics is to work a machine for the benefit of those who give the directions to those who turn the crank. Most of our disastrous experiments in government, and especially in lawmaking, might have been avoided if we had been willing to be guided by the universal experience of other peoples and of earlier times. A knowledge of the political history of the world embraces a knowledge of facts and their consequences, which ought to be had by every one who is undertaking the tasks of government. It is a knowledge which, to statesmen of the older countries, and to the statesmen of our own country, to all but those practical politicians who are blinded by the gleams of practical manipulation of basic political machinery, has always seemed to be essential to the proper conduct of government. It was in an eminent degree the mental furniture of those who framed the Constitution of the United States. Without it, the Constitution would not have been the simple, dignified, sufficient instrument it is; more likely it would have contained some of the patent nostrums which disgrace and enfeeble some of our modern constitutions.

It is the misfortune of the country that the practical politician has been generally careless and imprudent enough to despise the nation of the services of the men of "light and leading," whose learning has especially fitted them to be advisers, legislators, and executive officers of the republic. To say, on this day, and in view of our political conditions, that a man learned in the art of government, in the law and custom of the Constitution, is impractical because of his learning, and therefore unfit for the service of the republic, is, in effect, to assert that the republic cannot enjoy the services of its own superior men. The comments which come to the WEEKLY on this interesting topic indicate the great need of thought on a condition which, in the last analysis, results from the thoughtless acceptance of the motto, that superior men intellectually are unfitted for the service of democracy by very reason of their superiority. The mere presentation of this logical consequence of much of the comment that reaches us ought to open the eyes of those who have made it. It is, indeed, made to the harm of the country. It is insistence upon a theory that the highest honors of the government must be denied to those who will wear them most reverently, and that the most important services must be performed by men who, to say the least, do not walk upon the higher ranges of our citizenship.

There is one word more to be said upon the availability of WOODROW WILSON, or of any man who, like him, has not engaged in the struggles of politics, but not contented for office in his own behalf, but who has studied and mastered the principles of our government, who has felt their spirit, and who has inspired hundreds of the youth of the country with his teachings and writings. The men who ordinarily nominate candidates may doubt the availability of such a scholar in stateroom, but the people will not be moved by the considerations which act upon the minds of the slate-makers. The Milwaukee Journal is a loyal Republican paper. Speaking with a knowledge of practical politics, not always possessed by the practical politicians, but which is illustrated by more than one episode in the history of the country, it points out the high spirit of the people. It says that "were it a matter of referendum in the party rank and file," the candidacy of one who has little but his availability to justify the naming of him "would hardly stand one chance in a thousand against that sterling and representative American, the president of Princeton University." The politicians who make slates, and those who believe in their competence, misjudge the intelligence and virtue of the American people. Moreover, they forget facts, momentous facts, of not remote date. They forget that more than once the people have forced the slate-makers to nominate whom the people would, and whom they would not have named. They forget, too, that the people have more than once broken slates, and that nothing is so untrue in this country as the statement that a man is unavailable because party politicians say that he is. The Democratic party must convince the people, not the party's managers.

Expert Advice for Policy-holders

ONE of the police magistrates in New York has lately interested himself in giving advice to imprudent holders of life-insurance policies as to the value of the policies they hold. His advice to one old woman being reported in the newspapers, several other cases were brought to him for consideration.

In more than in this incident a suggestion for a new profession, or a new branch of practice in some existing profession? It often happens—very often, indeed, in these times—that holders of life-insurance policies are much at sea as to the value of the policies they hold, and as to their rights and privileges under such policies. To whom should they go for counsel in such cases? On whom can they rely to tell them, for example, what is the reasonable cash value of a policy on which they have made certain payments? If they go to the agent who sold them their policy,

or to the company that issued it, they may naturally feel that they ask advice from the party whose interest is opposed to their own, and who will not advise them to his own disadvantage. If they go to the agent of a rival insurance company they come up against an interest hostile to that of the concern which has insured them. So it happens, as a rule, that all the available life-insurance experts are somewhat disqualified by their interest in one company or another to be advisers to policy-holders in general.

Is there not a chance for qualified persons of proper character to make a living for themselves and do a useful public service by setting up as expert advisers to holders of life-insurance policies? Policy-holders, as a rule, know nothing about life-insurance except what they can remember of what was told them by the agent who sold them their policy. Of life-insurance laws, and the protection they give them, they are usually ignorant. Whether they are paying more than they should, and whether their policy is the best obtainable, they do not know. Now and then they have doubts about these matters, and many of them would pay, we suspect, a moderate fee to a trustworthy expert to read their policies and tell them exactly where they stand.

Personal and Pertinent

THE earthquake and fire were somewhat hard on San Francisco, but they were the making of the reorganized Red Cross.

Secretary SNAW'S Presidential boom started in Missouri, but it looks as though Iowa would furnish the terminal facilities for it.

Mr. CANNON talks and behaves as though he did not expect to take his fortune with him when he leaves. A very unusual case.

This rejoicing over the triumphs of American athletes in the Olympic games will be halted when they begin furnishing testimonials to the breakfast-food manufacturers.

"A pretty piece of property midway between here and Basel," is DOWIE'S description of Zion City, leaving Milwaukee and Chicago to decide which shall be first to resent the imputation.

"I do not want to talk to a reporter. I never want to see one," says JEFF DAVIS, United States Senator-elect from Arkansas. There are others who feel the same way about it, and for somewhat similar reasons.

HARPER'S WEEKLY asks: "Who among us has the most fun these days?" We do not know his name, but we saw him yesterday sitting on the bank of the river with a long pole in his hand.—Boysen (Ohio) News.

Newspapers have been showing complacency on the Seventh Regiment because it stood through a rain-storm in New York recently without flinching. Probably the numbers have seen service in Wall Street.

An attempt is being made to manufacture political capital from the fact that W. A. HARRIS, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Kansas, served in the Confederate army. When the campaign really gets warm, some one will doubtless cite the fact that he has served in the United States Senate also.

Senator W. A. CLARK, of Montana and Fifth Avenue, has decided to retire from official life at the close of his present term. The announcement will be regretted in some circles, but the members of the Montana Legislature will be certain to look for a return of the old days when \$1000 bills prevailed in blowing into hotel rooms every time a train was left open.

"M. JAMES HYNE," says the Paris *Figaro*, "the exceedingly rich American who appears in the most high society of New York, comes here commanding at Paris a carriage electric. It is in the French industry that M. JAMES HYNE is addressed himself for to have the most comfortable, the most roomy, and the most elegant of the vehicles of the city."

Under date of May 1, "A Well-wisher" has communicated to the WEEKLY the following fervent thoughts:

SIAS.—There is perhaps every reason why an American journalist and writer should use modern, nervous, and elastic English, and turn away from the dignified prose which distinguishes the London *Spectator*, for instance; but when the editorial column of your paper, amid the terrible San Francisco earthquake, begins with the following sentence, it is time to protest:

"Man is more than things; greater, far greater, than all his works. San Francisco has lost most of her things, but she has got her men left."

Is this sort of shabby, ugly, uneducated prose to be tolerated in so well known a paper? I hope not; and I hope that HARPER'S WEEKLY will realize its literary responsibility, and not help break down, what is being broken down only too fast enough, the defenses of good American writing.

What will our correspondent say to the suggestion that a shabby, ugly, uneducated earthquake deserves no better prose than that which he complains of?

THE HUMAN DRAMA AT SAN FRANCISCO

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Author of "The Probationer"

Oakland Cal. April 11, 1906.

FROM the Contra Costa Hills I saw a fiery cloud, miles high, rising over San Francisco. Eight miles away men were fighting one of the greatest fires of history without water. At the end of the first day word came that the powder-supply was exhausted; later a supply was obtained somehow, and for three days thereafter the sullen roar of the blasts went on uncessantly. It was a far thing to hear: it stirred one's blood, filled one with a sense of the indomitable resources that did not flinch in the face of the most fearful odds. Along the bay, San Francisco lay like a huge giant in a purgatory of flames,—a giant tormented, yet still unconquered. Above the roar and crackle rose his great voice, the growl and thunder of the blasts. And now that the smoke pall has lifted from San Francisco one may observe ruin so vast and complete that the mind registers only an impression of the commonplace. It is too immense, too comprehensive, to be appreciated until, after hours of wandering amid calcined brick-piles, one returns to the flowers and gardens of Oakland across the bay. These seem strange, unfamiliar; and so, by negation, appreciation is gained of the great time-kills that was once a superb city. Overlooking it from an eminence, the streets may be traced only by long brick-piles that cross blackened and tottering walls. Closer inspection shows that in this fire zone actually burned like coal; bricks were calcined, and cobblestones burned in places to sand and dust.

For duration, intensity, area, destruction, the San Francisco fire is one of the greatest in history; yet, when that is said, but half has been told. The qualities it called forth—dogged courage, tenacity of purpose, cheerfulness, sympathy, hope—equal its stupendous proportions as a tragedy. History records no superior instance of a stricken people rising superior in a calamitous occasion. To earthquake and fire the Californian turned and still

turns cheerful visage. Though, in three days, millionaires have become paupers and business men bankrupt, one sees scarcely a woe-laden upon the street. For the loutstacy is general, or becomes sympathetic sobriety only when the weaver comes in contact with some mourner. All these, of course, there are many, and besides those who perished by earthquake or fire are those who died of wounds or exposure. The saddest cases of all were those poor women who died while bringing children into the world. The second night of the fire twenty-three babies were born on the grass of Golden Gate Park. Eleven other unfortunate women bore children out in the Berkeley hills. And of these mothers nine are said to have died. For this, no one is to blame: it was inevitable to the situation. Almost equally sad is the case of children who have been separated from parents by death or confusion. Under any circumstances, of course, sympathy naturally flows to the orphan, but how much more is it needed when the bereavement comes in such terrible form? What could be more awful than the thought of a helpless child wandering without help or guidance through the perilous streets of a wrecked city? In all of Oakland's many relief camps these may be found, and to-day they are being gathered together by the Salvation Army and taken to Beriah Park. Besides such inevitable suffering the situation developed a tragic side. Always when calamity interferes with established order, the beast crops out in man, and that San Francisco reaped rapine, incendiarism, assault, and robbery is due to the inevitable administration of martial law. Not only were looters shot on sight, but all others who persisted in defying authority or in any way molested the peace of the people. The following case is a typical example: Out towards North Beach a refugee camp was situated at the foot of some cliffs, which had suggested to some Barbary Coast hoteliers the available sport of rolling rocks down upon the women and children gathered there. Warned by the sentry on duty, one



Photograph by L. A. L. L.

How San Franciscans obtained Water for Drinking and Cooking—from the Public Works Watering-carts



Where the City's Homeless found Refuge in Tents distributed by Brigadier-General Greeley, in Military Command in San Francisco



The Lawns of the Park affording Haven for Thousands. Some of the Open-air Ovens used can be seen on the Curb

TEMPORARY "HOMESITES" IN GOLDEN GATE PARK FOR THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES FROM THE DESOLATED CITY

Photographs by Lammick

man dared him to fire. The word had hardly passed his lips before a bullet took him through the heart. There was no more rock-rolling.

The soldiers, nevertheless, knew how to be kind. They shared their rations with starving men and gave up their tents to women and children. They stood between the people and would-be extortionists, confiscating the stocks of merchants who audaciously raised prices. An instance of this was related to me by an eye-witness. In one of the relief camps a sergeant heard an aged woman say that she had been asked seventy-five cents for a loaf of bread that morning. "What?" he exclaimed; and upon her repeating her statement he marched a squad of men to the store she showed him, and began to distribute the stock among the crowd. "But these are my things!" the grocer protested.

"You charged this woman seventy-five cents for a loaf of bread," the sergeant answered.

"But I can charge what I like," the grocer protested; "get out of my store!"

Without answering, the sergeant went on distributing the stores, until the angry man laid a hand on his shoulder, then he turned. "Do you think we are joking?" he asked. Then, turning to his men, he said, "Take him out."

slad very much as a tailored youth regards a hand-me-down. Then there was the dignified gentleman of my acquaintance who put sleeve-links into clean cuffs, shaved, washed, and perked in suit-case before emerging upon the street. But not until he had walked a block down Market Street did he discover his utter lack of trousers. On Nash Hall, the city's aristocratic section, two well-known society women were observed dragging a trunk between them; and surely panic is a great leveler, for just then a man with a vegetable-cart came along, offered his conveyance, and drove off with a star of fashion on either side of him.

After the fire had burned itself out, the hamper evolved into a sort of grim practical joking. Soldiers and police pressed every sign they could lay hands on into service for clearing the streets of bricks, wherefore many a sight-seer who had obtained a pass to cross the bay and see the sights remained to heave brick. One police sergeant remarked, with a grin, "I've got a bank president, a traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Railway, and a Chief of Police all in the gang. They didn't like it at first," he added, tapping his head with the muzzle of a long pistol, "but now they're doing fine." Then there was an Englishman, in immaculate traveling suit, parading ferryward with a suitcase. "But I can't heave bricks," he answered when approached; but he did—heavy



Photograph by Lammick

A Part of San Francisco's vast "Bread-line" awaiting the Distribution, under Arms, of Food and Drink

They shot him against the walls of his own store.

It is creditable to human nature, however, to know that cases of extortion were the exception. On the second day of the fire, I myself made a tour of the Oakland groceries and found only one man who evinced a disposition to advance prices. If there were others, they were deterred by an editorial published in the Oakland Tribune that very morning. "Cursed be he," finished the indignant editor, "who at this juncture tries to trade on the necessities of his fellows." It is inhuman that such a warning should have been necessary; yet when one contemplates the violence, suffering, and bloodshed which have attended similar catastrophes in the past, when one remembers that under such circumstances wrong-doing is the rule instead of the exception, the conclusion is forced upon one that man has progressed far in humanity.

Concerning the prevailing cheerfulness of which I have been speaking, no report of the situation would be complete without some mention of its humorous aspects. For instance—the young man whose modesty overcame his fear of death. Running out into the street at the first shock, he observed two young women of his acquaintance leaning out of a window, and was so affected with a sudden sense of his purpose that he dashed back into the building. Nor does observation or less scrupulous modesty would have shown him the futility of his act, for he was clad in the very latest fashion. Indeed, men in pajamas, surprised others more lightly

with that gang and flee with another which caught him further down the street.

Yet on the whole such things were accepted philosophically, and out of the tangle and trouble were born innumerable acts of sympathetic kindness. Late this morning I met a printer who, until then, had had steady employment. "Clucked my job," was his answer to my question; "do you think I'd hang on to it while hundreds of starved men are hunting for work?" At an Oakland restaurant a similar case occurred. A man applied for work, and, when the proprietor refused, he said, "I must have it, for I have a wife and children to support." Inevitably enough, the proprietor repeated that he could not employ any more men, whereupon a waiter who was passing set down his tray of dishes, whipped off his apron and handed it to the applicant.

"I have mildly let myself to look after," he said; "take my job." There are but two instances from among thousands that might be cited, which go to show the quality of the public spirit. While the fire was yet burning, plans were being evolved for the building of a greater city. "Going to rebuild?" one hears constantly in the ferry, trains, and cars; and always comes the ready answer: "Sure—just as soon as the ashes are cold." A man was treated for burned hands at a local hospital because he could not wait for the backs to cool. "Charitably, heavenly, San Franciscoans are fixing their problem, and their attitude may be summed up in the answer given



Photograph by L. L. Loomis

One of San Francisco's Emergency Restaurants—a hastily erected Relief Station for the Distribution of Rations

me by a man this morning. He is 160 years old, and when, meeting him on the street, I put the question, "Well, Captain, did you save anything?" he answered: "Only what I stand in. I've got to begin all over again." Yet it must not be imagined that there is anything flippant in this attitude. The men who laugh and joke do so with a full knowledge of the gravity of the situation. This morning, Secretary Metcalf placed the property loss at \$500,000,000, and the jokers are the men who suffered the loss. Another misunderstanding should be avoided. The money reported subscribed is said to be sufficient to tide San Francisco over her crisis. This is not the case. Of the three millions and a half that Congress appropriated, all but three hundred thousand is already spent. Indeed,

that is all of the appropriation which the relief committee of San Francisco has seen, the bulk of the appropriation having been spent by the War Department for provisions and supplies. The Rockefeller gift of \$200,000 was handled entirely by the Standard Oil agents; and this morning Mr. Phelan, Chairman of the Central Relief Committee, stated that many of the other subscriptions had not been paid. At the time of writing, the committee has only \$600,000 to its credit, and most of this sum is preoccupied by debts already incurred. It should be distinctly realized that the business part of San Francisco has been swept from the face of the earth; that months must elapse before paralyzard business is re-established, lines of trade reopened, and the great mass of laborers reemployed.



Photograph by L. L. Loomis

The Return to San Francisco—Persons with Friends or Interests in the stricken City seeking Passes at Oakland's City Hall

Six months is a low estimate for the length of time during which a quarter of a million of homeless and homeless people will require assistance; it would be safer to say that a year will pass before all are reabsorbed into industry. At this juncture, therefore, it behooves every American to bestir himself for the benefit of San

Francisco. If this be rightly done, the San Francisco conflagration will be remembered not so much for its enormous losses of life and property, its vast areas of destruction, but rather because it furnished the world with proof that, in our time, "brotherhood of man" was not an empty phrase. The lesson it teaches is not that



Photograph by Lawrence

A temporary home in Golden Gate Park—this family saved at least the Parrot and the Dog

Francisco, which in the past has herself so often extended a helping hand to those in affliction. It would be disastrous to allow actual want to touch men and women who are facing bitter calamity with so brave a front. Surely this will not be. It may safely be predicted that, once the facts of the case are clearly known, a generous response will meet all needs; so let there be no slackening in the

such and such a style of building is earthquake or fire-proof, but that no calamity can exceed or quench the courage of man. As the Israelites of old were led to brighter and more beautiful lands by the clouds of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night, so San Francisco's mourning dames were a landmark on the road to a greater humanity.

HIS HANDS

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

TERROR that stalketh in the night
Freighting the souls of men with fright,
Mocking man's puny walls with might;

Pitiless, heartless, aimless rush
Out of the lulling, dreamless hush,
Flaming with fear in the dawning's blush!

Hovel and palace, hut and hall,
Pillar and portal, gate and wall,
Flung in a mad wreck, one and all!

Aye, then we sigh of the chastening rod
That has made the land as a shattered clod—
We murmur: "It came from the hand of God."

Listen! From homeland and overseas
A wonderful song is upon the breeze—
The chant of the swelling sympathies.

Listen, and look; from the chest, and bin,
Come the gold and stores that were held within—
And the folk of the world are to-day akin!

Ah, gentle mercy encompasseth
The peoples who harken with quick-caught breath
The saddening tale of the city's death.

Look! For these, in the alien lands,
In the hidden hills, on the spray-swept sands—
These hands of help—they are God's Own Hands!



Quartermaster's Headquarters on the Outskirts of the City, showing the Automobile "Cavalry" ready to start for any Service



The Automobile Mail Service in Operation, under Guard



An Automobile Patrol to insure Order in the Camps

A CITY UNDER MARTIAL LAW--PHASES OF THE MILITARY CONTROL OF SAN FRANCISCO WHICH BROUGHT ORDER OUT OF CHAOS

Photographs by Lammock

THE LONG DAY

THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL IN SAN FRANCISCO

By Cecil Chard

"... It is extraordinary how cheerfully we are all accepting the inevitable. Williamites, shop-girls, day-laborers, Chinamen—are staid and reverent editors. For the time being, we are a city of beggars, but food is plentiful, and now we are able to procure drinking water."—From the author's letter

MORNING

WE had been to the opera the night before to hear Caruso and Frederica in "Carmen." The audience was a brilliant one, the tirand opera-house crowded to the roof. We saw familiar faces everywhere and nodded in greeting, with the care-free assurance of seeing them all again, on the morrow, perhaps. After the opera, we went to the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel, and lingered over our ices, comparing Frederica to Calvé, with the deep earnestness which we waste upon immaterial things. Then we strolled homeward through the silent streets, commiserating on the quiet, starlit beauty of the night, and finally we dropped to sleep with the haunting measures of Bizet's music in our ears.

... There was no beginning to the tragedy. Peaceful slumber was exchanged, by a process too swift for thought, for chaos. One instant of rigid suspense, the struggle of a dreamer in the grip of a horrible nightmare, and then a leap to consciousness, the fierce realization of danger. A thunderous roar is in the ears, so deafening that it is hard to distinguish the crash of furniture, the fall of pictures from the wall; there is a sickening duration of motion, walls, floor, ceiling rock and away. Everything that a moment before had been inert and motionless is suddenly possessed with hideous life. Books are flung forward from the shelves, plaster fills the air, the chandeliers twist and drop, a plume waves across a wide space with a jangle of notes. In every familiar object is the threat of death. Fear is the only sensation left in a universe that reels and shakes like a storm-tossed vessel. And escape to the street seems for a moment beyond the wildest hope! Over fallen furniture we go, bare feet cut by splintered glass, hammering

at doors that resist, to the rooms from which the best beloved must be dragged, half fainting or paralyzed with fright—and down, down, out of the house.

To gain the street is only to encounter new perils. Here, too, instantaneous terror springs to life. A dreadful grimmer controls the familiar face of the little world we know. Safety is nowhere! It is raining bricks and chimney, the towers of St. Bonini's are swaying against the high line of the sky. The next instant the air is thick with dust and flying fragments. We seize each other and run, blindly, madly, but the ground under our feet rises up, the great paving blocks sink—a little line lurching to which we would go for shelter slides back a foot. Three blocks away, up the steep hills, is a public park, and here at last we pause and take refuge, a crowd of panic-stricken, breathless, speechless people. We wait a few moments in unspeakable dread for what may come next. Renewed shocks send us higher up, and at last we relax and stand trembling in the chill morning air.

As in all instances, even of terrible tragedy, the moment is not without its humor, grotesque and grim. People have sprung from their beds, they have seized anything in their wild flight; they stand in excited groups as unconscious as children of their remarkable appearance. One woman has had the sleeve of her night dress torn from the shoulder, her feet are bare, she describes her experiences to a group of men. She is quite evidently a woman of refinement, her gestures are quiet, her voice sweet, she is quite self-possessed. We stand close together, a group of absolute strangers, and smile at each other in attempted courage, with stiff lips. The world stands still again, all that is left of that familiar world, but all sense of security is gone.

From the high hill on which we stand we can see the splendid



Photograph by LAMSON

Household Goods left in Confusion at the Ferry Terminal, foot of Market Street, the main Gateway from the devastated City



Where Scores found temporary Shelter in Jefferson Park



Golden Gate Park's new Citizens drawing their daily Rations

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
IN SAN FRANCISCO'S TENT-CITIES

city stretching to the foothills, and we try to reassure ourselves, but such despair grips us. The sky is dim-colored, and through a pall of smoke and dust the sun burns red.

The city looks like a besieged town, shattered by shot and shell. Is that the dome of the City Hall we see, hanging like a hard-cage high over fallen walls? What has happened to that row of houses one street below us? Their brick foundations are cracked in every direction, the empty window frames bent crookedly against beams that have snapped off short. Here a roof has fallen in, there the side of a house hangs into the street; a flight of granite steps stands far out into the sidewalk, the door to which they once led has sunk five feet below. The spaces between the houses is a tangle of twisted wires, of tiny telegraph poles.

And what a strange light is everywhere—sunlight through a yellow haze, a heavy mist! And—below us—is it mist or steam that rises thick and curiously dark, as from a huge cauldron? Now the sun is obscured, the distance is blotted out, and the black mist swirls, rises—something leaps up, shines like a sword-blade. From some one in our little crowd comes one word in an awed whisper: "Fire!"

NOON

The morning has gone, somehow the interminable hours have dragged away. The air is stifling, the heat intense, but, mercifully, there is no wind. At the merest breath of air we shudder and turn our eyes to the curtain of smoke that hangs across the sky and hides from us the extent of our misfortune. Nevertheless, realization of the magnitude of the disaster deepens from hour to hour. We know that the fire rages in twenty places, that men are fighting it desperately, without the water for which we already thirst.

With every moment some new peril is revealed, the line wires of the trolley-lines have dropped into the street, there is a penetrating odor of escaping gas. A gun clatters by on horse-back, shouting: "Martial law has been declared—the Regulars are out; light no fires in houses—by order of General Funston!"

From the first hour there has been no water. There is a run on bakers and grocers for provisions—bread—candles, tinned meat, soda water. The men serve their customers on floors swimming with oil, tomato catsup, wine, and broken glass. They do not ask exorbitant prices. In many cases they give without demanding payment. Instances of extortion are rare, except for connoisseurs with which to remove jewels and household effects from the region of greatest danger.

It is incredible with what swiftness rumors become facts, and still time creeps along on leaden feet, though occurrences multiply, and the experiences of a life-time are crowded into an hour. No haze rises nothing since the night before, but we know an sensation of hunger. The fate of those who are nearest and dearest is still shrouded in darkness. There is no way to discover it—we are cut off from the world!

When, from time to time, a smoke-blackened figure approaches, it is only to report further calamity. This or that public building is gone, one street after another destroyed; now the fire has engulfed a whole section. Soldiers and firemen, millionaires and thieves are fighting desperately. Every now and then there is a terrific explosion. They are blowing up whole blocks with dynamite in the vain hope of saving the city.

The most extraordinary factor in this unprecedented experience is the general calmness, the self-control exhibited. Perhaps the earthquake has exhausted our powers of sensation. Faces show the strain, but there is no complaint. The lesson has been too soul-searching in its effect. All have learned the value of mere possessions. They strive to save them instinctively, but, failing, they bear with entire composure, that fortune, home, factory, office, have been swept away. The streets grow more and more crowded as the fire drives the refugees to the hills. A never-ending stream of vehicles passes, motors flash by, carriages, express wagons, undertakers' wagons, and ice-carts laden with people and their hastily snatched belongings ramble on. It is pitiable to see solitary old women tottering along under loads that would not tax the strength of a child. Women in opera cloaks drag trunks along the earthquake-torn pavements. Bands of Chinese, dazed and helpless, drift along aimlessly. It is incredible what foolish things people have seized and still cling to. It is related that in the fall of the Empress, a huge structure on Market Street, a man was only held back by force from the blazing ruins. He struggled in the arms of his raptors, protesting that he had lost his hat, that he must find his hat. One woman has a large bird-cage from which the birds have flown. Whole families pass, in one instance a pet monkey is being led along, free from burden, while even the child in arms clutches a handkerchief of treasure.

The unfortunates have lost their wits. The ring of the ambulance-bell and the host of the automobiles that have been impressed into the service of the Red Cross hardly scatter the crowds, that move on, talking, gesticulating, in wildest excitement. There is little to be done, but that little is accomplished with immense risk and difficulty. Every nerve, every sense is strained for the latest word from those who return, like exhausted soldiers, from the front. When will this refuge be declared unsafe, when will we be compelled to move on? The stories that are whispered in low tones, so that the general multitude may not be made more anxious, are harrowing. Stories of women wandering in the ruins, clasping dead children in their arms, of men gone mad, of firemen crushed, of sick and wounded crushed under falling walls, stories of soldiers who have exceeded their orders, of unfortunate civilians who, upon a refusal to leave their treasures, have been shot. They tell, too, of the swift retribution that overtakes those who, under the cover of the prevailing excitement, attempt to rob, to loot, or even to touch the possessions of others. In one place the bodies of eight thieves lie where bullets have dropped them.

And as the sun sinks slowly in the west the huge clouds of



A vivid Reminder of the Earthquake—Fissures torn in the Roadway in Golden Gate Park

Photograph by LACROIX



Lafayette Park, San Francisco, populated by the Homeless

smoke that all day had obscured the scene, changed to rose color, and, in the reversal of all things, the day that had been darkened by the smoke was exchanged gradually for the wild illumination of the night.

NIGHT

The terraced hill-side park had the look of a bazaar. Nondescript shelters, made of blankets, of tubercleths spread on broomsticks, of women's opera wraps, of valuable Indian rags protected those who were fortunate enough to have them. Many had covers and pillows, those who had nothing lay on the ground, or on the broad stone steps along the park walkways. There was not a murmur to be heard, only a child wailed loudly for a forgotten doll. Speculation, even, had given way to a stoical indifference. People spoke little, in low tones. The stiffness was acute. Overawed by the terrible magnificence of the spectacle being enacted in the east and along the whole plain to the southern horizon, it was, strangely enough, possible for one to think, to form plans, even to hope—while the work of wholesale annihilation went on.

Nature now and then indulges in pale melodrama. A sea of liquid fire lay beneath us, the sky above it seemed to burn at white heat, deepening into gold, into orange, spreading into a fierce glare. The smoke had gathered into one gigantic cloud that hung

motionless, sharply outlined against a vast field of exquisite, starry blue. The streets were caverns of darkness, but here and there, from the impenetrable gloom, three or four houses seemed to start out, like an illuminated card, every cornice, every window shining with the reflected blaze.

As the night advanced it grew cold, and men and women walked up and down between the lines of sleepers, stretching their stiff limbs. Even at midnight the attempt to sleep was abandoned. Eyes, bloodshot with weariness and the pain from the constant rain of cinders, tried to turn away from the fire, but it held them with dreadful fascination. How it slipped in and out, flowing like a river, engulfing here a church, there a block of houses! A steeple, flaring high like a torch, toppled and fell in a shower of sparks. The strong square of an office building, black one instant against that ever-moving stream of fire, flamed the next, shot through and through with flame.

The fire burned on and destroyed and blackened, but it kindled a flame that illumined the western world—the spark of generous kindness that lives in the hearts of the multitude. This has been fanned into a fire at which the victims of this great disaster may find warmth and renewed courage. Hope remains and an undaunted spirit. The eyes that have watched ceaselessly through the night look out over a field of desolation, and, without flinching, face the dawn of another day.



A Bit of transplanted Chinatown on the Outskirts of San Francisco

Photograph by Lutzsch



What remains of the new Library Building, which was almost completely Wrecked by the Earthquake



Photograph by Catherine G. Brown

A Freak of the Earthquake—the Statue of Agassiz, which pitched headlong from its Pedestal on Top of the Zoology Building and imbedded itself in the Pavement. On the Right may be seen the Ruins of the new Library Building, and on the Left the ~~new~~ Gymnasium

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SCENES OF RUIN AT LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY, IN PALO ALTO



TANNENBAUM clutched wildly at the pink edition of the evening paper. Then he spread it out upon his little bar and snorted it fiercely with his clenched hands.

"Such a fake this Meyer is," he growled. "First it is this; then it is that. And now he gets his name into the paper. A fraud, this Meyer. What will he be doing next?"

The thing that had roused the ire of Tannenbaum was a short paragraph in one corner of the paper. In substance it was insouciant enough, and it was headed: "Meyer of Second Arr. Tempts Fate." The gist of it was this:

"A Meyer, saloon-keeper, of — Second Ave., possesses an abiding faith in Providence and in the integrity of Uncle Sam's Manhattan Borough postmen. Three days ago he mailed to Joseph Pinsky, of Street Verano, a crisp new dollar bill. This bill was not enclosed in any wrapper. Attached to it was nothing save a tag with the address of Pinsky on it. The man of the leather bags may have been extremely honest, or they may have feared a decoy. At any rate the naked dollar bill reached Pinsky yesterday. The collar of fraud on Meyer's heels has been reduced to-day in half an inch to celebrate the fact."

It was this paragraph that Tannenbaum deplored. "Such a cheat—this Meyer is," he snarled, "always doing something. Always pushing peoples. Here—before this Meyer comes in this here neighborhood—everything was orderly. My customers, sure, they took what they could get. Tannenbaum's beer was good enough; Tannenbaum's glasses was big enough. And if they was clean, those glasses, all right. If they was dirty, all right too. . . . But those good times is all gone. And it is this Meyer here." He leaned over and tapped the old sweep-up upon the chest. "I tell you, Chen," he went on, "things is going to the dogs—along of this here Meyer. What for do people come to here and tell me—

me, F. Tannenbaum—that I should put up tissue-paper and tin-foil and setting to keep the flies off the wall, so they will stay on the customers? Why should they tell me I should write, 'Merry Christmas and Free Trials' on my looking-glass with soap. . . . soup, think of it! Why? Because this here A. Meyer he does it. What he does I could do. . . . and when I do it, he must do something else. He never leaves a man alone. And now," he glanced over more with unreluctance at the pink edition, "he gets in this here paper. In this here way. Why don't he get in himself? Why don't he steal something and get sent up? . . . That would be right. But such a sneaky way as this! . . . He sends a dollar bill, Tannenbaum! Such a mess!"

He panned once more. And then, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, an idea smote him. John, the sweep-up, was slowly passing out of the doorway. Tannenbaum pulled him back.

"Tannenbaum, Chen," he yelled. "I got him. F. Tannenbaum, of Second Avenue, has got him. It is something new. I will get this here Meyer now better. See? What do you think?"

"I don't," blinked John, astoundedly.

Tannenbaum clutched him fiercely by the arm. "Meyer," he whispered eagerly, "he has sent a one-dollar bill through this here mail. I call this here Meyer. Listen. I will send a five-dollar bill. Jah. How so?" He fell back and gazed upon John in speechless admiration of the scheme. John took advantage of the pause to turn over and double out. Again was he hauled back.

"I shall send, not a one, not a five," announced Tannenbaum, solemnly; "I shall send—a ten. Such a bill—a good ten-dollar bill. Ten times as better as this Meyer. Ten times should I get in this here paper. You see. A good ten-dollar bill."

Tannenbaum was quite as good as his word. From his stock of bills he selected a fairly new, crisp tenner. Upon it, on one corner,



ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

"It is, oh, no better as this Meyer"

he wrote his initials F. T. This was merely for identification.

"Just so I could know it when it don't come back," he told himself. Then he procured a tag, and to the tag he firmly fixed the bill. He laughed as he did it. There it was, the new bill, the big bill. It would go out, into the box upon the corner; it would be taken up by the collector; it would go through the hands of a score of clerks.

"Even to the postmaster of this here borough," whispered Tannenbaum, "and all the world shall know it. All the world shall know that F. Tannenbaum, of Second Avenue—and not A. Meyer—has mailed this bill. Such a bill. What is a one-dollar bill to this here, anyhow?"

But—to whom should he mail it? There was the rich, F. Tannenbaum had friends a-plenty, good friends, kind friends, considerate friends. But, rack his brain though he might, he could not think of one of these same friends who would be so very foolish as to account for a good ten-dollar bill. He could trust the Post-office, but not his friends. Then, suddenly—the next idea came Tannenbaum. This idea was essentially original.

"Sure," he exclaimed, "I shall mail it to myself. I shall eat my bread upon the waters. And it should come back to me. It is good. F. Tannenbaum mails it. F. Tannenbaum gets it back. It is, oh, so better as this Meyer."

He wrote the address carefully, legibly, upon the tag. Then he wadded to the corner, and thrust the bill and the tag into the mail-box. The deed was done. On his way back he shook his fist in the direction of a next place across the street.

"Ah, you tin-fol, tissue-paper Meyer," he shouted aloud, "we shall see what we shall see."

He waited three days. Nothing happened. He waited five. The silence of the New York Post-office was as the silence of the grave. All day long did Tannenbaum strain his eyes watching for his mail.

Every evening his eyes became dim with searching the columns of the pink edition for news relating to the suddenly of Tannenbaum—the well-known liquor-dealer of the avenue. There was no news. He waited a week. Still, nothing.

By this time it became apparent that something had gone wrong. It is a well-established fact that there are no dishonest postmen in New York. But there are postmen, unquestionably, with a sense of humor. Some one of these, unknown as he was, evidently appreciated the joke that Tannenbaum was playing, and probably felt that there were other jokers, too. So some postman, worn venturesome than the rest, may have concluded that the ten-dollar bill was, in fact, a decoy, and seized it just to see what might happen. Or it may be that another felt keenly that the dignity of the department was being trifled with; feeling this, he may have fined Tannenbaum in the sum of ten dollars for his flippancy and fun. The fact remained that—well, the ten-dollar bill remained, at any rate; it never was delivered.

Ten days after its mailing, Tannenbaum took action. He wrote a stiff letter to the Post-office, detailing all the facts. The Post-office replied by sending him a printed blank to fill out. This blank required the name and address of the sender,

the name and address of the addressee, the date, the amount—everything.

"Two of these questions Tannenbaum answered in this way:

"Sender—Fritz Tannenbaum, No. — Second Ave., N. Y. City.

"Addressee—Fritz Tannenbaum, No. — Second Ave., N. Y. City."

He returned the blank, assured that the office would trace the bill. The office started it. Ten days later Tannenbaum received an inquiry from the Post-office after this style:

"Fritz Tannenbaum, Enquire, No. — Second Ave., N. Y. City:

"Dear Sir—Have you received letter (package) addressed to you, mailed 3d inst, by Fritz Tannenbaum, No. — Second Ave., New York City? Answer in once.

For the Postmaster, J. R. T."

Tannenbaum replied politely that he had not received the letter. "Now they will get to work," he assured himself. They did. They are never idle. Next day he received another letter. This is what it said:

"Dear Sir: Mr. Fritz Tannenbaum, No. — Second Ave., New York City, advises this department he has not received the letter (package) which you mailed 3d inst. We shall trace the same. Yrs, etc.

For the Postmaster, H. P.

"To Fritz Tannenbaum, Enq., No. — Second Ave., N. Y. C."

Many days passed. The bill may have passed, too, through many hands. But it never reached the hand of Tannenbaum. Now and then Tannenbaum would write again to the department, and invariably would receive inquiry as to whether he had received the letter; and later, information from the department that he had not. To do the department justice, it would have found the ten-dollar

bill had the ten-dollar bill given the department the slightest chance of finding it. But the department need nothing less than an absolute impossibility.

Now, postmen in New York are not only honest; they are not only dignified—sometimes they are thirsty. One of them certainly was upon a certain day, and he stepped into the saloon of Tannenbaum to shake his thirst. He slaked it with one of Tannenbaum's schooners (Meyer, across the way, by this time, was sailing full-rigged ships). This postman then paid for his drink like a man, and went his way. He paid for it with a ten-dollar bill, and received from Tannenbaum 40 in change. After he was gone, Tannenbaum inspected the ten in a casual sort of way.

"I guess—see is good, all right," he said to himself. Then he stopped, and placed his hand against his heart, for that organ was almost motionless.

"Tannenbaum!" he cried. For in the corner of the bill he had detected the insignia of his ownership—"F. T."

It was the bill that he had mailed. It had come back to him. He had bought it with a schooner of beer and its worth in change.

He sat down that very night and wrote it all up for the Post-office. Now, all this is no reflection on the collector who had drunk the



Illustration by H. S. Gifford

Drawn by H. S. Gifford

Sometimes they are thirsty

scholar of her life. He may have given value for the rest, just as Tannenbaum had done. Some other joker of the department had said at any rate on him. At any rate, it is in this juncture that that collector passes the time of his events. But he was a stranger in Tannenbaum, and he has never been identified, and he belonged to the room of the collector. For when collectors have a thirst they shake it not upon their path of duty. They are the room of the collector, and up the block. Then they follow their noses—if the noses happen to be in the right place. Tannenbaum told his honor the P.M. of Manhattan Borough all about it. The collector of the room came very busy. He immediately wrote to Tannenbaum, the address, and asked him with the same address. The collector had not popped the question a dozen times already: "Have you got that, Tannenbaum?" Tannenbaum had written again and reviewed the case. And he wound up with

"Have I got that three ten-dollar bill again?" he thundered with his pen. "Of course I got it. Ain't I told you I got it? Come. Fix this here up. You send a man to me and I tell him the whole thing. If you don't send a man, I see the Bureau of Licensing about it."

This was effective. Within thirty-six hours a Post-office Inspector called.

"I'm sent up here," he announced in Tannenbaum, "to find out in person whether you got that ten."

Tanenbaum drew one, and wiped the foam off with a cloth and tendered it. The inspector refused it.

"All right," said Yarnesbourn. Then he told the tale he had already written. The inspector heard it patiently.

"You got the ten," repeated the inspector, "and you got it from a postman. It was delivered, then. Without the tag. All right. You ain't kicking about the tag, are you? Was the tag worth anything? I thought not. Well, you got the ten. That's all I care about. And I'll report it. I want to tell you that when my department starts out to trace, it traces. Now, you've got the ten. And that's the end."

The inspector, however, was a man who would be butted with no buts. He had disencumbered. He made his report:

That evening, in a stupor of bewilderment, Tannenbaum sat gazing abstractedly at the pink edition. Across the way, Meyer's was a blaze of light. Tannenbaum sighed. He had failed, signally. Step by step his mind mastered the details. And then, a third idea smote him.

Why—it was a good newspaper story as it was. It would make



Drawn by R. Smithson

^a Tia-foil, tissue-paper, interloper, pig-dog Meyer!

our rates, \$10. Terms, strictly in advance.
cost and oblige."

Tannenbaum might have fainted had that been the only letter. But there was another also—from the Post-office:

"Dear Sir," it said, "we are advised by Fritz Tannenbaum, No. — Second Ave., this city, that your enclosure of the 5th was received by him in due course. We would, nevertheless, advise you against sending matter in that form again. Our registered-letter and money-order departments are always at your service.

Yr. sch. serv.

For the Postmaster, P. Q. R."

Tannenbaum might have fainted then but for one thing. He looked across the street. A Meyer was peering in his window, some object of interest. Tannenbaum glared at it. It consisted of a tag—a tag and a one-dollar bill; Meyer's one-dollar bill, that had come back. That was not all; for in one side was a pink slip of paper, the clipping from the night edition telling all about it—about Meyer's dollar bill and Meyer's nerve.

The whole thing attracted a considerable crowd. Tannenbaum noticed that this crowd, slowly but surely, filtered into the saloon of Meyer.

Tannenbaum shook his fist. "Dastard!" cried Tannenbaum; "infidel, tissue-racer, interloper, rig-dog Meyer!"

Then he may have fainted. But nobody knew, because everybody was across the street, in Meyer's.



A Native who ran "Amur," and was killed trying to force his way into the Hospital at Jolo after he had cut down a British

THE SENTRY

A Philippine Incident

By

FRANK CHESTER PEASE

notorious "toom-toom-toom-toom" of throbbing tomtoms.

Upon a narrow ledge within the walls of this one-time Spanish stronghold stands the well-proportioned figure of a young soldier on hourly guard. Kinson, confident, self-reliant, he is outwardly the fit representative of a mighty race; in reality, he is helplessness personified in this far-distant land—helpless against the fierce savage cunning and devilry of the degenerate spawn of Malay, Chinese, and African breeds into whose territory he has intruded.

Armed with a wonderful death-dealing piece of mechanism, he is the highest type of military gladiator that the world has yet produced. Yet civilization has been so relentlessly at work upon him and upon his fathers before him, deadening within him the primitive instinct of self-preservation, that now, placed as he is upon equal terms with a blood-thirsty savage, all of his modern equipment and expert militarism go for naught.

With the mental abandon common to youth, he is utterly oblivious of his immediate surroundings. Thoughts of home and of former scenes of pleasantry fill his brain. He sees the twinkle of electric wires where no electric wires are; hears the clasp of speeding trolley cars, where the only representative of that modern marvel, electricity, is the telegraph; he pictures a room alive with moving figures and clouds of smoke settling midway between the floor and ceiling; hears the music of laughter and song; sees the green-shaded incense-burners hanging here and wonders if the old crowd is still there. Perhaps he is lying mental suggest on the probabilities

of another's luck with her, now that he is far away and unable to assert his preference by right of conquest.

Absorbed with these visions of that other life that now seems so distant and unreal, yet which leave the sensation of a pleasant dream strong within him, he continues his slow pacing back and forth. He fails to hear the soft "chunk" of a swift-falling body in his rear; fails to see a dark, ominous shadow that rises suddenly above the wall and as quickly disappears, only this time within the wall. Deep as he is within the dark shadows of palms and tropical shrubbery, he does not see a black, crouching, naked savage, waiting expectant, exultant, a gleaming bolo cunningly concealed in the grass beside him.

It is only when he hears the faint clatter of falling mortar dislodged by a figure that leaps lightly upon the ledge and rushes on him that he awakes to the needs of the present moment. For a time, a seeming eternity, sheer inability to think or act masters him. Then the primordial defense instinct asserts itself, and he turns to stay this ferocious death, rushing upon him through the dark. Forgetting the previous value of the mechanical action of a trigger, he swings his rifle above his head, thinking to strike his foe in the ground. As he does so, the vicious swath of the gleaming, razor-edged bolo in the frenzied hands of the "jaramatando" cuts short his agonized cry—"Corporal of the line—!" Not once, but twice, three, and again, does the black fiend stoop to hack and thrust and slash his helpless victim. The keen-edged blade sinks deep through cloth and flesh, leaving great gaping wounds. At last, his blood-lust appeased for the moment, the demoniac black ceases his work, and, choosing to the top of the wall, leaps out into the darkness and safety, knowing that, once beyond those frowning walls and back in the deep, tangled wilds of the jungle, he is safe from pursuit. The victim of this savage raid heeds no where he fell, his glassy, upturned eyes set with a mute appeal



The central figure is Datto, Dymatayamen, brother of Datto Ali, who in 1909 misled the town of Cotabato, in Mindanao, and wounded most of the anti-rebel forces. He was brought to trial last year, but on appeal was the people's first of four that resulted in conviction was not forthcoming, and he was released. The men about him in shackles are bandit chiefs.

toward the unspying sky.

The night wears on, the tontena rattle with a bestial intensity. Scarcely a sound has disturbed the sleeping town.

Then a rifle-shot breaks the silence with a terrifying abruptness. It is the Corporal of the Guard giving the belated alarm as he discovers on his regular round of inspection this ghastly object-lesson of fanaticism.

The ringing call to arms has hardly sounded when the streets become alive with half-dressed men, rifles and pistols in hand, breathing hard, cursing, shouting, running to prearranged places of defence, in obedience to orders that are being shouted from every direction. There is the rattle and clash of the Maxim rapid fire as it is engaged in the main position of defence,

and the clicking of loading-chambers mingles with the "break" of Winchester shot-guns. Lanterns in the hands of the surgeons and hospital attendants arriving with litters and bandages throw great unsteady and ghostly shadows through the tropical shrubbery and trees.

The surgeons bend low over the ailed figure on the ground, the flickering lights from the lanterns intensifying the ghastliness of the scene, although something tells them it is far too late for any medical aid. Many a rushing sound is heard as they lift the untended form to the litter and start toward the hospital.

The commanding officer, having seen that every possible precaution against a recurrence of the scene is taken, orders the sounding of the recall.

Yet there is nothing extraordinary, after all, in this midnight awakening. This crimson stain on the moss-grown stone is no new thing, inasmuch of afore. The rifle-shot, the curses, the shouts, the flashing of lights in dark corners, are but phases of many smaller happenings.

The gray-eyed old major, made worn and gray before his time by years of arduous campaigns against an equally savage and cruel race of different hue and clime, returns to his quarters accompanied by his younger officers. They are all inwardly consumed with a pest-up, unreasoning rage at the indifference and vacillation of the home government, and of the order that it daily forbids the slaughter of "defenseless" natives.

Then quiet again reigns, and, except for an extra heavy guard, every one is asleep or supposedly so, although how, angry murmurs can be heard in the vicinity of the enlisted men's quarters.

The following afternoon the streets are filled with hordes of curious, furtively grinning Filipinos, and half-caste Nipa heads, as six khaki-clad men, carrying a heavy metallic box, march slowly from the Plaza through the hot streets to the main gate,



The governor of two commissioned officers and seventeen men of the 17th U. S. Infantry, unharmed, killed, and wounded by Bullo, Ali and his outfit, May 8, 1904

each man's heart is raging a host of reprisal—fierce, unquenchable, and unending.

"Dust to dust" reads the hatched-and-curved, and the shallow grave is quickly filled, thus to remain until the forbidding black steamer arrives, bearing the "Martial Corps" on its gruesome visit.

Three crashing rollers break the spell and startle hundreds of curious onlookers and patriots at the forest edge. Falling into marching order, the column takes up its hurried march back to the fort, for already the sun is close to the horizon, and he who wishes to see it rise again had better struggle and wait; every one has been conscious of the scores of cruel black eyes watching every motion of the soldiers from the dark edges of the forest. Even now there are swift runners speeding to mountain strongholds, carrying to the "Bullo" and "Hadi" the successful news of their last "parangatan" venture.

As the column nears the gate the band strikes up a far livelier tune than it played on its way out, which, it is to be hoped, dispels some of the gloom that has fallen over this lonely land of white men in a strange land. As the rest of the troops disperse within the gate there is heard the metallic click, click as the magazines and chambers are unboxed. The last man enters as the sun is setting, and with the simultaneous boom of the "evening gun," with the crash of the falling portulaca, another Philippine incident is closed. . . Yet not entirely closed; for, a few days later, away back in Iowa a railroad boy, with a flat-topped cap, rings the bell of a suburban house and awaits the answer. A gentle, plaintive-faced, gray-haired woman comes to the door and takes the outstretched message. The boy pulls out a book in which the woman writes something, and, snatching it back, he dashes down the steps, mounts a bicycle, and dashes off again.

A BILL TO KILL

By R. K. Munkittrick

THEY soon may have a law to kill sick people in the West: A big Des Moines physician says the present state 'twould beat.

To kill all folk, and put them 'neath the violets to rest Who have no chance of being put again upon their feet. He thinks that if they're maniacs incurable that storm,

Or if they're guileless idiots that science can't obey, The thing to do's to put them up against the chloroform.

Now did you ever hear before of such a thing as that?

Oh, meumum, if you will, And with a sudden chill!

'Tis very rough, And quite enough,

To kill the bill to kill.

The bill's already introduced, and soon a law may be, And then the gay incurable will have to squelch his groan,

And out of old Iowa with the wings of lightning flee, Or quickly they'll annex him with the anesthetic.

The doctor says 'tis well to hurry up their final trip When they eventually must, though slave or plutocrat,

Without ado off with the energetic reaper sick.

Now did you ever hear before of such a thing as that?

This champion of the pill, Our music makes us still;

'Tis very rough, And quite enough,

To kill the bill to kill.

Now isn't this a jewel of a daisy paradox?

And isn't it so lovely that it taps our wild honey?

To have a doctor draft a law to justify the box

When he would put a crank or dipsomaniac away?

That doctor is a humorist who evokes the wild guffaw,

For though he kills so frequently in hospital and flat,

He hopes to have permission, very shortly from the law—

Now did you ever hear before of such a thing as that?

With meritment we fill, And then we gaily trill;

'Tis very rough, And quite enough,

To kill the bill to kill.

MEN OF TO-DAY IX.—HENRY M. LEIPZIGER

By Charles Johnston

CONSIDER this vast city of ours, peopled by well-nigh six million souls. Great numbers of them are poorly equipped with knowledge, only realising in the dimmest way that vast regions of knowledge exist. They have had few opportunities, hardly reaching beyond the brief years of childhood. There is much to learn, and they seem doomed to go through life having learned so little. Yet they have to live their lives. They are called on to fulfil the duties of citizens; and with these vast masses, in the last analysis, lies the power to rule and decide great issues. They are appealed to by this party and that; arguments, persuasions, impassioned harangues are poured out among them, mingled often with misleading hopes. How are we to help them to decide wisely and well? Again, many have come newly to our shores. How can we as a city shape them to enlightened citizenship? There are no to teach them the lessons our country has learned, and to share with them the great accumulations of human wisdom and experience? And lastly how are we to spread abroad among them that priceless part of culture which makes for joy, which gives delight and solace to life, which feeds and nourishes not the mind only, but the heart and soul?

These are some of the questions which Dr. Leipziger has been trying to answer; and highly practical answers in many cases he has found. To the first problem, how we are to gather our people together that they may be subjected into learning he answers that we should not try; we should, on the contrary, bring culture to them; we should distribute it from centres widely scattered over our immense city, letting the light shine in all places alike. Then, again, our children leave school equipped with a little knowledge; where is the remedy? The answer is, that we must not stop at childhood. We should be learning, we are learning all our lives. Then why not recognize the fact? Education for adults; there is another of the phrases struck off by Dr. Leipziger; another of the great ideas inspired by his work. But the adults have to work all day. When can we get them to study? In the evening, after their day's work is done. So they will find rest and refreshment; food for the mind and heart, as they have found food for the body. We have public schools for our children. Why not use them for the children's parents? Why not make them centres of our city's intellectual life? Why not adapt the school-houses and playgrounds for the younger, and lecture-halls and concert-rooms for the older? All our citizens, young and old alike, are, in a sense, the children of the city and the nation.

How is this done. Let us see how Dr. Leipziger worked it out. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1854; and when he was eleven years old his family came to this country. He attended the New York public schools, and, later, entered the College of the City of New York, graduating in 1873. Immediately after graduation, he entered the service of a well-known library, and there acquired that interest in circulating libraries which, later, led him unhesitatingly to devote his leisure for many years to the development of the free circulating libraries of the city. In September, 1873, he began work as a teacher in the New York public schools, and gained experience both in the day and evening schools, establishing a reputation as a very successful instructor. During this period he also attended courses at Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar. He never practised law, however; for falling seriously ill in 1881, he was compelled to withdraw from active life for three years. For some time his recovery was thought impossible.

Presently came a chance for relative work. In 1881 began that wave of Jewish emigration from Russia which has ever since

flooded to our shores. It was proposed to do something effective to help the newcomers, to fit them for industrial conditions. A trade-school was talked of. Dr. Leipziger, then a young man approaching thirty, advocated something more thorough and far-reaching, and, on his advice, a technical institute was organized. That was in 1884, and for seven years he toiled ardently to build the new structure into an enduring edifice. That work bore, and still bears, abundant fruit. From small beginnings it has grown into the finely equipped school at the institute opposite St. Mark's Church, in East Tenth Street, and its graduates are making a splendid record in the field of industry. Further, this institute was one of the pioneers in the manual-training movement which has extended its influence so widely in the past decade.

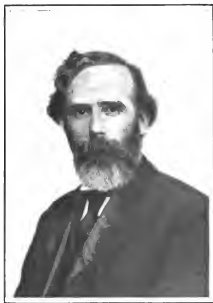
In 1888 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on Dr. Leipziger by Columbia University, where he had pursued graduate studies in philosophy and the theory of education, also establishing a name as a lecturer on education and ethical questions. About the same time the seed of a great idea was sown. It was suggested that lectures for the people should be organized at various points throughout the city. The late Senator Bellamy took the matter up. In June, 1889, the Board of Education was empowered to give the method a trial. The work was begun in January, 1890. Half a dozen schools were chosen, in thickly populated districts; lectures were arranged, and two lectures were given in each centre weekly. Health, natural science, and travel were the chief topics. The audiences averaged something over a hundred.

In the autumn of 1893 the second season began. But popular interest waned, and the audiences began to fall off, averaging only eighty-one throughout the winter and spring. Discouragement was general. The scheme languished, and was in danger of being given up as a failure. Then Dr. Leipziger came forward. He had been one of the lecturers, and saw the possibilities of "adult education." He made an earnest appeal for the continuance of the free-lecture system, but with new ideas and new ideals. The committee and its chairman, Mr. Miles M. O'Brien, were impressed. Dr. Leipziger was made director of the lecture courses with the title of Supervisor of Lectures, and was given a chance to put his ideas to a practical test.

He strove for greater excellence at every point; and through the winter and spring of 1894 the work was carried on. When the figures came in he was triumphantly vindicated. The average attendance was multiplied by five. Though only half the number of lectures was given, the total attendance was three as great: nearly eighty thousand, as against twenty-six thousand the year before. The following year saw a further advance. Two new schools were added to the six first used, and still better lectures were given. The result was an increase of forty thousand in the total attendance.

Let us see where the free-lecture system stands to-day, as the result of Dr. Leipziger's care throughout sixteen years. To begin with, the principle of this great university of the people is formally incorporated in our greater city's charter, a distinction held by no other city in the world. The lecture centres have grown from six to about a hundred and fifty; and the lectures from a hundred and eighty-five to nearly five thousand every season. The audiences, which totalled some twenty thousand in the first year, now reach a million and a quarter. And it is noteworthy that, with this immense expansion, we have a corresponding growth in depth, in thoroughness, in humanity. Each lecture centre dwells in Dr. Leipziger's mind as a living organism, a collective student whose needs are watched, whose former studies are kept in mind, whose individuality is recognized.

(Continued on page 114.)



Dr. Henry M. Leipziger

Who perfected New York's educational free-lecture system

A Novel Breathing Apparatus

Wet life-saving apparatus used by the Westphalian miners is very simple; it permits a man to carry all the compressed oxygen that he needs for an hour's work in a small bottle. The apparatus has a compressed gas cylinder which is filled with oxygen at atmospheric pressure. The respiratory tubes are protected by a mask which shuts out the vitiated air and lets in the oxygen contained in the bottle. Regeneration of the oxygen in the ventilator is accomplished by the paraffin. Even "dead" or exhausted air contains a very large proportion of oxygen; it would be wasting it to reject it; and besides, the rejected air would have to be provided, and the rejecter would be heavier and more cumbersome. The air-regenerator "cleans" the dead or exhausted air of carbonic acid and

The apparatus is so simple that any one can carry it on his person. When a workman wants it he can go and come at will, no matter how suffocating the air is, and the provision of oxygen is sufficient to last two hours. This apparatus was tried after the catastrophe in the mines of Courrières, and the results justify its adoption in all the mines of France.

There were two kinds of life-saving devices worn by the men who entered the pits after the explosion, and they are the same that are always used by men who go into the pits to remove the gas. They are the self-inflating gas respirator machine, and the compressed-air machine invented by a man of the French corps named Vanghelt. The Englishman's device is an open apparatus, from which the rescuer takes the air which the man wears on their backs, one reservoir to contain the exhausted or "dead" air, the other to contain the air to breathe. The compressed-air machine consists of a cylindrical tank, which oxygenates the air to 100 per cent of its pressure per square centimeter. As fast as the gas is freed (and it is freed as it is needed) it passes through a sort of a valve, which is called a "float valve," which brings it to the surface. It is a very simple device, and

An Ingenious Arrangement

The one who wears it wears a mask which shuts in his head; it is practically an airtight box. As the wearer works, he consumes the air in the respiration pocket, and excretes the waste and carbonic acid by the exhausted-air pocket. The waste can be returned to the first pocket, where it mixes with the pure oxygen furnished by the bottle. By that means the air is re-composed, to return by the same way that it first went from the respiration pocket to the exhaust.

The carbonic acid must be compressed. So when the products of exhaustion come out of the second pocket, they traverse two more pockets, where the carbon dioxide stream and the carbonic acid are absorbed by the potash, and the freed soda returns alone, to mingle with the oxygen emitted by the respirator. The soda then follows its way to the oxygenator, for it has quite a little journey to make through the apparatus—and as it cannot fall to be heated still more in combining with the oxygen, it must be cooled in a refrigerator prepared with chloride of methyl. It is a very ingenious arrangement; it keeps up a continuous manufacture of soda, and the potash is regenerated by the addition of oxygen. To increase the power of the oxygen and to lengthen the time during which the wearer of the apparatus can stay in very dangerous places, the apparatus is provided with a small bellows, which the wearer could breathe and live in not protected by the apparatus—they have very recently introduced the oxygen bottle in another bottle.

How Suffocation is Avoided

In the Vagmet apparatus there are two bottles just alike, coupled vertically, which receive nothing but compressed air; the air is compressed in 130 kilograms (about 1100 lbs.). This arrangement permits a man to breathe nearly an hour. In the Vagmet apparatus there is a spring—just as there is in the "Cingoli-Rolmetti"—a triggerlike holder which regulates the relaxation of counterpressure.

The apparatus used by the Westphalians is an adaptation of an apparatus like the "Engelbrecht" to the necessities of the coal pit. The man wearing it has to work operatively, so everybody has been making conditions, every effort has been made to make the apparatus easy to wear. It has been made as thin and as light as possible, and the cage has been suppressed. The wearer's nose is masked, and he breathes by means of a funnel held between his lips. This is the *Stücker* apparatus.

Preordained

A BROOKLYN man tells of some juvenile theatricals in which his children were interested. The children were giving a little drama of their own, wherein courtships and weddings played a leading part in the plot. It appears that during the progress of the play the Brooklyn man had gone behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting in a corner.

"Why, Marie," asked he, "have you been left out of the play? Why aren't you on with the others?"

"I'm not left out," indignantly denied Marie. "I'm the biker waitin' to be hoist!"

A Modern Arcadia

A TRAVELLER who recently visited the coast of Labrador says that nowhere on earth are life and property held so sacred as in that little-known and barren land. A thousand miles of lonely seacoast, along which is scattered a population of some ten thousand people, about one-third of whom are white, would seem to give every opportunity for crime, yet there is no police officer of any kind, no court, and no jail. Nor are they needed. The only criminal charge within fifty years was one against an Eskimo who shot a girl in love.

In addition to the resident population, the coast is visited every summer by about ten thousand Newfoundland fishermen, and while Newfoundland itself is not by any means free from criminals, none appear to come among the fishes, or else the sample of the natives of Labrador causes them to refrain from any wrong-doing while there. About forty years ago a circuit court visited the coast every summer, but as it found nothing to do, it was abolished. Now should any serious charge be made against a man, a magistrate would be sent from Newfoundland to investigate it.

An English View of American Prosperity

An interesting English view of American prosperity is presented in a "Report on the Trade of the United States for the Year 1943," by British Commercial Agent Bell, a copy of whose report to the British Foreign Office has just reached the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. The report says, in part:

"The year 1903 has been one of great activity in trade and industry in the United States. There has been an abundance of money for industrial purposes, the farmers have been prosperous, manufacturing plants have turned out quantities of products in excess of any previous year, there has been no overproduction, the mileage of railways has steadily increased, issues of stocks and bonds have been without precedent, and failures have been fewer in proportion to the

Over 1,000,000 immigrants have been absorbed by the country without affecting the living standards. Wages have been good, the cost of living has been high, and there has been abundance of employment of labor.

"Money in circulation has increased more rapidly than the population, the average circulation on December 31, 1905, having stood at \$31.73 per capita, the highest on record. At the end of the year the stock of gold in the Federal Treasury amounted to over \$765,000,000.

^a When it is stated that the wealth production on farms in the United States was estimated at \$4,415,000,000, it can readily

be understood of what importance the farmer is as a purchasing agent.

* Foreign commerce exceeded that of any preceding year. The imports of the calendar year 1905 amounted to \$1,179,133,344, exceeding those of 1904 by \$143,256,134, and the exports of domestic merchandise amounted to \$1,309,429,539, exceeding those of 1904 by \$173,672,401.

The increase in imports is accounted for chiefly by the extra demand for materials to be used in manufactures. The value of materials imported for this purpose increased from \$469,691,209 in 1963 to \$561,625,243 in 1965, and formed 47.61 per cent. of the total imports of the latter year, compared with 38.50 per cent. in 1963.

The importation of luxuries and articles which are outside the bare necessities of life is a good indication of the prosperity of a country. When there is plenty of employment and money is abundant, there is a certain to be an increase in the imports of such articles as silk, jewelry, wines, etc., which are not produced in the country itself. In 1903 the value of luxuries imported amounted to \$142,900,000; in 1904 there was a reduction of 1 per cent, but in 1905 there was an increase of about 10 per cent, compared with the previous year, so that in 1905 more money was spent in luxuries than in any previous year.

"There are no signs at present of this great activity decreasing. On the contrary, there is every indication that the present year will be quite as prosperous as the past or more so. The country was never more prosperous than at present. Industrial operations are carried on upon a larger scale than ever."

THE NURSERY'S FRIEND

in Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Scientifically prepared as an infant food, it is the nearest approach to mother's milk. Send for Baby's Library, a valuable booklet for mothers, and Borden Notes, New York—14c.

LATEST AND GREATEST HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER.

[illegible]

The planners of the interior of this great ship have received unusual care and study. Years of experience as well as suggestions from many experts, have enabled the company's officials to submit ideas to the designers and decorators which have resulted in passenger accommodations, and in equipment and style of decorations, which will attract the traveling public. The interior was first begun by the East German firm of Gensers, England, and later by the "Australia" is hard to suggest a cable across from the ship. The "Australia" is hard to suggest a cable across from the ship. The "Australia" is hard to suggest a cable across from the ship.

ADVERTISEMENTS

A FINE MENU

One that Can Be Used in "Food Cure."

A man may try all sorts of drugs to help him to get well, but, after all, the "fool cure" is the method instructed by Nature.

Any one can prove the efficacy of the food cure by making use of the following breakfast each morning for fifteen or twenty days:

A dish containing not more than four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts food, enough good, rich cream to go with it, some raw or cooked fruit, not more than two slices of entire wheat bread, and not more than one cup of Postum Food Coffee, to be sipped, not drunk hurriedly. Let this suffice for the breakfast.

This method will quickly prove the value of the selection of the right kind of food to rebuild the body and replace the lost tissue which is destroyed every day and must be made up, or disease of some sort enters in. This is an age of specialists, and the above suggestions are given by a specialist in food values, dietetics, and hygiene.



Miss Mary Harrison driving her miniature English Coach, with Mr. Thomas Hastings on the Box Seat and Miss Corbitt Harrison and Mr. John R. Townsend behind



Miss Louise Galliver, Secretary of the Club, driving. On the Box Seat is Mr. William C. Galliver, and behind are Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Miriam Horton, and Mr. Phoenix Ingraham

A SIGN OF SPRING—THE WOMEN'S COACHING PARADE IN CENTRAL PARK

A heart sign of the revival of spring which never fails to attract attention is the annual coaching parade of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club, which recently celebrated its fourth year in a brilliant exhibition in Central Park. Eight teams were in line, the procession being headed by Mrs. Arthur Tait, the Vice-President of the Club, who led in the absence of the President, Mrs. Thomas Hastings. Others in line were Miss Angeline Gregg, Mrs. C. Leonard Blair, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Corbitt Harrison, Miss Louise Galliver, Mrs. Ralph Sawyer, and Mrs. W. G. Lowe. The formal review took place on the West Drive hill at Fifth street, after which Mrs. Tait led the way down the East Drive to the Metropolitan Club, where the parade was disbanded.

Men of To-day

(Continued from page 719.)

The lectures are grouped more and more into courses, and made as complete as they are entertaining. No less than thirty-two doctors instruct our population on the laws of health, the prevention of sickness, the treatment of accidents. There have been thirty valuable courses of five lectures each on "First Aid to the Injured," where those who attend and pass the examination are rewarded with a highly prized certificate. Natural science, astronomy, biology, physics, are treated in courses of five, six, or even eight lectures. Electricity is given ample space, as befits this electrical age, a course of as few as twenty-five lectures being delivered by our instructor on various phases of the subject. History is handled exhaustively. Courses of six, eight, and nine lectures on the history of the United States are supplemented by numerous studies of biography and sociology. The titles of the lectures on geography, all illustrated by stereoscopic views, fill eight pages. Literature is dealt with as thoroughly, and there are lectures on music and on art.

Very notable has been the evidence of growing taste among the audience. Their books are read in our public libraries. Our museums are viewed with new eyes. Year by year, through the influence of this system of adult education, a newer approach to civic ideals is made, with a higher appreciation of the opportunity that a great city affords for right living. The example set by New York should be a pattern to every city in the land. What we are doing, every city could also do.

Thus has Dr. Leipziger worked out, in one of its phases, the gospel of democracy. He has shown that a nation will come to school; that the men and women will go on leaving off their lives; that the heritage of the ages may be made the property of all; that numberless lives may thus be made better, richer, fuller, happier, sinner.

Becalmed

There is a concert-singer in the West whose voice is not only of great sweetness and compass, but of such extraordinary power that no orchestra ever drowns its tones.

Now the husband of this singer frequently acts as her conductor, and he is ever anxious to impress upon the public the fact of the great power of his wife's voice. On one occasion the lady was rehearsing for a concert to be given in a large hall. In one of her songs she was to be accompanied by a trumpet obligato. Although the performer, in obedience to instructions from the conductor, blew with all his might and main, yet his best efforts were invariably met with a call of, "Louder, louder!" from the insatiable leader.

Finally the performer rested his instrument on his knee and, surveying the leader with every evidence of indignation on his purple face, broke out with:

"Louder and louder!" is very easy to say, but here is the risk!"

General Grant's Joke

ELMER M. MIZZER, a civil engineer of New Orleans, tells how General U. S. Grant made his father, Chaplain Miller, amuse.

It was one of the chaplain's duties to receive and distribute the mail to General Grant's staff. Whenever the mail was late he was greatly annoyed by questions as to the cause of the delay, time of probable arrival, etc. On one occasion, when the post was unusually late, the chaplain, for fear of losing his temper, attached the following notice to the door of his tent:

"The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive."

Shortly afterwards General Grant, passing the chaplain's quarters, noticed the sign. He paused before it a moment and then walked slowly on his way. Coming out of his tent a few moments later, Chaplain Miller was horrified to read:

"The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive, and he doesn't give a damn."

Columbia

Cars at San Francisco

THE following dispatch received Wednesday, April 25th, speaks volumes for the merits of Columbia Cars:

POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES



TELEGRAM

The Postal Telegraph Commercial Cables Company, San Francisco, California, is the only company in the world that can send messages in all languages and in all parts of the world.

Received Hartford, Ct. 4/25/06

San Francisco, April 25, 1906.

W. J. Bulling, President,
ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY,
Hartford, Conn.

Three of your forty-five horses power Columbias have been used by myself and assistants, Shoughnessy & Wills, continuously night and day since earthquake April eighteenth and are still in service. The machines have surveyed us over our steepest grades, through all parts of hilly city, having had to run over railroad streets, crushed and piled up in many places with fallen bricks, stones and other debris. Their work has been perfect at all times and I marvel that an auto can stand up under such unusual and severe tests. Have been stupor about automobiles previous to this great work but now give them my hearty endorsement.

John Dougherty
Acting Chief San Francisco Fire Department.

Separate Catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch, 124-126 West 30th St.
Chicago Branch, 1200 12th Michigan Ave.
Boston, Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74 76 78 State St.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Electric Vehicle Co.,
220 North Second St.
Washington, Washington, D. C., Transportation Co.,
16th St. and Ohio Ave.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Advertisement for Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder, featuring a portrait of a man and the text "Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder".

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Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 30 WALL STREET

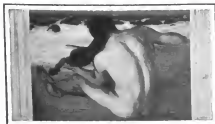
Read **THE SPOILERS**

By Rex E. Beach

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and the **"SOHMER-CECILIAN"** Inside Players, which surpass all others.
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"The Poet," by David Karfunkle—and what the "Fakirs" made of it



"Jane," as painted by Childs Hanson—and caricatured by a "Fakir"



"Mother Reading to Children," by George De Forest Brush, and—the "Fakir" of it, which won Third Prize

SOME HITS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE "INFERNAL FAKIRS" AT THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE

Photographs by Juley

The Fairy Stones of Virginia

By G. O. Stovall

NEAR the point where the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny mountains unite north of Patrick County, Virginia, lie the meadows of Dun. It is not far from this remarkable plateau—the side of the Bull Mountains, a spur of the Blue Ridge—that fairy stones are found. They are little natural crosses, pronounced by McCreath, Gentil, Dana, and other scientists as heretofore unknown to the mineral world, and geologists assert that they have never been found elsewhere.

These stones, which range in size from one-fourth to one ounce, are all in the form of crosses. Some are Roman, some Maltese, and some St. Andrew's. Frequently they are joined together, making a remarkable combination. No two are exactly alike. Some are as tiny as a pin, others weigh as much as an ounce and a half. They also vary in color; the handsome are a rich russet with the tints of highly polished onyx; others are amber and porphyry brown, while the commonest are rough, and resemble ordinary bits of rock. Some of these which were analyzed contained iron, titanium, tourmaline, garnet, and strontite, titanium being the principal material. Geologists say they are crystals, but fail to explain why they belong exclusively to this spot.

Virginia's Pilgrims

Crystals resembling these have been discovered, but the perfect cross, or fairy stone, has been nowhere else found, not even in any other part of Patrick County. A few years ago these stones were first brought to notice by a mineralogist while making a tour on horseback through this mountainous region. Until then they were known only to the people of that section of the State; that ignorant and deeply superstitious class who for generations have lived in the isolation of that mountainous territory. The snake-hunters, moonshiners, and the glimmering forest constitute the people of that wild and rugged country—they who defy the law and glory in the fastness and severity of their abode. To this class the fairy stone is a thing of superstitious veneration. These beliefs exist even in all forms is averred if they wear one of these stones about their neck, and to lose it signifies disaster.

No distance is too great and no height nor depth so inaccessible as to prevent these mountain pilgrims from the possession of a fairy stone.

For a century this superstition has existed, and has descended from one generation to another, and to-day they will tell you, with a childlike faith, of the marvellous power of these little crosses.

A Mountain Superstition

You may see the mud-colored, toad-like moonshiner, with his free swinging gait, making his way to the spot. An earnest look is in his blue eyes and the spring of a strong motive in his stride. He reaches the vicinity in which the stones are found. He looks about, scans the earth here and there; then he probably will unobtrusively a big horn-handled knife and begin digging as he craves low to the earth. He has found the "nether stone," and a Roman cross strikes against his blade, but that is not what he is looking for. He wants a Maltese cross; that, he considers, blesses him with success in his business, helps him to evade the revenue officers, who are the only dangers from the outer world who hunt him down. It will give him the power of concealment. His still in the crevice of the rocks will be safe so long as the little stone cross presses against his breast, and with this faith he continues his search—he digs and gropes in the earth with his big strong hands until he finds what he is seeking. He picks from a fissure a bit of dirt-crusted rock; with the point of his knife he scrapes the grit and earth from around it. His eyes dance, his broad mouth breaks into a smile. It is a Maltese cross. He takes a cord from his pocket, winds it about the arms of the cross with clumsy fingers, then ties it around his neck. With the consciousness of absolute power, he straightens himself, as much as to say, "Now I defy the law," and with short

swiftness turns his face towards the pinacles of Dun that lie many miles beyond—the moonshiner's paradise they rely on account of their inaccessibility. These two immense natural pyramids rise in a level with the surrounding mountains, around which the river Dan twirls—running around each pinnacle out at a tangent.

From all sections of Patrick County, and far beyond, the people make pilgrimages to the fairy-stone shrine. In contrast to the mountain Hercules you may see a slender, pallid-faced woman picking her way down a craggy height, bearing in her arms a sick child. She does not consider the distance or difficulties that lie in her path, but, taking up her babe, she leaves her lot, and goes her way, believing that if she can but place upon the breast of her child a Roman cross, fresh with the mould and grit from the bed of the shrine, the babe will be healed. And you may also see a young gin-squaw, looking like some flower blowing against the fresh cool breeze and her blue homespun gown hugging tight her straight rounded limbs. She is making her way there also, but she tells nobody what kind of a cross she seeks. But wait and you will see; she looks until a little double Maltese is found, which she presses to her lips, then ties it on a string and suspends it around her neck.

A Charm for Love

"Now I utter shewin' or no gal in all of Patrick's County. The blacks is mine sars. Nanny and Peg and all of the red water gold are mine sars." These words were uttered as the rough little twin crosses grate against her breast, and on she goes with this assurance giving strength to her waning hope.

And so these mountain folk come and go, just as they have done for more than a century—some on men, some on donkeys, but the greater number on foot.

There are many legends as to the origin of these stones. The one generally accepted, and from which their name—fairy stones—is derived, is that when Christ was crucified on Calvary, courier fairies and brownies from that part of the world carried the message to that section where they at once began making these crosses as memorials of the event, but there are many who accept the belief that when the native Indians inhabited the country these crosses were miraculously showered upon them as a means of turning them from their blood-thirsty and idolatrous ways.

Powhatan Boskile, a direct descendant of Powhatan, and one of the most distinguished and scholarly men of Virginia, has in his possession several exquisite arrow-heads, beautifully carved from rock-crystal, which, together with similar relics, he found in the meadows near the head waters of South River, only a short distance from Bull Mountain, where the fairy stones abound.

The superstition is not confined to the moonshiner and snake-hunter element now. It is spreading over all sections of Virginia, and other States as well. Many prominent men wear them secretly as amulets, while others wear them, handsomely mounted, as watch-chains, neck-pieces, cuff buttons, and other ornaments. Ex-President Cleveland was presented with one of these previously to receiving his second nomination.

It is said that the natives of that part of Patrick County, who have for generations given reverence to these stones for their marvellous powers, resent the idea of their circulation as "luck stones" or ornaments.

A Bad Case of Sabbath-breaking

On a recent Monday morning the pastor of a church in Virginia was the recipient of a basket of stem-berries brought to him by a little girl of the parish.

"Thank you very much, my dear," said the minister. "These berries are as fine as any I've ever seen. I hope, however, that you had not gathered them yesterday—the Sabbath."

"No, sir," replied the child. "I pulled 'em early this mornin', but they was 'growing' all day yesterday."

MOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALSMOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS

LIQUEUR

PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY THE CARthusian MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MOUNTAIN OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUP REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX. (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL, AS WELL AS BEING EMPLOYED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECRETLY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

As the case was mentioned, Green, White, Black, and Red, as well as the above, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents the United States.

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THE CANDIDACY OF WOODROW WILSON

From the Hartford (Conn.) Times

Who is "the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat in the United States"? The editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW asserts that this title belongs to the anonymous author of the leading article in the April number of that periodical, the title of which is, "Whom Will the Democrats Next Nominate for President?" As the main subject of the article is the reconsideration of the selection of President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, for this honor, the writer cannot be Mr. Wilson himself. No one will attribute this composition to Princeton's other distinguished resident, Mr. Cleveland. The style is not his, although it is quite possible that the views expressed are. The clearness and vigor of the article are such as we might expect from John G. Carlisle; but he is probably not its author. Nor can it be attributed to Judge Parker, although the ideas presented harmonize well with some that were expressed by the eminent New Yorker in recent public addresses in the South. It is, perhaps, an easy way to conceal identity to allude to any man merely as "the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat" for there are a good many Jeffersonian Democrats left, in spite of the admitted excess of the death-rate over births among the Jeffersonians during the past third of a century.

The suggestion that the president of Princeton University shall be the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States is based on two propositions. First, that it would be well to follow Judge Parker's advice by naming a Southern man (President Wilson was born in Virginia and grew up there); second, that the time has come to look for "Presidential timber" among "the great captains of the higher education." Mr. Wilson is named because, in addition to being a Virginian and a Democrat, he has shown in his books that he is a first-class character and education, a statesman; that "he is a genuine historical scholar, who has proved himself a competent executive"; "a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity"; an idealist who is at the same time "exceptionally sane"; a man who would lack in a crisis "not what Jefferson died a century ago, but what Jefferson would do now."

Importantly this is the sort of a President the country needs. The eloquent Mr. Wilson says with much quiet force that far-sighted Democrats are in agreement that "the country needs relief from the strenuous and historic methods of Federal administration now exemplified in the White House." We can also agree with him that Judge Parker "would have been elected had he not been pitted against a popular idiot." We are not yet out of the woods into which idealism has led us, but maybe we shall get into the open again before November, 1908.

There are several university and college presidents in the country who are admitted to hold the highest office in the gift of the people. President Eliot, of Harvard, is abundantly qualified, and his elevation to the Presidency of the nation would be, probably, the best thing that could happen. President Wilson, of Princeton, is a younger man. His Southern antecedents are certainly an important element of his eligibility. It is a good thing to propose him, and it is well seen in this NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article is not wasted.

From the Waterbury (Conn.) American

We believe that no one who has met Woodrow Wilson and is acquainted with his career would doubt that he has some exceptional qualifications for the Presidency. Dr. Wilson is an excellent and distinguished man, a clear and fluent rhetorician, a scholar and a historian; a man of the world in the good sense of an abused epithet; a man who unites the best qualities of the North and the South, who, born in the South, has lived sympathetically in the environments of the North, a man of letters, as proved by the ability he has shown in the difficult and delicate role of the head of a university; a man of conscience; a man of great personal charm. Dr. Wilson as President would embody as few men do to-day the practical and theoretical reform spirit which is everywhere seeking recognition.

We do not believe that the Democratic party could easily find a candidate who would make as strong an appeal for support to large numbers of Republicans as would Woodrow Wilson. If the Democratic managers were looking for the best possible type of equipped statesman, who is fresh on the political stage and who would be the prophet of the party's forward career, they would find him in the president of Princeton. But, unfortunately, party managers are not looking for that type of candidate. They only take him when they cannot help themselves, when the voice of the people is so impelling, or the demands of the crisis are so urgent, that the choice cannot be escaped. Practically speaking, the first thing a Democratic manager would query when approached would be the possible influence of Oliver Cleveland in a Woodrow Wilson administration, and all this implied.

There is another dominating reason. Woodrow Wilson is not the man for the least from the Democratic standpoint, because the Democracy is likely to be controlled by Bryan, and Woodrow Wilson is probably the last man Bryan would choose.

From the Columbus (Ga.) Ledger

HARPER'S WEEKLY has placed Woodrow Wilson in nomination for the Presidency. He would have a solid South behind him.

From the Boston Herald

Colonel George B. HAYES, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has thirteen compelling reasons for choosing Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. President Wilson is a man of force and suggestion, an orator of broad views, a Southerner resident in New Jersey, he would be an ideal party lie servant, sane and able. If W. C. Whitney were alive and as

active a political influence as he was in 1902, to add Hayes, the idea would be considered. But who in the present Democratic organization would regard it seriously?

From the Wilmington (Del.) Evening

HARPER'S WEEKLY urges Woodrow Wilson, president of the University of New Jersey, as President for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States in 1908. President Wilson is a Virginian by birth and a Jerseyman by adoption, thus being solidly grounded in old-time Democratic associations. His ability is unquestioned, and he would make a candidate for whom thousands of good citizens would vote with great satisfaction. But as he is lacking in political affiliations of the character that lead to high political preferment, nothing is more superfluous at this time than his nomination two years hence.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel

HARPER'S WEEKLY stands to its guns in the matter of its choice of Woodrow Wilson as Democratic candidate for President in 1908, and points with satisfaction to the Irish breeze of comment stirred by the suggestion. Availability aside, there can be no reasonable question of the excellence of the choice.

The nomination of Mr. Wilson would be a good thing for the country as betokening a return of his party to its old party ideals and first principles, and a sobering of the radical "crusade" and aberrations that have bedeviled its councils and alienated its conservatism during the past twelve years or so. Thoughtful Republicans would welcome for the sake of the general good the appearance of a safe and sane united party of opposition. They would welcome the nomination of a man, Mr. Wilson's long service and high character, even though he might in reality be a harder man to beat at the polls than, say, a firebrand like Hines, whose nomination alone would be a public calamity as infusing on the country another campaign of disturbance, unrest, and apprehension.

The high character, broad patriotism, profound knowledge of American political history and institutions, executive capacity, and personal fitness for the highest office in the gift of the American people, of Woodrow Wilson are so the good way which need no task. The last men of both parties could regard the prospect of his election with a sense of at least security. Both the "crusade people" requires the conclusion that if the Democratic nomination were a matter of referendum to the party task and file such an aspect as the chief of yellow journalism would hardly stand one chance in a thousand against that staying and representative American, the president of Princeton University.

From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade

Woodrow Wilson has been nominated for President as the Democratic ticket by HARPER'S WEEKLY. There is at least a suggestion of tall timber in the name.

From the Athens (Ga.) Banner

When such strong Southern periodicals as HARPER'S WEEKLY begin to talk about a Southern man like Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, it is time for the Southern people to begin to take interest in such a movement.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle

In his speech at Charlotte, North Carolina, urging Southern Democrats to take the leadership of their party, Judge Parker said: "It may possibly be that the party will go to Detroit again, but since 1898 it has done nothing else under Northern leadership, and certainly it cannot do worse."

He announced his firm belief that it would do better with national candidates from the South—the section of gain and local Democrats who, by their faithful support of Northern candidates, have earned the right to expect that the South would show special fidelity to worthy Southern standard-bearers. There is, of course, a large measure of justice and logic in this view, whatever may be thought of its practicability. The South has men of first rank in ability, but heretofore it has not deemed it good political policy to bring them forward in national contests.

It may be, however, that a change is at hand. It is an interesting fact that Judge Parker's speech was delivered immediately after the publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY of an editorial strongly urging the Democrats to nominate Woodrow Wilson for President in 1908. Mr. Wilson is president of Princeton University, but he is a Virginian by birth, has graduated in law in Atlanta, Georgia, and has received degrees from several Southern colleges, and Southern ones, too, for that matter. Princeton is his alma mater; he took a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins, and studied law at the University of Virginia. Ten or twelve years ago he came to this country as a strong and interesting student, and his American life subjected him to an experienced education, and his administration at Princeton has been brilliantly successful.

It may be only a coincidence that this editorial and Judge Parker's speech came to rise together, but there certainly is a train of thought common to both. A disorganizer, of course, if possible. How much of a "Southerner" is the political party of the term, Mr. Wilson? How much of a "Democrat" is he? Would he have better or worse success than Judge Parker had he aligned himself in a platform such as the Democracy adopted in 1902? These and many other inquiries naturally engaged themselves. All in all, the boom for Woodrow Wilson, while possibly not in entire accord with the "unites," has highly interesting aspects as well as several possibilities in its relation to coming political developments.

German Soldiers do not Know Enough about Digging

MAJOR-GENERAL BODGE, of the German army, says the Kaiser's soldiers do not know enough about digging. He thinks the war-preparedness of the German army will be incomplete until the infantry learns to prepare for attack "by making itself invisible to the enemy and, at the same time, threatening that enemy's very existence by a well-directed fire without exposing the firer. Ability to dig and entrench one's self is the condition since gun not for the new form of attack."

General Bodge severely criticizes the circumstance that the Kaiser's infantry is not given occasion enough to handle the spade for its own protection. "We have no drill-grounds where digging can be tried," he says, "and the proprietors of fields and forests where the troops are sometimes allowed to operate expressly forbid us to dig."

The new form of attack is described as follows by General Bodge: "The firing line does not move forward as an entity; the 'immovable column' of old is never seen in a modern battle. The forward movement is accomplished by a handful of men, or single men, who, at an opportune moment, jump, run, or crawl under, dig a trench for the soldiers, throw themselves into it, and begin firing. This method minimizes an army's losses, and firing can be continued, practically, without interruption."

A Tuberculosis Cure?

A TREMENDOUS deal of interest has been aroused in the medical world by the experiments being conducted by Dr. Giuseppe Carraro and other Italian experts in the use of the Baking system of vaccination as a cure for consumption. While the experiments have not yet been completed, enough data have been collected to indicate that the investigators are at least on the right track, and a number of cures have been effected.

The treatment consists principally of the injection, by means of an ordinary hypodermic syringe, of a serum into the veins of the patient. This serum is shortly to be placed at the disposal of physicians generally, in order that it may be tested in the largest number of cases and under as many conditions as possible.

Just About the Same

EVERY New Yorker realizes the interest taken by the outside public concerning the cost of living there, and is frequently asked to give his opinion on this subject.

At the Hotel Breunlin, the other evening, Judge Hines, of Kansas City, was talking with Colonel Bertram S. Wood, and asked him this question:

"Colonel, how much does it cost annually to live in New York?"

The Colonel, realizing that the question was not intelligently specific, replied: "Just about as much as it costs to build a house in Kansas City."

At Anchor

A CHIEF of bureau in the Navy Department tells a good story of the time when one of the Secretaries of the Navy got the notion into his head that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands might be attached. No order to that effect was promulgated. Soon thereafter considerable property and no little amusement was afforded the Secretary when he received the following telegram from Commodore Frye, then in command of the Asiatic Squadron:

"Secretary Navy, Washington. It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Ellen Frye, has, in disobedience to my wife, taken up her residence on the Asiatic, and persistently refuses to leave."

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Robert Bartholow, Jas. K. Cook, Hester McGurre, John T. Metcalf, Frank Woodbury, Alex. B. Mott, Chas. B. Nancrede, Nathan S. Davis, Jr., Jas. L. Cabell, P. B. Barringer, A. F. A. King, T. Griswold Comstock, Jos. Holt and Giuseppe Lappini.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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Illustration: A man in a hat and coat, holding a rifle, standing next to a woman in a long dress.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. L

New York, Saturday, May 26, 1906

No. 229

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Carl Schurz, who died at his home in New York on May 14, had for half a century taken an active and conspicuous part in the public life of this country. Born in Germany on March 2, 1829, he was educated at the University of Bonn, took part in the Revolutionary movement of 1848, fled to Switzerland, and finally, in 1852, left Germany for the United States. He was naturalized five years later, and soon after was defeated as Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin. He was appointed Minister to Spain in 1860, but resigned to enter the army, serving with distinction through the Civil War as Brigadier-General and as Major-General. He was U. S. Senator from Missouri from 1869 to 1875, and Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes. He was editor of the "Evening Post" from 1881 to 1884, and later exercised much influence as an editorial writer for "Harper's Weekly."

Photograph by Peter A. Jolly

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COMMENT

DURING the week ending May 12 the debate on the ALLISON amendment of the HEPBURN-TILLMAN rate-making bill was for the most part languid and dull, until, on Saturday, Senator TILLMAN startled many of his colleagues by divulging the negotiations which had been carried on for some time between himself and Senator BAILEY, as representatives of the Democratic minority, and President ROOSEVELT and Attorney-General MOODY, who desired a more drastic measure than the majority of the Republican Senators were willing to accept. According to Mr. TILLMAN, it was at the President's request that ex-Senator CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, approached the Senator from South Carolina several weeks ago, and undertook to bring about a combination between the Democrats and those Republicans who at that time were supposed to express Mr. ROOSEVELT's views. Mr. CHANDLER is reported to have said that the basis for cooperation proposed by the President was an amendment granting a court review, but limiting it to two points, namely, an inquiry whether the Interstate Commerce Commission had in any given case acted beyond its authority (*ultra vires*), and whether it had violated a carrier's constitutional rights. Mr. CHANDLER is alleged by Senator TILLMAN to have added that the President declared that his decision was unalterable to go thus far, but no further.

Mr. TILLMAN went on to say that soon after this statement was made to him he had told Mr. CHANDLER that, in his and Senator BAILEY's opinion, there would be no difficulty in coming to an understanding on the basis proposed by the President. On April 15 he and Mr. BAILEY saw Attorney-General MOODY, and found themselves in perfect accord with him as to the amendment desired, except a small difference in the matter of injunctions. On the following day Mr. TILLMAN informed Mr. BAILEY that twenty-six Democratic votes could be secured for the compromise suggested, and that it would be necessary to get twenty Republican votes. Mr. TILLMAN went on to tell the Senate that neither he nor Senator BAILEY had any suspicion of a change of front on the part of the Executive until May 4, when the President announced to a number of newspaper correspondents his determination to support the ALLISON amendment, which, it was known, would be acceptable to Senator ALLISON and other conservative Republicans. In the course of his remarks, Mr. TILLMAN asserted, on the authority of ex-Senator CHANDLER, that Mr. ROOSEVELT had declared himself to have come to a complete disagreement with certain Senatorial lawyers who were trying, he said, to defeat or cripple the bill by ingenious constitutional arguments, specifying Senator KYOT, Senator SPONNER, and Senator FORAKER. After a conversation with Mr. ROOSEVELT by telephone, Senator LOUGHEE denounced the statement, attributed to Mr. CHANDLER, as a deliberate and unqualified falsehood, but he did not deny that

the negotiations between the President and Messrs. TILLMAN and BAILEY had taken place.

We do not suppose that any Senator disputes the President's right to try to bring about a combination likely to assure the passage of an amendment of the rate-making bill intended to promote the public welfare. Neither is it open to question, we presume, that the President had a right, having come to the conclusion that the amendment originally desired by him could not secure the necessary forty-six votes, to accept the ALLISON amendment as a compromise. What Senator TILLMAN and Senator BAILEY say is that if the President had stood firm on amendment materially restricting the power of the courts to review a rate made by the commission could have been carried. That is a question of fact as to which opinions may well differ. Most well-informed persons thought at the beginning of May that even if twenty-six Democratic Senators could be mustered for an amendment embodying the views formulated by Attorney-General MOODY, the additional twenty Republican Senators would not be forthcoming. Under the circumstances, the President can hardly be blamed for making the best of the situation. He accepted the six propositions embraced in the ALLISON amendment as representing the utmost concession that he could manage to obtain.

In view of the facts, Senator BAILEY was sorely justified in imputing to the President vacillation and instability of purpose. In this matter, as in many another, Mr. ROOSEVELT has done the best he could. The Senator from Texas taunted the President with having remained silent in his messages of 1902 and 1903 concerning the regulation of railroads, and with maintaining the same reticence during the campaign of 1904 in his letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency, and in his speech of acceptance. This although the President's secretary had informed a newspaper editor during the summer of 1904 that in his letter of acceptance the President would "speak out" on the railway-rate question. Senator CARTER, of Montana, replying to Mr. BAILEY, pointed out that in a public address delivered in the city of Minneapolis before his nomination, and widely published at the time, the President had in unequivocal terms announced his position with regard to the regulation of railways, as well as to anti-trust prosecutions and legislation. It is indisputable that the promise made at Minneapolis was fulfilled immediately after Mr. ROOSEVELT's election to the Presidency, and that he has never since wavered in his determination to give the Interstate Commerce Commission the power of making railway rates. Equally unreasonable is it to base the charge of instability of purpose on the President's postponement of a demand for tariff revision which he formerly advocated. There is no basis for the assumption that his position with reference to tariff revision has been modified one iota. Mr. ROOSEVELT has simply been trying to do one thing at a time. It has proved difficult enough to pass a rate-making bill, and it would have been utterly impracticable to enact such a law and carry out tariff revision simultaneously. Nobody who has talked with the President doubts that after the best rate-making law he can get has been placed upon the statute-book he will press upon Congress the necessity of a revision of at least certain schedules of the DINGLEY tariff. It would have been but fair for Senator BAILEY to wait until an opportunity of revising the tariff had been offered before declaring that the President, far from being a man of iron, is a "man of clay, and common clay at that." Not until Mr. ROOSEVELT's second term is over will it be possible to say whether he deserves to be stigmatized as a "quitter."

The statement issued by Mr. ROOSEVELT, on May 14, in the form of a letter to Senator ALLISON and the accompanying letter from Attorney-General MOODY to the President threw no light upon the question whether ex-Senator CHANDLER's assertion that Mr. ROOSEVELT in his private criticized Senators KYOT, SPONNER, and FORAKER for trying, by ingenious constitutional arguments, to injure or defeat the HEPBURN-TILLMAN bill, is, or is not, as according to Senator LOUGHEE, the President has said it was, a deliberate, unqualified falsehood. Evidently, Mr. ROOSEVELT deems it superfluous to defend his reputation for veracity. On that point he is willing to let his fellow countrymen judge between him and Senator CHANDLER.

It is a great pity that such an issue should have been raised, for neither the President nor the ex-Senator from New Hampshire is a man about whose intention to speak the truth any doubt is entertained by any one. Apparently, there was some regrettable misunderstanding on Mr. CHANDLER's part of the spirit and temper of Mr. ROOSEVELT's possibly impulsive allusion to the attitude of the three Senators named toward the rate-making project. He may have referred to that attitude as a fact, without meaning to denounce it, or presuming, for a moment, to challenge the right of the Senators to assume it.

The President's statement raises two other questions: First, did the initiative of the negotiations, whereof Mr. CHANDLER was the intermediary, come from the administration, or from Senator TULLMAN, who has the rate-making bill in charge? Mr. ROOSEVELT says that he understood that Mr. CHANDLER desired to confer with him on the subject as a representative of Senator TULLMAN, and that, accordingly, he told his Secretary to invite the ex-Senator to call. The ex-Senator from New Hampshire and Senator TULLMAN both declare that they made no attempt to discuss the rate-making bill with the President, and had no thought of doing so, until Mr. CHANDLER received the invitation to call at the White House. The second question obviously raised by the President's letter is whether he can fairly be accused of leaving in the lurch those Democratic Senators who, with his approval if not at his suggestion, had agreed to combine with certain of their Republican colleagues in favor of an amendment restricting a court's power of reviewing a rate made by the Commission, or postponing its operation. Senator TULLMAN, Senator BAILEY, and ex-Senator CHANDLER say that they had not the faintest intimation of any change of purpose on the President's part, until he publicly made known his approval of the ALABAMA amendment. Attorney-General MCCRACKEN, in his letter, denies that the President has in the slightest degree exposed himself to the charge of desertion or duplicity. He denies that there was anything in the conversations between himself and Messrs. TULLMAN and CHANDLER which in any way committed the President to any particular amendment or qualified the latter's liberty at any time to acquiesce in any amendment which he might deem promotive of the public interest. We repeat that, under the circumstances, most fair-minded persons will absolve President ROOSEVELT from the charge of being a "quitter."

Will the administration be able to sustain in court the accusations made by Commissioner GARFIELD against the Standard Oil Company and transmitted the other day to Congress by President ROOSEVELT? The prevailing opinion among lawyers familiar with the charges seems to be that only one of the allegations put forward by the Commissioner of Corporations can be made good. The exception is the rate made for the Standard Oil Company by the Pennsylvania Railroad from Olean, New York, to Rochester, and thence to Vermont, which certainly appears to have been a secret rate and a violation of the Interstate Commerce law. What happened in this case was this: the Pennsylvania Railroad gave the Standard Oil Company a rate of nine cents a barrel from Olean, New York, to Rochester, whereas the independent refineries, situated in territory adjacent to Olean, had to pay a rate of thirty-eight cents a barrel. By means of this nineteenth rate, combined with a rate from Rochester to Norwood, New York, a virtually secret and very low rate from Norwood to Burlington, Vermont, and secret local rates from the last-named point, the Standard Oil Company has been able to supply the northeastern part of New York State and the central and northern sections of New York, with oil at prices with which no independent refiner could compete. If conclusive proofs of these alleged facts can be submitted, a violation of the Interstate Commerce act seems evidently to have been committed. Outside of this single case, Commissioner GARFIELD is alleged to have dealt exclusively with unverifiable assumptions.

In the political campaign of 1906 the first gun will be fired by Oregon. In that State, on June 4, will be chosen a Governor, two members of the Federal House of Representatives, and a Legislature which will choose a United States Senator to succeed J. H. MITCHELL, deceased. Those who deduce con-

clusions from the vote cast in Presidential years will naturally take for granted that Oregon will go Republican. In 1896 Oregon gave McKINLEY a plurality of 2117; and in 1902 it gave three of its electoral votes to HARRISON, the fourth going to WEAVER, the Populist candidate. In the three preceding Presidential years it had gone Republican. In 1900 it did much better for McKINLEY than it had done four years before, giving him a plurality of 13,141. Mr. ROOSEVELT's plurality in 1904 was far larger, namely, 42,934. In that very year, however, Oregon elected a Democratic Governor by a plurality of nearly 250. In 1902, also, it had chosen a Democratic Governor by 276 plurality. It cannot, therefore, be taken for granted that Oregon this year will go Republican. How the exposure of the land frauds, in which the late Senator MITCHELL and other conspicuous Republican politicians were implicated, will affect the election cannot be foreseen. It is true that the frauds were committed by members of the Republican party, but, on the other hand, they have been exposed and punished by a Republican Secretary of the Interior. As the tariff-revision issue will not be pivotal in the Oregon election, no conclusive inference can be drawn from it with regard to the composition of the next Federal House of Representatives. Nevertheless, Democrats all over the country will be encouraged if their candidates succeed in Oregon. There is no doubt whatever that the tariff issue will play a great part in Massachusetts, in Iowa, and some other States. In the old Bay State it is not improbable that the Democratic candidate for Governor will be Mr. HENRY W. WHITNEY, who was denounced, it will be remembered, by the President for quoting him in favor of a revision of certain schedules. If Mr. WHITNEY has anything like the hold upon the labor vote which was possessed in 1904 by Mr. W. L. DOUGLAS, the then successful Democratic nominee for the Governorship of Massachusetts, he should be elected.

Before this session of the Fifty-ninth Congress adjourns, a new and large appropriation must be made for the Panama Canal, unless work is to be suspended on the Isthmus. It is high time, therefore, that the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals should come to a decision on the fundamental question concerning the type of the canal to be constructed. Although we have already expended an immense amount of money, it is not certain even yet what the decision will be. On May 12, when a vote upon the question was taken in the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, it turned out that five Senators were for a sea-level waterway and five for a lock canal. Of the two absentees, Mr. GORMAN and Mr. CURMEAN, the latter telegraphed from Tennessee requesting the chairman of the committee to cast his vote for the sea-level type. This was not done, however, but the committee adjourned until Wednesday, May 16, when, presumably, the Senator from Tennessee will be present. It does not follow, of course, that because a committee, divided with no close approach to evenness, reports in favor of a sea-level canal, that this type will be adopted by the Senate. Undoubtedly the San Francisco earthquake has caused many thoughtful men to lean toward a sea-level canal, although much more time and money will be needed for its construction. It is true that since the Spanish occupation of Central America the Isthmus of Panama has been relatively unaffected by seismic disturbances. The fact remains that the city of Guatemala, to the west of it, and the city of Caracas, to the east, have both been levelled by earthquakes. In view of these facts, and of the present undeveloped state of the science of seismology, it scarcely seems prudent to invest a vast sum of money on a lock canal which, in the event of a violent earthquake, might be destroyed. Any damage that might be inflicted on a sea-level waterway by such a fracture of the earth's crust could be easily repaired.

There was more in the controversy between Great Britain and Turkey, now apparently settled, than appeared upon the surface. It is well known that the Red Sea at its northern extremity is divided into two forks, of which the western one, is named the Gulf of Suez, and the eastern one the Gulf of Akabah. The Ottoman government is probably right in contending that it has a right to occupy the Gulf of Akabah, but it was undoubtedly wrong in taking possession of Tabah, a frontier fortress which has long marked the northeastern limit of the Egyptian frontier near the Mediterranean. What

the Porte wished for was evidently this: that the question whether these proceedings on its part were warranted should be referred to a commission composed half of Turkish and half of Egyptian officials. Since the signing of the Anglo-French treaty, by which the ascendancy of England in Egypt was recognized by France, the Ottoman government has feared that its suzerainty over the Nile land, hitherto undisputed, would become practically a dead letter. It should be borne in mind that up to the present time not only has Egypt paid a tribute to Constantinople, but the title of no Khedive has been considered valid until it was formally confirmed by the sultan. The advisers of the Sultan ABUL-HAMM manifestly thought that in order to avert the absorption of Egypt by Great Britain it was necessary to secure from the nominal Egyptian ruler some distinct acknowledgment of his status of vassal. Such an acknowledgment could be obtained if England could be persuaded to admit that the determination of the Egyptian eastern boundary was a matter to be settled exclusively by commissioners representing the Ottoman suzerain on the one hand and the Egyptian vassal on the other. The British government was not blind, however, to the technical importance of the issue involved, and, in its ultimatum requiring the immediate withdrawal of the Turkish garrison from Taha, it insisted that the delimitation of Egypt's eastern frontier should be brought about by a commission composed half of Turkish and half of British subjects. Apparently the Khedive, AMAN HILMI, is to have no direct representative at all on the commission. If the Sultan has acquiesced in this plan—there seems to be no doubt that his assent has been extorted—he will practically recognize Great Britain as the real ruler of Egypt. From such recognition to a suspension of the tribute hitherto paid there is but a step.

In the week ending May 12 the Education bill, the most contentious measure yet introduced by the BANSKERN government, passed its second reading by a large majority, although the Irish Nationalists combined with the Conservatives to oppose it. This bill, it will be remembered, is intended materially to change the law enacted by the BALFOUR cabinet, inasmuch as it forbids Anglican or any sectarian schools, deriving pecuniary support from the imperial treasury or from local rates, to give religious instruction during school hours. Such religious teaching may be imparted outside of school hours, provided the attendance of pupils is voluntary, and provided the cost of such teaching is entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions. About half of the BANSKERN adherents in the House of Commons are, at least nominally, members of the Established Church of England, and there was some doubt as to whether they would vote for the bill, which had been framed to satisfy the demands of the English Non-conformists. Perhaps the Anglican wing of the Liberal party means to reserve its criticism of the measure for its committee stage, but there is a general impression that if it really wished to upset Premier BANSKERN on this issue it would have shown its hand in the division on the second reading. That the bill will become a law few observers believe, for, although it now seems likely to pass the House of Commons, it is almost certain to be rejected by the Lords. For the fate of the bill in the Upper Chamber, however, Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANSKERN will not be responsible. He will have done his utmost to keep the antedilection pledge given by him to the Non-conformists.

Mr. UNTERMYER said that the jury might find Mr. PERKINS guilty of larceny in the third degree as well as larceny upon this evidence.—*The World, May 9.*

There still remain arson, kidnapping, horse-stealing, homicide, simony, bribery, barratry, and a number of other reliable felonies to be charged against Mr. PERKINS when LAWYER UNTERMYER has leisure to peruse the evidence and re-examine the statutes. Meanwhile the general public remains healthily incredulous of Mr. PERKINS'S criminalities.

The prospect of an early resurrection of San Francisco grows brighter with the passing of each week. There is no doubt that the capital needed for the rebuilding of the city will be forthcoming. Aside from the money to be paid by the insurance companies to the sufferers from fire—a sum unlikely to fall much short of \$150,000,000—it is evident that

private investors are prepared to furnish all the funds needed for reconstruction. It is unreasonable, however, to assume that the new metropolis of the Pacific coast will rise from its ashes with the rapidity predicted by some optimists. When we bear in mind that the burned area was more than equal to the supercities devastated by the Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore fires combined, we can see that some years will be required for the work of regeneration. It is probably safe to say, however, that by 1910 San Francisco will be a more impressive and a more beautiful city than it was at the beginning of the current year. Never before in recorded history has such profound and wide-spread sorrow been caused by a catastrophe, and never before have such substantial tokens of sympathy been given. San Francisco may well be proud of the place that she occupies in the hearts of the American people.

It appears that half of the Sutra Library survived the wreck of San Francisco. The library of 225,000 volumes was stored in two buildings, only one of which was destroyed. The books saved are said to include the SHAKESPEARE folios and quartos, the BEE JONSON folios, and many valuable Revolutionary and Civil War pamphlets. Though human knowledge would not have suffered much from the destruction of some of the most valuable of these books, the book-collectors would have mourned over them for generations to come. There will be enough to mourn over, as it is, for the half of the library that was stored in the Upham Building was destroyed.

"Miller Banged and Battered—Miserable Play Continues—Springfield Is Put to Shame by Exhibition at Norwich—Score, 13 to 4."—*Springfield Republican.*

It is a saddest to find such chillings of deep human feeling as these in the columns—even the news columns—of our Springfield contemporary. It makes it seem more as though that gray goblin were flesh of the flesh of the common people.

It is a nuisance to have two telephone companies in any city. That is the argument made by the telephone company now in control of New York against the proposition to admit a competing rival. Most people will agree that two telephone companies competing in a single district are a nuisance, but the practical question is whether they are more of a nuisance than one telephone company that has no competition. The service can be best rendered by a single company, but no company gives the best and cheapest service it can afford to give except under stimulus of competition or the threat of it. To get the benefits of competition without the inconveniences of it is the telephone problem in all the cities. It must be worked out.

"Deliberate and unqualified falsehood" is such a strong expression! Whether it was deliberate or not was blamed, by the circumstances of the case, to be a matter of opinion, and the fact that it was a statement attributed by Senator TRUMAN to ex-Senator CHANDLER and by him to the President suggests possibilities of qualification. If the President could couch his denials in gentler phrases, some of them would be just as effective and a little less startling.

The *Springfield Republican* reveals that a law student in Mr. JAMES C. CARTER'S office once began a legal argument, "I am clearly of the opinion"—when Mr. CARTER stepped him. "You can never," he said, "be 'clearly of the opinion' in any matter of law; the most that you can expect to do is to fix the preponderance of doubt." This mistake of "being clearly of opinion" in matters that do not admit of it is made in other concerns besides matters of law. Ex-Senator CHANDLER, for example, seems to have been, in a recent instance, much too clearly of opinion that the President said certain things to him, and the President himself will seem, in the judgment of many, to have been too positively of opinion that he didn't. The most that can be done in such cases is to fix the preponderance of doubt, and even that is often best left undone.

Four of the five members of the ecclesiastical court that tried Dr. CHURCH, of Rochester, for lewdness agreed in finding him guilty, and recommended that he should be suspended

from exercising the functions of a minister of the Episcopal Church until he conformed to the doctrines of that Church's creeds. The fifth member of the court, Mr. FRANCIS M. DUNSTON, filed a minority report, finding that the accused constantly affirmed his acceptance of the Apostles' Creed, and that his error consisted "in presuming to define what God has not been pleased to reveal, and to interpret certain doctrines in a manner not generally received by the Church, rather than in denial and rejection of their truth and authority." An appeal may be taken to the Court of Review. Meanwhile, Mr. EDWARD M. STEPHAN, Dr. CASPARY's counsel, has expressed very positively the opinion that his client did not have fair play in being brought to trial before a court every member of which was named by the prosecuting authorities. The trial, however, seems to Mr. STEPHAN to have been "of infinite value to the Church in showing that a large part of the Church believes that its comprehensive liberty as a true catholic church does not require that Dr. CASPARY's sacred labors and self-sacrifice should be driven out of the pale of the Church." Undoubtedly a very striking feature of the trial was the quality and number of the clergymen who came to Dr. CASPARY's defence. Still more notable was the strength of the sentiment among clergy and laity, and which found expression in several of the Church papers, that the trial was a mistake in judgment and should not have been held.

Sundry citizens of Iola, Kansas, are impressed with the qualifications of General FRYEVOX for President, and propose to recommend him to the next Republican convention. General FRYEVOX hails from Iola. He is a man of merit, but his present job seems to afford him first-rate opportunities for usefulness and distinction, and we guess he will stick to it. Nevertheless, when the Democrats nominate Honors the Iola folks will be entitled to be heard.

People who wish to keep in stock such information as they are likely to need are advised to get new maps of northern and western Canada and study them. It is getting to be necessary to know how the land lies up there, and what boundaries and names it has acquired so far, and where the rivers run and what they are called. There are new provinces, some of them very recently admitted, into which settlers are crowding by thousands, and in which new wheat-land is being broken by the hundred thousand acres. Mr. J. J. HILL

has planned for immediate construction a railroad running westward from Winnipeg to the Pacific, and to be extended eastward from Winnipeg to Duluth. The primary purpose of this road is not to handle transcontinental traffic, but to carry to market the products of the region that it passes through. Eight railroad companies are said to have charters to build railroads to Hudson Bay. Mr. HILL is reported to have one of them. Ships can sail in and out of the great bay from the first of July till the middle of October, and there are serious thoughts in many minds about shipping grain to Europe by that route. That project is still in the speculative stage, but the grain to be shipped already exists, and is raised in quantities that increase enormously every year. Thousands of settlers from the United States have crossed the border north of the Dakotas, and report that they like the country, the land, the neighbors, the government, and the prospect, and expect to transfer their allegiance and become subjects of King EDWARD. It is a new thing, this crowding of United States Americans into Canada, though the reverse has been going on for generations. It seems a good thing for the emigrants, and nobody objects.

Amid the mourning for Mr. SCHURZ the mind dwells with consoling admiration upon his career. It was a marvellous career, in which circumstances and environment kept their place and played second fiddle to the man. Most men succeed in life as fit parts of a great machine. It was very little so with Mr. SCHURZ. Dissociate him from any line of shafting and his wheels could still turn. His power was in himself and could stand detachment. There are men who are so bent on success that they never succeed in a high degree. That was not the way with Mr. SCHURZ. He was from youth an idealist; a lover of liberty, a man of sentiment, of conscience, of principle. All his life he had nobility of aspiration. He did not stoop to success; he rose to it. That is, he rose to such success as came his way, letting it come or go, as happened, but shaping his course irrespective of it out of the impulses of a bold spirit and the judgments and activities of a profoundly able and cultivated mind. His achievements in political life in this country, his services to this nation, the place that he held in the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens, attest in a wonderful way how remarkable a man he was, and how many-sided. Elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY his life and qualities are more fully considered by Mr. HOWELL and MARK TWAIN.

CARL SCHURZ, PILOT

By Mark Twain

We all realize that the release of CARL SCHURZ is a heavy loss to the country; some of us realize that it is a heavy loss to us individually and personally. As a rule I have had a sufficiency of confidence—perhaps over-confidence—in my ability to hunt out the right and sure political channel for myself, and follow it to the deep water beyond the reef without getting aground; but there have been times, in the past thirty years, when I lacked that confidence—then I dropped into CARL SCHURZ's wake, saying to myself, "he is as safe as BEN THORNHURST." When I was a young pilot on the Mississippi nearly half a century ago, the fellowship numbered among its masters three incomparables: HORACE BIXBY, BECK JOLLY, and BEN THORNHURST. Where they were not afraid to venture with a steamer, the rest of the guild were not afraid to follow. Yet there was a difference; of the three, they preferred to follow THORNHURST; for sometimes the other two depended on native genius and almost inspirational water-reading to pick out the lowest place on the reef, but that was not BEN THORNHURST's way. If there were serious doubts he would stop the steamer and non the sounding-logs and no down and sound the several crossings and lay lines upon them. Nobody needed to search for the best water after BEN THORNHURST. If he could not find it, no one could. I felt that way about him; and so, more than once I waited for him to find the way, then dropped into his steamer's wake and ran over the weeks of his losses on half steam until the loudman's welcome cry of "mark twain" informed me that I was over the bar all right, and could draw a full breath again.

I had this same confidence in CARL SCHURZ as a political channel-finder. I had the highest opinion of his famous qualifications for

the office; his blameless honor, his unassailable patriotism, his high intelligence, his penetration; I also had the highest opinion of his acquired qualifications as a channel-finder. I believed he could read the political surface as accurately as BIXBY could read the faint and fleeting signs upon the Mississippi's face—the pretty dimple that hid a deadly rock, the orientations wharf-reef that had nothing under it, the sleek and inviting dead stretch that promised quarter-less trials and couldn't furnish six feet. And—more than all—he was BEN THORNHURST, in this; whenever he struck out a new course over a confused Helema Beach or a perplexed Plum Point Bend I was confident that he had not contacted himself with reading the water, but had hoisted out his sounding-barge and sounded that maze from one end to the other. Then I dropped into his wake and followed. Followed with perfect confidence. Followed, and never regretted it.

I have held him in the sincerest affection, esteem, and admiration for more than a generation. I have not always sailed with him politically, but whenever I have doubted my own competency to choose the right course, I have struck my two-up-and-one ("I got out the port and starboard leads"), and followed him through without doubt or hesitancy. By and by I shall wish to talk of CARL SCHURZ the man and friend, but not now; at this time I desire only to offer this brief word of homage and reverence to him, as from grateful pupil in citizenship to the master who is no more.

NOTE.—Loudman's cry: "quarter-less trials," 10½ feet of water—"mark twain" two fathoms (12 feet).

CARL SCHURZ

1829-1906

By W. D. Howells

If one wished to verify the fact that a great man receives at the end of a life touching either side of the Psalmist's limit a fair, though perhaps not full, appreciation of his work and character, he could not do better than read the articles in the New York papers on CARL SCHURZ the day after his death. His character, to be sure, had the simplicity which unites with greatness, and his work the openness of honesty, but whatever was more reconcile in either was instantly judged with an intelligence the more notable because it is supposed the effect of age, and the more years the better. History is invoked to this end by the academic fancy, but it cannot be denied that journalism discharged its will. The verdict given was not only fair, but after a long career in which the runner had often dealt heroic blows right and left, it was not only dispassionate, it was as kind as it was just.

He whose hand was stilled forever had a claim to this tenderness which was felt most by those knowing him best, but which could hardly fail measurably to avow itself to those knowing him at all, or knowing him merely by hearsay. He most always have been, in the innumerable encounters of experience, what he has openly shown himself in his latest message, by far his greatest message, to the world, a man tender, even when apparently least respectful, of other men: an affectionate nature, in fine, though never a weak one. The newspapers joined as with one voice in calling him an idealist, meaning their highest praise by that; and it was not necessary for them to connote that he was as far as possible from being a sentimentalist. If he believed well of mankind, he expected, he exacted almost as much as he hoped of it; and where it did not justify his belief, there was where his severity came in. It is too easy to say that this was the feminine touch in his makeup: most men are born of women, especially great men; and the methods of the rare are nearly always present in the nature of the sons.

If you had CARL SCHURZ'S acquaintance at all, and I have a notion that this did not voluntarily extend or continue much beyond the large bounds of his friendship, you could not fail of some expression of this quality in him. You found him more expressive, when it came to matters of feeling, than the born American, often far less the true American, is. He could say things which the faint, remote touch of an accent, or an alien rhythm, saved from being of the wrong effect; he could be affectionate in words without seeming in any way affected, as the born American could not, or might think he could not. Once, in speaking of President HAYES, himself a man of a like noble and gentle make, he said, kindling from the remembrance of their relations, at once official and intimate, "I feared that man!"

In things of the soul, as we used to call it, and we have yet no new word for it, he was apt to be, even to my meagre observation, very direct, very promptly candid. At a house whose site is now buried deep under the towering shape of a skyscraper, where sometimes we used to meet at dinner, there was once long talk, over the cigars and coffee in the host's library, about the soul, and its mystical share in mortality and its potentialities of immortality. It was talk which in that company you wished never to end; almost at moments we seemed to arrive, and there was a high consolation in even failing to arrive, in drifting close along the coasts of the unknowable, and then drifting off again without touching land. This talk remained always vividly if not definitely in my mind; if it had been more definite it might not have been so vivid; and years afterwards in another talk I resorted to it and asked abruptly, but apparently, from his reply, not irreverently, whether he believed if a man died he should live again. He answered the question which, explicit or tacit, is always at the bottom of all hearts: "I don't know. All I can say is that I should be very unhappy if I thought I should not."

Still another time, the talk was almost a monologue of his about battle, upon some question of it from us civilians, and I know nothing, outside of TESTAMENT, which seemed more truly to impart the psychology of the soldier's experience. Like all other soldiers whom I have heard speak of it, he observed war; and the whole generous outburst of the man, as we all know, rose sublimely against that war of ours which he saw was no part of it. He seemed to us always essentially human; and as long as the force, or the felt of action, remained to him, he did not lose his human optimism. He never wholly lost it, but as age and the want of opportunity forbade him the exercise of his faith in men, these possibly eroded upon him something of the pessimism which we are subject to if we must be our own sympathies lie idle. If he loved his kind, however, as I think he did to the last, he also liked to

realize that his kind loved him; and it was inexpressibly touching to be told at his door, the day before he died, that in the interval in which he was heroically holding death off by sheer courage, he wished to know who came to ask for him; he wanted their cards brought to his bed, and their names read off to him.

I find myself writing of him as if I had known him from frequent meetings, but I suppose I really never saw him above ten or twelve times. I take it, therefore, that it was not merely my invariable habit of observance that was employed with him, but that there was always something very positive, however involuntary, in his fashion of imparting himself. For one thing, you knew where to find him always, and that was the right place. Your instinct prophesied, after any signal event, that he must and would feel and think justly and clearly of it, and so, in your rare encounters, there was no time lost. I myself in my literary quality wasted little or none of it in trying to reach him in his historical quality of German revolutionist, Western politician, Northern general, American statesman, New York editor. I knew that these were all his genuine and characteristic phases, and no mere masks; and that a thousand deeds and words bore witness of his intense vitality in each. But underneath them all, and in his heart of hearts, I was always divining him past. He had lived one of the greatest and most beautiful romances, and you could not be in his presence without knowing it, unless you were particularly blind and deaf. It kindled in his eyes; it trembled in his clear, keen, yet gentle voice; it shone in his smile; it sounded in his laugh, which his youth had never died out of.

It was known to his friends for several years that he was writing his autobiography; but not till I read the first chapters of that masterpiece did I realize how great a contribution he was making to history and to art in it. I have no doubt that it will remain his chief monument, and that all his other actions, achievements, qualities, will show there like the inscriptions of some perfect shaft of marble or some speaking relief of bronze. There is no more important or delightful form of literature than that which has chosen this great man to be one of its most admirable exponents.

He was, to my knowledge, not a person much, or at all, given to boasting of his democracy. Perhaps he thought that evident enough in what he had done and been since he had become so much more an American than so many that were born so. But it may have been with a glow of joy that all who believe the highest possible of the best conditions to find in those opening pages of his life-story the poem of humanity which the history of our own great man has made classic. It will not be well for the world when its best are its best born. Conquest, slavery, the subjection of the people, can still sometimes come from the palace; but the cottage is oftenest the home of the genius which is to help the race. Some men, the meaner sort, wish to forget the past as they climb out of their obscurity; but the nobler sort no more forget that they boast of their simple origin, their poor beginnings, which are forever dear to them. CARL SCHURZ, who was born to do such splendid things in so many sorts, owns his plebeian birth and hard-won way with the same frankness and tenderness as if these were not the things prosperity and success teach us to be ashamed of. Other chapters of the autobiography, as we have seen them, eclipse its opening passages in thrilling interest and historic importance, but none lead so directly from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader. He reveals in them once more the familiar secret of the sweetness in the heart of simplicity, and the noble pride which may thrive on humble circumstance. The self-erudite truths of the Declaration affirm themselves anew in his tale, and the Republic is born again, as it is wherever a true Republic is born.

This fighter for freedom in two worlds, this just advocate, this honest politician, this conscientious journalist, this wise statesman, lived into all the better that a man could well wish, and he had the peculiar, the almost unique tribute paid him by those who imagine themselves born the rulers of such men as he, in the tacit acknowledgment of authority in his native land that his resistance to authority was manful and righteous. But he has done himself far greater honor, rendered himself loftier distinction by his fidelity to the tradition which seems the American tradition only because it is so familiar to us, but which there and again is the experience of the world everywhere. There is WASHINGTON and there is LINCOLN, gently born and gently bred, but somehow the truth thus rendered to FRANKLIN and to LINCOLN as of more hope for the common man—"I was made so many of."

Russia's Great Experiment

By a coincidence that was significant, though scarcely can it have been intended, Russia's Parliament, consisting of an elected assembly, the so-called Imperial Duma, and an Upper House, the Council of the Empire, all of whose members, except twelve, are appointed by the Czar, came together on May 10, exactly 117 years to the very day after the States-General, which were to prove epoch-making in the history of France, met at Versailles. The record of the French precedent should be full of lessons and of warning for the Russian of to-day, and it should be of interest to consider the points of likeness and the points of difference in the circumstances under which the two legislatures convened. In each case the demand for political reforms of a far-reaching and drastic character was justified by wide-spread and intense discontent. Although, as ARTHUR YOUNG pointed out, there were some signs of agricultural enlightenment and progress in a few of the French provinces, there is no doubt that the condition of the mass of the tillers of the soil was deplorable. They paid far more than their due proportion of the revenue needed to make good the nation's annual expenditure. It is the literal truth that they were almost taxed to death. The commercial and professional classes were also subjected to fiscal extortion, and in the reign of Louis XVI. they had been exasperated by rigorous discrimination against them in favor of the nobles, as regards commissions in the army and navy. The state was practically bankrupt. Never would it have summoned the States-General but for its inability to provide the interest due upon the public debt. As regards the extent to which education had opened the eyes of the French people, it is undoubted that utter illiteracy prevailed throughout the kingdom, except among the nobles, the clergy, and the bourgeoisie inhabiting the large cities and towns. The vast majority of a large majority of the population of France was unable to read and write. In all but one of these particulars Russia is worse off at the present time than was France in the closing days of the ancien régime. It is true that the St. Petersburg government has never yet defaulted on the interest of its securities held abroad. It averted soon have defaulted, however, had it not succeeded in effecting the recent loan, to which subscriptions were obtained mainly in France, but partly also in Belgium, the Netherlands, and Great Britain. It is no secret that not an additional ruble could have been extracted from Paris bankers but for the Czar's promise to commute at an early date the national assets and not to secure from the people's representatives a ratification of the loan and of every previous loan placed abroad. The advances made on the condition named, although they exceed considerably \$200,000,000, will by no means suffice even to defray the cost of the war with Japan, to say nothing of unavoidable expenses for internal purposes. That is why NICHOLAS II. dared not break the promise made to his subjects in his manifesto of October 30. Here, then, in spite of the temporary maintenance of credit, we have a fundamental and a decisive point of likeness between the situation presented in France in 1789 and that exhibited in Russia now. The Russian government cannot go on for many months without a large supply of money additional to that which may be garnered through the ordinary channels of taxation. Transformed into a constitutional monarchy, Russia would still be able to borrow. If it remains an autocracy, its credit will soon be defunct. The fact, we repeat, lies at the root of the extraordinary resemblance between the present predicament of the Russian sovereign and that which confronted Louis XVI. when the States-General met at Versailles on May 10, 1789. In the present case, no more than in the former, will it be possible by any far-fetched precedents, elaborate precautions, or paper restrictions long to withhold from the people's representatives the power of the purse. If anything, moreover, has been demonstrated in parliamentary history, it is that this power is irresistible, and that any sovereign who tries to resist it will do well to bethink himself belatedly of the fate of Louis XVI. and CHARLES I.

The condition of European Russia from fiscal, economical, industrial, and agricultural view-points is now incomparably worse than was that of France in 1789. At the date named there was a grievous scarcity of food in some French provinces, but nowhere did it reach the appalling proportions of the famine which has prevailed for months in many parts of Russia. The fraction of the Russian people employed in manufacturing, commerce, or any other non-agricultural vocation is, comparatively, far smaller than was the section of the French population engaged in work unconnected with the land. The imperative necessity of multiplying the opportunities of gaining a livelihood was as clear to Count Witte ten years ago as it ever was to COLBERT or to Turgot, and could the Russian States-General have controlled the Ministries of Finance and Public Works for a score of years we probably should have witnessed a vast and beneficent change in Russia from an industrial point of view. In point of fact, his career of far-sighted but ill-appreciated usefulness was cut short, with the result that the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence afforded by the inadequate holdings distributed among the enfranchised peasants some fifty years ago has, through the rapid increase of population, become frightful and unendurable.

There are two ways of removing the evil, and both are indispensable. The crown lands, the Church lands, and the large estates of private owners must be distributed among the agriculturalists, who are either landless or whose allotments are insufficient for the maintenance of their families. If the distribution be made promptly, before a revolution gets on the way, an equitable arrangement may be effected by which the existing owners may be safeguarded from the confiscation to which crown lands, Church lands, and the lands of *émigré* proprietors were subjected in France. Redeemable leases of the crown lands may be made at fair rates for long terms, and the peasants may be assisted by government loans to purchase, on some such installment plan as is embodied for Ireland in the Wyndham Land Purchase act, the lands belonging to the Church and to the individual owners of great estates. One thing ought to be accepted from the outset as inevitable, namely, that the soil which the starving peasants are not helped to buy they will seize by violence. If that truth ran to be driven home to the brains of the Russian sovereign and the Russian land-owning class, they may manage to avert a political and social anarchy. They must act betimes, however. If there be one tremendous lesson that is taught by the French Revolution, it is that all concessions are futile if they are made too late. The second remedy to which we have referred is as indispensable as the other, though it need not and cannot be applied with so much promptitude. If the whole soil of European Russia were distributed among the peasants to-day, and no other outlet were thrown open to their energies, the pressure of population on the means of subsistence would become as intolerably severe one or two generations hence as it is at the present hour. It is, therefore, a matter of life and death to the Russian people for the new parliamentary government to take up the programme of manufacturing expansion formulated for Count Witte ten years ago, and to give it, as speedily as may be, the widest possible extension. The ideal of a far-seeing Russian statesman is to avert the famine with which his countrymen are not only threatened to-day, but with which, even if all the land were apportioned among the cultivators, they would again be menaced thirty or fifty years hence, should he to bring about a state of things in which not only every article of clothing, every tool, implement, and machine, but every object pertaining to art and luxury, should be produced by Russian hands. That was Count Witte's original ideal, and his successors in the Ministries of Finance and of Public Works cannot too soon revert to it.

It is not difficult to indicate the process by which a peaceful transition from autocracy to representative institutions, and from bankruptcy and famine to multifarious employment and prosperity, might be carried out. It is easy to recall the methods by which England and Germany have attained their high average level of national well-being through multiplying the means of gaining a livelihood. Such expositions, however, though they may be interesting, are, unhappily, too apt to prove merely academic. He would be an unpractical idealist who should assume that NICHOLAS II. will profit by the lessons of Louis XVI.; that his wife and his reactionary mother will avoid the errors committed by MARIE ANTOINETTE; that the Russian land-owning class as a body will show a more self-sacrificing spirit than did the mass of the French nobles; or that the leaders of the St. Petersburg Duma will evince more ardor, more steadiness of purpose, and more self-control than did the leaders of the National Assembly into which the States-General, which met at Versailles, were soon converted. We expect to see no miracles performed in Russia. We expect to see one concession after another wrung from the autocracy, but we fear that it will come too tardily. A gift grudgingly given is no gratitude. Delay will inevitably breed suspicion, distrust, and hatred of the sovereign, his family, and his advisers, gradually engendered among the Russian people, will ultimately infect the army, as the Garde Française became infected with disloyalty to Louis XVI. and the day, as an approach, is now not distant when the present Czar will look back with stupefaction and despair on the times when the great majority of his subjects thought and spoke of him as their "Little Father."

Personal and Pertinent

It seems fairly debatable whether it is expedient that there should be telephone connection between the White House and the Capitol.

ALFRED EHRLICH, Consul-General of France, New York, has received from the Prefect of the Finistère a letter expressing his warm thanks for the generous subscriptions of Mrs. NETTLETON NEFF, of Chicago; of JEAN ARMSTRONG, of Coburn, Virginia; of Miss E. McNALLY, of California, Minnesota; and of J. W. BENSON, of Horon Lake, Minnesota—toward the relief of the distress existing among the fisherfolk in certain districts of Brittany last winter—distress which was called to the attention of readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY in a letter published by the author of *The Mayday* of an Empress and of *The Trident and the X.Y.* The money has been handed by the Prefect of the Finistère to the Comité des Secours aux Marins Pécheurs for distribution.

THE SERMON IN SAN FRANCISCO'S STONES

HOW THE NEW CITY MAY BE MADE PROOF AGAINST DEVASTATION BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

By Henry Harrison Suplee

Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, etc.

WITH the recovery from the immediate effects of the disaster at San Francisco, and with the information already available as to the nature and extent of the damage, it is becoming practicable to answer many of the questions which must be met if the new San Francisco is to stand on the old site, insured of safety and freed from apprehension for the future.

Cities have been destroyed by earthquakes before, but the earthquake has not caused the starting of simultaneous fires over practically the whole area, while at the same time cutting off the water supply by which alone the fire could be fought. The new San Francisco must be earthquake-proof and fire-proof; and with these securities it must have a water-supply which such a convulsion of nature as occurred on the 18th of April cannot disrupt.

Can such a new San Francisco be built? If not, it would seem useless to try to rebuild at all. The question can best be answered from the ruins of the old city, and these, even at this early stage of investigation, give a reply in the strongest affirmative.

There has probably never been such a revelation of the futility of sham methods in building construction as was made in those few minutes on that early Wednesday morning. Structures which, standing side by side, appeared to the passing observer of equal strength and stability, stood the shock with firmness or crumbled to the ground, just as their designers and builders had put into them strength, sincerity and honesty, or weakness, superficial effects and sham. When, of two buildings, the one is taken and the other left, we need only look at what remains to learn the story.

The story is full of lessons, not only for the builders of the new San Francisco, but for many who are to build elsewhere. The structures in the wrecked city may be divided into three general classes: The steel-frame office and business buildings; the ordinary structures of brick or stone, of moderate height; and the massive residences and similar buildings.

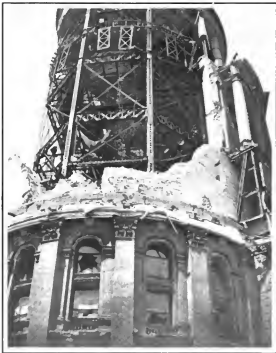
Broadly speaking, the modern system of steel-

frame construction passed through the ordeal in a manner which was almost triumphant. When such buildings showed partial failure it was for conditions which can readily be understood and definitely remedied. With modifications, easily intelligible and demanded by local conditions, there seems to be no reason why the steel-frame office-building may not be used in the reconstruction of San Francisco with perfect confidence.

The structures of the second class revealed, beyond doubt, their utter unfitness to exist in any locality where earthquakes are to be expected. Even when honestly built they are unsuited by their very nature to resist heavy vibrations; and when, as frequently, they include defective bonding, poor mortar, insufficient anchorage, and all the inevitable consequences of careless supervision and insufficient inspection, they are sure to go to pieces even with moderate tremors.

The third class, including many handsome residences of timber construction, is probably well adapted to pass through earthquake shocks with but little injury, but such buildings are rapidly swept away by fire.

Taking up the subject of the reconstruction of San Francisco, we may touch briefly upon some of the special points to be considered, in view of the lessons which the ruins may teach. In most cases buildings are not designed to resist heavy vibrations. That they can be so built, every engineer will concede. Structures are built every day to resist repeated vibrations as heavy and violent as were imposed by the earthquake shock at San Francisco. Many a railroad bridge receives, from the impact of advancing trains and from the hammering of locomotive driving wheels, shocks and sudden stresses for which provision has been made in the design, and successfully. Indeed, in Japan, the land of earthquakes, Professor (now) has applied the seismograph with success in the study of bridge vibrations, the sensitive recorder showing the tremor of the approaching train, the pounding blows of the passing iron mass, and the gradual return to rest as the locomotive and its burden



Structural Steel vs. Brickwork

A detail of San Francisco's wrecked City Hall, showing how the masonry superstructure has fallen away, leaving the steel framework intact.



From stereograph copyright, Sept. 1906, by H. C. White Co.

A Monument of Steel in a Wilderness of Masonry Debris
The "Call" building on Market Street, a modern steel-frame skyscraper

pass away. The steel-frame building for an earthquake country needs, in addition to provision for dead and live loads, and for wind stresses, just such a system of stiffening and counterbalancing as is found effective in the modern heavy-service railroad bridge.

Again, every great ocean liner, exceeding in length, in many instances, more than double the height of the tallest modern buildings, is subjected to buffeting and vibrations as great, if not greater than the tremors of the earthquake, and yet in few instances is the ship's structure seriously strained or weakened. The designer knows beforehand the stresses to which the floating structure is to be subjected and plans accordingly. To-day the designer for San Francisco may take heed of the work of the bridge-builder and the ship-builder, and feel equal confidence in his results.

Experiences in Baltimore and in isolated fires elsewhere have shown that the steel-frame building may be effectively protected against fire from within, and in great measure against fire from without. The steel members should be imbedded in solid concrete, this casing being thick enough to prevent any weakening due to external fire, probably from two to three inches from the outside to the metal. The amount of wood should be a minimum, with floors of reinforced concrete, taking place of wood or tile. Partitions should be integral parts of the building, not mere screens, with overhanging cornices, slum institutions of non-existent structural features, should be altogether omitted or replaced with some safer and more consistent ornament. The value of wire-glass as a fire-screen has already been well established, and it has given good reports of itself already from San Francisco. Steel shutters must be stronger, heavier, closer fitted, and better secured than has hitherto been considered necessary; this largely to defend against the entrance of fire from without. The lines along which commercial buildings may be made proof against earthquake and fire are well defined and clear to understand. It may take more money to build thus than to be less careful, but it will not cost so much to do it as it may to leave it undone.

For the ordinary shop, the modern building in which the steel cage, as usually understood, is not commercially practicable,

what can be said? The ruins of San Francisco mark the failure of ordinary brick, set with ordinary care, in ordinary line mortar. Trimmings of fancy tile, of moulded terra-cotta, of marble, granite, or other stone, all went down in the fire after having been shattered by the tremor. Such work at its very best is almost insubstantial and cannot be expected to stand heavy vibration, and it is not often at its best. San Francisco should grasp the occasion so to revise its building laws as to check the use of any such dangerous construction, and open wide the opportunity to encourage the use of the one appropriate system of construction for such purposes, that of reinforced concrete. While many and varied systems, so called, of reinforced-concrete construction are in service in all parts of the world, the principle is open to all, and proprietary interests cover only special modifications, so that there is no reason why this most appropriate, safe, and rapid method of construction should not be applied.

By using light skeletons of red, small structural material, etc., wrapped with wire, and stretched with netting, the whole imbedded in first-class concrete, a method at once earthquake-proof, fire-proof, and capable of effective artistic development, is found, and it is to this method that San Francisco should turn to rebuild her shops, town residences, and moderate buildings. This method of construction also has the great advantage that much of the work, under proper supervision, can be readily and rapidly done by unskilled labor, so that the labor cost, otherwise certain to be a heavy item in the rebuilding of the city, may be kept at a minimum. The experiments of considerable, although at first questioned, appear to have demonstrated the fact that properly imbedded metallic rods increase the elastic limit of concrete to a great extent, probably by distributing the stresses throughout the mass and preventing such localization of strains as would otherwise cause the formation of cracks, and this fact alone shows the immediate applicability of reinforced concrete to the reconstruction of the shattered and burned buildings to which the large steel-cage system cannot be applied.

It has been stated that the opposition of labor organizations has had much to do with the lack of real reinforced-concrete construction in San Francisco. That such opposition will be invoked at the present time we can hardly believe; and should it appear, a remedy should also be forthcoming.

The reports from the various parts of the city show, we might well be expected, that the nature of the foundations had much to do with the stability of the structures. The greatest damage by the earthquake was found among buildings standing upon sandy soil or on made ground. Good foundations themselves were not sufficient to secure stability unless there was solid ground beneath.

This fact has also an important bearing upon the future protection of water-supply. Nearly all the breaks in the water-mains were found in soft ground or at points where the pipes passed from soft to harder soil. There appears to be little doubt that good foundations will here to be provided for the support and protection of the mains of the water system. Local sources of water-supply in the various large buildings will doubtless be provided hereafter, but the mains can be protected and should have substantial support throughout. Probably this is another field in which reinforced concrete can be used to great advantage and with maximum economy; especially since a simple skeleton reinforcement, filled in with good concrete, could be rapidly executed by unskilled labor, giving an effective foundation at low cost.

An important element of danger in the manufacturing districts



An Example of the absolute Annihilation of Ordinary Buildings
One of the burned district in the neighborhood of the business section



From earthquake photograph, made by H. G. White, N.Y.

How a Steel-frame Structure withstood the Earthquake
The Fairmont Hotel and (in front of it) the Flood residence on Nob Hill

appears in the tall chimneys, readily damaged by the earthquake, and causing serious injury by their fall. Probably this source of danger may be removed in the future by substituting mechanical draught, using fan-blowers, for the chimneys of power-houses, factories, etc.

Such artificial systems of producing draught for the use of boiler furnaces obviolate entirely the necessity for stacks any taller than is necessary to deliver the waste gases beyond any point of annoyance, and enable the substitution of light metal chimneys of very moderate height to replace tall and dangerous masonry stacks.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that the area which even an uncontrolled fire may cover can be limited by the distribution of open spaces in a city. It can easily be seen that with sufficient distance between houses the danger of a spreading conflagration would be much minimized. Since, in a large city, this is manifestly impracticable, the next best thing has been suggested to be the provision of such a number of wide streets as would render the extensive spread of a fire impossible. With a city divided into blocks intersected by avenues of sufficient width to prevent the leaping of a fire across the gap, and with such distribution of small parks as would further interpose spaces between the masses of buildings, even an uncontrolled fire would find its natural limitations, except, possibly, in the event of a very high wind.

It is generally conceded that the principal cause of the simultaneous outbreak of fire in many parts of the city immediately after the earthquake was due to the rupture of gas-mains. While gas has many advantages for certain purposes, it seems as if this experience is one which should lead to the close limitation of the employment of gas-pipes in an earthquake country, and to the general substitution of electric lighting. While an earthquake might render it necessary to cut off the current for reasons of safety or damage, it appears certain that little greater inconvenience would result than a few hours of darkness; certainly the torch would not be applied in

many places at once, at a time when fire-fighting had suddenly become impossible.

Such disasters as have been possible since the fire show that the modern structural steel buildings really worthy of the name have stood even better than was at first supposed. The magnificent Call Building received only such injury as could be inflicted by the drought of the flames up the elevator shaft and the burning of the interior woodwork in the rooms, and it is estimated that less than \$100,000 will suffice to restore it entirely. In like manner the Merchants Exchange, the Hellman Building, the Haystack Building, and similar structures stood the earthquake effectively, and received practically all their damage from the combustible fire-traps by which they were surrounded.

A notable example of the possibilities of modern construction to resist both earthquake and fire is seen in the case of the Fairmont Hotel, so well shown in the illustration. Such injury as it received was really due to the action of external flames upon the granite, the building itself standing as a great monument on Nob Hill, while around it lie the ruins of the Flood, Fair, Crocker, and Torrey residences, like the remains of another Pompeii.

San Francisco must learn from the fire not only how to build, but how not to build. The danger in the modern steel-skeleton building, with its clashing of concrete, and its counterbalanced stiff casing of trans-work, is wholly foreign to what, and to place such examples of modern architectural engineering in the midst of blocks of tinder-boxes, ready at any moment to become a kiln of intense heat, may be necessary in a period of transformation; but now that the ground has been so effectively cleared, there is no reason why the rebuilt city should not be far safer than any of its contemporaries which have not been purified by the ordeal of fire.

When the great fire of 1666 swept over London and wiped out, with much that was noble and beautiful, many of the crooked streets and defective lines of the great city, the master architect and engineer, Sir Christopher Wren, produced a new plan for the rebuilding of the city, providing a series of streets, squares, and communications so vastly superior to the old that the fire might almost have been hailed as a welcome means of rendering such improvements possible.

In the London of Wren's time the prejudice and opposition of the people, the disputes about land titles and property lines, those and similar squabbles caused the rejection of the plan for a new London, and the admitted defects of the old plan were repeated.

It is possible that before any important reconstruction work is done in San Francisco the plan of the new city will be so modified as to admit at least some of the safeguards which the event has shown to be essential. That a new and beautiful San Francisco will arise out of the earthquake and the fire, we fully trust and believe, and we also believe that it is within the power of the engineer and architect to go to direct the work of reconstruction that an similar disaster need be feared in the future.

But that this result may be attained, it is essential that many individual interests yield to the common good, and that a broad and comprehensive system of reconstruction be adopted before individual action shall have gone so far as to render united operation impracticable.

Let us hope that the mistake which London made nearly two hundred and fifty years ago may not be repeated in San Francisco.



"The one shall be taken and the other left"

A view of the ruins on Mark-T Street, showing the extraordinary manner in which modern steel-framed office-buildings and old-fashioned structures are broken and when withstood the shock

THE SULTAN'S DUMMY RAILWAY

The true significance of the astute Turkish ruler's partly completed line between Damascus and Mecca, planned ostensibly for the conveyance of pilgrims to the holy city

BY WILLIAM TYLER BLISS

IT is a favorite trick of statesmen to sit at long tables, surrounded by secretaries and interpreters and attachés, and draw imaginary lines on maps of remote regions, with a superb disregard for mountains, or rivers or other little trivialities of nature. Sometimes the lines are straight and the ends of them are marked with red-headed pins. Sometimes they are zigzag, or even curved (but not often), as tending to show an intimate knowledge on the part of the statesmen of the topography in question. But the result is always the same.

The imaginary lines assume international importance and are spelled boundaries. The statesmen sign documents and they and the assistants and secretaries and attachés drink champagne and exchange cigarettes, and the deed is done.

A waiting world takes a long breath of admiration, thanks heaven for the principle of arbitration, and calls the thing the Treaty of Tinseltown, or the Peace of Kamschotkin, or the Award of the Antarctic Commission, and promptly forgets all about it. Then the nations so faithfully served by the statesmen send soldiers or engineers to throw up piles of stones at the ends of the lines marked by the red-headed pins, and the affair is really and definitely settled. No one could question that, because the statesmen have settled it.

But sometimes these lines are drawn through Eastern deserts, and the stones which constantly swirl over them tossen their shifting sands about, so that the piles of stones which took the place of the red-headed pins are half covered; and after a while their meaning is forgotten by a new generation. Then, perhaps, one of the nations affected by the imaginary lines, hoping that the other has forgotten, begins to encroach little by little. After a while, finding that no one is paying any attention, it becomes bolder and takes liberties with one or more of the piles of stones, and sends soldiers to places where it has no business to send them, and then—provided the other nation wakes up and asks inconvenient questions, and when it gets only evasive answers makes demands, and when it is met by refusals, threatens, and there is every prospect of a state of affairs which shall result in another meeting of statesmen around long tables—perhaps after a war.

Now, that in mind what has happened in the Sinaitic peninsula near the frontier between Turkey and Egypt. The recent boundary lines start from El Arish, which is on the Mediterranean, just where its coast-line turns north to Palestine, and runs to the head of the Gulf of Suez. But the six years have been sweeping over them, and a claim to a new line, a zigzag one this time, is set up. This new line starts also at Arish and wanders down through the desert to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, thus giving to Egypt almost the whole of the peninsula through which the Israelites wandered. A little to the north of Akaba is the place called Tabah recently occupied by the Turkish troops, and claimed by England, the real ruler of Egypt, as belonging to the Khed-

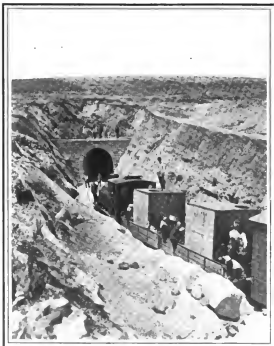
ive. Hence the firm ultimatum from England to Turkey that she withdraw her troops, and the threat, if she did not do so, of a naval demonstration by the British Mediterranean fleet. Hence, the flutter of excitement in all the universities of Europe over the sudden and aggressive reopening of the entire Eastern Question, which in their sight, hence the doubtful looks cast toward Berlin by those who profess to see the Kaiser's hand in it all, despite that ruler's loud protestations of innocence (and delivered, however, until the British ultimatum was given), because they do not believe that Abdul-Hamid, most cunning of rulers as he is, would dare to rebuff England unless he had the immense support of Germany, with a promise, perhaps, of direct aid. And hence, finally, the great importance which attaches to the new Damascus-Hedjaz railroad, ostensibly being built for the conveyance of pilgrims to Mecca and Medina, and whose rails are now laid within 600 kilometers of the latter city.

The work on this road, of which not very much is known outside of Turkey, has been pushed with a vigor extraordinary in any public undertaking in the Turkish Empire, and has for some time been in running order to a place called Ma'arra, which is between fifteen and twenty miles to the southeast of the famous ruins of Petra and directly on the Darb-el-Hajj (the Pilgrim's road) from Damascus to Mecca. Ma'arra is thus some seventy miles northeast of the head of the Gulf of Akaba, nearer still to Tinsah, and a piece of considerable strategic importance. Turkish troops in force are reported to have been recently concentrated there, and it is well known that for months past reinforcements have been sent to Syria and stationed at points within easy reach of Damascus, whence they could easily be sent south over the new railroad.

Perhaps the Tinsah incident has been merely an accident, but if it were not, the presence of an uncounted number of troops in

Arabia could easily be explained by the Sultan as being necessary to quell the rebellion among the tribes in that province. Over these tribes the Ottoman Empire exercises no real sovereignty except that which it secures through playing one rebel against another, as it has played off one Christian nation against another through a series of atrocities which earned for Abdul-Hamid the title of Assassin of Europe.

So the real reasons for the road are military and political ones. One must dispute the glamour of romance which one might wish to throw around it because of the assumption that it would carry civilization into the Holy of Holies of Islam, and bring as to the threshold of what only Sir Richard Burton and one or two other unbelievers have seen and lived to describe. It is to furnish a means of getting its troops quickly and easily far down into Arabia that the Turkish government is building this road. So far as its inception is concerned, the Tabah incident is surely an accident—which, however, enhances the strategic value of the enterprise, and shows that, perhaps, the Sultan has builded better than he knew. And the Kaiser!



The Tunnel near the great Bridge at Amman. On the first car are the Tanks for conveying water to the workmen

Ever since the picturesque visit to Palestine, ten years ago and more, it has been the fashion to attribute any piece of unusual insolence (only it is called "diplomacy") on the part of the Sultan to his influence. In that memorable journey he played politics like a master. The attentions that he received and the things he was allowed to do were beyond even the lavish courtesy which an Eastern ruler would ordinarily extend to a distinguished guest. In Jerusalem he obtained a concession which gave to the Roman Catholic the possession of certain sacred places which they had long coveted. He, a Protestant, secured this boon for which France had asked in vain. That rascals still in the French snail. He carried off piecemeal to Berlin a famous ruin beyond Jordan. The stately walls of the stately temple in Bethel are desecrated by a brazen inscription in silver and mother-of-pearl, setting forth his virtues and those of his friend Abdul-Hamid. He obtained unwonted romances in Asia Minor, and he has long coveted Syria. Really lecher in Moscow, and hating England and France, why is it not perfectly natural, argue his enemies, that he should seize upon the boundary dispute between England and Turkey to settle the score, and possibly involve all Europe in war, hoping to get the lion's share of the plunder? The theory is more than plausible.

But while His Imperial Majesty in the Yıldız Kiosk, looked up perhaps by His Most Most Imperial (but less crafty) Majesty in the Birsenden Palace, has built the railroad to satisfy a pique against France here, or to bait England there, or to tighten the grasp of the Ottoman Empire on the restless tribes in Arabia, those are not the objects which he ascribes to himself as being anxious to accomplish. Allah forbid!

In he not the Great Caliph, the real Defender of the Faith, the ministry of the Mohammedan world? If he can do anything that shall make more easy the realization of the hope of every true follower of Islam, must he not do it? The Koran prescribes one pilgrimage at least to Mecca as the duty of every Mohammedan. Paradise, almost, depends on it. And in the fulfillment of this command, the 1200 years of Islam have claimed their victims by the hundreds of thousands. First, exhaustion, starvation, and cholera have each season stricken the faithful pilgrims by the hundreds, until the heart of Abdul-Hamid (he himself has said so) has bled for his subjects and courtiers. Even if he should be obliged to use the inventions of infidels to make the pilgrimage easier, yet would it redound to the glory of Islam and of Abdul-Hamid. There is no god but God, and Mohammed the Prophet is the Apostle of God. Let there be a railroad for God and His Prophet. Behold the road!

That, then, was the inception of the railroad as it was and is understood by the vast majority of the Sultan's subjects. It was to be built by popular subscription by Mohammedans, for Mohammedans and for the glory of their religion. The idea took like wildfire, fanned into a blaze by a religious fervor which in the West we are pleased to call fanaticism. All classes of people contributed to it: the poor, indeed, gave more, proportionately, than the rich. The wealthy merchants of Damascus, of Aleppo, of Smyrna, of Beirut, have contributed of their abundance, and in the desert the scattered folk have been less unwilling, indeed they have been eager to give their time and labor to the government.

In the sweetest hour of Damascus, just off the street which is called Straight (and which is not), the water faggled hung over a few paces (otherwise you lose the respect of the shah) with the

candy-vender; but the good shopkeeper got the extra coppers and perhaps a piastre or so more when he said he gave a portion of his profits to the railroad that was building for Mohammed.

And the genial and fatherly rascal who used to old Mecca near the green mosque—did he not effect a compromise (in his favor) between his price and our price by a casual reference to the road to which he, forsooth, was a large contributor? May the railroad carry these ten worthies and their sons and their sons' sons to Mecca, and may they fervently kiss the Black Ka'ba as a surer passport to Paradise!

But will they? Or, rather, will they after having reached the holy city by railroad? Ask the officials officially, and they will say, officially, "Of course." But get one of them alone and smoke cigarettes with him and drink tea and shah with him (or, if you are very much alone—remember he is a Mohammedan—a glass of wine) and he may tell you otherwise.

Ahmed Bey is one of the chief engineers of the road, and we smoked cigarettes with him, and we were very much alone. He is a typical specimen of one of those soldiers of fortune which one finds so often along the Mediterranean littoral and in the border countries between Europe and the East. He is an Albanian by birth, more a German than anything else by education. A Turk and a Mohammedan by choice, and a cosmopolitan by nature.

He speaks all the languages of Europe and the Turkish Empire fluently and badly, and is a most entertaining companion. Although he declares that at the age of twenty he was unable to read or write in his own language, he is most thoroughly well educated in his profession, having studied long at Tubingen.

The time that we smoked cigarettes and were alone, the Bey predicted that by the end of 1902, at the very latest, the road would have reached Medina, the second sacred city of Islam and the burial-place of the Prophet. Then he stopped quite conclusively, as though Medina were the end of the road, too.

"And next?" he was asked, after a pause long enough for him to have renewed operations towards Mecca. Ahmed Bey shrugged his shoulders, and lit a cigarette with the utmost unconcern.

"No," he said, rather suddenly, after a few whiffs. "I know what you mean, but the road will never reach Mecca."

"Why? Because of religious prejudices?" "Why?" There was a look of surprise in the Bey's blue eyes as who should say. "I thought you were a person of intelligence," but it was only three for a moment.

"Oh," he went on, "there are a number of reasons. Perhaps the people do not want the road fished to Mecca. Perhaps they think Medina is far enough."

And then the cigarettes or the shah or something gave out. At any rate Ahmed Bey volunteered no more on the subject, except when later he once more stated, as though the thing was settled and finished, that the road would never reach Mecca.

As one stands on the broad platform erected for the German Emperor in the Damascus suburb of Salibiyyeh, that from it he might look at the beautiful city, one shares the same view that is said to have so alarmed and moved Mohammed that he refused to enter the gates lest he should find within them everything foul and unclean. Like a great white fan, its ribs running out into the green gardens, lies the city. The handle of the fan, a narrow double row of houses, stretches southward, and between these houses, and under the massive southern gate, runs the road to



The Train of the Turkish Director-General in the deep cut near Amman



The Bridge at Amman, on the Road to Hedjaz, the largest on the Line



Building the Bridge near Mecca in the Primitive, By-hand Method

**THE WORK OF GERMAN AND TURKISH ENGINEERS ON THE
SULTAN'S "PHILANTHROPIC" RAILWAY**



One of the Trains at Zarka, where a Caravan of Pilgrims to Mecca has Encamped

Mecca. Outside the gate it leads past vast cemeteries glistening with whitewashed tombs—the graves, most of them, of victims of the dread cholera which so often decimates the pilgrim hosts. The road passes through mud-walled gardens of orange and almond and apricot trees, till the desert comes nearer and nearer and the green grows less and less and the pilgrim is well on his way.

Every spring, on the great day when the procession starts, the homesteps along the street are crowded with a gayly clothed throng, showering blessings on the pilgrims, wailing loudly, perhaps, for those who will never return, laughing one minute and crying the next, after the ephemeral manner of the East—all in all a curious sight for the occidental. A thousand piles that it should pass! For even if Ahmed Bey tells the truth, and the road is never completed to Mecca, yet the picturesque start of the pilgrimage must soon become a thing of the past. A puffing railway train is less desecrating than a rag-laden camel, and the stuffy smoking compartment of a third-class carriage does not lend itself especially to romance. The Mecca "limited" and the Medina "accommodation" will have to answer for many sins; and yet, after all, they will not be able entirely to destroy the delicious local color of the East. Railroad travelling there becomes quickly naturalized. The land of Beokra (tomorrow) remains the land of Beokra still, even with the advent of steel rails. The guards admonish the passengers with a gentle "Shwe! Shwe!" (Slowly! Slowly!) instead of a raucous "Step lively!" The stories of small

American railroads in New England which stop for the passengers to pick berries are true in the East. The speediest express slows up for any interesting happening along its route. One of the most enjoyable rough-and-tumble fights I ever saw was on a threshing-floor somewhere in the Anti-Lebanon, and the Damascus express halted to let us see the exciting finish of it. At first, if you are newly arrived in the land, you will swear, but after you have been there a few months, by Beokra, you will bribe anybody to put off anything, and the beauty of it is you won't have to do much bribing.

So our train pulls out hardly from Damascus, and when it has cleared the gardens it touches at a number of villages, and to do so it diverges the first few miles from the regular pilgrim's route. It also follows the water-supply as nearly as possible. In the desert proper, through which it must pass later, there are great stretches where there is no water at all, and reservoir-cuts will be attached to the trains. Although it is not intended to give a time-table is time-table for a Beokra railway indeed! Here are the stations of what may be called the first division: Damascus, Kessab (on the Aun) River, Deir Ali, Musmeveh, Jebel, Kebab, El Muhajreh, Kara, Khirbet el Ghazaleh, Dera'a.

At this last place one may connect with the road running from Haifa at the foot of Mount Carmel to Mersin, which is directly east of the southern point of the Sea of Galilee. The second section, beginning at Dera'a, touches at these points: Naseeb, (Continued on page 151.)



The Train halted at H'oun for the Pilgrims to load their Poles up and on



The Statue of Benjamin Franklin erected in Paris as the Gift of Mr. Harjes, the American Banker in Paris, to commemorate the Second Centenary of Franklin's birth



Mr. Carnegie Mrs. Carnegie

Mr. Carnegie officiating at the laying of the Corner-stone of the new United Engineering Building, in West Twenty-ninth Street, for which he gave \$1,500,000



French Cuirassiers clearing the Boulevards in Paris during the May-day Disturbances

EVENTS OF THE DAY AT HOME AND ABROAD



King George of Greece (escorting Queen Alexandra of England) and King Edward VII. (escorting Queen Olga of Greece) arriving at the Stadium to witness the Olympic Games



The French-Finish Combination of Hertz witnessing the Open Games at the Stadium

AMERICA'S ATHLETIC TRIUMPH AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The most notable athletic event of the year, the Olympic Games at Athens, resulted in a signal triumph for the American team, which won the national trophy by a considerable margin, ranking first in a majority of important events. The official announcement made by the Olympic Games Committee on May 2 awards medals for points to the Americans. The Americans took 11 gold, 6 silver, and 3 bronze in the individual track and field events.

(Continued on page 10)

EXPERIENCES OF A POLICE COMMISSIONER

By WILLIAM McADOO

Former Commissioner of Police of New York

IV.—PROBLEMS OF CRIME AND DETECTION

THIS IS THE LAST OF FOUR IMPORTANT ARTICLES BY MR. McADOO, DEALING WITH POLICE CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK, WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY." THE THREE OTHER ARTICLES OF THIS INTERESTING SERIES WERE PUBLISHED IN THE ISSUES OF APRIL 21, APRIL 28, AND MAY 5

EVERY profession has its impostors—medicine has its quacks, the law has its shysters, and the police departments, here and elsewhere, have their fakirs and gallery-players. There is nothing that sets the teeth of the average honest policeman on edge so much as to read about some of the alleged great detectives. These men always assume an air of mystery, like the long-haired quacks who diagnose the disease before they even know the symptoms. If the case is one in which they have no official responsibility they will shrug their shoulders, shake their heads, and look important, and tell you confidently that the whole thing is being mismanaged. The air is, "If I were only there!" Their one idea, when in office, is always to find a criminal to fit the crime. Given a crime to run down, you must get a criminal, no matter how or where; think of it, actually to confess that you couldn't find the person who perpetrated the given crime! It is preposterous, else what would be the use of Sherlock Holmes? Imagine for a moment one of these men, after working at a case, admitting that he was baffled; that he had really no idea who was the criminal; that he was at his wit's end; that he couldn't solve the mystery! Why, even the friendly newspaper would cease to puff him. You hear a great deal, outside of police circles, about the tremendous successes these men have scored, whether as public or private detectives. I notice they never publish any books telling of their failures.

The founder, for instance, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency was really a great man in his way, and had a number of wonderful successes to his credit; and his successors are very able and intelligent men, for whom I have much respect, but they are no more invariably successful than lawyers or doctors with the cases given them. Men die on the hazards of the most eminent doctors, and all lawyers at some time or other lose a case, but if you let the

great detectives connected with the Police Department tell it, especially if they have left the office, they never lost a case.

Why men and women were so foolish as to commit crime when these great personages were in office is something I have often wondered at. Probably these poor, misguided criminals broke the law only to add to the reputation of these wonderful sleuths, these deep students of human nature, these profound and mysterious thinkers. They could read your mind by looking at a pair of your old shoes. The truth is that the whole idea of a police detective, so far as the public is concerned, is largely erroneous. The number of really good detectives is very small. There are more men at the bottom of that profession than in any other; and, like great lawyers and good doctors, the best men don't advertise themselves. Whenever you hear a detective detailing his methods and exploiting himself in print, you will know that he is really out of the business, or else he ought never to have been in it. To be a good detective requires, to begin with, natural capacity, keen powers of observation, analysis and deduction, and, in addition, a long experience with human nature in all its phases, a knowledge of the social and political conditions prevailing in the community, and a thorough acquaintance with all the undercurrents of life; a comprehensive knowledge of men and women lawbreakers, and above all, a capacity for keeping abreast of changes in the times and in the conditions, circumstances, and ideas of the day. A really able detective, with all this, you will generally find to be a modest, hard-working man, laid-out, of course, to be relevant, but with an air of deep mystery and an affectation of secretiveness.

"Third-degreeing" prisoners is nothing more than cross-examining them with the use of police accessories. Some men, of course, are much better cross-examiners than others, and there is no doubt that with certain susceptible people a little dramatic



Alfred R. Austin, the most "vanted" criminal case at large, taken under nearly a Million Dollars out of "get-rich-quick" stock swindles, and Police Departments throughout the World have been notified to apprehend him



As unusual Berrett—William Weirich, alias "James Berrett," who recently refrained from taking all the loot he had gathered from a House in Brooklyn upon learning that the owner was a Mason



Christopher (alias "Handrock") Smith, who is serving a Twenty-five-year Term at Sing Sing for a Series of bold Plate-point Robberies committed on the upper West Side

touch as to place, time, circumstance, and manner is very peculiar; but when you meet a really clever and hardened criminal, who probably has been tried in court several times, knows the law, and is thoroughly acquainted with police methods, to start out with the bluff assumption that you know it all and only want him to confirm it, simply makes him smile. I have seen some of these old fellows look on pitifully when confronted with such methods. The criminal to whom I talked for over an hour, endeavoring to instill into him a fear of God and the law, and hoping he might say something which would aid justice, listened to me imperturbably and even pleasantly, and at the close gave me a profound and courteous bow, and wished me, with a marked Bulgarian accent, "Good afternoon," as he adjusted his silk hat preparatory to descending to the lower regions.

With first-offenders, especially weak minded men, and some women, the process is at times very effective. In these interviews the conversational talents of the weaker sex are very much in evidence. A man, especially an old offender, can stand mute for two or three days, but a woman, unless she is thoroughly wicked, will naturally want to have something to say, and will not be willing to let the man do all the talking. If you will read the experiences of real detectives like the Pinkertons, or like those recently published by the Chief Detective of Canada, making allowance for certain literary embellishments, you will see that "the ladies, too," have often furnished us with a clue in unravelling a case.

A detective or police official who, in order to please the public and to retain or add to his reputation, will push the prosecution of a man or woman without sufficient proof of either's guilt, and only for inferior motives, is worse than the criminal himself. Such a one will sometimes reason like this: "This wretched devil is a bad fellow, anyway; he is just as well off in prison as out of it—in fact, much better; he has no character, reputation, nor future, and, if allowed to be at large, will be a menace to society. Why not put him away and please the public? Give them, too, a sense of security, restore their confidence in the police, and ensure what probably will be a long and useless chase after the real criminal."

In a recent murder case there were several times when the police were so close on the trail that the man who afterwards killed himself, and whom we all believed then, and are convinced, was the murderer, might have been arrested and a case cooked up against him, if those in charge of the Detective Bureau had been unscrupulous lakies and I had been willing to connive at it.

The average detective, strange as may appear, is not a great reader of detective stories. They come from the ranks of the police themselves and work up, and few of them have any literary bent. They look rather pitifully on detective plays. I doubt very much if many of the professional detectives have ever read Sherlock Holmes, or, if they have, I am more than doubtful if they could think him really clever; they certainly would all close him impossible. Their reading is generally confined to the newspapers,

the actual facts occurring in the lives of the men and women of the day. Here in New York, conditions with regard to crime and criminals, within the last forty years, have changed so much. A man who might have been a great detective twenty or thirty years ago in this city, if placed in charge of the Detective Bureau tomorrow would be utterly useless and inefficient. All the conditions of life in New York are different. The personnel of the criminal classes is not the same. Certain crimes have more fashionable, as it were, thirty years ago, are now entirely out of fashion; certain methods in vogue by criminals in those days would be laughed at now. You might as well talk to Hendrik Hudson about it, as to explain that to the old men. Then, worse than all, the old men are crested; they refuse to believe that the things have so thoroughly changed. They delude themselves into the belief that things are just as they left them.

Compared with what it is to-day, New York thirty years ago was a mere village. Crime was then congested in spots; criminals' headquarters were as well known as the City Hall. The old-time sleuth would go down to certain places, mostly south of Fourteenth Street, and well known, at least by reputation, to all old New Yorkers, and get some one to tell him who committed the last job, or probably have the thief himself give up the property. Start the old-timers talking about those dear old "joints," and you will give them a pleasant hour. Twenty years ago I staid on the steps of a downtown hotel with a celebrated detective, and in the course of an hour he pointed out twenty professional crooks, all specialists. They were as well known as the big men in the financial district, and it was considered a privilege to have them call.

Criminals and criminals, at this moment, are widely scattered. They have few or no common and well-known meeting places. Some of the most desperate criminals are very young, just beginners, their minds filled with bad literature and given over to vicious ways—degenerates associated with kefers, swindlers, and degraded women.

The last series of burglaries and big times were all committed by boys and young men, up to that time absolutely unknown to the police, and who had no professional associates of the old type. Note the boy highwayman and burglar, "Sindrock" Smith, who terrorized the West Side, and the young fellow who severed the big bundle of cablestays from the City Hall.

Down on the East Side they school and drill a little army of pickpockets, beginning with boys at a very tender age. These boys practise new tricks every day. As the older men and women pass away they take their places; the ranks are being constantly filled. Under these circumstances a desperate burglar, who has committed his first crime, may be found in the Young Men's Christian Association or in decent employment during the day. The old veterans have all gone. They have had their day and passed on, beyond pickpockets and police-stations. Then the methods of securing valuables have changed; the modern store, with its deposit vaults, fire and burglar proof, made of steel and well guarded, and protected by electric signals, make the financial district practically immune. On the other hand, the modern apartment-house, the tendency of rich people to live less and less of their time in the city, the building up the building up the very side of the modern hotels, with their miles of hallways and numerous entrances, have all given a new field to the inside robber, in which he is reaping a rich harvest.

Not long ago two or three young men, who had deliberately started out on a career of crime, bought a doctor's rig and secured a hand-bag such as doctors carry with them. One drove and the other impersonated the doctor. The "doctor" drove up to the apartment-house, tried the bell of a special apartment thoroughly, and got no response. He glanced up and saw that the shades were pulled down—a sinister idea of the careful housewife. This indicated that she was out. He then tried the bells of the adjoining apartments, and with the bustling air of a busy doctor, went up, took out his bunch of keys, rattled, and riddled at his leisure, brought down the plunder, walked out, and drove away. This was done over and over again.

In another case, two young fellows in overalls and with a ladder such as is used by the men who attend to the electric lights, entered a fashionable apartment house on the corner of a street given over to the residence of rich people, and went boldly up and took the hall in a door which was closed. The very side of the row of brownstone houses, all closed for the season, but filled with rich effects. The ladder was carefully secured from the window sill of the apartment-house to the roof of the adjoining building, and on this the two passed over. Once on the roof of the selected house, it did not take long to remove the sentry. These men spent some weeks in that house and in the adjoining houses—in fact, they found a very comfortable home while they carried off all the plunder possible; and there was no sign for the police on the outside, the shattered windows, barricaded door, silent house—no sign of the collection of what was going on within.

The old veteran burglar, with a dark lantern, a bottle of chloroform and a sponge, half of a candle, a bundle of keys, a big revolver and a knife, a kit of tools, and a black-jack, belong to a school entirely different from these people. The old-time burglar suffers most monthly, is much older, and he operates in New Jersey or Long Island, and attacks the isolated house; he has to make sure of the dog and he goes armed as aforesaid, prepared for a hard fight and a long chase, if necessary. Then the array of confidence men is constantly changing. The old fellows are either in the dead end, or the new ones are not yet sufficiently known to the police; they have not built up their reputations, as it were. Strange to say, however, the old swindlers still remain staple goods in the criminal market. Advertise it as you will, the denser from the mountains of Tennessee or the powerful villages of Indiana will come on to get his own money, and which he

will religiously carry away to his neighbors in exchange for whatever good money they have.

One of the most troublesome and dangerous characters with which the police have to deal is the Teardrop type of negro. In the male species this is the over-dressed, fleshy, bejeweled loafer, gambler, and, in many instances, general criminal. These fellows are a thorough disgrace to their race and have a very bad effect on decent colored people who come here from the South and other parts of the country. They never work, and they go heavily armed, generally carrying in addition to the indispensable revolver, a razor. When in pursuit of plunder or out for revenge or actuated by jealousy, they use both weapons with deadly effect. If anything, the razor is the worse thing of the two. In one case, one of these desperadoes about cut a man in two with a razor, and in several instances they have inflicted fearful wounds on policemen.

If they sleep at all, it is in the daytime, for they are out at all hours of the night. In the afternoon they can be seen sunning themselves in front of their favorite saloons and gambling-houses, like snakes coming out of their holes. They pride themselves on being mashers, and generally have one or more unfortunate women in their trade whose earnings from a life of shame they appropriate. They arrive by all forms of gaming and every other way those honest members of their own race who work hard and honestly. One of these fellows will get hold of an honest negro coachman, or waiter, or even as he gets to New York, and not only will he rob him, but before he is through with him he will probably make him as bad as himself. The negro is impatient and arrogant in his manner, and will block the sidewalks until white women have to go around to get just them, running the risk at the same time of being insulted. Some of them develop into thieves and dangerous criminals.

The negro loafer is a more dangerous character than the white loafer, as he is subject to violent fits of jealousy, and when filled up with the raw alcohol which is dispensed in the neighborhood, murder comes natural and easy to him. The well-to-do negroes, who run these places, make quite a show in politics, generally belonging to the political organizations in the district and promising many votes on election day. They will shamelessly make bargains to sell votes of their own race to white politicians, and they are both grafters and givers of graft. The first people who should undertake to drive these fellows out of the city and into the workhouse are the respectable, educated, and well-to-do negroes themselves. I had no hesitation in saying this to a delegation of well-to-do colored men headed by a well-known negro divine. The race prejudices and brutality of white racism is no excuse for a failure of the better educated and progressive members of the negro race to repudiate openly and emphatically these men and women who bring disgrace upon them as a whole. If one of these negro ruffians gets in trouble, either with the police or a white citizen, he is apt to appeal to the better class of negro on the ground that he is being made the object of race hatred and prejudice in order to excite their sympathy; and it is in this way that some of the riots and fierce outbreaks which have disgraced the city have been brought about in recent years.

The first thing that should be done with these people is to disperse them. The responsible, honest, respectable and peace loving colored people should join the movement to make these fellows outcasts and take away their revolvers and razors, and next, to get a few hundred of them sent up to the workhouse for long terms as disorderly persons with no visible means of support. The police are often charged with dealing brutally with these people, but the average policeman is afraid to take any chances when making an arrest. He can take it for granted that the man to be arrested has a revolver in one pocket and a razor in the other, and that he will use them at once with murderous intent.

The vicious and drunken colored woman differs somewhat from her white sister in that she, too, in a paroxysm of passion, and under the influence of liquor, is likely to use a weapon very freely, and not a few of them carry revolvers and razors. It is a crying shame that this disorderly and criminal element should handicap the decent and respectable colored people here in New York, and be at all times a menace to both whites and blacks.

Among the colored population of New York are very many deserving people, and one of the cruellest things about conditions here is that they find it impossible

to live in neighborhoods where this depraved element have a footing. They ought to live, in New York, some healthy given over to the residence of respectable, honest, and hard-working colored people, and I believe that, as an investment, it would pay.

A friend of mine had a colored coachman who was in his employ for many years. He was a model man, with a devout and well-conditioned family. He lived over the private stable of his employer. When the employer disposed of this stable and told him he would have to find other quarters to live in, he gave up the place with tears in his eyes, because, he said, he did not know, in New York, of a decent neighborhood where he could find a home. In the better class of white apartment-houses he was not wanted, and he could not take his family into any place where this obnoxious negro element lived.

The true friends of the negro among the whites, and the real leaders like Mr. Washington, cannot, in my judgment, assert too strongly the necessity of the colored people themselves repudiating these men and women and aiding the law officers in bringing them to justice.

The mixed-race resort, besides roaring counter to violent racial prejudices and traditions, is an unmitigated and disgusting evil, and the technical arguments as to the legal rights of a licensed resort should not prevent the police in placing it under constant surveillance, and in enforcing the law with the greatest rigor. Little Ross, the colored missionary, has herself a depraved woman. Although I at first mistrusted them, recent developments show that her worst charges are true. A negro beast holding a white woman—even a depraved one—in captivity, arouses the fierce spirit of lynch-law.

If I were not really a sincere friend of the negro race I could not have spoken as warmly as I did to various depictions of colored people who called upon me as Police Commissioner. Beyond all this, however, the subject is one of interest to all of the people of New York because, unfortunately, in the past it has been shown that race riots are likely to break out when most unlooked for and to rage with savage violence.

If the recent occurrences in the Teardrop precinct will arouse public opinion, not only white, but colored, against these infamous mixed-race resorts, it will be one of the best things that have happened in many a day. The police are certainly men who they fail to investigate at any of these places where white women, especially young women, are seen to go, and I am constantly enjoining them to make frequent inspections.

The recent discovery by the District Attorney's office shows that there must be some centralized power outside of the precinct on the constant lookout for such places. The chances are that if the Commissioner had a force of his own the same information would have been given him as was given to the District Attorney in this case; and I have not the slightest doubt that in this instance, as in many others, the informants had no faith in the precinct people, whoever they might be, but preferred to deal with Headquarters. This happens in police administration every day. A man or a white woman, living in the neighborhood, or going there in the capacity of missionary or philanthropist, will rarely go to the station-house with this information; they prefer to deal with the District Attorney or the Police Commissioner.



The White Dry-goods Market, under the New York End of the Williamsburg Bridge, where pickpockets work industriously

THE BRONZE BEETLE OF HONORABLE HAPPINESS

By CHARLES KROTH MOSER

Illustrated by C. D. Weldon

KIM QUEY squatted beside the big black kettle in the refuse-strewn inclosure that served old Ting Gow for a back yard, and poked the dulling embers beneath the pot into life with the charred end of a chopstick. She sighed the long-drawn sigh of young girlhood when a pain that is nameless gnaws at the heart.

Reversing the discarded chopstick, she thrust the greaser handle into the kettle of rice and stirred it mechanically. Kim Quey was getting dinner. On the tiny little porch old Gong Gow sat watching his young wife at the task; alternately he pulled lazily at his pipe, sipped a dram from the bowl of samshu by his side, and nodded a drowsy head.

The glowing charcoals threw jets of orange and green flames around the black pot, and the girl watched them leap and flicker like dancing fairies against the background of night. Her long lashes swept the smooth brown of her cheek delicately; her small mouth, the lips red dyed with henna, pouted adorably, and four tiny teeth gleamed white as Ande pearls between the rounded lips. With slender tapering fingers she picked bits of coke from the ground and dreamfully tossed them into the embers. She sighed again and yet again.

"It was hard, Kim Quey thought, to have to dredge and toll day after day when one is young, while the lord and master sits at his ease drinking rice wine in a sunny corner. It was hard to hear in one's pink-shelled ear 'Dog of a slave, it is unfit for the stomachs of swine!' when one takes in the drudge-wrought dinner to a fat grizzle-headed husband. It was harder still to hear the lordship hunch till his puffy joints shook like mounds of melting jelly when his spider-framed bag of a mother beat one's shoulders with the business end of a broom and tore one's face with her red-nailed venomous claws.

"She looked up from the dancing flames and eyed her husband nervously. Had he seen her dawdling? Ah, no! The sam-let and the heavy longest tobacco of the white pigs had done their work. Gong Gow was fast asleep. His round head lay forward on the greasy tunic that faded across his chest; large buck-teeth protruded from his mouth like yellow fangs from scarlet lips of the gray wolf. But his eyes were closed—those terrible eyes that glowed with green lights in anger and chilled to the opaque of granite in scorn; they did not see her idly dreaming by the pot. That, at least, was good.

She picked up the chopstick and resumed her ploy with the coals. The old woman came to the door and Kim Quey prepared to cringe and whimper, but Mother Gow had her thoughts bent on some new mischief, and she went into the house again without observing the girl.

"She is thinking up more work for me," mused Kim Quey, sadly. Always it was work and heavy loads and rough tasks that broke one's finger nails and made the skin crack open to the wrists. Were her plump shoulders never to bear lighter burdens than baskets of dirty linen and wetting evidences of her mother-in-law's capricious temper? Other women carried peach-cheeked cherubs around on one hip and had cherry-red lips pressed against their mother doves. They had jerviled young husbands with satin flows woven in their queues, and they could go with their friends to the House of the Delicious Dru for cheer on fine nights. They could even sit in the women's gallery at the theatre, and gossip and drink tea while the touts and lingers and the fiddles squealed such delightful music.

But, she had none of these things! Only an old man with a spirit life for a husband, and a mother-in-law who called her slave and made her bondage an unending torture.

"I prayed the gods to send me a young husband, but he hath not come," she murmured almost audibly.

A fire settled in calm assurance on the sleeping Gong Gow's nose, and he stirred uneasily. The girl thrust the chopstick furiously into the coals, made a hasty belch out of her small mouth, and

roused the fire to frenetic ardor. After a moment the sleeper's snore resumed the even tone of their way and Kim Quey threw away the stick. She failed to notice the faint pungent odor arising from the cooking rice along with the steam and smoke; besides, old Mother Gow was not in sight. It was a rare and precious thing to be alone and idling with one's self.

Such a life!

What a long, long time it was, the few months that had passed since that day when Li Fong, her master, had auctioned her off and five other slave girls with her to pay his debts before the new year, and she had become the property of Gong Gow. She closed her eyes, and saw him again, as she saw him that day, sitting spraddle-legged on a mat in the wretched den of the slave-owner. How he had frightened her!—his blinking eyes, that held smouldering green lights like the eyes of a tiger in repose, his straggling gray queue coiled around his neck like the sinuous cold folds of the rock-serpent. And then his eyes had glowed like two incandescent bulbs shining in the dark, and the coils of his queue had seemed to writhe with horrible life when she had unloosed her charms at the command of her master. But he had bought her for a thousand of the white pigs' yen, and old Li Fong's gambling debts were paid with the money.

And now—she was his wife! Oh, merciful goddess Kwan Yin, was there no deliverance?

A shrieking fiend suddenly leaped out of the kitchen door and flung itself upon her, iron fangs brandished in its uplifted hands. Through wisps of brown smoke floating above the scorching rice Kim Quey saw the old hag bounding toward her with the speed of a witch riding the air. She was powerless to escape, and before that storm of blind fury could only cower and beat for mercy like a lamb that is baited for the leopard. The tempest rained down on her body.

"Thou idle seat of toads!" the old woman screamed between descending blows, "thou wilt burn the rice that we may have no dinner! Thou beggar, thou robber of the mouths of the poor! For every grain that is scorched I will make thy carcass smart in an hundred spots. Worthless spatter of mud, I will flay thee till thou art nothing but a rag and bloody bones!"

Time halted the old woman's arms of their strength, and her iron bludgeons only bruised the flesh of Kim Quey. When she had ceased from her labors through sheer exhaustion, and Kim Quey lay sobbing at her feet, Gong Gow paused in the act of lifting the bowl of samshu to his lips.

"It is a good work, most august mother," he observed, judicially. "The husky has ruined my dinner and made meek of my honorable appetite. Also thou shalt give her another beating to-morrow because she hath disturbed the happiness of my slumber."

"She shall take the copper pen (scissors) laid by for her offering to mighty Kwan Yin (but she might have sons and buy us food)," cried the hag. "Get these gone from my sight, thou vile imp of the feng-shui (earth demons), and see that thou come not back to me without two portions of curry more than that thou hast burned. As for thy wretched stomach, that thou wastest fill it this day it will be with the fish-heads that the dogs feed on. Away, away, thou beggar's vermin!"

She flung the tongs after the hurrying figure of Kim Quey, who disappeared into the squalid house so rapidly as her bruised limbs could carry her. The tears that splashed on the beam of her tunic were more of self-pity than of pain, and she bent her little clenched fists against the wooden walls of her room in a paroxysm of despair.

Ah, Kwan Yin, the mighty goddess of women, did not hear the prayers of her children. She took all the copper yen you could fish and hoard, she took your choicest potted white lilies and the red blossoms of your crimes, and she gave you no young husband, no sons to venerate you, no car-songs and tender love words. No, she gave you a fat old man who spent all his days in sleep and the samson bowl, his nights at the gaming-table or wading the delicious

white smoke of the poppy flower. . . . One's mother-in-law was from the devil, of course; she gods have nothing to do with her.

Hearing the old woman coming into the house, she slipped her small feet into silver-threaded slippers, caught up a wicker basket, and hobbled out into the street on her way to the market-stalls.

Where a dirty little alley suddenly broke through the straggling line of houses and opened a stream of arching, dogs, and unavailing smiles into the street, a winnowed little old man sat cross-legged on a mat at the edge of the crumbling curbstones. In front of him stood a diminutive table, grime-stained and no higher than the breadth of a man's hand; it was strewn with bits of glass, beads, old pieces of brass, silver, and scraps of copper.

The old man was a maker of talismanic amulets, love-charms, spirit-heralds, metal lingers for the cure of rheumatism, or cholera morbus, a bad temper, a shrewish wife, or any other of the ills human flesh is heir to. Kim Quy, passing him on her way to the market, paused to watch him at his work.

Suddenly she caught her breath with a quick little gasp as a startling idea flashed through her. Why not, indeed? Why should she not have a lover, like other women—if one could catch him with a metal trinket? Trembling with the thoughts of it, she gazed at the old man, fascinated. A woman dare not speak with one of the lords of creation unless he first give her permission, and Kim Quy prayed as her heart beat that she might attract the charm-maker's attention; her leant would do the rest. But the old man was so engrossed in boring a hole, no larger than a needle, through a bit of glass that for a time he failed to notice her.

He was a queer sight, this ancient artisan of love-charms. He sat with his shrunken shoulders huddled low over the table, his chin resting on the round wooden disk rapping a short bamboo rod which he was using as a drill. A wispy of wanty white beard trickled down from his mouth to a scraggy brush of not more than ten hairs which wiped streaks in the grime on the table each time he bobbed his head. A little black cap with a funny little black button perched on top closed down over his scalp, and his eyes were hidden behind great glass goggles with a huge nose-piece of stag-horn. He resembled nothing more than a Gargantuan grasshopper with the huge staring eyes of a gray owl.

Between the fingers of both hands he held the ends of a string which was twisted around the middle of the bamboo rod. The end of the rod was tipped with a point of hardened steel that bit tellingly into the glass as he alternately pulled the two ends of the string backward and forward. This was his method of drilling a hole through metal substances; it was the method of his forefathers three thousand years dead, and the laboriously patient, primitive method of the first man when he was cast out of the Garden of Eden. Kings may fall and empires be swallowed up in ages of dead years; the waters may dry up in the depths of the sea, and the sun be chilled into a lake of ice, but the customs of the Chinese endure through all generations, and are changeless as the everlasting hills.

At last the point of steel bit through the glass and the old charm-monger looked up from his work. He caught the eager gaze of Kim Quy fixed upon him.

"How is it, little peach-blossom," he asked, pleasantly, "that the pearls of thine eyes are scattered like deaddrops over the tips of thy lashes? Hath some tempest shaken the rose-bush of thy heart till it hath strewn thy bloom with its petals, or hast thou been teasing thy man for a new satin tunic?"

"Nay, illustrious father of many noble sons, it is no light thing. I weep because that my adorable husband doth not love me and would take to himself three other wives more worthy than I, who am but a worm of the earth that asks no happier fate than that his feet should crush me down," answered Kim Quy, linking a few melodious tears into her susceptible eyes.

"Knead Ye give thee pity! Hast thou, then, no sons, little pink flower?"

"Ye, revered sage of the magic lore. Two beautiful man-children have I brought my husband, but he is young and would be the father of a great tribe. And thy poor slave is not strong, oh most learned of the wise men."

The old man bent over his table and began polishing the glass with a bit of pumice. Kim Quy watched him shyly for a moment, then took a few retreating steps on her way, bemoaning innocence.

"Wouldst thou that thy husband gave thee a love such as other women have not? Wouldst thou have him keep thee, not chide with thee, but only wife for thy life long? This thing I can do for thee," solemnly avowed the ancient vendor of amulets and cure-alls, driving his bargain home.

The girl hurried toward him. "Ah, wonderful one! If it should be so I will give thee nine pots of the sacred fly for the silvers of thine illustrious ancestors."

"And the threescore and five son, which is but the price of the metal?"

"Yes, surely. I will borrow them from the temple bowl. Knead Ye both but one stone eye; she will not see. . . . I will bring them all to thee to-morrow at the hour when the lotus opens."

The old man fumbled in his blouse and drew forth a curiously wrought copper beetle less than an inch long. Its wings were of unburnished metal, six legs sprawled out flutty from its belly, and on its back were scratched in rude characters the esoteric *se-son* (ward word). Over the half-paired wings of the bug the ancient sage waved his hands three times, dropping the whole a mystic word, then passed the charm to the girl.

"It is the Blouse Beetle of Immortal Happiness," he said. "Hide it safely in the blouse of thy husband that he may wear it always, and he will be thy lover too. But see that thou give it not to any other man, else he will take thee from thy husband and thou wilt be a thing of shame, though he love thee also. It hath marvellous powers, and if there be sin come out of it, death also will come—for, lo, thou, it is the charm of Immortal Happiness."

Kim Quy thrust the copper creature into the close bands of her hair. A sense of new power, strange and foreboding, thrilled through her as she felt the touch of its six legs against her scalp.

"To-morrow, by the sacred mother of my four brothers, I will bring thee the nine lily-pots and the threescore and five son," she said.

The young doctor sat in his dingy little shop surrounded by long streamers of dried herbs and bottles filled with bad-smelling mixtures. He was singing the rapturous serenade "Yu yang shue-ah il yai." Resting on his knee, a twirling fiddle emitted restless wails of tortured harmony. The young doctor was resuming delightedly with his son.

Old Giong Chow rame in the door and the fiddle ceased its cries.



Drawn by C. H. Widdien

She was powerless to escape, and before that storm of blood fury could only weep

The youthful medicine shook hands with himself, smiled and bowed; old Gong Gou snatched the last two from the ceremony.

"Come—my wife hath a distemper," he said, tersely. "Canst cure the ills that the eye cannot discover, or must thou, too, see the rot on the hind to know that the cancer lies in the cure?"

The doctor bowed apologetically. "Thy servant, honorable one, hath the aid of the gods and the potions of our fathers. I'm mortal man have more!"

He followed Gong Gou to the stuffy room where the sick Kim Quoy lay on mats of rice straw.

The young doctor exerted his skill and Kim Quoy smiled under the light in his eyes. . . . She did not feel as very sick, after all. . . . Her red lips pouted temptingly at him when he asked her professional questions, and there was a color under the brown of her skin that no fever could palliate. The doctor was very human. He felt of her pulse, and they thrilled so faster than his own when he touched her. He placed his hand on her brow, and it was not more fevered than the tips of his own fingers. He turned to Gong Gou and the spider-framed mother-in-law glowering from the doorway.

"Sir hath a disordered spleen," he announced with proper gravity. "It is a very troublesome ill and can be cured only with much time and my most solicitous care. I will come again to-morrow."

As he talked with his face turned from her, Kim Quoy slipped the Bronze Bottle of Honorable Happiness within the folds of the young doctor's tunic. The touch of the doctor's hands had been soft as the perfume of jasmine; his blood fire was rounded with the full bloom of manhood, and his voice and his eyes were very gentle. Kim Quoy was sure she felt much better already—and the love-charm was where it would do the most good!

On the morrow when the young doctor called again he took her two little hands in his and pressed them gently. He had found the love-charm and understood.

"Thou art mine and I am thine, little pluk blossom of the peach-tree," he whispered, caustically.

It was love-making under difficulties. The disordered spleen was soon mended, but Kim Quoy did not leave her bed of rice-straw mats.

"It is better that thou be sick a long time," the young doctor told her one day. "Else how can our hearts beat together when thou art clicking his fan-tan blocks in the House of the Thirty Thousand Delights and his wife-mother sleepeth with an opened eye?"

So they arranged a signal.

"When in the evening the fish-bladder lantern is hung out over the portal, see thou," he explained to her one day, "that its green-

painted dragon looketh toward the east, if it be so that thy husband is not in the house and the old woman hath gone gossiping with the neighboring nobles. Then will I come to thee, and we shall be like two children playing in a meadow of dandelions."

Many nights the green dragon fixed his eyes on the star-strewn east, and the young doctor came like the silent shadows to the side of the sick wife, and Kim Quoy was very happy. The long, tedious hours of lying alone on the straw mats were nothing to her; the fierce daily curses of the old woman, because she was not up and at the household drudgery, fell upon her like the patter of spent bullets upon a rampart of stone. How beautiful in life when one has love! Kim Quoy thought many times.

But old Gong Gou was so fool. When a month had gone by he marvelled greatly that a disordered spleen should behave so obstinately, and that a girl so ill that she must keep constantly to her bed should still keep bright, learning eyes, pouting red lips, and cheeks like the russet-red apples of autumn.

Merely casually he remarked how often the gayly painted lantern over the door hung with its green dragon facing the dim sky line of the Murin hills to the eastward.

But one night, when the wind lashed the terraces of Chintown in a fury that made the loose-lashed horses crack with pain, Gong Gou, passing from the gamewaster's table to an apium-den but a little distance below his dwelling, stopped short, amazed. All along the street, in front of every house, lanterns were swinging and twisting in the grip of the blasts. The one before his door alone beamed steadily, serenely, motionless; the green dragon calmly viewed the lowering moon.

A Chinese believes his eyes implicitly, and small things are for him filled with a significance of greater ones. Gong Gou investigated the miracle.

Standing directly under the lantern, the crafty old man gazed at it with infinite patience, until his eyes made out two tiny copper wires stretching from his wife's window to opposite sides of the lantern; they held it steadily and gave no reflection of light from their dull surfaces.

He crept stealthily down the narrow little alleyway beside the house, and, with footfalls that a rat might have envied, slipped in the back door. The faint light from a tiny candle and thin, almost imperceptible whispermings came to him through a crack in the wooden wall.

The old man glided his ear to the crack for but a moment, then he left the house as silently as he had entered it; but under his black slouch-hat two green lights glowed like the eyes of the tiger on the trail of his prey.

He walked placidly down the street to the apium-den and found a dreadful silence in his fragrant pipe.

In the morning, Gong Gou entered his wife's bare chamber with more than his usual friendliness of manner.

"Art thou sick in leave thy bed to-day, little child of my old years?" he asked.

"Yes, angust lord, thy slave hath much pain. Also the devils have filled my spleen with poison, and in all my body there is no strength."

"Then I must have a carriage of the white pigs for thee, little one. I have found thee a most entrancing house in Spifford Alley, where thou shalt have much joy, and mayhap the evil spirits will forsake thy spleen when thou art there. We move thither within the hour."

For a week the lantern swung nightly before Gong Gou's deserted house, but the green dragon faced the wooden door. The young doctor wandered greatly and waxed impatient. He dared not go to Gong Gou's wife unless she gave the signal. And Kim Quoy passed both among the rice mats for long hours, in her new home, scheming, praying for some plan to let her lover know where she was. Gong Gou kept a silent tongue between his teeth and sipped his samshu and clicked his fan-tan blocks as was his habit. He was never seen near his abandoned house, and the nightly lantern might have been a mystery had any man cared to investigate it.

Then, one night, the young doctor, keeping his vigils with strained, anxious eyes, saw the gleaming lantern with its green dragon turned to where the sun would rise for a new day. Light-hearted at once, he promised the gods a roasted duck for their morrow's dinner.

Swiftly, yet with cautious movements, he approached the house, the door yielded to his hand, and he stood in the bare hall. The house was still as the chambers of



The old man bent over his table and began polishing the glass with a bit of paper

the dead, and the portentous, close atmosphere of doom seemed almost to trickle from the walls. The doctor passed, vaguely aspirations. But in its alibi the household god sat severely priming and holding court to three freshly lighted push-sticks

The police found the young doctor lying in a deserted house; he had been there some days. The haft of a long knife stuck out between his shoulder-blades. It was merely one of the mysteries of Chinatown; there is no accounting for them, and the hunt for the murderer died early through lack of energy enough to keep it alive.

Gong Chow, entering his wife's room one morning, puffed almost faintly at his long-stemmed tobacco-pipe.

"Some vile wretch hath cut out the heart of our good young doctor," he said, regretfully. "The priest was singing his soul to sleep in the Chamber of Tranquillity as I just passed."

Kim Quoy lay as motionless as that other body under the chanting of the priest. Her face took on the color of old parchment. After a moment her husband continued:

"It were well that thou shouldst arise now and help the mother with the curry for our delicate appetite. Our mother is very old, and the iron pots are too heavy for her feeble arms; but a little labor will be good for thy soul's sake. . . . And here is a little beetle I have brought thee; our good friend the undertaker hath given it me. I have heard it called the Bronze Beetle of Honorable Happiness, but also that sometimes it bringeth death. . . . It would look most pleasing in thy hair, O thy white flower of the rose-garden!"

He tossed the bit of metal caraboby on the rice mats and laughed—till his fat cheeks shook like moulds of jelly—as he left the room.

Kim Quoy still lay motionless. Presently her fingers clutched convulsively around the copper beetle; its six sprawling legs seemed to burn her head with their touch, and her body shook with unuttered sob. The spasm passed, and through her numbed senses but one thought



The doctor was very human

Drawn by C. D. Walker

that burned brightly in a half-circle before him. Beyond the lounge, Kim Quoy's chamber door stood a little ajar and her rundle sent a brighter gleam diagonally across the half-gloom of the back hall. All was, perhaps, as it should be.

He advanced hesitatingly toward the door and pushed it gently open. . . .

Something blotted out the lights!

The young doctor groined once, and tumbled, a formless heap, on the floor.

struggled. . . . Ah, Kwan Yin had an eye of stone, and ears and a heart of stone, too. She did not pity women!

Like one in a stupor she arose from the mat, slipped into her sandals and tunic, and went out into the back yard where the sooty kettle squatted among the red coals. It was time to prepare Gong Chow's dinner.

Sneaking slowly over the pot, she thrust the incense-burner into the rubbers and raked a heap of ashes over it with the charred rod of a chop-stick.

THE PASSING OF AN AUTO-CRAT

By Burges Johnson

THE Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—he went a fearful pace;

He did not smile, though all the while he had a mobile face. He took no interest in man, yet sought the human race.

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—I never saw him laugh;
In wreckage strowed along the road he wrote his auto-graph.
A horrid smell were suited well to be his epitaph.

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—upon his dying day

The only word I overheard he hadn't auto say.

'Twas gasoline that brought about his sad auto-da-fé.

The Auto-crat—oh, think of that!—his end was swift and sharp.
I hope it hurt—'twas his desert—though I don't wish to carp;
Perhaps he's in a sweeter land and plays an auto-harp.



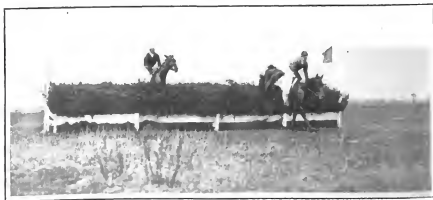
Photograph by Latta

John A. Drake's "Grapple" winning the \$10,000 Metropolitan Handicap; E. F. Hirsch's "Dandilion" second; James McLaughlin's "Oxford" third

THE FINISH OF THE 1906 METROPOLITAN HANDICAP AT BELMONT PARK



The Race for the Richard Peters Challenge Cup—J. W. Webb's "Marechal," Hale up, leading



H. R. Grier on his "Waller Prior" beating H. K. Page's "Pete Pepper" for the Hempstead Cup

AT THE GENTLEMAN RIDERS' MEET AT MEADOWBROOK

Photograph by the National News Co.

Russia Reopens Friendly Relations with Japan

By J. Ingram Bryne

THE re-annunciation of peace between Russia and Japan was finally completed on April 9 by the arrival in Tokyo of Mr. Bakmeister, the minister from the Tsar to the court of the Mikado. There was no official recognition of his coming on the part of the Japanese authorities, and he was met at the steamer only by two attachés who had already arrived at the Russian Legation.

Hin Kerehage (who has no distinction beyond the plain title of "Mr.") and Madame Bakmeister—who is an American by birth—reached Yokohama by the American route, sailing from San Francisco on March 22. During the voyage they were the genial friends of all on board, and were especially conspicuous for the two unique pets that distinguished them in their promenades.

In the course of a pleasant interview, Mr. Bakmeister took occasion to express himself freely on some subjects in relation to Russian affairs, now attracting the attention of the world. He desired to prefix his remarks by an expression of the pleasure he had derived from a delightful visit he had made to Washington on his way across the continent, and referred with appreciation to the fact that his many friends there had showered upon himself and Madame

which was used chiefly to help the plans of the lawbreakers.

In answer to an inquiry as to the nature of his participation concerning his journey in Japan, Mr. Bakmeister avowed that he was going to Tokyo, he hoped, cordially to further the mutual desire of both nations to reestablish their former peaceful relations.

An Embarrassing Order

A MAN entered a well-known restaurant in New York the other day and beckoned to a waiter. "Bring me," he said, "two fried eggs—one fried on one side, and one on the other."

The waiter looked slightly puzzled, but answered, "Yes, sir," and disappeared toward the kitchen.

Ten minutes later he returned, looking decidedly worried.

"Would you mind repeating that order, sir?" he asked.

"I want two fried eggs," said the diner; "one fried on one side, and one on the other."

The waiter again disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. After a longer wait than before, he returned, his clothes disheveled and his face bruised and scratched. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but would you mind having *boiled* eggs? I've had words with the cook."

A Foolometer

SOME visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum inquired of their guide what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see, it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turn on the tap. We leave it running, and tell 'em to bail out the water with pails until they've emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."

A Side Light on History

THE following is quoted verbatim from a Long Island City examination paper in English history:

"William of Orange was a good and wise man. The people were tired of James I. rule and they hoped that Mary would become Queen. Just then James gave birth to a prince, and this done Mary out of her chance. The people would not stand for it, and they appointed William of Orange as their King."

His Mood

A MEMBER of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His effort resulted as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. Good help me!"

One-Seventy-Millionth of an Inch

THE successful measuring of minute distances and lengths up to one-seventy-millionth of an inch has been recently accomplished by Dr. P. E. Shaw, of the University College of Nottingham, England. So delicate is the apparatus used that the slightest vibration in the earth or air will disturb the accuracy of the measures. To guard, to the greatest possible extent, against disturbing elements the apparatus is placed in a vault under the university, but even here no work can be done until traffic in the streets has ceased and power plants, even at a distance, have suspended operation. The slightest

draught is fatal to the successful measuring of so minute a quantity, and it has been necessary to suspend operations on account of a fly buzzing about the room.

The basis of the apparatus is a very fine micrometer screw and a series of six lenses acting in conjunction with it. The value of such detailed measurements to the medical and other professions will be great, and Dr. Shaw hopes even further its elaborate his device.

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We have found by careful inquiry that doctors, in perhaps the large majority of cases, prescribe Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer because they know of its absolute purity and positive cleanliness. "It is the cleanest beer in the world," said one of Chicago's leading doctors the other day when asked about it. "What appeals to me," he said, "is the Pabst process, so very different from all the rest. We doctors appreciate sterilization and we are teaching the people in their homes the value of sterilization. On almost every visit we make we emphasize that. I have visited all the breweries of importance in the country, and I must say that for absolute cleanliness there is no beer to equal Pabst. I prescribe it in my practice and drink it myself."

In our own homes we must most strenuously upon our food being clean. If we stop at a hotel or restaurant where the food or the dishes are unclean, we are quite likely to change boarding-places next time. Are we as careful of what we drink? Purity is essential. We want the best always and especially do we want it if impurity or adulteration meant harm. But is not cleanliness in the preparation of our food or drink of equal importance? We think so and we believe our readers agree with us that when we drink beer we must know it is not only absolutely pure and wholesome, but that it is absolutely clean. Pabst beer, as we said before, is recognized by doctors as the cleanest beer.

The aging of Pabst Beer is another point wherein the great Pabst brewery excels. Pabst is the perfectly aged beer. Not a bottle of a key ever leaves the brewery until science and the test of time show it fully aged and well-ripened.



Mr. Bakmeister, Russia's new Minister to Japan, in talks with Mrs. Bakmeister for his new post

Bakmeister some two hundred more inclination than they could find time to accept. He evinced astonishment at the enormous expansion of American railways since his last visit, and was especially pleased with the comfort afforded by our methods of travel.

Being asked for an expression of opinion with regard to the distinctions in Russia, his Excellency insisted that there was no such condition in his country as described by American and English papers, and that what agitation there is resulted not from the war or from the Jews, but was due to revenge from the Jewish faith who had joined the ranks of the anarchists, and with whose anarchism derives and influences whences the sinner and respectable adherents of the Jewish Church had no sympathy. The discontentedness natural to a race deprived of nationality was, he suggested, most pronounced among these anarchists, and most of the present agitation was for the sake of getting money from America,

movement of revolt against the alliance of the capitalist and the politician, the millionaire and the baron, in the multiplying revelations of corporate morals; in the doubts that oppress men's minds as to whether the United States is really a government of the people by the people for the people, or a government of the people by the bosses for the trusts; in the spectacle and the parade of inordinate individual fortunes; in the predominance that capital has attained to and nowhere else displays so openly in the United States, the municipal-ownership movement, the emergence of a definitive labor party;—in all this and much else he sees the tokens and the causes of an agitation that, unless wisely handled and frankly met, may override sanity and strike blindly at the very foundations of America's social and political fabric. His whole aim, as I see it, is to prevent this country from having in choice between Adrich and Hearst. Safe and reasonable refuge, he believes, may be found in the Rooseveltian mean. Just as Mallet du Pan, in the French Revolution, strove for a constitutional monarchy as an alternative to either despotism or anarchy, just as Coudat Willet at this moment demands from the Russian autocracy liberty and from the Russian people order lest Tsardom be overwhelmed in a mad convulsion or the people lose their signal chance of freedom, so Mr. Roosevelt insists that the time has come when the plutocracy, to preserve anything, must surrender something. At the half-way house of "The Square Deal," he believes that Plutocracy and Democracy may meet and be reconciled. "The Square Deal," I take it, fashions itself in his mind as a policy that is both curative and preventive. The way to preserve protection, he seems to argue, is to revise the tariff in good time and to do away with whatever injustice or inequalities its working has disclosed. The way to forestall socialism, he likewise insists, is to regulate the trusts, to destroy the favoritism and inequalities practiced by the railroads, and to prove by legislative enactment that the plutocracy is not all-powerful. The railroads may not like Mr. Roosevelt's rule bill. Would they, he asks, like Mr. Hearst's any better? That, as he sees the matter, is the alternative before them. He goes upon the principle that a small dose of radicalism may be beneficial where a large dose would be fatal, and that only by timely reform can the Republic and perhaps the American commonwealth hope to avert an untimely disaster. By his efforts to bring under public control whatever is excessive and against the well-being of the people in the hands of organized wealth, and by his championship of national as against factional interests of whatever sort, his reputation as an American statesman must ultimately stand or fall. Like Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hearst, he is seeking the pathway of return in the older, broader, and more equitable Democracy. Like them, he stands for equality against privilege. But there is this vital difference. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hearst rush railroading in the immediate and unthinking solution. Mr. Roosevelt preaches caution and moderation and the virtue of the gradual approach. He means, it he can, to act, but not to act wildly. He means, indeed, to act in such a way that nobody will be tempted to act wildly hereafter.

Reading by the Blind

A WELL-KNOWN French ophthalmologist, who had the misfortune to become blind several years ago, did not permit this calamity to interfere with a scientific study of reading and writing, but led him to investigate reading by the blind, employing the Braille, or raised, type. He found that the tactile acuity of the blind was actually less than that of normal persons, and that, even those born blind, are able to attain a speed of one hundred words a minute in reading or of ten words a minute in writing. One finger is usually employed for reading, being educated for this purpose; and while others may be more sensitive, yet they are not useful for this purpose. The reading finger finds very easily, and it is this fact that militates against easy reading by the blind.

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THE QUALITIES OF WOODROW WILSON

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

SINCE the dinner at which the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY suggested Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908, things have happened rapidly. Democrats at that time did not see things so clearly as they see them now. The threatening dangers of demagoguery in the apocalyptic dream of one or all of the various "isms" which are now being exploited were not so evident to thinking men as they are to-day. There had not at that time been heard the roll of democracy to all who believe in the principles of Thomas Jefferson so fully to the defense of the party and the nation.

It took Colonel Harvey's hearers a full minute to make up their minds whether or not the speaker meant what he said. The assemblage of eminent men gathered about the tables in that brief minute did some of the most rapid thinking of their lives. When the dinner was over and the dinner had gone home they continued thinking about Woodrow Wilson in the new relation which Colonel Harvey had suggested. If the suggestion had been intended as a joke or as a compliment it would have ended there. Dr. Wilson would have dismissed the remark and would have assisted the conversation. His perception is too keen, his mind too sane, to permit any misunderstanding on his part. When Colonel Harvey made his speech the idea was as new to Dr. Wilson as to the other guests. Weighing all the facts at his command he concluded, in any man of good judgment and sound sense would have concluded, that Colonel Harvey did not mean to be taken seriously. He dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Colonel Harvey was entirely serious. He meant exactly what he said, that in his opinion Woodrow Wilson was exactly the kind of a man to make a President who would give to his country the best government it has ever known. He was not only the kind of man, but the very man, to command the united support of working men of all parties in all parts of the country; that he was the right man to guide the nation through the threatening breakers of radicalism.

Colonel Harvey was not the only one who did a lot of thinking that night and the next day. The majority of the men at the dinner were Republicans, but they were men of distinction; men of strong minds and clear heads. These men are still thinking of what Colonel Harvey said. It mattered not to them that the speaker had named Dr. Wilson as a fit man for the Democratic candidate. The question which each one asked himself was whether or not Dr. Wilson would measure up to the requirements of a man to succeed the very active, very energetic Theodore Roosevelt. Measured by any and all standards the unanimous verdict was that Woodrow Wilson was such a man as the country required.

One of the objections which is likely to be raised to the possible candidacy of Woodrow Wilson is that he is not a politician, that he has never "won his spurs," as the saying is, in the arena of practical politics.

At first thought this objection seems a valid one. Looked at more closely, it loses much of its force. By the admission of all well-informed men, one of the United States who is more thoroughly familiar with the historical development of this country than Woodrow Wilson; there is no one who knows in large and in small the results of all the different policies under which the country has been governed; there is no one who has seen more clearly than Woodrow Wilson the threatening approach of popular revolt against the accumulated power of the vested interest of the country, and there is no one who, in argument at all events, is better able to dissipate the threatening clouds of revolt against the privileged class.

Another objection raised against the candidacy of Dr. Wilson is the allegation that he is a student and not a practical man of affairs. This allegation, as all who have ever known Woodrow Wilson can abundantly testify, is based upon mis-information or lack of information. It probably arises solely from the fact that he is the president of a university, and the popular idea of a university president is that he is an armchairist as contrasted with a man of affairs. One of the professors at Princeton, in speaking of him a few days ago, said:

"Woodrow Wilson is not only the finest scholar I ever ever known, but he is the shrewdest business man I have ever known. He is not only a sound thinker; he is, above all else, a man of action."

Some have raised the objection that the people at large do not know who Woodrow Wilson is. That is in a certain sense true; and the fact that it is true, rather than an intention to promote his candidacy, is the reason for this article.

Woodrow Wilson is a man of medium height, unobtrusively wide forehead, very expressive eyes and very attractive personality. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856, and to-day in his fifth year is at the height of his mental vigor. He was graduated at Princeton in 1875, studied law at the University of Virginia, received his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, was a professor at Bryn Mawr and afterward at Wesleyan University. He accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton in 1890, and, upon the resignation of Dr. Patton, was the unanimous choice of the trustees for president of the university. Under his administration Princeton has grown in every respect more rapidly than ever before. He is to-day rated both here and abroad, as America's foremost living historian in that field which deals with the political and social development of the nation.

Woodrow Wilson is put down as a conservative, a Democrat of the old school as opposed to the latter-day Democrats, who are technically radicals.

"The radicals are in control," say the gentler politicians, "No man of the conservative type can be nominated by the Democratic party. If nominated, a conservative cannot be elected."

In a certain sense Woodrow Wilson is a Conservative. He is a Conservative in that he believes it is the duty of the elected rulers of a people to learn from experience, rather than act upon theory.

He believes it is their duty before taking any action involving a change of policy to gather all available information, to sift, to examine, to deliberate and so to learn why failures have been made and why successes have been attained. He believes that every American citizen should be taught to think for himself and to see clearly for himself. He believes that every party man should have a better reason for being a party man than because he was born of certain parentage or in a certain place.

His view upon public questions are not hard to collect from his public utterances. On the questions which now agitate the American body politic he has very strong views, "definite" he might call them, and these views can hardly be called conservative. He believes that the present political unrest, of which socialistic, Municipal Ownership, Independence League, and other similar movements are but symptoms, is the logical and inevitable result of one definite policy of government, the fixed policy of the Republican party. Dr. Wilson's view of this policy is that it consists of nearly half a century of legislation, systematically forced upon the country, favorable to the welfare of particular vested interests. He believes that the American people cannot possibly come to see this in a vague way and that their vision is rapidly clearing.

The real issue in Dr. Wilson's mind is whether or not these strongly entrenched vested interests will be permitted to continue this policy at the expense of the people at large.

Dr. Wilson firmly believes that the time will come when the nation will find a way to get rid of the accumulated power of these privileged interests to the general interests of the country at large; and he believes that when the time comes that the demand of the people must be met, it will be the old-time Democratic party which must meet it. Then he believes there will be a call for men of the type which he knows.

The vision of the American people may not clear sufficiently to let them see the issue at the next election. It is entirely conceivable that the "radical" element, the reactionists who seize a phrase such as "free silver," "municipal ownership," "government ownership," and so on attempt to build a platform, may have it very again. But, sooner or later will come the new line of cleavage, and there will be lined up for battle the forces of the people against those of the privileged interests.

Dr. Wilson does not believe that the method of reform will be the destruction of the corporations and trusts, the great modern instruments of business, for he believes that the natural and possible machinery of modern economic effort. He believes that the method of their reform will be such an amendment of the laws as will take away from them all artificial advantage such as, for example, the tariff gives many of them, and such a clarification of the law, both civil and criminal, as will fix responsibility in an unmistakable way upon individuals, the directors and officers of the corporations, whose liability now seems lost and submerged, whose very consciences are confused. He confidently looks for the individualization of responsibility, the reapplication of old-fashioned morals to the individual management of new-fashioned business.

Lack of political vision is not the reason why Dr. Wilson has not in his indictment of the policy of government favored by the Republican party. "The country has never known as great prosperity," is the Republican argument. "The country is like a young man who finds himself heir to a rich estate," say the economists. "By good fortune he has a large income, but he has no account in his income. But he knows he has a big bank account and in the fullness of life he draws heavily and recklessly on his capital, thinking not of the time when his fortune will be spent." It is a notable fact that every disinterested economist in the country believes that the United States is using up its capital rapidly.

The economists, who are at the same time practical men, know that it will be difficult to make the nation at large see the truth of this doctrine. The younger element enjoys rapid living. Retrenchment is a word for which young men have little use. It is a conservative word. It implies thinking ahead, planning for the future. The element in the American population which is a unit for Theodore Roosevelt and elected him triumphantly does not want retrenchment.

"The nation is great and strong," say the young men everywhere. "It is growing daily greater and stronger. Why retrench? The policy of the United States is to keep the world in the grip of the country, and more than that it is developing the world. It has made a world power. It will make us the world power. Let the distant future take care of itself."

Dr. Wilson is a practical man as well as an economist. He knows that this view, for the present, at least, must prevail. And there is just enough truth in it for us to keep the nation's progress is concerned, to make it temporarily defensible. Unlike some of his fellow economists, he does not believe that there is cause for serious alarm in the present tendency of the United States to enjoy itself, even though the nation is spending its money in such a manner that it is rapidly using up its capital. He is an optimist, but he is not a fatalist. He is certain to see the end of the path in plenty of time to change its course. And yet, concealing all this, Dr. Wilson believes that the time has come when these in authority should have constantly in mind the truth and the end of the way. In other words, it should be the nation's policy to bring about gradually the change which is necessary to treat sound economic living, which is living on the income without reckless encroachment on the capital.

In regard to the conflict between capital and labor Dr. Wilson is, as in other things, a consistent believer in individual rights and responsibilities. All law put its genesis by a conflict of interests; and there is much to be learned from the study of the conflict which ensues when one side or the other is permitted to take an unfair advantage. He believes that in the contest between capital and labor the law should not take sides, but should hold the balance true at all hazards, seeing to it that both sides get without oppression or false advantage—seeing as umpire, never as partisan.

The Sultan's Dummy Railway

(Continued from page 138.)

El Madrak [where it rejoins the Pilgrims road], Khurlet of Sumra, Zarka, Asouan-kassor, Jizak, Deba's, Khan-uz-Zebek, Katarneh, El Hasek, 'Anech, Ma'in. On January 1 last the rails had been laid to Khodewer, southeast of Ma'in, and work has now progressed to the neighborhood of Talak. Most of these names will be found on any large and modern map.

No very difficult engineering problems have been encountered. The largest bridge so far has been constructed near Amman, and there are several extensive cuts and tunnels. The work is done almost entirely by the peasantry. Several months ago the road was dedicated and inaugurated in great style, with the presence of commissioners from Constantinople and all the civil and religious dignitaries of Syria. The affair was an imposing one for the East, whose ceremonies are not always dignified, and made a deep impression. So, whether it is built for the peace of Paradise or the war of Gehenna, for pilgrims or for soldiers, the new railroad is an actual fact.

What Happens When You Smoke

Men are so habituated to the outcry against smoking that there are few who do not ignore it.

Smokers who have some regard for the activities of their friends say that they smoke tobacco from which nicotine has been eliminated. Tobacco so prepared can be found near at hand, but few smokers do, because the process which eliminates nicotine, if it does not destroy, materially modifies the flavor of the smoke. The outcry is always the same—Nicotine! But many other of the principles of tobacco are as pernicious as nicotine, and when it comes to that it would be equally pernicious to smoke rye straw or any other simple, because (for one of several reasons) there is a continuous production of oxide of carbon whether there is imperfect combustion. The smoker carries in his mouth a little furnace, whose fires are fed with oxide of carbon; the fire smolders under ashes, and the smoker feels it by means of the steam of his pipe or the vent of his cigar or cigarette. Year after year, and all the year, the furnace is in place, burning oxide of carbon, and the smoker is working the bellows with a part of the force of his respiratory organs. The composition of tobacco smoke is complex. Analysis gives: Nicotin, pyridine, limes, formic aldehyde, ammonia, methylaniline, pyrene, sulphuretted hydrogen, prussic acid, butyric acid (fatty acid), carbonic acid, oxide of carbon, the steam of water, an ethered cupyrenum, and tar, and we detect small quantities of phenol. Of all the products of tobacco, the most venomous are nicotine, pyridine and methylaniline, prussic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, oxide of carbon, and cupyrenum; and all that we draw into our lungs with more or less satisfaction.

The Functions of Nicotine

We forget that while we breathe the intoxicating aroma we are not breathing the air as we ought to breathe it; and we breathe the steam of pyridine, an alkaloid obtained from the oils derived from bones and other organic matter.

(Continued on page 141.)



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Effects of School, Life on Children's Health, Dr. G. WOODRUFF JOHNSTON
Social Ideals CHARLES WALDSTEIN

Some Arguments against Municipal Ownership F. B. THURBER

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A Plea for Steamship in the Navy, Rear-Admiral S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, R.N.
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The Military Court which inquired into a Case of what the British call "Boozing" at Aldershot. The Plaintiff, one Lieutenant Kennedy, of the Scots Guards, charged that he was forcibly placed in a Tub and bathed with a Mixture of Motor-oil and Jam

HAZING IN THE SCOTS GUARDS



The 'Busdriver in the Photograph is Will Jackson, who owned the Nelson Memorandum recently sold at Christie's for £300. Jackson, whose Father was Butler to one of Lord Nelson's Admirals, found the Relic in the old Dock

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Mr. White's Etchings of Philadelphia.

CHARLES H. WHITE, the etcher, has recently made for the Magazine a delightful series of etchings of Philadelphia. They are accompanied by one of the artist's most picturesque and amusing descriptions of what he saw in the Quaker City. The alleys of Philadelphia, the social divisions of the city, the omnipresent street musician, are among the points on which he comments.

A Social Clearing House

An interesting account of one of the most useful of our modern educational and philanthropic institutions—the Institute of Social Science, an institute which supplies information on history, sociology, economics, etc., etc., when it cannot be found elsewhere—a place where facts of almost any sort may be obtained from world-wide sources.

Through the African Wilderness

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON, whose recent slave-trade articles in HARPER'S MAGAZINE have attracted such wide attention, writes of a dangerous trip which he made into the interior of Africa. He describes the wonderful and vivid scenes, the dangers of the trip, the ways of the African lion, etc., etc. The British government is about to take action, owing to the revelations which Mr. NEVINSON has made in regard to the slave-trade in Portuguese West Africa.

Terrestrial Magnetism

Mr. CYRUS C. ADAMS, President of the Association of American Geographers, writes of that still mysterious force known as terrestrial magnetism, with reference to the great discoveries of Humboldt, Gilbert, Gauss, and other scientists, and the important investigating expeditions now being made in the Arctic and Northern Pacific.

Mr. Howells in Chester, England

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Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods

Dr. H. C. McCook writes of an unusual species of ant found in the Garden of the Gods and elsewhere, which store honey in a curious way. Their remarkable dwellings and customs are described by the author, who spent a long time studying them.

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June, 1906.

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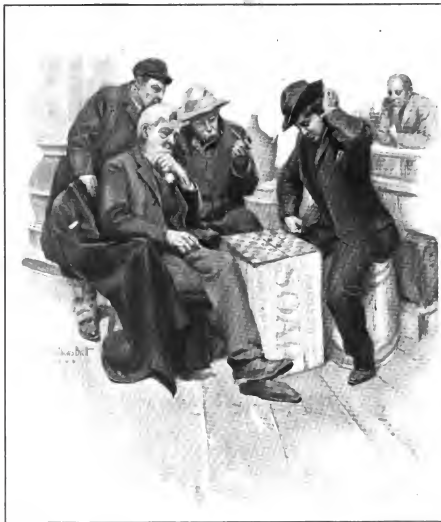
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Vol. L

New York, Saturday, June 2, 1906

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COMMENT

TO BENJAMIN R. TILMAN—Greeting! In at least a score of years no man in public life has reversed so quickly and so advantageously popular opinion of himself. The country now knows you for what you are—an honest, capable, and generous statesman, equal to an emergency, controller of a naturally unruly tongue, tenacious of your own and the people's rights, an earnest for, yet unwilling even in a moment of excessive irritation to withhold from your most bitter enemy frank and manly recognition of the credit justly his due. It was an exceptional opportunity squarely and successfully risen to, with the sympathetic helpfulness of the noblest Roman of them all. Fortunately indeed is he who possesses the friendship of WILLIAM R. ALANSON.

TO JOSEPH W. BAILEY—Greeting! To have established, in a single debate, a reputation for preeminence as a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman, among colleagues of genuine and recognized ability, was an achievement worthy of a BENTLEY or a CLAY.

TO NELSON W. ALANSON—Greeting! Sagacity, determination, and courtesy, supplemented by the faith of one's fellows, make for and retain true leadership.

TO JUSTIN R. FORTAKER—Greeting! Conviction, the courage thereof and the respect thereof be yours!

To President ROOSEVELT—Greeting!

On May 18 the United States Senate, after discussing it for some four months, passed a bill empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate the traffic rates of railroads. The measure thus passed was not by any means the HEPBURN-TILMAN bill, which the Senator from South Carolina had reported to the Senate from the Interstate Commerce Committee. The Senator was not proud of the prospect to which his name is attached, and did not respond when his name was called on the first roll-call, though subsequently he allowed it to be recorded in the affirmative. So did all the other Senators present, with the exception of Mr. FORTAKER of Ohio, and Mr. MONCAY and Mr. PERRY of Alabama. The bill, which, if it should go to him as it now stands, will undoubtedly be signed by the President, and which thereafter will be known as the HEPBURN-TILMAN law, is an outcome of non-partisan legislation, as was the original HEPBURN bill when it left the House of Representatives. Obviously the plan of government rate-making for railways, having been adopted by both Houses of Congress with a very close approach to unanimity, cannot be made a pivotal issue in the approaching general election, nor in the Presidential election of 1908. Some Republicans may think that the bill, as passed, goes too far, and some Democrats unquestionably think that it does not go far enough. But, if the conference committee accepts the Senate's amendments without changing them materially, the question of government rate-making is dead for party purposes.

What will the conference committee do? That depends upon its composition. Custom will make Mr. TILMAN the chairman of the three Senate conferees, and Mr. HEPBURN the chairman of the House conferees. If two of their four colleagues, as yet, of course, unnamed, should concur with them in preferring a restricted to a broad court review, the ALANSON amendment will no doubt be modified in conference, and then the whole question will have to be fought over again. Senator HEPBURN, on May 18, expressed the opinion that, before the bill became a law, President ROOSEVELT would himself abandon the ALANSON amendment, and return to his first love, the LOAN amendment, which restricts the power of United States circuit courts to review a rate made by the commission. Speaker CANNON, we need not say, has the power to bring about such a substitution in conference, by naming for the three conferees on the part of the House men known to concur in the views of the Senator from South Carolina. It would be laughable if, when the bill is sent back from the Senate to the conference committee, Senator TILMAN and President ROOSEVELT should again be found cooperating against the pre-railroad Senators. The singularly elevated and magnanimous tone of Mr. TILMAN's final speech indicated a willingness to subordinate personal irritation to the public welfare. He expressed the belief that a better bill could have been passed had Mr. ROOSEVELT adhered to the combination with Democratic Senators temporarily effected through ex-Senator CHANDLER, but, at the same time, he gave the President full credit for the passing of any bill at all. This credit, as we point out elsewhere, the President thoroughly deserves, and the people will not forget it.

The HEPBURN bill has undergone so much change and enlargement since it left the House of Representatives, some four months ago, that an outline of the principal amendments ought to be kept in mind. The crucial provision of the bill confers on the Interstate Commerce Commission the authority, on complaint, to examine into any charge or pretence of a carrier, alleged to be unjust, and, when such allegation is sustained, to decide what shall be a just and reasonable maximum rate or charge, regulation, or practice. The act defines as common carriers not only railway corporations, but also owners of pipe lines engaged in the transportation of oil or other commodities (except water and natural or artificial gas); also sleeping-car and express companies, and all forms of private cars, terminals, switches, and spur tracks. The issuance of passes or free transportation in any form to any person, except employees of carriers and their families, and certain exempted classes—the President of the United States and members of Congress are not exempted—is forbidden; and a penalty of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than two thousand dollars is provided, not only for the person issuing such free transportation, but also for the person applying for or accepting it.

We observe next that common carriers are prohibited, on and after May 1, 1908, from transporting across any State or Territorial line any article or commodity, other than timber and the manufactured products thereof, which has been manufactured, mined, or produced by it, or under its authority. This provision is aimed, of course, at those railroads which own mines of bituminous or anthracite coal, and will compel them to get rid of such property within two years. An important clause of the bill requires carriers to reconstruct and operate upon reasonable terms side-tracks and switch-lines, to furnish cars for the movement of traffic, without discrimination, and to furnish equally good accommodations to all persons paying the same fare. The granting or the accepting of rebates, or kindred discriminations, entails a fine of not less than one thousand dollars, and not more than twenty thousand dollars, and the individual guilty of such acts is liable to imprisonment for not more than two years in addition to the fine, at the discretion of the court. In addition to the above penalties, any shipper who wilfully accepts a rebate or discrimination must pay to the United States three times the value of such rebate or discrimination, and the United States Attorney-General is required to bring a civil suit to recover this penalty.

We note, finally, that the so-called ALANSON amendment, defining the reviewing powers of United States

circuit courts, provides that, in suits brought by the United States Commerce Commission, the venue to enjoin, set aside, annul or suspend any order or requirement of the commission shall be in the circuit court of the district where the carrier has its principal operating office, and jurisdiction is vested in such court. The provisions of the expelling act of February 11, 1903, are made to apply to such suits, including hearings on applications for preliminary injunctions, which may be granted only on hearing, after five days' notice to the commission. Appeals from any interlocutory order or decree are to be made only to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is patent from the most cursory review of these provisions that the bill, although it concedes wide reviewing power to the United States courts, is in many other respects a far more drastic measure than the pre-railroad Senators can have desired, and, therefore, as a whole, can by no means be described as a victory for the conservative faction of the Republican party.

Under all the circumstances, Senator LORGE must now deplore the haste with which, when Senator TULLMAN had read an extract from a statement made by ex-Senator CHANDLER, he rushed to the telephone and, informed the President that he was being accused of charging Senator KNOW, Senator SPOONER, and Senator BAILEY with maneuvering to wreck the Hepburn-Tullman bill by ingenious constitutional arguments. It seems to us that a true friend of Mr. ROOSEVELT's, knowing his impulsive temperament, would have desired him to refrain from making any public comment until the exact text of the statement was before him. With full time for reflection, Mr. ROOSEVELT would have recognized that there was nothing in the statement derogatory to himself or to the three Senators named, who had a perfect right to oppose any piece of legislation by means of any argument which they might hope to make effective. Admitting, however, that Mr. LORGE may have deemed it his duty to bring the statement read by Senator TULLMAN to the President's knowledge forthwith, we do not think that a wise friend would have transmitted verbatim to the Senate the President's violent denunciation of a particular assertion as "an unqualified and a deliberate lie." Not only is such language grossly unparliamentary, but it is peculiarly disgraceful when uttered by a President who is not amenable to discipline at the hands of the Senate. It was Senator LORGE's duty to recognize the fact, and to withhold Mr. ROOSEVELT's vehement repudiation of what he supposed to be the purport of ex-Senator CHANDLER's statement, until it could be put in parliamentary phrase. So much for the issue of veracity between the President on the one hand and ex-Senator CHANDLER on the other.

As for the charge of bad faith imputed to the President, for announcing to newspaper correspondents his approval of the ALLEN amendment before giving notice of his change of purpose to Mr. TULLMAN, we certainly think that the South Carolina Senator had just cause for complaint. Mr. ROOSEVELT may have inferred from Mr. BAILEY's speeches that the Senator from Texas doubted the constitutionality of an attempt to limit the reviewing powers of a United States circuit court, or, after weeks of effort, apparently effectual, the President may have arrived at the belief that the attainment of even a bare majority of one for an amendment restricting the reviewing powers of the court was hopeless. Nevertheless, it seems to us that, before making his conclusion public, Mr. ROOSEVELT should have made it known to Senator TULLMAN, to whom he unquestionably had made overtures for cooperation through ex-Senator CHANDLER. As for the insinuation made by two newspapers, published respectively in Chicago and New York, that the President's cavalier treatment of Mr. TULLMAN may have been due to a discovery that Senator BAILEY was disloyal to the anti-railroad combination, and meant to leave him in the lurch, there is plainly no foundation for it. At no time did Mr. TULLMAN make any secret of his doubt whether Congress is competent to limit the powers of the Federal courts, but he would have been willing to leave that question to the determination of the United States Supreme Court, and in all ways to further government regulation of railroad rates to the best of his ability.

Why has the President's announced determination never again to converse with certain Senators except in the presence

of a stenographer evoked so remonstrance from the Capitol? Must we assume that the proposal is mutually agreeable?

The scandals brought out by the investigation of the transactions of life-insurance companies in the State of New York are beginning to seem insignificant when compared with the revelations of corruption on the part of railway officers, made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, during the week ending May 19, was engaged in probing the methods of doing business practised by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The employees, who up to May 19 the commission had already been discovered to have accepted coal-company stocks from shippers desiring discrimination, comprised the general superintendent of transportation; the general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad division between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; the general superintendents of the Buffalo and Allegheny division and the United Railways of New Jersey division; the freight-train master of the Pittsburgh division; and the train-master of the Tyrone division, the chief car-clerk and car-distributor, the chief motive-power clerk, and the chief clerk to the superintendent of the Pittsburgh division, while other officers and employees of the road, shown to be at least interested in coal companies or to have assisted in their organization, included an assistant to President A. J. CASANTY; another assistant who is president of the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad; and Mr. R. K. CASANTY, who is vice-president and Eastern manager of the Keystone Coal and Coke Company. We are not surprised that the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and other trustworthy reflectors of sound public opinion in Pennsylvania express disgust at the dragging down into the mire of the name of the greatest railway corporation in the world, and astonishment that the officials of high position and grave responsibility, who have testified unblushingly to the acceptance of enormous gratuities, should have been engaged in so disloyal and contemptible a traffic.

While the disclosures actually made to the Interstate Commerce Commission were serious enough, the conviction is growing that they are suspected to be but the symptoms of evils, compared with which the offences acknowledged are but pecessillors. Of ominous significance, for instance, was Vice-President PUNT's admission that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has habitually used its own discretion as to the facilities granted to the owners of coal-lands along the lines of the railway, practically deciding who should be allowed to do business and who not, and what quantities of coal should be suffered to reach markets. The admission implied a systematic control over the price and volume of a commodity which is an indispensable factor in all industrial activities, and bore witness to an arbitrary and tyrannous dictatorship over all the industrial operations within the area of the railway's influence that manifestly constitutes an outrageous infringement of American liberties. The *Public Ledger* is perfectly right in holding that the discoveries of the Pennsylvania Railroad corruption made during the week ending May 19 will give an immense impetus to the clamor for a rigorous government control of railways and other public-utility companies. We repeat that, in comparison with the effect upon the general welfare of the country, the disclosures in the life-insurance business and in other branches of high finance brought about through the late awakening of the public conscience and the reestablishment of higher standards of business morality are as nothing in comparison with the more recent revelations of corruption and tyranny on the part of transportation companies.

One of the important incidents in the week ending May 19 was the decision reached by the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals—the vote was 6 to 4—in favor of the so-called type recommended by a considerable majority of the Board of Consulting Engineers invited by our Federal Executive to express expert opinions on the subject. It remains, of course, to be seen whether the report will be adopted by the Senate and House of Representatives. We may expect to see it opposed in both bodies by the friends of the President, if it be true that the committee's decision is displeasing to Mr. ROOSEVELT, who has announced that, unless otherwise ordered by Congress, he should proceed forthwith to construct an 85-foot-level lock canal. The rejection of the committee's report would be tantamount to the assertion that, after the government has spent

great sums of money to secure the best technical and expert advice obtainable in the world, the choice of type is to be left to the non-experts who compose the Senate and House of Representatives, and by them, perhaps, to be determined with a bare majority of one in each chamber. No well-managed private corporation would proceed in such a way. The directors, having got the best expert opinion available, would follow it. The President's chief reason for preferring the 85-foot-level look type to the sea-level type advocated by the consulting engineers is that the adoption of the former would enable the canal to be built more cheaply and more quickly. He avows a hope that substantial progress may be made in the work during his administration. That is a legitimate aspiration, but we do not see why it should not be fulfilled with one type almost as well as with another. If the sea-level type should be sanctioned during the present session of Congress, there is no doubt that substantial progress in construction will have been effected before March 4, 1909.

A commentator on the suggestion that Woodrow Wilson would be a good Presidential candidate for 1908 is troubled with a new thought. It is this:

As a rule the man who writes history is not regarded as possessing the peculiar characteristics of the politician which qualify him to make it in a government which derives power through popular acclaim.

If it be true that the man who possesses the arts of the modern politician is the only man who is reasonably sure of success with the people of the United States, this republic has sunk to a very low political and social level. Moreover, if the people of the United States are so shallow that they can be led by the transparent wiles of the party leader, or hack, or tout,—whichever he may be,—to prefer the man who is seeking place for his own or his party's gain, to a man who has the wisdom and the knowledge of a statesman, they are in so bad a way that some one, for them, ought to consider seriously the propriety of their surrendering the right to govern themselves.

The assumption, however, is untrue, and no one so completely demonstrates this in his own person as the present President of the United States. Has he arrived, as the French say, by a resort to the usual or characteristic arts or tricks of the politician? He may be a politician, but are his practices characteristic of the class? He has triumphed by force of his reputation. One may believe or disbelieve in the soundness of the character on which this reputation is based, but no one can reasonably doubt the existence of the reputation. Nor will any one believe that Mr. ROOSEVELT's chances were impaired by the fact that he is the historian of the "Winning of the West." The fact is, of course, that the writing of history, if it be good writing and good history, is just one more evidence of the historian's possession of that kind of knowledge which is most useful to a practical statesman, that is, to a statesman whose theories, whose expedients, whose legislation and conduct, are based upon a knowledge of the laws of political science and of human experience. CLAYTON was a great statesman and a great historian. BAYNE was a defender of the liberties of the commons before those liberties were firmly established, and his illuminating history of HENRY VII. did not make him less the statesman. MACALAY poured out his liberal eloquence in the House of Commons, and in his splendid story of the reign of WILLIAM III. JOHN MORLEY is a no less efficient Secretary for India, and no less qualified as a practical member of the House of Commons, because he can write in strong and lofty English of GLAUCON and of the political events in which he has participated. JAMES BAYNE is a practical legislator as well as the historian of the Holy Roman Empire. Our own historians have not often filled or sought public place, but BRYANTER was a worthy administrator in the cabinet, and also a successful diplomat, while it is one of the pleasantest of the avocations thoughts of THEODORE ROOSEVELT that he, too, is a historian.

The opinion which we have quoted is in need of revision. The proof is antagonistic to it. Knowledge of history, and ability to write it, are entirely consistent with the possession of a genius for practical statesmanship, while, if may be well to point out, the "characteristics" of the ordinary politician rather suggest the lack of state-mindlike ability and training.

Besides, the history of democracies show that the people are not prejudiced against learning and scholarship. We have the evidence of this at home, while the testimony of English constitutions to the same purpose is abundant to-day, as it has been for centuries.

On May 18 the Duma, or popular branch of the new-born Russian Parliament, adopted an address responsive to the speech from the throne, an address likely to figure among the most memorable declarations of independence ever made by the spokesmen of a great people. The document is as remarkable for dignity and self-restraint as it is for the breadth and firmness of its demands. Thrusting aside as of no validity the so-called "Fundamental Law," issued May 7 on the Czar's sole authority, the Duma asserted for itself the full powers of a parliament charged with the government of an empire. It directed its Speaker, or President, Mr. MURAVYEV, to request the Czar to recognize the root-principle that no new taxes shall be levied without the consent of Parliament. It is obvious that, with this concession, the supreme power would pass at a stroke from the Autocrat to the people. Coordinate demands were to the effect that budgets, or projects of taxation accepted by the Duma, shall not be altered by a non-representative body, such as the Council of the Empire manifestly is; and that the Duma, or its executive committee, shall have control of all loans. That it is, the first Russian assembly, which can fairly be described as representative of the people, has, within ten days after its birth, demanded that decisive power over the purse which it took the English House of Commons centuries to acquire. Other features of the address were a demand for equality of rights, without distinction of sex, nationality or religion, which, naturally, would be supported with enthusiasm by Poles, Jews, and Letts; and, secondly, a demand, inserted at the last moment, of amnesty for all crimes committed from religious or political motives, as well as for agrarian offences.

A mistake which may have far-reaching and deplorable, if not fatal, consequences, was made by the vacillating Czar when on Saturday and Sunday (May 19-20) he refused an audience to Mr. MURAVYEV, the President or Speaker of the Duma, who had been delegated to present to the sovereign the address expressing respectfully his hopes and wishes. In the tremendous political, social, and economical crisis with which Russia is threatened to-day—a crisis in which not only the lives of the present sovereign and his family, but the existence of the Romanov dynasty, are at stake—it was of obvious and urgent moment to restore or create a current of sympathy and mutual confidence between the Czar and his people's representatives. The long-headed leaders of the Constitutional Democrats, who had managed, not without great difficulty, to control the excited assembly, offered NICHOLAS II. a great opportunity for propitiation and self-fortification, when they caused the legitimate requests embodied in the address to be clothed in deferential and conciliatory words. If a message was conveyed by the document, it lay in the facts, not in the language. Under the circumstances, we must regard the Czar's refusal to permit President MURAVYEV to deliver personally what was in substance a petition of subject-boroughly aroused, but not yet implacably irritated, as an act of suicidal folly. It may not yet be too late for the blunder to be corrected, but, at the hour when we write, there is no sign of an effective movement in that direction.

Felicitations to our successful townsman, Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the well-known dealer in oils and by-products, whose store is at No. 26 Broadway. The distinguished merchant announces cheerily that at last he has acquired riches—not in ordinary lucre, although incidentally business seems to be good and the clerks active, but in the form of a rejuvenated digestive apparatus. For many years he suffered from dyspepsia, but strict attention to diet has effected a cure, and that glum feeling has wholly disappeared. The happy outcome is corroborated by our enterprising neighbor, the *Times*, one of whose active reporters went to meeting last Sunday. After the service—but let the reporter continue:

Mr. ROCKEFELLER remained in his pew, shaking hands with men and women who greeted him, smiling and chatting pleasantly. He went over to the choir loft and reached up his right hand to clasp that of the basso, whose part in the offertory duet he had

evidently enjoyed a great deal. The nigger seemed pleased, waited for him in the entrance of the church, and strolled with him in the sunshine. Few of the congregation lingered. Mr. ROCKEFELLER, at the entrance to the last aisle on the west side of the church, and the pastor, at the other end at the foot of the pulpit, were about the only persons remaining save three young men near the entrance. Seeing them, Mr. ROCKEFELLER went over to them, smiled pleasantly, and extruded his hand. They each shook hands, and one of them said that Mr. ROCKEFELLER seemed in splendid health. He stood erect, his broad shoulders almost as straight as those of an athlete, and his face showing a splendid color.

"Yes," answered Mr. ROCKEFELLER, seemingly pleased at the comment.

"Would you care to say anything about the resignation of your pastor?"

"Oh!"

"I'm from the Times," explained the reporter.

"Frikaze," ironically said the second in the group.

"World," explained the third.

Then Mr. ROCKEFELLER put his hand on the shoulder of one of the reporters, smiled kindly upon the three, and said,

"You know, I never talk."

While dyspepsia reigned in his vitals, Mr. ROCKEFELLER would have been annoyed, but now he was genial and pleasant—and so were the reporters, with whom, as a class, we hear, Mr. ROCKEFELLER is becoming a primo favorite. We are glad of it. There is no likelihood that our great oil-merchant will ever be able to derive the satisfaction of effervescent introspection enjoyed by our most famous steel-manufacturer, but he has made a fine start towards contentment. It may safely be set down as a certainty that a man whom those non-respecters of persons and position who write the newspapers get to like is in a pretty good sort.

Under the considerate caption, "Colonel WATKINSON'S Soft Answer," the Hartford *Courant* prints the following:

Colonel HENRY WATKINSON was recently quoted in the editorial pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY as predicting that Mr. HANCOCK "will control the next Democratic national convention." He says in his own paper that he never predicted anything of the kind, and adds: "As the young man who compiles the 'port paragraphs' for HANCOCK has an entire week in which to do an hour's work, he might at least take the trouble to get his facts right, and spare himself the rather invidious distinction of hanging an imputable comment to a false statement."

We hasten, by telephone, to assure the American public that the item aforesaid respecting Marse HANCOCK's alleged prediction was a wilful, deliberate, malicious, and unqualified falsehood, and that the writer thereof is a wilful, deliberate, malicious, and unqualified liar.

A special cablegram to the *World*—now our leading society journal by marriage—records a disquieting instance of foreign disapproval which must not pass unheeded. The challenge emanates from "a picturesque French writer," who scornfully deplores the failure of an American yachting party in Venice to manifest suitable emotion. Gentily translated, thus:

On the still waters in the moonlight a thousand lanterns throw a sudden glow on larpies and gondolas as they pass, flaming from the dark to the water-line. In the distance St. Mark's gleams and the Palace of the Doges remembers its ancient splendor. We are in a fairy-land of ancient beauty.

But upon the great yacht *Nahant*, a floating palace of unheeded luxury, lounge, with their hands in their pockets and bored to death, the guests of Mrs. ROBERT GOULD. They make no movement, and never even turn their heads to see the wonders that gleam before their weary eyes. They are purple blooded, and nothing can move them in their perfect evening dress.

The liveried footmen hold respectfully aloof and are not more susceptible to the seduction of Venice by moonlight than are their employers, the weary, dreary guests of the yacht *Nahant*.

It becomes increasingly difficult to please our foreign cousins. It is not so long since they were in a state of continuous disgust over the somewhat pretentious manner in which some of our countrymen scattered recently acquired dollars along their paths of travel. It was all so vulgar, complained our cousins, and not, we fear, occasionally without justification. It is with a shock, therefore, that we—or rather that segment of our general community which constitutes high society—encounter criticism for going to the other extreme. To be regarded as loud and coarse was laid enough in all conscience, but to be held up to the scorn of the [civilized] world as morose blasé is heart-breaking. Pray, what would ALPHONSE have? To what was should the solemnly clad masculine trailers on board the yacht have resorted? themselves? True, they might have "turned their heads," but why, so they were looking at things proper to be seen, if the effort were laborious? Mayhap they

should have done a *breakneck* while dodging silvery moonbeams as they fell in hanks upon the deck, or possibly only barked or yapped soulfully, but we trust that even so doing would not have disarmed the impatient criticism of ALPHONSE. And the liveried footmen! Why abuse them for holding "respectfully aloof"? They were not paid to be jocular and familiar with their employers; and had they been, would not ALPHONSE have grown yet more stiff? No; we cannot admit the validity of the indictment. The guests may have been—indeed, probably were—"weary and dreary," but apparently they were minding their own business and assuming to enjoy themselves in exact conformity with the requirements of their intellectual capacity. So why complain, ALPHONSE! If you didn't like it, all you had to do, as we occasionally observe over here, was to get off the yacht.

Professor ROBERT T. WASHINGTON, being politely interrogated by Congressman SMITH, of Tennessee, as to whether negroes ought to be called "negroes" or "members of the colored race," has replied that it has long been his own practice to write and speak of members of his race as negroes, and when using the term "negro" as a race designation, to employ the capital "N." "Rightly or wrongly," he says, "all classes have called us Negroes. We cannot escape from that name if we would. To cast it off now would be to separate ourselves to a certain extent from our history." Mr. SMITH objected to the wording of a bill which provided that of nine persons composing the Board of Education in Washington, three should be of "the colored race." "The colored race," he thought, would include Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and others. He wanted the bill to be definite and to read "three negroes." Professor WASHINGTON supports him in that demand. Negro is no more a word of disparagement than Jew. There are those who think it polite to speak of Jews as Hebrews. Jew, Hebrew, Israelite, all mean the same thing, but Jew is the most distinguished of them.

The Harvard overseers voted, 15 to 9, to give intercollegiate football another trial this year. The average age of the overseers who voted "no" was about sixty-seven. All of them were residents of Massachusetts. The fifteen overseers who voted "yes" included three New York men, one from Seattle, one from Philadelphia, and one from Washington. Their average age was fifty-three. The suspension of sentence on Harvard intercollegiate football is therefore due to the younger overseers, and the whole of the majority in favor of it came from outside of Massachusetts.

We are a restless people. Every thin woman longs to be fat. Every fat woman wants to grow thin. Every town man longs for the time when he can retire to the quiet of the country, and every farmer longs to some day quit work and move to town, where he can take life easy. Country newspaper men would like to try their hand on a city daily. The fellows on the big dollars dream of a time when they can own a paper of their own. In youth we long for maturity, in age we yearn for the happy days of childhood.—*Admiral (Ken.) Postmaster.*

Maybe that is why we get on in the world.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that a man may smoke cigarettes in Indiana without violating the law, and may even import them from other States if he does not intend to sell them. Literary activities in Indianapolis can now proceed in the open, and perhaps some gifted Hoosier will find time to expound to us by what psychological processes the Middle West has attained to its extreme antipathy to cigarettes. Here on the borders of the effect we still look upon them as more ordinary coffin-nails, bad for boys, but not particularly fatal to grown-ups. Are we harder than the Hoosier folk, or merely less ambitious to be good?

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and the architect of the bright paragraphs that have ever illuminated the pages of that interesting publication, is of the opinion that the Hon. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, of Indiana, will be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. There is a chance, however, that Colonel HANCOCK's wife is the parent of this rather remarkable expression. Colonel HANCOCK is looking around for a Republican Presidential candidate who could be beaten by WILLIAM WILSON. And of course Mr. FAIRBANKS "looks good."—*La Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.*

There are others.

The President, the Congress, and the People

Now that the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress is drawing to an end, it is a matter of interest to look back and ask ourselves whether the Federal Executive and the Federal Legislature stand higher or stand lower in popular esteem than they stood a year ago. We need not point out of what vital moment it is to the efficiency and perpetuation of our existing political institutions that the confidence of the people in its executive and legislative representatives should not be deeply and permanently impaired. Our Federal Constitution cannot be easily or quickly changed; in the course of eleven decades there have been but fifteen amendments. If a vital wave of discontent, however, should sweep over the country, the present Federal organic law might be changed from top to bottom, as its predecessor was changed in 1787-8. A method is provided by the Constitution itself. All that would be needed for the purpose would be concurrent action on the part of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States. On their concurrent application, Congress "shall" call a convention for proposing amendments, none of which need be specified in advance, which amendments shall be valid as parts of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be prescribed by the Congress. Among experts in constitutional law there is an agreement of opinion that a convention called in this way would have powers as plenary as were those arrogated by the Philadelphia convention of 1787. There seems to be nothing which such a convention might not do, provided, of course, its acts were ratified in the mode prescribed. It might transform our federative into a unified republic, like that of France; it might make the Federal Judiciary free for a term of years to be fixed by statute; it might subordinate all State legislation to acts of Congress; it might transform the President into a dictator for life or a hereditary emperor; or it might reduce him to the status of an ephemeral appointee of the Federal legislature, such as was the President under the Articles of Confederation, and such as is the President of Switzerland to-day. We hold that such a convention could annihilate all the safeguards of the individual rights of property which are embodied in the existing Federal organic law. So long as public sentiment is not profoundly and universally stirred, it is, of course, improbable that a convention called by two-thirds of the States would use its plenary powers to make revolutionary proposals; and it is far more improbable that, upon mature reflection, such proposals would be adopted by the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States. Yet he must be a careless observer of recent events who fails to recognize in them the signs of a tremendous awakening of the popular conscience, and of an inflexible determination to reestablish the old standards of right conduct in public and private life. Such an observer must also strangely underestimate the intelligence and the character of the American people if he imagines that, once convinced that their purposes are justified by their executive, legislative, or judicial representatives, they will omit to seize the instrument of revolutionary reform which the Federal Constitution offers. It is always, of course, impossible by the transmission of a written constitution to hinder a great nation from shaping its own destiny. The fetters that cannot be unlocked by law can always be snapped by violence. It is in America our happy lot that no resort to brute force is needed for the accomplishment of revolutionary changes; we repeat that, if the changes are desired with fervor and with a close approach to unanimity, we have been provided in advance with channels through which our wishes may be fulfilled in peaceful and constitutional ways.

We believe that if a man more devoted to the control of political machines and less sensitive to the significance of popular conviction and popular emotion than is TIMOTHY ROOSEVELT had been the tenant of the White House for the last four years—and that if the Senate had not shown a tardy, though at last a lively, comprehension of the gravity of the threatened crisis—the startling revelations of gross and cynical corruption in public and private life which have been repeated with cumulative force would have brought us within a hair's breadth of a political revolution, which, finding expression through a national convention called by two-thirds of the States, might not have been guided exclusively by wisdom, but might have been carried to deplorable lengths. That we seem to have escaped a convulsion by which the fundamental principle of individual ownership might have been imperilled we owe mainly to the timely and resolute interposition of President ROOSEVELT on behalf of reformative legislation, and for which, in our judgment, Congress might not have provided remedies adequate for evils which were exciting the masses of the people to the pitch of exasperation. We are no indiscriminate admirers of the present Chief Magistrate, as we have often shown. We have always recognized that he has the failings which constitute the inalienable lining of his good qualities. We point out in this number of the WEEKLY that his impulsive temperamental sometimes leads him astray, as in his hasty and too robust contradiction of a statement read by Mr. TULLMAN in the Senate. We think, however, that history will recognize that his impulses are almost always good,

and that, at all events, his deliberate and controlling purposes are lofty and righteous. It may be true, as ex-SENATOR CHANDLER reported to have said in an interview, that the HARPAN-TULLMAN bill, should it emerge from the conference committee in its present form, would still fall short of providing the safeguards which the public interests require, but the ex-Senator does not deny that it would represent a great improvement on the existing anti-trust and antitrust legislation, as this has been interpreted by the United States Supreme Court. The truth was stated with a candidness that did him honor by Senator TULLMAN when he said that although, in his opinion, the bill showed he is one of the sponsors might have been improved, he considered it a substantial victory for the people—a victory, he added, which, in his judgment, could never have been achieved but for the personal and nonretaliating influence exerted by the President. Such being the testimony rendered even by those who have no reason to regard Mr. ROOSEVELT with any special kindness, we cannot doubt that the verdict of the country will be that in the matter of government regulation of railway rates the President has proved himself a good and faithful servant.

We pass to the question whether in popular respect and confidence the two Houses of the Federal legislature stand respectively higher or lower than they stood a year ago. There is thus far no reason to believe that the House of Representatives is regarded with any more or any less approval than was its predecessor in the Fifty-eighth Congress. The members of the Lower House have a second time declined to recognize that the business of a deliberative assembly is to deliberate, and, as the direct and latest spokesmen of the voters, have conceived themselves bound to reflect with needless facility and with almost electric promptitude what they conceived to be the views and wishes of their constituents. Not that they would their whole duty be fulfilled, even in the eyes of the voters themselves, if our Federal legislature were unanimous, like that of Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Norway. Then they would justly be expected to inquire whether the popular views and wishes were sound and meritorious, and whether they could be harmonized with the Constitution, as that instrument has been construed by the United States Supreme Court. As things are, both political parties in the House of Representatives vie with each other in efforts to give quick and full fruition to what was believed to be the popular desire, and only an individual minority can be said to have discharged a really deliberative function when the KEN-TOWNSEN bill was passed in the winter of 1904-5, or when the HARPAN bill was carried with vertiginous rapidity about four months ago. In both instances, to all intents and purposes, the deliberative function was abdicated by the House of Representatives in favor of the Senate. It is well known that the Senate declined to do business in a hurry. It postponed action on the KEN-TOWNSEN bill, and appointed a committee to investigate during the ensuing summer the conditions complained of, for which the measure named was alleged to be a remedy. When, impatient of delay, the new House of Representatives passed the HARPAN bill, the Senate instead of examining the record presented with minute and patient vigilance from the double viewpoint of expediency and constitutionalism, if the four months devoted ostensibly to this inquiry had provided and justified the impression that the real purpose of the Senate was not to improve the measure from both view-points named, but to cheat the people of any remedy whatever for the grievances under which they smarted, the reputation of the Senate would have been seriously damaged, and it may be that its usefulness would have been near an end. Such a regrettable eclipse of the Senate's authority has happily been avoided by the ultimate recognition of its duty to construct a measure which should be acceptable not only to the United States Supreme Court, but to the people at large, who feel themselves to have been the victims of grave abuse. By the final creditable discharge of that high duty, the Senate undoubtedly went far to reclaim the place which it once occupied and ought always to occupy in the popular esteem and confidence.

We have here tried to outline the respective positions that would be occupied, respectively, in the eyes of the American community if the HARPAN-TULLMAN bill should be ratified by the House of Representatives in the precise form given to it by the Senate, and should thus, having received the President's signature, which it would be sure of, be placed upon the register of laws. As we go to press, the bill is lying on Speaker CANNON's desk, and it is as yet uncertain what disposition will be made of it in the House of Representatives. If it be sent to a conference committee of the two Houses the outcome of the joint deliberations cannot be foreseen with certainty. It may be that the conferees on the part of the House, acting in conjunction with Senator TULLMAN on the part of the Senate, may be able to improve the bill, but who knows whether the improvements would be accepted by the Senate? It may be, on the other hand, that two of the Senate conferees, noting in conjunction with one or more sympathetic delegates of the House, may be able to so modify the measure as to render it acceptable to the American people, on which side, while the bill is in conference, will Mr. ROOSEVELT's potent influence be absent? We have been told to account in our happy bill he is dead; and it might be equally prudent to refrain from stating any definite

judgment upon any piece of pending legislation, or upon those concerned in passing it, until it has been inscribed upon the statute-book.

Retrospect

WHAT we call genius, as distinguished from talent, or learning, or accomplishment is really the power of strong appeal to the great masses of mankind. Probably the method of genius is simpler than it looks to the baffled outsider, who sees merely the effect, and is dazzled by the mystery. The genius seems to plumb deeper into his own nature to bring forth utterance, and at bottom all human beings are akin. It is the outer shells, the upper crusts, of ourselves that vary, and beneath these, in all of us, lie the same fundamental longings and desires, the same hopes, the same griefs, the self-same destiny. All together, we hang poised between the two eternities of past and future, with the same questioning eyes set upon a distant goal, wavering between the solutions of endless dark and darkness or endless growth in power and light.

When KIRKIN writes of the time-retired soldier man, whom he truly uses to give expression to the mental attitude of the mass of letters, weary with the ways of learning, and going to rest in the simplicity which is at the pinnacle of complexity, as the soldier goes home to his country, his mother, and his maid:

O, I have come upon the books
And often broke a barricade rule,
And stood beside and watched myself
lie'st a like a bloom'st food,

he touches one of those fundamental depths to which all men glow a sudden ascent. All of us who are given to retrospection, all but the most fatuous and satisfied, have "stood beside," and wondered by what inexorable fatality we were preordained, upon all the important occasions of life, to behave so like a "bloom'st food." The only consolation is to realize that others are very much less concerned about us than we are, and so the consciousness of our conduct is mainly glaring to ourselves, and we can fairly well count upon no more cruel comment from our indulgent fellow men than a yawn or shrug of the shoulders.

If one questions what it is that keeps up the strange division in us, this constant sense of a treacherous shyness and hesitating incapacity that speak and act, that is more humiliated by a fit of absent-mindedness or a social contretemps than by an actual unkindness or injustice, and this quiet self that "stands beside" and smiles and judges, we find that we are in the habit of living only with a small part of ourselves. We let some quality take possession of us and act for us, and when we call the real self, the whole, collected self to collect in judgment, it weeps, or at very best it smiles in amusement at the pitifulness of our coping with life, when vanity or self-consciousness, irritability or anger, holds us in sway and sets through us.

There are many people whom we know through correspondence, through their work, through results, whom we profoundly admire, and yet meeting them is a dangerous matter. We are so apt to find them pitifully human, after all. Then, again, there are people of whose living we can find no visible results adequate to the charm, the beauty, the wisdom of their daily course. We wonder why pictures and music and prose do not drop from them as they pass, so exquisite is the spirit with which they meet the circumstances of the moment. Well, it seems to be a matter of collectedness. "Men vary," a sage said, "according to the suitableness of their responses to the infinite." How much of one's real self can a man collect on the spur of the moment and bring in to play at the loadings of a dinner-party? How much of the immortal spirit, the part which, in our serious moments, we actually deem worthy to endure beyond the threescore years and ten, can we put into fighting the wind and the mud, the whips and scorns and contumelies of chance? How much of big serenity can we gather into the souls that accept our inevitable failures? Men vary in greatness really in proportion as they can act from the whole self rather than the partial self. A sage, a genius, a great man habitually acts from the whole self. Prejudice, desire, inherited and habitual leanings, fear, are in obedience to the whole self which "stands beside." Its leverage is not of the earth, nor of time; it neither stands nor falls by the small happenings of the moment; it is not consumed by any sense of gain or loss. It has the serenely, eye, the gladness, of the great *Enfide* with which we open our lips on the seventh day when first we sing at Matins. It is the same confidence with which Pippin, on her birthday, exulted:

God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world!

This recollection, this holding of the eternal and the temporal self to its immovable and everlasting part, is the secret of charm, the basis of judgment, the foundation for a sense of proportionate values, and the crowning gift of poise.

Fancy the detachment of SHAKESPEARE! He lived apparently with real and interest the most commonplace of lives; he was an

actor, a playwright, a stage-manager, with somewhere at the back of all this activity the quiet to observe *Portia* and *Romeo* and *Beatrice* going the primrose path of dalliance; he was a friend and a lover, concentrated and passionate to the point of giving the ultimate and unutterable expression to human love in the *Sonnets*, and yet had that child-like powerfulness and confidence which, in life moments, became the familiar of *Puck*, *Queen Mab*, and *Ariel*; he conducted a small household, saved money, bought a country house, and made himself a landed proprietor, while in the still watches his heart bled over the grief-stricken will-para-lysis of *Hamlet*, or wandered at night through the raging storms with the mad old King. We look on and wonder how SHAKESPEARE could see and know the whole world of thought and feeling. By some strange and fortuitous combination of circumstances he was able to draw on the whole self. We all have Midsummer Night's Dreams and Macbeths latent in us; if we hadn't, we should not so thrill with delight when we find them, but our whole self is inaccessible. The beauty of SHAKESPEARE is, if our picture of him is true, that it was not only in the moments of secrecy and silence that the whole self visited him. He seems to have been eminently good company at the "Mermaid." He seems to have taken himself so casually, that some of his contemporaries felt his misanthropic superiority, so unselfconscious was he that he seems never to have attempted to rival the pompous BEN JONSON. Every now and then there appears some such complete human being on the stage of life, to remind men, probably, of what a whole humanity might be. SHAKESPEARE, in the sixteenth century, and in the thirteenth St. FRANCIS, that lilting and exquisite spirit, living at one with his brothers and sisters the sun and the wind, the moon and the stars, with an equal love for his little sisters the birds, who listened to him preach, and the ravaging wolf of Apollonia, who could not resist the advance of so much beneficence and tenderness, and "when he was old, came gently as a lamb and lay down at the feet of St. FRANCIS." Thus it was evident that "the whole frame of the world was obedient unto the condescended senses of the holy man." There was no secret of joy hidden from him who knew that no earthly grief, wrath, insult, or buffeting could overcome him who possessed himself, and who had learned to suffer all things with patience and with gladness because beyond all temporal actions and sufferings he had united himself with the smiling beneficence of universal life.

Personal and Pertinent

DEMOCRATS have been carrying everything before them in the municipal elections in Nebraska, just to show, probably, what they can do when Mr. BRYAN goes away from home.

Having heard from Iowa, Secretary SHAW is in position to negotiate with any State that may want to adopt a favorite son for use in the next Republican national convention.

TIKKY and the Russian revolutionists of his type detest Count WITTE as a rascal. The reactionaries hate him worse still. To the American observer it seems as if the Czar might profitably love him for the enemies he has made.

The Democrats of Kansas have deposed Colonel "BILL" SAFF, the State chairman of the party, because he wears a silk hat. That, at least, is the excuse given by leaders of the party, but WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has long had Colonel SAFF slated in the list of the things that are "The Matter With Kansas."

The Hartford *Connecticut* has recorded that Congressman CHISHAM, of Washington (State), began his reply, on April 26, to Mr. WILLIAM'S tariff speech with a story "so comically blasphemous" that the *Connecticut* was not willing to print it. The *Connecticut* is disgusted to find it set down in the *Congressional Record* that the story was received with "prolonged laughter." What the *Record* subscribers think of it does not appear.

Report comes from Philadelphia that the Harvard board of trustees used a postal card to sever hostilities with the University of Pennsylvania. The U. of P. feels insulted. It is not known whether a slight was intended, or whether the official who sent the postal card was doing his best according to his lights, or whether the U. of P. has been the victim of a joker. Not all Harvard men are practised in the auxiliaries.

Senators MORAN and PETTIS are announced candidates for reelection in Alabama. Senator MORAN is but eighty-three years of age and Senator PETTIS eighty-eight when their terms expire, but no politician in Alabama is going to call attention to the fact. The venerable Senator DIXON did that once, refusing to endorse Mr. PETTIS for a United States judgeship because he was "too old for the place." PETTIS retorted, "I am not too old to be Senator from Alabama, sir," and the next Legislature sent him to Washington in Senator PIERCE's place. That was ten years ago, and the age limit has ever since been a tabooed subject among Alabama statesmen.

MURDER AS A LABOR WEAPON

THE CRIMES THAT ARE LAID AT THE DOOR OF ORGANIZED LABOR IN THE MINING REGIONS OF THE WEST

By Franklin Matthews

A CRIMINAL trial which is in many respects the most important ever held in this country is just beginning in the little town of Caldwell, Idaho, where five men are to be tried for murder and conspiracy to murder. The safety of free institutions is involved to a greater extent than was ever revealed by any criminal case in the land. The men are on trial, so far as the indictment reads, for the assassination of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho, a plain, honest-minded citizen, farmer, and banker, solely for revenge, because Steunenberg, as Governor, had done his sworn duty and displaced the leaders of organized labor.

But in reality, the men are on trial for as dastardly and far-reaching a murder conspiracy as any civilized country ever knew—a conspiracy to kill, not in the name of liberty, nor to rid the earth of tyrannical rulers, nor for loot nor plunder, such as pirates and robber bands have formed and carried out; a conspiracy not the outgrowth of family or personal quarrels, such as have characterized the Mafia along the Mediterranean and the mountain fiefs in this country; no such conspiracy as these, but a conspiracy to murder by wholesale those who have been guilty of assisting, officially and otherwise, men to work when and where and for whom they chose, without the consent of organized labor—in other words, a conspiracy to murder for industrial reasons. And that in the land of a free people!

The trial is to determine whether three of the five accused men are martyrs, as hundreds of thousands of the devotees of organized labor believe, victims of two informers, self-confessed murderers; or whether they are murderers, the depth of whose infamy was never equaled before in any country, and only approached once in this country, when the Molly Maguires spread terror through the coal regions of Pennsylvania, in the early seventies. Nooses around the necks of eleven of the Mollys on one day ended the career of that devilish band. They were largely ignored at first.

The man who brought them to the gallows is the same man who today accuses the leaders of probably the most powerful and thoroughly organized labor-union in the country, the Western Federation of Miners—all men of unusual intelligence and high executive ability—not only of the assassination of honest, fearless, ineffective Frank Steunenberg, but of twenty-six other assassinations, and a series of other crimes which include train-wrecking, dynamiting, arson, and assaults of high and low degree.

The men on trial are Charles H. Meyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners; William D. Haywood, secretary of the organization; G. A. Pettibone, formerly a member of the supreme governing body of the order; Harry Orchard, a former member who has confessed to the twenty-six murders, committed, he says, at the instigation of Meyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and others of the "Inner Circle" of the union; and Stephen Adams, who assisted Orchard in his awful work. Another member of the order supposed to have belonged to the so-called Inner Circle, L. J. Simpias, has been indicted, but is a fugitive. The men who secured the confession from Orchard is the famous detective James McParland, who unearthed the crimes of the Molly Maguires. Adams has confessed, because, he says, he feared being made a scapegoat.

Whether these accused members of the Inner Circle of the Federation of Miners are guilty or not, this fact is positive: there has existed a conspiracy to murder governors, judges, mine-owners, sheriffs, and others who espoused the cause of non-union labor in the last ten years in the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to Mexico. Men have been murdered, and marked for murder, for this offense. Some men, or set of men, have conspired to do this. The murders have been committed. The prosecution will seek to show that leaders or members of the Western Federation of Miners had motive for these crimes.

Note the extent and setting of the conspiracies. In the late sixties, when Steunenberg was Governor of Idaho, a strike of miners occurred in the Cour d'Alene district. Non-union miners

were brought in. A train-load of strikers went to Wardner, and dynamited the \$300,000 mill of the Hunsley, Hill and Sullivan mine. Rioting, arson, and assaults followed to drive out the non-union men. Steunenberg, to keep the peace and prevent anarchy, called out the troops. More riots occurred, and the leaders of union labor and their followers to the number of more than 500 were confined in the famous "bull pen" in the district—whether justly or wisely, or not, has nothing to do with the case. Union labor lost the strike. Steunenberg did what he considered his sworn duty to the State, and retired to private life, a respected and honored citizen. He was a marked man for his courage in office, and he was killed on the evening of December 30 last by a bomb planted at his gate by Orchard, who, he says, to get \$1000 for the job.

After the Cour d'Alene troubles came the famous Cripple Creek and Telluride strikes in Colorado, brought about, like the one in Idaho, by the Federation of Miners. That was lost, too, at a terrible expense of blood and outrage, and a cost of millions to the State of Colorado through the ordering out of her entire State militia and their service in the field for fully a year. Arson, dynamiting, murder, assault also characterized that strike. Hundreds of miners were deported by the troops. The Governor of that State, James H. Peabody, was marked for slaughter. Two members of

the Supreme Court, Chief-Justice Gabbert and Justice Goshard, were also put on the death list. D. B. Moffat, the millionaire mining and railroad man, was another marked victim.

The murders did occur. Nineteen non-union miners were killed on the railroad platform at Independence, Colorado, one night. Orchard says he pulled the string which set off 100 pounds of dynamite beneath them by orders of the Inner Circle, the plot for which was hatched in Haywood's rooms in Denver. Superintendent McFarland and Foreman Buck of the Vindicator Mine went one night to the sixth level and were blown to pieces. Orchard says he set the bomb by orders, but that it was placed on the wrong level. It was planned to put it on the seventh level and kill fifteen or twenty non-union miners.

An answer named Moritt Walley was killed by a bomb in Denver. The bomb was intended for Chief-Justice Gabbert. Arthur W. Collins, manager of the Sangre de Cristo mine at Telluride, was shot in the back, through the window of his home. Vincent St. John, also a supposed member of the Inner Circle and a leader with Meyer and Haywood and Pettibone, is now in



Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho, who was murdered, is charged, for Revenge



Charles H. Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, on Trial for Implication in the Murder of Steinberg

jailed awaiting trial for that murder. J. W. Barney, a shift boss, was killed near his home. John Mahoney, a non-union miner at Telluride, was shot to death. Martin Gleason, a mine manager at Cripple Creek, outspoken in his advocacy of non-union labor, went to his grave by assassination. Wesley J. Smith of Telluride was kidnapped and murdered. Six other miners were killed mysteriously in Telluride and their bodies disposed of in a lime-kiln. A mining engineer named Bradley was murdered by an explosion in San Francisco while on his honeymoon. Orchard says he did it, as he did most of the others, by orders from Moyer and Haywood.

To establish an alibi for the killing of the nineteen miners at Independence, Orchard left town the day before with a man named Neville. Then he made a pretext for stealing back and killing the men. The next day Neville accused him of the crime. He acknowledged it. Neville had fears of arrest. He went to Nevada. It was feared that he would tell on Orchard. A man named Sapp was hired for \$1600 to poison him and he was put out of the way. So much for the murders that have come to light.

Three attempts were made to kill Governor Peabody of Colorado. Once Orchard says he and Simpkins planted a bomb for him on a street. It was to be touched off by a wire as Mr. Peabody passed the spot. A coal-wagon backed on the wire just as Peabody came along and put it out of working-order. Another time it was planned to shoot him in front of his home at night as he alighted from his carriage. As it happened, only the women of his family were in the carriage, and the Governor escaped. Another time it was planned to drop him home from a meeting in an automobile and kill him on the way. A man mysteriously warned him one afternoon of this danger, and again he was saved.

Another assassination that failed, as has been indicated, was that planned for Chief Justice Gabbert. He with Justice Goddard had offended the striking miners by decisions and strictures on the order. He usually crossed a vengeful lot on his way to the court chambers. A bomb was planted and a matchel jarro, with wires attached, was put on the ground. It was supposed that the chief justice would pick up the matchel and set off the bomb. Judge Gabbert saw a friend near by that morning and joined him instead of crossing the vacant lot. It was the first time in months that he had deviated from his custom. Another man came along, picked up the matchel, and was blown to bits. The explosives in the bomb were so arranged that when the matchel was picked up sulphuric acid would be spilled on them and set them off. Orchard says he set the bomb by orders.

Justice Goddard escaped assassination through the dilp of a pin. No one knew anything about it until Orchard confessed. He said a screw-eye would be found in Justice Goddard's gate. Near by, said, was a bomb. A wire was attached from the screw-eye to a bottle containing sulphuric acid. When the gate was opened the string was to pull the cork of the bottle and spill

it over 100 giant caps. The bottle was planted five days before the time came to arrange the wire. The acid had eaten the pin, so that when Justice Goddard passed through his gate the pin and not the cork came out.

When Justice Goddard was informed of Orchard's confession he examined his gate and found the screw-eye. Then Adjutant General Bulkeley Wells, of Colorado, scratched the earth until he found the wire and pin attached to the cork. Then he scraped the ground with great caution, and found the bomb exactly where Orchard said it was, and exactly of the description Orchard had given.

The plan to kill D. H. Moffat was to drop a bomb from a window as he walked along the street. The plan was foiled by Mr. Moffat's sudden departure for Europe.

The most notable attempt at train-wrecking was on the night of November 14, 1903, when a train carrying Governor Peabody and about 200 men and women to a ball in Victor, Colorado, from Cripple Creek, scarily plunged over the curve on a 200-foot embankment. A rail had been loosened. A friend of the engineer did not want his life lost, and warning was given to him to crawl along that part of the road. He did so, and probably saved a score of lives.

The bomb method was finally used to kill Steinberg. Orchard had watched his movements in Caldwell for months. Twice he tried to shoot him. One of those times was arranged, with diabolical ingenuity, for Christmas Eve, so as to cause his family the greatest possible suffering. It failed. Then Orchard planted his bomb, and on December 30 last, just before Mr. Steinberg started for home at six o'clock, Orchard preceded him in the gloom down the street. As he passed the Steinberg gate he dropped a newspaper, stooped down, adjusted his wires to the bottle of sulphuric acid, and passed on. Steinberg opened his gate and set off the bomb.

In a short time James McFarland arrived. He went to work as a miner, as he had done in the coal regions of Pennsylvania thirty years ago. He is now sixty-two, and for many years has been the head of the Pinkerton force in the mountain regions of the West, with Denver as headquarters. He adopted his former methods. He soon learned of the inner circle and of Orchard's work. When the time came to strike he had Orchard arrested. The man was defiant. McFarland had him put in solitary confinement with plenty to eat and with good cigars, but with no reading matter and set a prison with whom he could talk. Several days of this unnerved Orchard. Then McFarland came around and said to him:

"This is a nice fix you have got yourself into, Orchard. What do you suppose that old mother of yours back in Pennsylvania will think when she reads about it?"

"What do you know about my mother?" asked Orchard.

"I have known all about you and your family since you were a boy," said McFarland, and then he went away atreptely. The



Secretary William D. Hayward, of the Western Federation of Miners, charged with Conspiring to Assassinate Steinberg

next day Orchard was eager to talk. He wanted to know what McFarland knew of his people. Kindly and sympathetically McFarland led him on. They talked about Orchard's early training, about the Bible, and the verses Orchard learned at his mother's knee, about there being a God, and a hereafter with its judgment seat. McFarland exhorted him to repent of his sins, whatever they were.

Orchard then broke down and confessed. Three days were occupied in writing it out. McFarland says he told the truth, and all that is contained in this confession has actually been verified.

Warrants were sworn out against Meyer and the others. It is asserted that they had sensed danger and were preparing to flee. But when it was found that they were secretly in Colorado—warrants for their extradition having been correctly obtained—and as they once rushed out of the State of Idaho without a hearing and without an opportunity to communicate with their families or friends, their later associates denounced it as kidnapping. They appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States to set them free. That body has refused a hearing of the matter until next October. Friends came forward to offer bail to almost any amount.

Meantime Steps Adams had been arrested. He was looked upon as a mere thing in the trial, a name to be added to the list of brutal killers. No one offered to bail him out. McFarland worked on him. Adams became convinced that he was to be made a scape-goat, and he told all he knew, according to McFarland, corroborating Orchard. It is upon the testimony of these two self-confessed murderers that the case against Meyer and the others rests. Their testimony must be corroborated. McFarland and the district attorneys say it can be done.

As soon as the arrest of the men became known the members of the Federation of Miners began to raise money for their defence. The United Mine Workers gave \$5000 and pledged more. Other labor organizations took it up and added money. The

socialists and radicals generally throughout the country controlled. Maxine Torkly, as soon as he arrived in the country, was induced to send a message of sympathy to the arrested miner Gregory Maxine, the other Russian revolutionist now in this country, has pleaded for them from the platform. The contribution of the May-day meeting of socialists in New York and those in other cities, has been estimated at \$100,000. It has been estimated that it has been asserted that the miners would be able to raise \$1,000,000 for the defence of their fellow members. Clarence S. Darrow, the well-known Chicago lawyer who represented the United Mine Workers before the Anthracite Coal Commission, was engaged as the leading attorney for the defence, and has been tried to assist him.

This is not the place in which to try these accused men. The chief concern of the country is that they shall have a fair, impartial trial. One of the socialist orators at the May-day meeting in Grand Central Palace, New York, said that it was not Meyer or Haywood and the others who would really be placed on trial in Idaho. He said it would be the United States and its free institutions.

Fair-minded citizens will be willing to have this trial regarded as one of American institutions. No one wants them convicted unless the case be proved beyond reasonable doubt. If they be acquitted, well and good; if they be convicted, organized labor in this country will be dealt a staggering blow. To the long list of outrages that have been laid at the door of organized labor, whether justly or unjustly, will be added the most terrible of all, that of conspiracy to wholesale assassination for purposes of revenge, and to smother an industrial cause.

No matter how the trial ends, the God-given right, heretofore fostered under the free institutions of this country, of a man to work for whom and for what wage he pleases will undoubtedly be strengthened. Far-reaching murder conspiracies hereafter will dread to interfere with it.



The old House, now threatened with destruction, where the Pioneer Romans saved his Monument

PRESERVING A HISTORIC LANDMARK
THE PAINTER ROMNEY'S ENGLISH HOME

WIDESPREAD interest is being taken in England in the preservation of the layhouse home of the painter George Romney, at High Choken, about two miles to the north of the town of Harrogate-in-Pennine. This home, where Romney passed the most impressive period of his life, has long been known as unique and is almost self-sufficient; but urgent efforts are being made by art lovers and antiquaries to improve it as an object of national interest.

The cottage stands on high ground about two miles north of the town. John Romney, the painter's father, bought the property in 1742, and a few years later installed himself and his family there. George, then a boy of eleven, assisted his father in his business as cabinetmaker, joiner, and wheelwright. The elder Romney also did a little farming, and it was so arranged that one of the laborers whom he employed, who was of a liberally turn of mind, to preserve it as his largest of almost inalienable.

mind, subscribed to a monthly illustrated magazine, in which young George took much interest. He used to copy the illustrations in chalk on the walls of the workshop, attempting to improve on them; and later he tried his hand at some sketches of his own. Gradually he acquired a local reputation, and it is said that crowds of idlers would come from far and near to see the drawings with which he covered the doors and walls of the shop. In 1755, when he was twenty-one years of age, Romney left home to begin the travelling portrait painter Steele.

The cottage stands on the edge of a steep cliff, part of a large quarry. The workshop, which was at the side of the house, is now in ruins, though part of the wall is still standing and may be seen in the photograph. The situation of the house is sketched from the north and east, and commands an extensive view over the sea.

NEW YORK'S FIRE HAZARD

By EDWARD F. CROKER

Chief of the New York Fire Department

IT is the most natural thing in the world that such an appalling conflagration as the one which devastated San Francisco should arouse in the minds of New-Yorkers an eager inquiry as to the fire hazard of their own city. Within a very few years they have read of, or witnessed perhaps, disastrous fires in several American cities, and no doubt they have wondered over the rapid and unbroken progress of the flames. And after every one of those disasters, particularly since that which overwhelmed San Francisco, they have wanted to know whether New York stands in danger of being similarly fire-swept. A great many of them have asked me this. My answer, which I wish to be accepted as that of a practical fire-fighter, is that it is my firm belief that there is very little danger of any fire getting beyond control in New York. To be a bit more forceful, I would say I do not think it possible that New York could be devastated by fire, and my reason for the statement is based upon my knowledge of the efficiency of the New York Fire Department and the conditions under which it works. Of course I bar earthquakes as a consideration, because should the city's water-mains be broken, as they were in San Francisco, the matter is taken instantly and entirely out of the hands of the firemen. Fire cannot be fought without water, and when water-mains go, the Fire Department might just as well retire and join the populace in watching the spectacle. So, New-Yorkers may, I think, rest entirely assured that so long as the water-mains last their city is safe from the destruction of any considerable part of it by fire. And even should the water-mains be broken, the city has a river at each flank which would permit the firemen to make a struggle fit for history.

While I contend that wide-spread conflagration in New York is

in most remote possibility, it must not be understood that I recede one step from the stand I have taken in regard to what I believe to be the city's needs in the matter of protection against fire. Stating it broadly, I think New York should be equipped with more fire apparatus and that the number of firemen should be increased. It may be argued that the present force, men and appliances, can safeguard the city. Be that as it may, the city could be and should be more completely safeguarded. The present force in Greater New York numbers 3028 men, 165 engines, 53 hook-and-ladder trucks, 7 fire-boats, and 4 water-towers. On Manhattan Island the fire companies are not very widely separated, which is an obvious factor of efficiency, but there should be more of them in each district. It is axiomatic that the larger the fighting force the more quickly is the fire put down and the general risk minimized. If, for example, the present force can extinguish a fire in four hours, why not increase the force and extinguish it in two hours? It is a question of the factor of safety. New York has a substantial factor of this character, but when one reckons with fire, the most treacherous element with which man has to deal, the safety factor cannot be too great.

In recent years fire has demonstrated that New York's water-supply is not what it should be for fighting fires. Here again it is a matter of the factor of safety. Time and time again it has not been possible to obtain full pressure from the hydrants. It does not require much water, comparatively speaking, to extinguish a fire, remarkable as this may seem. The amount is hardly more than a drop when one compares it with the quantity which is wasted daily in the city. But during a blaze water is needed in volume and promptly, and that it is not to be so obtained accounts for the



A stubborn Fire on the Water-front. In the Foreground the "New-Yorker," the most powerful Fire-boat in the World, is aiding the Engines ashore.

hours which are sometimes required to stamp out a fire. It will go back to the question: Why take four hours when the same thing could be accomplished in two?

With the present pressure engines are not enabled to work to their full capacity. A steamer which is capable of discharging 600 gallons a minute is, for instance, compelled to content itself with 300, and this is all wrong. I have long maintained that the fire-hydrants should be overhauled and many of them replaced with cases of more adequate type, and I am opposed to the use of hydrants by contractors, street-sweepers, and street-cleaners. This may seem radical, but it is my view that the hydrants should be used by the Fire Department alone. Then, too, the present antiquated system of fire-alarm telegraph should be replaced with a modern system. We are using what is known as the old "1860 type" of box, and many of the cables connecting the boxes with fire headquarters have been in their condition since 1888.

Then, then, are a few of the recommendations I would like to see carried out in order that New York's factor of safety may be increased. They are improvements which are necessary in view of the city's constantly changing conditions, and its yearly increase in population and built-up area.

To return to the first reason for my statement that the city is not in appreciable danger of an extended conflagration: It is recognized throughout the country that the New York Fire Department is the most efficient organization of its kind in the world. Its record makes this apparent. In fact, the truth of it is demonstrated daily throughout the year. In Greater New York there are about 12,000 fires annually, an average, in all boroughs, of, say, thirty-two fires a day. Take, for instance, the records of the year 1903, which I happen to have at hand, and it will be seen that the actual number of fires to which the department responded in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx—and I mean real fires, not false alarms nor indications of fire—was 6784. Of these all save 170 were confined to the structures in which they originated. This is a remarkable token of efficiency, because it means that in the case of 6605 fires there was not so much as the wooden window-casing of an adjoining building even scorched. Going farther into figures, the records of the Fire Marshal show that in only four of these fires did the damage exceed \$100,000. The total loss of buildings and contents was \$4,164,358, with an average gross loss of \$615 per fire. This shows, I think, not only what the department can do, but what it may be expected to do when fire confronts it.

It must be said that New York has been most lucky in the matter of fires. The records show remarkably few instances of heavy losses since the Fire Department was organized in 1865, and when one is contemplating the city's fire hazard one must take this fact into consideration. There have been, no doubt, countless instances in which fire would have spread disastrously had they not been fought by a skilled force. But the fact remains that, up to this time, no fire has been, for long, beyond the control of the

firemen. This is due to the tactics which have for so many years been followed by the New York force, and which have gained for it its reputation. The efficiency of the department lies mainly in an application of the very good rule that in order to thrash a man effectively, to your complete satisfaction, you must keep in front of him. You have to "go up against" a fire in the fullest meaning of that expression in order to deal adequately with it. This means going up from the leeward, not the windward side. It also means getting into the thick of the smoke and, perhaps, being taken out unconscious—and then going back again. Sometimes it means going right into the fire and, perhaps, not coming back at all. But that is the only way to do the thing.

In every city there are, of course, zones of greatest danger, where a fire, even a small one, is a menace and must be fought with the utmost care, readiness, and determination to prevent its spreading. New York's region of greatest danger, the one which demands the full resources of the Fire Department, is the wholesale district, the region of Worth, Thomas, Dunne, and Church streets. There, I confess, we dread fire, and a first alarm must summon sufficient apparatus and a large enough corps of men to begin a determined fight at once. How thoroughly the hazard of the wholesale district is recognized may be appreciated when one learns that a third alarm from Box No. 162, which is at the corner of Greenwich and Vestry streets, summons twenty-nine engines, three hook-and-ladder trucks, three fire-batts, one water-tower, and seven chief officers of the department. And let me say that it would not take much to make a third alarm in that district necessary. It is the principle of the department that too great rather than too small a force shall be sent against a fire.

In the downtown mercantile district, as I have said, the greatest care is exercised in dealing with fire, and throughout this district a single alarm usually calls out four engines and two hook-and-ladder companies; a second alarm calls out eight engines and three ladder companies; a third alarm thirteen engines and four ladder companies; a fourth alarm, eighteen engines and five ladder companies, and a fifth alarm, twenty-four engines and six ladder companies. In the residential district, where there is much less chance of a fire spreading, a first alarm summons three engines and two hook-and-ladder companies; a second, seven engines and three ladder companies; a third, twelve engines and four ladder companies, and a fourth alarm, seventeen engines and five ladder companies. A score or more of the downtown fire-boxes being out five engines on the first alarm, and six or more on each succeeding alarm; our water-tower responds, as a rule, to first or second alarm south of Fifty-sixth Street, and to second or third alarm, when occasion requires it, at any point south of the Harlem River; at least three fire-batts respond to alarms sent out from boxes near the waterfront. The department chief attends all "third-alarm" fires in Greater New York; all second alarms in the Borough of Manhattan below Seventy-second Street, and all fires occurring at night near the wholesale region.



"Cooling Off" a raging Valley Fire preparatory to cooling it down through the streets for a then-quarterly fight



The Result of Work in the School of Instruction, Rescuing a Tenant trapped in the Third Story of a Building

Another section of the city which is accounted dangerous in the matter of fire is that along First Avenue from Twenty-third Street northward almost to Fifty-ninth. Several extensive fires have occurred here, and for hours on end the department has been put in it to win the fight. The wholesale drug and chemical district downtown is also a highly undesirable region for a fire to start in, but it does not present much of a problem so far as a spreading of the flames is concerned.

New York is very fortunate in its geographical conformation. The two wide rivers flanking Manhattan Island rob a water-front fire of most of its terrors. In fact, I have no fear whatever of a fire along the waterfront spreading into the city. Our seven fire-boards augmented by the engine companies can readily cope with an outbreak.

The great downtown office buildings, the sky-scrapers, are, owing to their steel fire-proof construction and the care with which they are guarded, a very slight problem to the Fire Department in the matter of providing an extensive fire. Owing to their great height it might be difficult to raise a great amount of water to fight a fire in an upper story, but there would be little about the building to burn save the interior fittings of offices.

The accounts of the San Francisco conflagration relate the persistent use of explosives in an attempt to check the fire. Fire cannot be fought with dynamite or other explosives. I am convinced of this. It does on good whatever to blow up a building, as an explosive simply lifts a building into the air and brings it down a mass of ruins. This offers the fire a mass of highly inflammable wreckage and gives the firemen much more of a task than they would have had if the building had simply been permitted to catch fire. The first use of explosives in fighting a fire was made, I believe, in New York in 1835. A fire which eventually destroyed 600 buildings on the lower East Side was in progress, and a detachment of marines from the Brooklyn Navy-Yard with gunpowder blew down a number of houses, without, however, impeding the progress of the flames. It was in the winter, and, according to the accounts of the affair, the marines crossed the East River on the ice. This fire cost the city \$12,000,000. Explosives were used during the Chicago fire of '71, in Boston in 1872, and in the Paterson, Baltimore, and San Francisco fires, but in none of them did they accomplish the purpose for which they were intended. In case a fire gained any sort of headway in New York, the Fire Department would go blocks

ahead of it and drench down a flanking line of buildings, keeping them so wet that the fire could not attack them. As for the fire itself it would be left to burn.

The heaviest fire losses in New York have occurred, and are, therefore, the more likely to occur, in the region west of Broadway from Chambers Street to Twenty-third Street. This is the region we guard most carefully. On the lower East Side the fires are more dangerous so far as human life is concerned, owing to the great number of tenement-houses which are packed with people from ceiling to roof, and the narrowness of the streets. Fires are more numerous throughout the city during the months of January, February, and March, as that is the time when people are most likely to build their best fires in stoves and grates, and learn the unfortunate lesson of a defective fire. It is not at all uncommon in these months for the Fire Department to be called out to fight as many as forty or fifty fires in a single day. But the record

for the year is always held by the Fourth of July, on which as many as 150 fires may reasonably be expected.

Save during the snow period in winter the New York Department is remarkably prompt in its response to fires, and at least two deputy or battalion chiefs are present at all alarms. In the downtown district six or seven such officers are on duty when a fourth alarm has been turned in. At every alarm the horses in all single companies and in the first section of all double companies are at once hitched up, save at night, when the companies are summoned to their places beside the apparatus only on especially designated alarms. After a third alarm certain engine and hook-and-ladder trucks are moved from their quarters to other engine-houses to replace those which have been hurried to the scene of fire.

In order that the intelligent and courageous manner in which the men of the department go about their work shall be most effective, I have for many years urged the installation of a high-pressure fire-main system. These mains should extend throughout the most hazardous sections of the city, the water in them to be under sufficient pressure to yield a good stream directly from the hydrant.

The separate fire-main system has already been authorized for a portion of the city, and it should be extended without delay throughout the hazardous sections.

In conclusion let me repeat that I believe New York to be well protected from fire, but in city is so well protected that improvements should not be instituted.



A Fire on Zeta Weather which tests to the utmost the Efficiency of the Fire Department

BRITAIN AND HER RESTLESS BLACKS

By EDGAR MELS

Former Editor of the Johannesburg "Daily News"

THAT Great Britain is confronted with a most serious negro problem is indicated by news from many points in South Africa, whether it be in Basutoland (more or less controlled by the Germans), the Cape Colony, the Transvaal, or that portion of Zululand now within the territorial boundaries of Natal. From all these points comes news of unrest among the natives, if not actual uprisings. The spirit militant stalks abroad, and the master white fears for the safety of his family, his property, and himself.

Recent events in Natal and Zululand seem to indicate that the so-called rebellion is much more wide-spread than was anticipated and expected, and that the Zulus are rising en masse. They have much in their favor and much against them. In their favor are their thorough knowledge of their native land, its almost impenetrable bushland, its lack of sustenance for the white soldier, and the Indianlike cleverness with which they fight. Against them are their lack of modern arms, and the limited amount of ammunition they possess or can obtain. There is also, however, the possibility that some Kafir military genius may arise, that some person or nation, unfriendly to Britain, may supply arms to the natives. If, by one of those mysterious things known to history, the fever of revolt should spread to the warlike Matabele, in the brave Bechuanaland, and to the minor nations, then the whites would be swept back toward the sea, crushed and annihilated, until by weight of better armament, and the white man's superior brain, the conquest of Africa would begin again.

There is little prospect of such a contingency, despite the crass stupidity with which Britain's representatives are handling the native question. They have done all that man could do to harness, amuse, and alienate the native, through oppressive and unreasonably severe laws; through interference with his personal liberty; through neglect of his wants and needs.

The exact status of affairs in Natal cannot accurately be judged at this distance, for the unwritten law of underestimating one's possible enemy is yet in force in South Africa. Kruger's prize that "staggered humanity" has already been, not forgotten, perhaps, but overlooked.

And yet, based upon previous experience with him, Britain should know that the average native is not to be despised, either as a foe or a friend. He can hate well, and he is capable of gratitude, at least that portion of him which is not thickest war bushman. The cable news from Natal to London has all been roasts, skin to bull's while seeking to arouse the Tugela River in the effort to relieve Ladysmith.

"Another petty chief and forty followers have surrendered and paid the poll-tax," reads the cablegrams, followed by other equally optimistic messages. An entirely different story is told, however, by later news; how different can best be estimated by a recent press despatch to the London Standard, sent early in March, when the Natal uprising near Greytown had not yet assumed its subsequent proportions. After detailing the mobilization of 1000 men and their advance to Pietermaritzburg, a settlement some sixty miles to the northeast of Pietermaritzburg, the capital, to move on Bambata, the chief of the insurgent indunas, the report states:

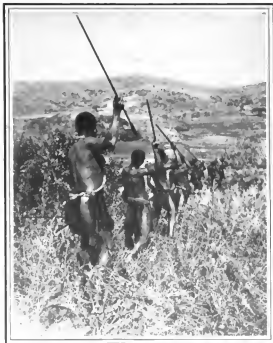
Greytown is thrown into a state of alarm by the attitude of the natives. A report came that the chief, Bambata, was advancing on the town. The news was spread with all possible swiftmess, and the inhabitants were summoned to gather in the town hall. At the same time, all males were warned to turn out with rifles and ammunition, and be ready for immediate military duty. It may be imagined what hurrying to and fro there was, and what extraordinary scenes were brought about by this sudden and startling news.

A large dance was going on at the residence of one of the chief officials of the town, and the strange spectacle was seen of the men riding away from the house just as they were, in evening dress, with bulletins slung across their chests, and rifles in their hands. It is only just to say that the horses were got out and the arms and cartridges distributed in a wonderfully short time, the men competing with one another who should be first. All through the night the state of military watchfulness was kept up. Tickets were early thrown out, and cancelled on duty continuously. There was, however, no attack. The town is now quieter, but a strong force of militia has been despatched.

In conclusion, the correspondent states that the affected district contains 25,000 Zulus, of whom 10,000 are warriors.

So much for a cursory glance at what might seem a trivial incident of disaffection among a small portion of a most conglomerate population, but which, in reality, is a most serious symptom of a general disease. The native question has been for years the greatest problem of South Africa—greater by far than the warring of the British-Ber-Afrikaner elements. From the earliest colonial days, the native has been treated as ruthlessly, as dishonorably, as inhumanly, as our own Indians. The Kafir's land and possessions have been taken by right of might; he has been brutally dispossessed; he has been the prey of civilization, and when, in a moment of desperation, he has rebelled, has fought back—primitively and fiercely,—he has been termed "savage."

It is a long story of the white man's inhumanity to the black. It began early in the seventeenth century when the first Dutch settlers bought that part of the Cape Colony, includ-



A band of Zulus in their War-gear



From stereoscopic negatives, sent by J. Anderson & Co., London

Zulus embarking on a Train at Pietermaritzburg for Durban, Natal

ing Cape Town and its vicinage for many miles to the east and northwest, for \$8000—what they actually paid was \$47 85, and in goods at that. The land on which Durban now stands was bought for \$250 in goods. In 1795 came the first Kafir war, brought about by a dispute over the western boundary-line of the Cape Colony. The trouble was adjusted almost as soon as it began, by a retreat of the Dutch. Another similar uprising took place in 1811, in which the natives were defeated. Eight years later came a third "war," and again the natives suffered.

Then followed years of petty wars until, in 1833, Kafiraria was annexed to the Colony and the boundary advanced to the Inini River. More wars followed, and in 1839 Basutoland was taken into the British fold, next coming Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, Zululand, Matabeleland, Pondoland, and, following the Boer war, Swaziland.

So far as Natal is concerned, the white conqueror did not have things his own way, for he had to battle with the Zulus, the finest among all African natives. It was in 1822 that the white man first faced the Zulu in Natal. Chaka, the Terrible, the Zulu Napoleon, ruled that nation with rule of iron. When he sold Durban Bay and the site of the present city to the white man, Dingaan, Chaka's brother, grew so incensed that he had the latter assassinated and assumed control of affairs. The white man soon realized that, had as Chaka had been, Dingaan was worse. Dingaan massacred every white man, woman, and child within reach, and crowned his exploits by deliberately killing the Boer leader, Retief, whom he had invited to a peace conference, with one hundred of his followers. Then followed a series of terrible massacres in which thousands of whites perished, lasting until 1838, when Andries Pretorius, after whom Pretoria was named, with Paul Kruger, Joubert, and other Boer heroes, numbering all told 400 men, gave battle to

12,000 Zulus, and after three days' terrible battling defeated them with a loss of more than 3000 killed. The Zulu war in which the French Prince Imperial lost his life through the cowardice of Lieutenant Stewart, and the crushing of Cetewayo, with the annexation of the Zulu country, is a matter of too recent history to need comment.

These are the territorial wrongs of the natives—their personal grievances are far greater. To understand them, a brief dissection of the character of the average Kafir is necessary. To begin, the word Kafir—spelled with one "f," not two, as is generally the case—is the generic name applied to all South-African natives. Its origin is uncertain and in dispute, but there is a probability that it is derived from the German "kaiser" (thrown beetle), and was applied to the natives by the first Dutch settlers. Until the middle of the last century, there were about 1150 distinct Kafir tribes, more than 300 being in Zululand alone. The entire 1150 indulged in periodical raids, battles, and even wars, and by these means managed to reduce their number so materially that to-day there are left only the Zulus, Matabeles, Basutos, Bechuanas, Swazies, and one or two lesser tribes, the other having lost their tribal individuality. The Hottentots are settled mainly in Southwest Africa, under German jurisdiction, but even these despicable blacks have been able to make serious resistance to the German force sent to subjugate them.

The Zulu is the finest specimen of the Kafir extant, with the Matabele, his ethnological cousin, next, followed by the Basuto, Bechuanas, and Swazie in the order named, although the last is also an offshoot of the Zulu race. The average Kafir is tolerably honest, but not obtrusively so, for he has associated too long with the white man not to have assimilated some of his ideas of morality, but sufficiently to be trustworthy to some degree. In his native state he is temperate in all things. It is only when some misguided though well-intentioned missionary or other white man has warned him against the evils of civilization that he experiments in them and improves on them. The white man's drink is pleasant at all times, but close acquaintance soon hardens the palate and something stronger becomes necessary to assuage the thirst. So, the inventive white man concocted "Cape Smoke," a gentle cocktail, having as its basis wood-alcohol, with red pepper and a dash of vitriol added to make it palatable. That it makes the drinker a raving maniac during its influence can readily be understood, and then when, bereft of senses, the native transgresses the white man's law, the latter punishes him and terrifies him unfit for human intercourse.

Morally, the Kafir is far ahead of his American negro brother. The Kafir, even after three hundred years of association with the whites, has yet a strongly developed sense of sexual decency. Immorality, especially among the Zulus, is punished severely, yet he is a polygamist away from the centres of civilization where his white masters practice monogamy, conveniently relieved by elastic divorce laws. On the other hand, it has been said, and truthfully, that the native is not industrious and laws have been enacted to compel him to work. And in this endeavor to instil



From stereoscopic negatives, sent by J. Anderson & Co., London

Zulu Types—o "unimproved" Native Poodocoma in the Centre



The Finish of the 500-metre Race, won by the American Athlete, P. H. Pilgrim, of the New York Athletic Club, in 2 m. 14.2 s.



Ray Egan, of the New York Athletic Club, winning the Standing High Jump at 5 feet 2 inches

VICTORIES OF AMERICAN ATHLETES AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES



Awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen of Greece at the Royal Box in the Stadium to begin the Day's Contests



Greek and American Wrestlers contending for Championship Honors

**SCENES IN THE STADIUM AT ATHENS WHERE AMERICAN
ATHLETES TRIUMPHED**

the love of work into a constitutionally lazy being, lies the secret of the present unrest of the Kafirs.

In South Africa, as in most tropical countries, the white man is averse to manual labor. He is able and willing to pay somebody else to do it for him, and as native labor is usually cheap he hires it. Now it so happened that the Kafir had always been willing to work for the white man—when he needed the money. But this did not suit his conqueror, who demanded his services at all times and at his own rate of pay. When such service was refused, the white resorted to the imposition of heavy taxes, in order to pay which the Kafir was forced to work.

Until the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand in 1886, the main trouble with the natives was over territory and land. When the gold-mines in and around Johannesburg were developed, the cry for native labor became loud and insistent. At first the call was answered liberally, for the pay, \$12-30 a month and keep, seemed liberal. Soon, however, the native realized that he was receiving a more pitiable for risking his life and health in the mines, and his numbers grew alarmingly less. In the early spring (four months) he stayed on his patch of ground to till the soil, during the summer months he loafed, and in the autumn he garnered his scanty crops. It was only during the winter months that he deigned to labor for the white employer.

Such was the situation when the master mind, Cecil Rhodes, then Premier of Cape Colony, arose to the situation. He induced the Cape Parliament to pass a law known as the "Glen Grey Act," by which every native in the Colony had to pay a head-tax of ten shillings annually or go to prison for a period not exceeding one year, or work off the tax and attendant fine in the employ of some white man! A similar law, enacted in Natal, helped to furnish additional labor, and, incidentally, to send a fair quota to the gold-mines owned by Rhodes and his allied interests. Since the Boer war, similar laws are in force in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

But even the imposition of a head-tax did not suffice to improve the labor-market for any length of time, so the powers induced the Imperial Parliament to permit the importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa. A host of indignation went up from all parts of the country, for not only were the coolies contract laborers who did not add a penny to the country's prosperity, but was after their advent they proved to be a lawless element. A large percentage was sickly and amny died, and then the Conservative government collapsed. Now Britain fears that it may have to repatriate the thousands of coolies at a cost of millions—and the South-African labor problem is as unsolved as ever.

In the mean time the natives, having lost respect and fear for Britons, Boers, and Afrikaanders alike, became more sullen, more self-assertive. They began to realize that, as an individual, the white man, though powerful, was yet human and vulnerable, and so they began a more or less systematic resistance to the collection of the poll-tax. Isolated instances multiplied, until in Natal the more aggressive Zulus combined to resist the tax-collectors, and in a scrimmage two white officials were killed. This was the cue for the Natal government, and a dozen natives were promptly arrested, tried by court martial, and sentenced to death. Then came the interference of the house gov-

ernment, the resignation of the Natal ministry, the change of mind on the part of the home officials, and the execution of the natives. Subsequently events came fast, for Hanbata defeated a white force, only to be surrounded—according to Boer despatches. Next followed the insurgent chiefs' escape, and then—?

Speculation, so far as South-African probabilities are concerned, is unprofitable, as was repeatedly proved during the Boer war. The Kafirs are disintegrated, and therein lies the safety of the whites. As in India, the Briton has skillfully played one tribe against another, has traded on racial hatred to assure his own safety. The Zulu despises all the other tribes, and all the others hate one another and the Zulu. How long such a state of affairs

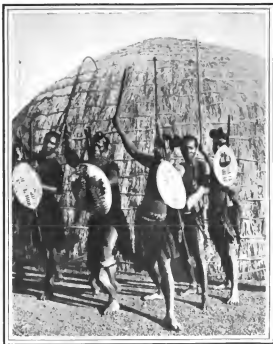
will last, no one can predict correctly. One guess is as good as another, but there are facts and probabilities which must be taken into consideration.

There are, approximately, five million natives in South Africa below the Zambesi River. One-third of these are capable of carrying arms. Of these, ninety-nine per cent. have only assegais and clubs known as knobkerries, but they are fearless, to the point of fanaticism, and could by sheer weight of numbers make it interesting for any white force sent against them. In the Cape Colony are about 1,350,000 natives: in Basutoland, 300,000; Natal, 400,000; Zululand, 1,200,000; Amantongaland, 25,000; Bechuanaland, 50,000; Orange River Colony, 125,000; Transvaal and Swaziland, 700,000; Rhodesia, 1,500,000; and Nyassaland and adjacent territory, 1,100,000. As against this horde, the whites total only about 1,250,000, of whom about one-half could carry arms.

There is, however, another phase to consider in speculating on the probable outcome of a general active uprising. Would the Boers and Afrikaanders, who are more bitter against the natives, help the latter in case of need? Unless the natives, who have always feared the Boers because of their hostility and the sternness with which they have held them in leash, show an astonishing lack of foresight, they will not molest them. The Boers, on the other hand, are very unlikely to give active aid to the British—if they do not secretly help the natives. This latter proposition is, however, rather unlikely, for the Boers despise the natives too thoroughly to help them against the white man, no matter how much they may hate the latter.

The misgovernment of Britain in South Africa has been amazing. If there was a wrong way, the Briton has invariably taken that wrong course. If he could have smothered every racial difference, he has gone against the grain—whatever he has done as an official and individual, has been simply wrong. And yet, South Africa is the richest country in the world, materially. It is a splendid agricultural country; it offers every inducement for development. But it is retrograding. The labor and native questions are unsoundly proportioned, the burden of war taxation is heavy—what will be the outcome?

There will be another war between the Boer-Afrikaander element and the British, and then the dream of Cecil Rhodes of a United States of South Africa will materialize. But there will be misadventure, the personality of the dreamer, whose Presidential ambition, repeatedly rebuffed to the writer, was so signally defeated by Paul Kruger.



Ninety-nine per cent. of the Natives are armed only with Assegais and Knobkerries



The Jest

By E. Temple Thurston



Drawings By CH. WEBER-DITZLER



THERE are two theories concerning art. The artist will tell you that, being the end, art justifies all means. The ordinary individual will say that art is no end, and that only the narrow means of righteousness justify its pursuit. Neither knows what he is talking about.

The matter, however, is one for exhaustive discussion. It cropped up one Sunday evening at Kenneth Gorst's—Devere Street, Park Lane. Sunday evening, of course, because that is the one day of the week in which actors are able to entertain.

Mrs. Gorst defended the latter theory against Bramley Nicoll, the comedian; Foster Holbrook, the inimitable character actor; and Henrietta Garzia, the tragedienne. Kenneth Gorst and Rosamund Seaton sat back in their chairs and listened, saying nothing.

"I'm not trying to pose as a picturist," said Mrs. Gorst, in qualification of her view.

"My dear lady!" Holbrook exclaimed, deprecatingly.

"You think the pose wouldn't fit?"

Bramley Nicoll stepped in with his light touch—"Anything you would choose to wear?"

"Would fit?"

"We were wondering if you would choose."

Henrietta Garzia twined and untwined her nervous fingers. It indicated that she had something to say. They all looked to her.

"I'd go to any length—to any depth—to snatch one true idea out of the heart of any one." The lengths to which she had already gone were notorious, the depths—

"I notice you say nothing of the heights," said Mrs. Gorst. "Is there nothing to be snatched from them?"

Kenneth dropped an eye of admiration on his wife. Nothing to be snatched from the heights—it looked as though she had floured them there. The silence confirmed it. All three sipped at their coffee. Kenneth filled in the pause with the first words he could lay hand to.

"Aren't you going to America next year, Holbrook?" he asked. Holbrook turned quickly with animated eyes—the subject interested him. He had discussed it with most of his friends and it still continued to attract his attention. When in return he inquired how "The Whirlpool" was going—the play at the Olympic, in which Kenneth and Miss Seaton were filling the principal parts of man and mistress, Mrs. Gorst accused her opponents of defeat.

"Your mutual silence admits that the heights are useless to you," she said. Her voice had a challenge in it. Fear of the ignominy of defeat forced them hastily to take up arms again, and in another minute the sea of discussion was being swept with passing gusts of opinion.

Rosamund Seaton and Kenneth still kept silence. Some thought common to the minds of both roped them off from the field of argument. Only when a heated passage was taking place and the voice of one more than one was fighting to raise itself predominant, did Kenneth intimate that the subject was interesting to him.

"What do you think?" he asked, in a low voice, leaning sideways to Kenneth so that his question should reach her alone. "Where do you think one should stop to get the reality into one's work?"

She looked at him with eyes that drove their way down into his senses.

"I shouldn't stop," she said, and her voice, lowered to his pitch, was tense as a tautened rope.

"The Whirlpool" had been running at the Olympic for two weeks, and the furore that it created was just beginning to blow. An amiable bishop, whose apron flapped to every little breath of wind that blew round social corners, had condemned it from his pulpit the first Sunday after its production, wherefore the box-office the next day was inundated by his congregation with applications for seats. When the papers drew attention to his sermon, the furore began in earnest. The clergy—



Drawn by Ch. Weber-Ditzler

"I'd go to any length to snatch one true idea out of the heart of any one"

mindful public had seen nothing intensely interesting in the production until the well-meaning bishop had struck the gale at the corner. It is in this connection of Church and stage that the former is so useful to the latter. One of these days the stage will repay the debt it owes, *deery* the Church, and every place of worship will be filled.

What was it in particular that offended the poorly bishop? Nothing, really, but what is open for public inspection in that interesting theatre of life—the English law-courts. A case for divorce—that is all. The frequency of these makes the subject quite commonplace. No exceptional notice would have been taken of the play had it not been for the bishop.

The part taken by Kenneth Gorst was not intrinsically a sympathetic one. The public has its own ideas about the husband swept into the arms of his temptress by the rash of passion. They may condone it in themselves. On the stage, they say that it is disgraceful. It was a part, therefore, that needed the celloso cruelty of realism to make it appreciated. Rosamund also struggled under the same difficulties. Remember, actors and actresses must be appreciated. For that reason first and foremost do they come on the stage; wherefore, in default of good acting, they all choose sympathetic parts.

Here, then, you have the gist of the reason why the argument on Sunday night, at Deansy Street, appealed to and interested the two spectators who remained silent. The need for realism was calling to both of them, yet neither, until then, had known the other's mind on this very subject. The *seed*, it must be admitted, was genuine so far as Kenneth was concerned; but with Rosamund—well—that is doubtful. A woman pursuing realism is not most frequently instigated by motive of art.

"You wouldn't stop!" repeated Kenneth, answering her look more than her words.

"No—not at anything."

"Yet I remember your saying once that you felt utterly detached from the parts in which you were playing."

"I used to think that."

"And now?"

"Now, I have to get right into the core of them—live them, breathe them, be them."

"How about *Lena Harrington*—the part you're playing now?"

Rosamund looked into the heart of a shaded candle that burnt in a silver stick by her side. With the same expression she suddenly switched her eyes to him.

"Yes—I live that—breathe that—am that."

"The temptress?"

"Yes."

"A woman who cares that"—his fingers snapped on his palm—"for a man's honor and takes him at his weakest moment when his blood's fire and the devil's at him?"

She nodded her head; Kenneth nodded his.

By this time the freshening breeze of opinion had died down again. The last word had been said on the subject and Mrs. Gorst had said it. One thing finally occurred to her.

"Why haven't you two entered the list?" she asked, looking down the table towards her husband and including Rosamund in her glance.

Miss Senton answered the look—the bell ringing in the steady sim.

"I don't think it matters either way," she said, carelessly. "There's no royal road to good work. One arrives at it by accident as often as not."

Rosamund let the lie pass. It would have been an uncomfortable matter to refute it; but in not doing so he became an absolute accomplice in her eyes. Her heart began beating as she listened to his silence. They would be playing the next night. Her blood flamed.

They say it takes a woman to deceive a woman. Surely a woman must have said that in the first elation of her seeming success. Nothing deceives the instinct of a woman's intuition. Mrs. Gorst was not deceived. Something was in the air; as a mist that rises up from the marshes, she felt it about her—something impossible to see through; vaguely to understand.

This is a condition of women's mental features alone; no man is subject to it. In the position held by Mrs. Gorst—wife of a popular actor, controlling the choice of his own parts and the selection of those actresses with whom to play his love scenes—there was ample cause for the rising of the mist. Times out of number she fought it down, or closing her eyes, waited until events had dispelled it. When she had first heard of "The Whirlpool," when she had first been told of the selection of Rosamund Senton for the part of *Lena Harrington*, when she had seen the dress rehearsal on the night before production, the mist, laden with instinct, had risen before her eyes. For the next two weeks she had not been near the Olympia. Then had come this Sunday evening when, with the intention of learning both her husband's and Rosamund's point of view, she had promoted this discussion on the pursuit of realism. They had kept silence. What did that mean?

The knowledge leapt at her out of the half-light of realization. The suavity of Rosamund's reply was nothing to her. It passed her, brushing her face only as a fleeting moth in the night-time. It meant nothing. Suspicious, was she? Jealous? She loved Kenneth, and the devil was at her. What was it in this girl—realism or no realism? And what was it to him? Realism or not? He had said nothing. Even his silence had been deceit.

But finally, what was it to her? What did Art matter to her, however big the first letter were writ, whether realism or not? It mattered nothing. Art might live, but what was that? Her



"How about '*Lena Harrington*'—the part you're playing now?"

Drawn by Ch. Weber-Dieter



Drawn by Ch. Walter-Dieter

"Isn't it true?" she asked. "Didn't you kiss her?"

love had only one life. She hated art—not because her nature was ill-adapted to it; only the creative capacity was lacking in her. She could feel; she could imagine; but she had no ambition. Art was only a toy for men and women to waste their lives upon—either in destroying it or in trying for it. No sense in her craving for the moon. She only wanted the love of Kenneth. So far she knew it was hers; but how suddenly, how soon might she not lose it! Before "The Whirlpool" had run its course she might have lost it. Kenneth might be in that woman's arms as, acting his part, he was every night. He did not actually kiss her, though. He never did that with the women with whom he played. She held that knowledge up before her as a woman, praying in a chapel, gazed at the picture of the Virgin over the altar.

In the flow of general conversation that followed Rosamund's reply, Mrs. Grest, made up her mind to go and see the play the next night. She said nothing to Kenneth. Kenneth should act his part undisturbed by the knowledge of her presence. If he believed that art justified all means in its pursuit, she would know. She had no doubt that she would know.

II

On Monday night the Olympic was crowded. Friends of the bishop even were there; all who had read the account of his sermon were there—those of them who had been able to obtain seats. Mrs. Grest was there. She carried the opera-glasses that Kenneth had once given her, which reduced distance to a minimum. Her name—Laura—was engraved on their silver frame.

"I hear the theatre's crowded with people who've read the bishop's sermon," Kenneth said to Rosamund in the wings. She looked up at him dazlingly.

"That's the worst of telling people what they ought to do," she said, with a laugh.

Kenneth looked sincerely on to the stage.

"Look at that!" he said, holding out a hand that shook visibly—persistently.

"Feel that," she replied, and taking the outstretched hand in hers, she held it against her heart, beating like a bird against a pane of glass.

He moved away from her apprehensively, giving a vague excuse. But she saw the distress in his eyes. Surely he was in the palm of her hand. Mrs. Grest knew there before and she knew well how the best of them writhed.

At half past eight the curtain was up, the play began. *Whirlpool*, the imperturbable moralist, was drifting through three acts into the lawless, passionate arms of *Lena Harrington*. The audience sat like one man and listened.

"Jolly little!" the men said during intervals in the bar. "See him pulling on the rope, eh? Poor devil!" One man always says poor devil of another who falls to a woman.

In the third act came the crisis, the ultimate crash of the over-

balanced body. The scene was *Lena Harrington's* drawing-room, where such action is bound to take place. The imperturbable *Whirlpool* had come to say good-by. The fatality of those farewells was turned to good purpose by the playwright. Apparently he had realized the utmost possibility of danger in the very moment of renunciation.

Kenneth's rendering of *Whirlpool* struggling in the eddies that were slowly bearing him down into the vortex of the whirlpool was to the life. Rosamund saw the heart in it. Every seduction she possessed quivered in her voice, lay crouching in her eyes.

A servant came into the room with tea things and their conversation for the moment ended.

"You're playing to-night," Kenneth whispered, under his breath.

"Not playing," she replied.

When the domestic had retired, the bottle began again. The tea was a mockery. Neither touched it. He had come to say good-by; according to stage time, he took almost the whole afternoon in which to do it. Such time is fatal to itself. *Whirlpool* openly admitted it.

"This delaying of time," he said—so you will read it in the script—"is prolonging in slips the hideousness of the dose that I must take. We don't take our medicine any easier when we grow up, you see. We take it worse, in fact. There's so kind parent to hold the nose and force the ugly draught down the reluctant throat."

And to this confession of weakness *Lena Harrington* replied: "Do you think we always know what is good for us? Do you think we always go to the best physician, or, when seeming to take advice—pride and prejudice flanking arms to prevent us—do you think we always choose the right prescription for our needs? The first instinct of human nature is to write renunciation upon a piece of paper and take it to the sacred altar to be made up. It seems to me to be one of the biggest fallacies we labor under—that belief is renunciation. For myself, I give way to every instinct—trusting that it is possessed of infinitely more wisdom than my reason."

"Supposing the thought of renunciation be prompted not by reason, but by instinct?"

"That is impossible. We renounce a thing because we know of something else; we accept a condition because we feel we must. Knowing is reason; feeling is instinct. I'm not a mystic, but I am sure instinct is the truer guide. I'm not a mystic—"

"No—but you're a woman."

It is quite palpable to see what all this is leading to. The audience waited for it with a single breath. The glasses clung to Mrs. Grest's eyes. They were all watching the fly hovering on the vortex of the web—bound to catch in the threads—fated to be drawn into the whirlpool where the pair of glittering eyes were waiting for their prey.

When it came, it was with a rush—the last effort of the flood

that sweeps the branch free of its entanglements and pitches it into the madness of the mill race. If Ashforth fell into the arms of Lena Harrington as the tree whose strength the sagging saw has worn to a single thread. With a moan of his own weakness he tottered to her and her arms were gyved about his neck.

No more for the winning of Lena Harrington; but hence of the hope to conquer in the mind of Rosamund Weston? When his head was on her shoulder, his breath beating on her neck, she whispered in his ear.

"Kiss me!" she breathed, daring him, commanding him, compelling him. He lifted his head, let his eyes drop down themselves in hers, and met his lips against the soft heat of her own.

Behind the trembling glasses Mrs. Gorsk felt and saw the kiss. Her imagination leaped it. The curtain came down on that, and one voice lifted itself through the theatre. Every man there would have done the same—not a doubt of it—every woman too. The thing was real—heart and soul of it. They were called to the front again and again. Who cared for the feelings of the lady in one of the back rows of the dress-circle? Who knew of them?

Each time they were called, Mrs. Gorsk closed her eyes. The poison of jealousy was in her blood, vitriolizing every thought that possessed her. She judged by what she knew of women; there was no love of art in Rosamund's performance as she had seen it. Real? Possibly, because it was the actual thing. But art! She scoffed, sarcastic, with thin lips. That was the woman, summed up in a breath, ticked off with the pencil as a clerk unerringly passes the figures for his inspection. But what of the man? Was that the actual thing too? Or the moment of madness—the sudden unsuspected kink in the blood, unlikely to be seen again? Or was it the realism of art? Any of the three? But which?

Mrs. Gorsk was in the dining-room at Deansy Street when Kenneth returned. Had he waited to see Rosamund after the play was over? Judging by the usual time at which he left his dressing-room, he had not. Five minutes out would have roused her suspicions.

"Still up?" he asked, when he found her waiting.

"I've just come back from the theatre," she said, quietly.

"Which theatre?"

"The Olympic—a play called 'The Whirlpool.'"

He did not smile. His eyes met hers expectantly.

"Well?" she asked. "Aren't you surprised? Haven't you got

anything to say. Why don't you ask me if I liked the performance?"

"I presume you didn't from your tone of voice."

"You're right there. I hated it!"

"Why? We got a good reception."

"Oh yes, you got a good reception. The public always applauds the wife of a woman and the folly of a man. But I took my glasses with me. The glasses you gave me on my birthday."

"What had they to do with your hating it?"

He well knew to what she was leading. Already his mind was elevating itself to the occasion. He met every look she gave him and her eyes were probing looking for the truth.

"I could see you kiss that woman. Saw it! Felt it! Knew it!"

He said nothing.

"Isn't that true?" she asked. "Didn't you kiss her?"

"No." He let the word come quietly off his tongue. For some moments before he had been rolling it there in preparation.

"That's not the truth! Is it the truth?"

Her eyes were steel now—two-ridged, needle-pointed.

"That is the truth," he replied, immovably. When one tells a lie there is little sense in not calling it the truth. There is no doubt that he was trying to save himself; but at the back of it there was consideration for her. How could she be expected to see that?

"Will you swear it?" she begged, tensely.

"Anything you like." The sleep he was going to be hanged for—suffers had spurred to take notice of the land.

"Say, may God separate us two if I'm not telling the truth—say it—swear it. I'll believe you then." She would not have believed him, of course—but there it was. "Swear it," she repeated.

He rolled the words round in his mouth, knowing them impossible to say. They nauseated him. He left the presence of a power of vengeance over his head. It couldn't be done. It would come true if he were to swear it. That would haunt him for the rest of his life. He could not love her. Once his eyes sought hers through the silence. Then his head dropped. She must know the truth. His head dropped, to find her arms round his neck.

"You couldn't do without me, Kenneth?"

That was the truth of the whole matter—he could not do without her. No art could show her that—only love—only the real heart of things, only the brights of them.

PICTURES AT THE SEASON'S LAST ART SHOW

THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY



"Nelly," by H. Hildebrandt, Winner of the William T. Kenan prize



"A Pensive," by C. F. Turner

MEN OF TO-DAY

X.—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, LL.D.

President of Columbia University

By Charles Johnston

PRESIDENT BUTLER suggests a notable instance of a vocation. As early as his eighteenth year he had found himself, taking a well-marked line for his lifetime which he has followed unswervingly ever since. Born forty-four years ago at Elizabeth, New Jersey, he was just sixteen when he entered Columbia, in the days when the university had its local habitation on Madison Avenue, at Fifth Street. Two years later, in his junior year, he had a long conversation with President Barnard; and to this conversation President Butler looks back as the decisive hour of his life. Dr. Barnard was in all ways a remarkable man; his foresight amounted almost to a prophetic instinct. This gift he showed us that season.

"What we need more than anything else just now," he said, "is a theory of education based on philosophical principles. If you devote your life to that, you have a great work and a great career before you." The junior student took the president's counsel to heart, and for two years worked unswervingly toward its realization. Graduating in 1882, he gained a fellowship in philosophy, which he held for the next three years.

With the enthusiasm of this success already gained, he determined to go abroad for further study, and 1884 found him hard at work in Berlin, where Professor Paulsen wielded a noteworthy influence. Outside the lecture-rooms there were also strong influences of culture. Two evenings a week were set apart for those one dedicated to the opera, another to the theatre, where Lessing, Schiller, and Shakespeare held the boards, the best-named played far more completely and artistically than in English-speaking lands. Mr. Butler came to the conclusion that while the Germans are in many things a most practical people, their young men of the next part waste the first two years of their university life in the reaction of unrestricted liberty which follows their escape from the close control of the gymnasium. After a year's hard work in Berlin, he went to Paris for an academic year, and was there charmed and delighted by the Parisian spirit, its grace and refinement, and the lucid artistic perfection with which every study was set forth. In Berlin he found fifty subjects set forth in a year, with the utmost thoroughness; in Paris, fifty subjects were touched on in an hour, and each illuminated with lucid grace.

Returning to New York, Mr. Butler had another long and noteworthy talk with Dr. Barnard. He developed the idea, which had gradually been growing in his mind, of a college for teachers, where the philosophy of education might be authoritatively set forth. His first proposal was that Dr. Barnard should find room for this project under the wing of Columbia University, but the president, while very sympathetic, said that the proposal was impracticable on financial grounds.

"We cannot now care for such an institution within the bounds of the university," he said, "but go ahead, and see what you can do with it yourself."

Mr. Butler went ahead. Public notice was given that a series of lectures would be given by him at the university, on the theory of education, and that admission could be obtained by ticket. Then came a torrent of protest, of doubt, as to whether the time was ripe, whether the idea would take root. The doubt was speedily assuaged. No less than twenty six hundred applications for tickets were received; a number for which it was totally impossible to provide accommodation. In the end, some six hundred eager students of education were able to attend the lectures, while two thousand were reluctantly turned away. The idea had vindicated itself; the effective demand existed; the success of the venture was assured. This is how Mr. Butler laid the foundation stone for the New York College for the Training of Teachers. In 1886, Dr. Butler's presidency, for five years, gradually developing the original plan, until Teachers' College had gained strength and form, and absorbed the energies of its present vigorous life.

Side by side with this creative and very fertile work, Mr. Butler was following the arduous path of work, study, and promotion in Columbia. Before going to Germany and France, he had held a fellowship in philosophy. He advanced, in 1885, his twenty-third year, to the position of assistant in philosophy; in the following year he became tutor, holding this rank for three years, when he was promoted to an adjunct professorship; finally, in 1894, when he was twenty-eight, he became dean of the faculty of philosophy, and professor of philosophy and education. During these extremely busy years it is interesting to find that Dr. Butler remained in touch with his own State; he was a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education from 1887 to 1895; special commissioner from his State to the Paris Exposition in 1889; and president of the Paterson Board of Education in his thirtieth year. In 1895 he was president of the National Educational Association.

In 1902 Mr. Seth Low was chosen to lead the Fusion party, and resigned from the presidency of Columbia to become Mayor of New York. The trustees unanimously decided that the planner of Teachers' College and dean of the faculty of philosophy was the best-equipped man to take his place, and in the four years that have passed since that time President Butler has ever more clearly set the mark of his character and individuality on the life of Columbia. This is the period of his life which has the highest general interest, and concerning his work in this field I asked President Butler to formulate certain of his ideals and hopes for university education in the United States, and especially in his own university.

President Butler looks at I think, that one of the chief tasks of the American University is this: we have our professional schools, highly developed, and with an effective standard of excellence. We turn out well-equipped lawyers, engineers, physicians. But it is highly important to remember that general culture is as essential; that our specialist must not be one-sided or narrow. A great problem, therefore, is to secure this wide general education to those who are to enter the professional schools; to build up a system of general culture under the professional schools, so to speak, so that the professional men shall also be a part of culture, harmoniously developed on all sides.

As to the means of culture, President Butler holds that Latin has very properly come to the front in a remarkable way of recent years. Within the last generation, the students of Latin in secondary schools have increased three hundred per cent. Twenty years ago, physics and chemistry seemed to give the greater promise. To-day they have lost that prominence, and literature, and especially Latin, holds the front rank in the general esteem of secondary-school pupils and their parents. Greek has meanwhile lost ground, at least relatively, and will eventually hold a place beside history as a part of the equipment of a special class, rather than a culture baggage. President Butler holds that one reason for this lies in the strangeness of the Greek alphabet, which stands as a barrier in the way of popularity, though Greek is not only superior to Latin as a means of culture, but is also the easier language to learn. President Butler thinks, by the way, that our schools give far too much time to arithmetic; any one can learn in two years enough arithmetic to serve all the needs of an ordinary life, but our schools devote eight years to its study, which might be much more fruitfully employed.

Very interesting are the views which President Butler expressed on art as a means of culture in this country. He holds that architecture is leading the way. We are constantly erecting fine public buildings all over the land, and there is a steady demand on our artists for statues, mural decorations, mosaics, frescoes, and pictures to adorn them. As large statues of art as a means of being produced, and made generally accessible to the public; indeed,

(Continued on page 187.)



Nicholas Murray Butler, LL.D.
President of Columbia University

WOODROW WILSON AS A POSSIBLE CANDIDATE

From the *Baltimore World*

HARPER'S WEEKLY has suggested President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as a possible and practical candidate for the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1908.

Why not?

This country has during the past decade witnessed the presence of several men of various professions in the Presidential chair. McKinley, Roosevelt, Cleveland, et al. Bryan, radical; Parker, judicial candidate for the highest office in the land, have both gone down beneath an avalanche of Republican votes: Roosevelt, advocate of the strenuous life, beach-tennis, men of all trades, in whose opinion the only correct method of enforcing the performance of any act is either to employ the "big stick" or else appeal to the people.

The United States has had enough of Roosevelt. That he made a good executive officer in some respects cannot be denied. That he was, generally speaking, one of the best we have had for a long time is a statement frequently made by his admirers; and yet can any one doubt for a moment but that a continued policy along the lines laid down by our present distinguished chief executive would result in other than the establishment of a one-man power? Roosevelt has done well enough, but we have had enough of him.

Experience, bitter experience, told by the count of the ballots, proves that American Democracy must, indeed, advance a strong candidate if it would make any bid whatever for success in the Presidential contest two years hence. A strong, but conservative, a mild measure, but firm, one, is the character whom Democracy should choose to lead her clans to victory; and in naming Professor Wilson, Colonel Harvey has made a wise, a noble selection, at the same time paying a tribute to Wilson's qualifications as a man.

From the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*

The keynote of the speeches of the necessity for the people to rise up and combat the wave of socialism and anarchy which has been felt in many parts of the country. Mayor McPhail, in one of the most trenchant addresses he has made, aimed a stinging blow at the ambition of William B. Hearst, and declared that the State campaign which is approaching will be one of the most vital campaigns ever waged, because it may determine the Presidency. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, the HARPER'S WEEKLY candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, delivered an impromptu speech, in which he assailed the sowers of the socialist seed, referred to the character heads as men who do not submerge themselves in their corporations that they do not know that they are dishonest. His address was so vigorous that the 500 diners arose and cheered him.

From the *Salt Lake City Telegram*

HARPER'S WEEKLY nominates Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, for the Democratic candidate for President in 1908. A native of Virginia, a great scholar, historian, statesman, an idealist within sane lines, the swift grasp of fundamentals, the seemingly unceasing applications of primary truths to changing conditions, the high character, the unquestioned integrity, profound conviction from instinct and learning, and the courage of fearless expression—these are a few of the qualifications which the WEEKLY places to his credit. It quotes from his last year's appeal to the South, that "they rise from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy and come back into their own."

If the Democracy has such a man it certainly is to be hoped that they will nominate him in 1908. He might not represent his party exactly, but he would be a splendid representative for the whole country, and it surely would be a contrast when compared with the usual candidate of the Democratic party.

From the *Newark (N. J.) American*

There has been considerable discussion in the press in the past month or so concerning the suggestion originally made by HARPER'S WEEKLY that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton College, would be a suitable Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The discussion has been of value, whether anything comes of it or not, for it has been educational. It has shown us what masses of new persons of the press roadside available for the high office in the country. We are told that Mr. Wilson is not available because he is not practical, the theory being that the necessary qualifications of a college president are that he should be visionary, a dreamer, impracticable, leading a life of seclusion on his campus away from the conflicts, passions, and temptations of men. Some editors, too, have expressed the Wilson opposition because Mr. Wilson has had no experience in politics, and there have been numerous and diverse other reasons given why it is not believed he will be available. There have also been numerous and good reasons advanced why he would be not only available, but why he would admirably fill the place.

We discuss the question academically. It is too early yet to talk of any man or to attempt to least any man. So many things can happen in two years in politics. But it appears to us extremely foolish for serious-minded men, with any proper conception of what character and qualifications of President who has such a thorough and accurate knowledge of his country's history and of the influences which have operated to make this history. This in itself should make a man worthy of consideration for the office, and when added to this he has character, youth, energy, ambition, and large experience in the highest position he has claimed which we must consider. When it is also considered that in this day and time the head of a large university, one which is

successful and which is growing and constantly extending its influences, must be a severely practical man, and must possess executive ability and must be an able administrator, it is but ignorance to say that such a man is impracticable, incapable of dealing with men and things. We should have a better appreciation and a higher opinion of the men who are the captains of the great training ships in which the ambitious youths of the country gain their education and their discipline.

From the *Seattle (Wash.) Times*

Undoubtedly in Mr. Wilson he has brought out a man of great power. Wilson has never been a politician to the extent that he has been classed as a statesman, but he has the ability that perhaps better fits him for a high administrative position than many others who are aspiring to high places.

He has never served in Congress or in high official position, but he is perhaps the better for that, for he certainly has none of the false movements of a politician-statesman.

From the *Denver (Colo.) Republican*

A gentleman, writing anonymously, but said to be the leading Jeffersonian in the country, has written in the current number of the *North American Review*, for President of the United States, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton University. This gentleman believes that the time has come for the South once more to give us a candidate for the Presidency, and he proposes that Woodrow Wilson, who was born in Virginia, be believed that he is paving the way for an old-time recognition of the South in our politics.

It is not necessary for one to be a Democrat to feel glad that the time has come when a candidate for President from the South may be reckoned among the probabilities. The estrangement between the North and South was allowed to stand altogether too long. We believe that the carpet-bag administrations brought more hostile feelings toward the North in the part of the Southerners than the civil war itself did. The carpet-bag administrations are long of the past. Good feelings between the North and South in sections of the country, and the time may be near at hand when a Southern gentleman will once more be the President of the land.

From the *Leicester (Ky.) Herald*

With such a candidate it is evident the Democratic party would have made a better choice than it did, and we believe it is within the range of possibility that he would have won. None of the newspapers or individuals who have commented on the suggestion of Mr. Wilson's nomination have hesitated to express for him high admiration and anxiety every comment we have seen has expressed the hope that such a man as he might be nominated by the Democratic party. We fear there is not much chance of it, but if he were nominated it would mean the salvation of the party, for we believe he would be elected.

From the *Vallejo (Cal.) Sentinel*

HARPER'S WEEKLY stands in its gains in the matter of its choice of Woodrow Wilson as Democratic candidate for President in 1908, and points with satisfaction to the Irish breeze of comment stirred by the suggestion. Availability aside, there can be no reasonable question of the excellence of the choice.

The nomination of Mr. Wilson would be a good thing for the country as bestowing a return of its party to historic party ideals and first principles, and a sobering up after the radical "crimes" and aberrations that have belittled its councils and alienated its constituency during the past twelve years or so. Thoughtful Republicans would welcome for the sake of the general good the reappearance of a safe and sane united party of opposition. They would welcome the nomination of a man of Mr. Wilson's large caliber and high character, even though he might in reality be a harder man to beat at the polls than, say, a firebrand like Hearst, whose nomination alone would be a public calamity as interfering on the country another campaign of disturbance, unrest, and apprehension.

Editor Harvey notes that Mr. Wilson's name has been generally not received in the South. That may be no gratification to Mr. Wilson as it is creditable to the intelligence and public spirit and orthodox Democracy of the South. But it hardly enhances Mr. Wilson's prospects from the viewpoint of availability, the South being safely Democratic in almost any event and with almost any candidate. It would not appeal strongly to the schemers and campaign strategists, who want the South as won in advance, and want a vote-getter in the doubtful and pivotal districts north of Mason and Dixon's line.

The high character, broad patriotism, profound knowledge of American political history and institutions, executive capacity, and personal fitness for the highest office in the gift of the American people, of Woodrow Wilson are as the good wine which needs no bush. The best men of both parties could regard the prospect of his election with a sense of at least security. Faith in the common people requires the conclusion that if the Democratic nomination were a matter of referendum to the party rank and file such an aspirant as the chief of yellow journalism would hardly stand one chance in a thousand against that sterling and representative American, the president of Princeton University.

But, as Mr. Harvey implies, the political outlook proposes, the already distant, and "no Democratic candidate ever will be successful without a preliminary victory over the statesmen." Present indications are that that "preliminary victory" is already well nigh within the grasp of Mr. Bryan, even the ultra-conservatism of the party, directed by the Harding, pointing to his crushing of an on-set in the storm possible. Mr. Harvey's suggestion is not likely as it admits, to "justify into action"—near the pity.



The final Heat of the 100-yard Dash, won by D. J. Torrey, of Yale, in 14 seconds



R. H. Stevens, of Harvard, Winning the Javelin-throwing Contest with a Throw of 131 feet, 7 1-2 inches

HARVARD WINS FROM YALE IN TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS

Harvard led her rivals upon her traditional rival, Yale, in the result of the annual dual track and field championship meet held at Cambridge, on May 15. The championship was decided by the result of the hammer throw, which was won for Harvard by R. H. Stevens, with a throw of 131 feet, 7 1-2 inches. Harvard won the meet with 57 1-2 points, against Yale's 16 1-2.

Photograph by the Portland News Co.

The Fall of Jenkins

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the Kansas editor, in telling of the troubles of a city editor in drilling green reporters, was reminded of an amusing case that came within his own observation.

"There is one thing you must remember about everything else," said the city editor of a St. Louis paper to a new reporter, "and that is: tell in the first few lines what your story is about—in other words, give the substance at once. Then follow with a recital of the facts, and conclude with interviews with the people concerned. That is the only orderly way of writing your story."

The new man gave close attention to this lesson, the result of which was that he handed in that night a news item reading as follows:

"Rufus Jenkins, a carpenter, slipped and fell in Vine Street yesterday and sprained his ankle badly."

"Mr. Jenkins was walking along Vine Street when suddenly his feet slipped from under him and he fell, spraining one of his ankles."

"When seen by a reporter, he said: 'I was walking along Vine Street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the sidewalk, spraining one of my ankles.'"

"Mr. Frank Fuller said: 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine Street when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I assisted him to rise he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'"

"Mr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said: 'Mr. Jenkins has a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine Street. He will be laid up for some time.'"

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the Greeners' Union. The president, in contrasting the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine Street, spraining one of his ankles."

Feeding the King of Spain

The King of Spain, whose marriage has just occurred, is as fond of early-morning suppers as any frequenter of Broadway's all-night restaurants. His Majesty keeps a palace cook on duty until 4 A.M., so that he can have a repast at any hour after midnight.

The King is devoted to the pleasures of the table. Five meals are served daily in the Escurial palace. This is Alfonso's eating schedule for the day:

8 A.M.—Breakfast: tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, rolls, eggs, and cold meat.

11 A.M.—Luncheon with the Minister of State: soup, two entrées, joint, vegetables, sweets and fruit.

4 P.M.—Tea or Spanish wine, cakes, and sandwiches.

7 P.M.—Dinner: two soups, two entrées, a joint, vegetables, legs, sweets, fruits, Spanish wines, champagne.

9.30 P.M.—Tea, wines, cold meat, crackers, cakes, and dessert.

Very Red Tape

A few months ago the President appointed a committee to make a thorough investigation of the business methods of each of the several departments at Washington, with a view to ridding them of some of the red-tape ways of doing things.

Secretary Bonaparte, on being interviewed by this committee, told the following story, which beautifully illustrates the free use of red tape in the government service:

"One of the naval officers on a certain ship desired to change a thermometer from one side of the vessel to the other, assigning very good reasons for doing so. This could not be done, according to naval regulations, however, until he had carried the matter to the ship's commander, and through him to me. I readily consented to the proposed change, which cost fifty cents—fifty for the postage and stationery and three for the nail and the wear and tear on the hammer."



YOUR BEST ENTERTAINER—the

OLDSMOBILE

City or country, hill or level—all roads are alike. Life is one grand holiday when you drive a Gentleman's Roadster.

This machine is a rambunctious edition of the Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car, Model S. Its price, \$2250. It is equipped with 26 to 28 horse power, four-cylinder, water-cooled motor located under hood. Here are four practical reasons why the Oldsmobile Four-cylinder car gives complete satisfaction:

It requires the smallest money investment of any car of anything like equal capacity.

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Style of the most approved form.

Simplicity of parts, united with high-grade, fully tested material and skilled workmanship, giving it uniform dependability.

Our Model S booklet giving further reasons and facts, telling why this is the representative American car—the product of brains appealing to brains—sent on request.

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
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Canadian trade supplied from Canadian Factory, Packard Electric Co., Ltd., St. Catherine, Ont.

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The New York Stock Exchange Nine:—Pitcher, Finck; Catcher, Norris; First Base, Freedland; Second Base, Wilson; Short-stop, Runyon; Third Base, Louell; Right Field, McBurnie; Center Field, Fish; Left Field, Greenberg



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THE NINES OF THE NEW YORK AND BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGES

This year's baseball match between the two Exchanges, held in Boston, on Saturday, May 29, was won by the Boston Exchange team with a score of 11 to 4.

Photographs by the National News Co.

Talks on Outdoor Advertising

What Is Sauce for the Goose Is Not Always Sauce for the Gander



YOUR business and that of your neighbor, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, must each be handled on its own individual merits.

Due consideration must be given by each of you to what has gone before in your particular business—if there is to be any certainty as to what will happen afterwards.

You cannot attain business success by merely following the lead of others without regard to the particular needs of your particular business.

It's a hazardous game to play "Follow-the-Leader" unless you are sure that leader knows where he is going and why he is going there.

In advertising in general, and Poster and Street Car Advertising in particular, this "Follow-the-Leader" game has cost the man who pays the bills thousands upon thousands of dollars.

If a certain successful advertiser pursues a certain course at a certain time, it is taken for granted by many other advertisers that by following the same course the same success will be obtained.

As a result, the outthinking "Follower" finds that after "it is all over" he has been losing money instead of making it and has been storing his goods instead of selling them.

Take for illustration the "Spotless Town" series advertising Sapolio.

This series has perhaps caused more talk and received more favorable comment by press and public than any similar advertising ever placed.

The strength and attractiveness of the whole, and the delightful swing to the jingles which formed the text of these cards at once caught the popular fancy, and immediately jingles became an advertising bid without regard to their appropriateness or advertising value.

Those who adopted the jingle had never knew—never thought until the time came to pay the bills and balance the ledger, that the "Spotless Town" rhymes might not have been intended primarily to sell goods.

It did not occur to these adapters that the "Spotless Town" series might have been designed and placed with the sole idea of keeping interest alive in the minds of those who had already been convinced of the superiority of Sapolio by copy possessing the strongest kind of selling force which had been used YEARS BEFORE.

So you see, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, that "Spotless Town" might not have been intended to create new trade by implanting conviction but on the contrary might have been designed solely to keep the public reminded that Sapolio had already been used and found good—to keep alive conviction already implanted.

There is no question that it accomplished the purpose for which the series was designed.

It is freely acknowledged that an article so well known and universally used as Sapolio could perhaps afford to spend money in the attempt to merely keep the public from forgetting the name—though even Sa-

polio might add to the value of that advertising by, at the same time, trying to convert new trade.

But, while Sapolio could afford to landline themselves in advertising jingles to keep alive a trade, the new advertiser needs copy that will sell goods, for until his advertising does sell goods, he has no trade to keep alive.

The Sapolio people themselves acknowledge by their own advertising, that "Spotless Town" methods will not profitably market a new article.

In proof of which, note the methods of the same company to introduce a new, but similar, product—Hand Sapolio.

No jingle to this copy—nothing "cute" about it—nothing to create an advertising fad.

Just direct, clear, strong, straight-from-the-shoulder statement of facts and nothing else.

The whole Hand Sapolio campaign was based on logical reasoning, simply and tersely presented, to convince the buying public of the merits of the new toilet soap.

The Hand Sapolio advertising is as convincing and filled with concentrated salesmanship as "Spotless Town" is "catchy" and "artistic."

Hundreds of new or inexperienced advertisers charmed by the jingles of "Spotless Town" perilled the public with nonsensical, non-convincing and profit-destroying rhymes.

But the Sapolio people themselves when they wanted to introduce a new product (not merely sustain an established trade) foresaw and did not consider their Jingle Department but concentrated their efforts upon implanting conviction through simple reasoning and cold logic, tersely put.

So you see, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander.

Methods which might mean business success for a competitor might—and probably would—mean business suicide for you.

Your own interests, your prosperity, your success depends upon your buying your Poster and Street Car Advertising planned, written and designed exclusively for you, to suit your own special needs, and the peculiar requirements of your own business.

It's expensive and unnecessary to advertise by guess or play "Follow-the-Leader," in planning your advertising campaign.

It's equally expensive and unnecessary to have your Poster or Street Car Cards prepared by color printers who by training and experience are totally unqualified to understand your special requirements from a salesmanship standpoint or to intelligently meet these requirements if they did understand them.

Yet, notwithstanding this, 95 per cent of all posters and car cards in use today have been prepared in to idea, by and design by color printers—and in consequence are "artistic" instead of convincing. For the color printer by education and practice is an art worker, not a business man.

The modern advertising agency trained in selling goods by the proper use of printers' ink is the logical place to look for Poster

and Street Car copy which will in a given time move the greatest amount of merchandise at a given cost.

Lord & Thomas, however, is the only Agency, Company or individual in America equipped to prepare poster and street car advertisements primarily designed to implant conviction and clear the merchandise from the shelves of their customers.

Lord & Thomas alone have had the foresight and the nerve required to spend over \$30,000 in establishing a Special Outdoor Advertising Department equipped to give the same efficient service on Bill Board and Street Car copy that is given to their customers using newspaper and magazine space.

The copy force in this department are specially trained men, qualified by education and experience to intelligently analyze advertising propositions and prepare posters and car cards which will market the greatest amount of goods at the least expense.

This special organization, while entirely separate and distinct from Lord & Thomas' newspaper and magazine force, is in a position to draw at will upon the 30 years' experience of the company as a whole in correctly judging your needs and in deciding how most economically to market your product on the board or in the car.

The services of these specially trained men in this, the only specialized Outdoor Advertising Department in America—are yours without charge, if you want them.

It will cost you no more to have your Posters and Car Cards prepared by Lord & Thomas' trained poster copy men than it does now to have them prepared by color printers who are artists and not salesmen.

Space on billboards or in street cars will cost you the same no matter from whom you buy it—whether from Lord & Thomas, or direct, or through any other authorized agency.

The posting systems bear the expense of this service—not you. Because they recognize that in proportion as you succeed through Bill Board and Street Car advertising, to just that extent will it mean success for them.

Therefore, if Lord & Thomas look after your bill posting and street car work your space will cost you basically no more and no less than it does at present, but this space will be immeasurably increased in value and productiveness by being filled with sales-producing copy.

If you are interested in Outdoor Advertising, or contemplate Outdoor work, or if you wish your Billboards or Street Car Space to bring you BETTER RETURNS, write us for our Book on Outdoor Advertising—which fully covers in detail every phase of this form of publicity. We are about to issue a series of small books (cloth bound) covering advertising—newspaper, magazine and outdoor—in all its phases.

The value of this information and data this series contains cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at—\$4.00—but we will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

Annual Volume Placed for Clients Approaching \$4,000,000.00

NEW YORK



EXPERT ADVICE.

Nervous Passenger: "And what should we do if the bottom of the elevator fell out?"

Stolid Elevator-man: "Keep yer cents, please."

BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE

READ THIS SAUCE!

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV APPROVING THE SAUCE, MADE BY THE ORIGINAL BRAND WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS CHIEF TO THAT ROYAL EPICURE.

DELICIOUS WITH FISH, SOUPS, GAME, ETC., AND PARTICULARLY APPROPRIATE ON WELSH RABBIT, BROILED LAMB, AND ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS.

A ROYAL RELISH

Women of refinement and discrimination prefer to use
LOTOS LOTION

to cure chapped or tanned skin and to beautify the complexion.

It is indispensable for a summer outing and will prevent the unpleasant effect of salt water on the skin.

Lotus Lotion is delightfully soothing to Baby's skin after his bath, and is equally pleasant to Baby's father, for use after shaving.

Thoroughly tested by the best chemists and doctors of Baltimore. Sold by mail order only. Four-ounce bottles. Fifty cents per bottle. Address

LOTOS LOTION CO. Owings Mills, Maryland



**50 YEARS'
TEST, STILL
THE BEST**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W. L. LAMAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



NORTHERN
THE WONDERFUL SILENT
NORTHERN TOURING CAR
20 h.p. double overhead valve. Tires 30 x 4 in. \$1,400 f.o.b. Detroit.

A CAR without complications—and the easiest operating, easiest riding, quietest running motor car yet produced. It is simple in simplicity, strength and reliability, and, as you want these features, you want the silent Northern.

The 20 h. p. motor gives abundant power for any road or hill. The over-crank mechanism insures freedom from mud and water troubles. The 34-inch fly-wheel gives true balance to the motor—no loose shaking vibration—and the double rollers eliminate noise. The positive lubricating system kills oiling troubles, and the four full elliptic springs and large tires, in combination with the service suspension, give comfort—solid comfort on the road. But write for the Catalogue. Illustrates seven distinct models, beginning with the steady Northern Roadster, 7 h. p. \$650, and including our famous 20 h. p. air-controlled car with accessories, for \$3,000.

The Northern Manufacturing Co.
DETROIT, U.S.A.

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THESE three new books comprise what is freshest, funniest, and most permanent in humor. That Mark Twain knows what is best and lasting in humorous literature goes without saying. He has drawn upon the works of all the best-known humorists, and some that you probably never heard of, and compiled three volumes that present the very best and funniest things ever written. The result is three good, big, funny books, with more laughter to the page than it has ever been possible to get into print before.

It would be difficult to find anywhere three volumes that are more popular or destined to remain so for all time. In these pages, brimming with fun and laughter, all sorts of readers will find a common ground for enjoyment. They are a dignified and delightful addition to any library. And they are brand new.

Among the authors contributing to this series are such notable names as Mark Twain, George Ade, Carolyn Wells, Eugene Field, Bret Harte, "Bill Nye," Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Mr. Dooley," W. D. Howells, George W. Cable, J. K. Bangs, Guy Wetmore Carryl, Joel Chandler Harris, etc., etc., etc.

The three volumes are handsomely bound in splendid cloth, and illustrated by such well-known artists as Peter Newell, A. B. Frost, Kemble, etc.



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We will send you the set of three volumes, all charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$1.00 a month for six months until the total amount, \$6.00, is paid. On receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber for one year, without additional cost to you, for either HARPER'S MAGAZINE or HARPER'S WEEKLY, or allow you three subscriptions for one year for HARPER'S BAZAR. The cost to you for books and periodicals is \$7.00. In writing, state which periodical you wish.

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THE HOTEL CHAMPLAIN offers its guests the pure, bracing, pine-laden air of the Adirondacks, superb views from its commanding location on the shore of Lake Champlain, and ideal conditions of service and social environment. The healthy outdoor life has made it a favorite social center for the younger set.

GOLF—An 18-hole course—with one exception the oldest in America—kept in championship form. Professional in charge.

BEST TURF TENNIS COURTS in New York State. Splendid roads for automobiling and coaching. Fully equipped boat, living and bathing houses, and sandy beach.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN is located on the main line of the Delaware & Hudson R.R., three miles from Plattsburgh, N. Y., and is reached in through Pullmans.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THE NEW SERIAL
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL
BY
MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN
BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER



HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
JUNE 9 1906 PRICE 10 CENTS

The
Wedding Ring

The
Prudential Policy



Secure a
Woman's
Hand in
Marriage
and you
must ar-
range for her
future welfare.

LIFE
INSURANCE
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The Prudential

IS THE BEST MEDIUM.

Think this over and send for booklet showing cost of policy at your age. If you wish, you could secure a policy payable in full to your wife, or yourself, on a certain date. It will furnish Life Insurance from date of issue, to date of settlement. If you should not live, policy will be paid to your wife at once.

A Most Interesting Propo-
sition to Married People

See for instance Table VIII, the last of it.

The Prudential Insurance Co.
OF AMERICA.

HEADQUARTERS AT 100 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
AGENTS IN EVERY STATE, TERRITORY, AND FOREIGN COUNTRY.



THE GENIUS

By

MARGARET POTTER

Author of

"The House of de Mailly," "Ishtar of Babylon," etc.

A NOVEL of stirring plot, and yet a striking presentation of the artistic temperament in its most interesting phases. The story is based upon the life of a famous Russian composer—the sensitive, gifted son of a powerful, iron-handed government official. His career is a strange and deeply moving tale of shifting fortunes, dramatic episodes, and final artistic triumphs.

Post 800, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

The SPOILERS

by
Rex Beach

NOVELS are like men: strong personalities, virile emotions, energy, and resource forge to the front and are quick to catch the public eye. This same magnetic force in "THE SPOILERS"—the work of a new writer—has immediately caught the reading world in its grip. They can't let go.

A rugged revival that leaves you panting with eagerness for more.—*Philadelphia Item*

Dumas might have created Cherry Malotte; Bret Harte rarely had a more human figure than Bronco Kid.—*Sunday Oregonian*

Healthy and a good blood stirrer. The description of the fight between the two principals is worth reading the whole book for.—*N. Y. Evening Sun*

A story of the hunger for gold dugged out of the hills and the hunger of man for woman and for woman's love—a story that is true of all men and all real women since time began.—*Albany Journal*

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood. Price, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, NEW YORK



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The CONQUEST of CANAAN By Booth Tarkington

Easily the biggest and best thing Booth Tarkington has done.
—*Chicago Post*

A thoroughly entertaining and readable romance. It is not only the best piece of work from Booth Tarkington's pen, but it is one of the most enjoyable stories and stands out against the mass of fiction that is swamping us. It is the story of the triumph of the village ne'er-do-well in contrast to the downfall of the tyrannous local magnate. All are thoroughly American figures, drawn true to nature and vivid. The episodes are exciting and lifelike, and told with a skill that carries the reader along.—*New York Sun*



BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated. Price, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. L

New York, Saturday, June 9, 1906

No. 1971

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THE ROYAL WEDDING IN SPAIN

King Alfonso of Spain and his bride, Princess Ena of Battenberg, whose wedding took place in Madrid on May 31, are now enjoying an elaborate programme of festivities in their honor at the Capital.

Photograph by Hughes & Madson for Underwood & Underwood, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L.

No. 2587

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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COMMENT

As we go to press, the status of the HERRIN-TILMAN bill is as follows: On May 25 the House of Representatives, by a vote of 144 against 105, adopted a rule, reported from the Committee on Rules, to take the bill from the Speaker's table, disagree to all the Senate's amendments, and send the bill to conference without instructions. The minority included twenty-five Republicans, who concurred with Mr. WILLIAMS, the Democratic leader, in thinking that the House should have permitted to vote on some of the Senate's amendments, which in their opinion had improved the original bill. The Democrats would have liked to accept certain amendments, while sending the remainder to conference without instructions. One of these amendments was the provision by which the Senate subjected interstate express companies to the operation of the bill, a report having been current that Mr. HERRIN, who, it was known, would be one of the House conferees, had expressed an opinion that the clause relating to express companies would be stricken out in conference. The report was indignantly denied by Mr. HERRIN, and the impression left by the debate was that even if the reference to express companies should be expunged by the conferees—which now seems improbable—a majority of the House would demand its reinclusion.

The conferees appointed by the Speaker are MOSES, HERRIN, SHERMAN of New York, and RICHMOND of Alabama. Mr. RICHMOND, of course, can be relied upon to vote with Mr. TILMAN, who will head the three Senate conferees, and if Mr. HERRIN can be trusted to cooperate with them, they will be able to prevent the rate-making bill from being emasculated in conference. Even if the Senate conferees should include one or more masters of trick and device, it might be prudent for them, in view of the present suspicious and excited state of the public temper, to initiate River Rabbit and lie low. Attempts will undoubtedly be made by the Democratic conferees to modify somewhat the ALABAMA amendment, which defines or recognizes the power of a United States circuit court to review a rate made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but we presume that such attempts would be frustrated in the Senate, the conservative Republicans having acquired control of that body since Mr. ROOSEVELT's acquiescence in their position. We should not be surprised to see the bill, after considerable discussion, reported back by the conferees in the precise form which it bore when it left the Senate.

If to some enthusiasts President ROOSEVELT seemed to have lost prestige by his change of front with relation to the court-review provision of the HERRIN-TILMAN bill, he must have regained it in their eyes during the week ending May 25, when, by a resolute exercise of personal authority, he literally

by "jamming" a meat-inspection bill through the Senate. That bill, which was introduced by Senator REYNOLDS, of Indiana, on Monday, May 21, was passed by the Senate on May 23, not only without debate, but without a discussing vote, or even the formality of reference to a committee. It appears that Mr. ROOSEVELT, after reading *The Jungle*—the book which depicts the state of things in the Chicago stockyards and meat-packing establishments—took measures to secure information on the subject from many other sources, and finally sent Commissioner of Labor NEILL and Special Agent REYNOLDS to ascertain and report to him the truth. Their verbal report is said to have been of so appalling a nature that Mr. ROOSEVELT caused Senator REYNOLDS forthwith to introduce a meat-inspection bill extending the operation of the Bureau of Animal Industry, which hitherto has dealt only with meat products intended for export, to products prepared for domestic consumption. At the same time Mr. REYNOLDS was instructed to serve notice upon his fellow Senators that unless the bill was passed at once the NEILL and REYNOLDS report would be written out in detail and sent to the Senate with a special message from the President.

Thereupon, as we have said, on Monday, May 21, Mr. REYNOLDS introduced his meat-inspection bill, and proposed to make it a rider on the Agricultural Appropriation bill. Those interested in the last-named measure and the Senate leaders in general were informed by him that if a point of order were made against the proposed rider, or if the passage of the amendment were in any way delayed, he would take the floor and make known the facts brought out in the NEILL report, which subsequently would be spread before the country in a President's message. The meat-packers and their friends in the Senate needed no further warning. Don't fire! they said; we'll come down. To them it seems to have been perfectly clear that a publication of the truth would put an end to the sale of American meat products at home and abroad. The one desire of the packers was to keep the NEILL and REYNOLDS report out of the hands of the public. On Friday, May 25, their representative, Mr. W. E. SKINNER, manager of the Live Stock Exchange in Chicago, found out that the President would withhold the report on condition that the REYNOLDS bill were passed that very day. Thereupon the agents and Senatorial spokesmen of the packers combined with the President to push the REYNOLDS measure through, and so, without encountering a sign of obstruction or a word of debate, it was tacked on to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. Not content with the progress thus far made in the vertiginous transformation of the President's wish into law, Mr. REYNOLDS is said to have secured from the Senate's prospective conferees on the agricultural bill such assurances of cooperation as warrant the prediction that the amendment passed by the Senate will be accepted ultimately by the House of Representatives, though it is probable that Speaker CANNON will give the packers a breathing-spell by following the usual course and referring the Agricultural Appropriation bill, as amended in the Senate, to the House Agricultural Committee.

What are the provisions of a bill which seems likely to be propelled through Congress by the President's volition with the velocity of a cannon-ball? As Mr. REYNOLDS has pointed out, his bill does not change the existing laws as to the careful inspection of meat for export to other countries. It simply provides that the American citizen shall know that he is getting as good meat as goes to the foreigner, who has heretofore been well protected against fraud, disease, and filth under our inspection laws. It strikes the Senator from Indiana that our people are as good as those abroad and entitled to as much consideration. The bill, as drawn by him and accepted so promptly by the Senate, requires strict inspection and tanning of all meats intended for interstate trade; provides for government inspectors to watch the packing plants day and night; and requires those officials to follow condemned articles until they have seen them annihilated in order to prevent their corruptible reentry into the market. Nor is this by any means the only precaution taken. The bill forbids interstate carriers to accept any of the live-stock carcasses or any of the meat products of the live stock subject to the operation of the bill, unless it is labeled as pure by government inspectors, and carries in addition a certificate

that the plant from which it came has been inspected and certified to be clean and wholesome by Federal agents. For the infraction of this prohibition heavy penalties are provided.

Colonel ROOSEVELT's recollections of Chicago cannot meet at San Diego doubtless made him readier to believe that unwholesome things sometimes got into the cans.

Whether the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress will terminate before the end of June is doubtful. The ratemaking bill and the canal bill are by no means the only sources of possible delay. The resolution offered by Senator DRUM, of Maine, declaring Mr. ROSS SMITH, of Utah, not entitled to his seat in the Senate has not yet been reported favorably by the Committee on Privileges and Elections, although, apparently, the committee stood on Friday, May 25, against Mr. SMITH by 7 to 4, with both Senator KNOX and Senator DALLAN undecided. A renewed effort to report the resolution will be made in the committee on Friday, June 1, but there are indications of an influence at work to prevent any action in the matter at that time or any other time. Senator DRUM is alleged to have said in an interview that there was a political motive behind the reluctance of the Committee on Privileges and Elections to act in a prompt and decisive way. Pointing out that the Mormons dominate Utah, and hold the balance of power in five other States, the Senator intimates that some people for their own political advantage do not want the anti-Smoother resolution to come to a vote, either in the committee or in the Senate, now or hereafter. As we go to press, however, it looks as if the Senate may take the matter out of the hands of the committee.

It seems certain that Senator JOSEPH R. BURTON, of Kansas, whose conviction of a crime has been sustained by the United States Supreme Court, will have to resign his seat in the Senate without much delay. The Committee on Privileges and Elections, which met on May 25, served notice on him that unless he resigned before Friday, June 1, it would on that day report a resolution expelling him from the Senate. The United States Supreme Court, in its decision upholding Burton's conviction and sentence to imprisonment, gave him sixty days in which to make an application for a rehearing of his case, and the Senator from Kansas has offered to resign, provided that the application is denied. BURTON's motive for seeking sixty days' delay is obvious. If he can retain his seat until the next session of Congress, he will be able to draw enough salary to pay the fine of \$25,000 which constitutes a part of his punishment. In BURTON's case, as in SMITH's, an attempt has been made to pull political wires, the suggestion having been offered that summary expulsion might cause the Republicans of Kansas embarrassment during the pending campaign. It is understood, however, that President ROOSEVELT has declared that BURTON must resign his seat at once or be expelled, and it was made plain on May 25 that the Committee on Privileges and Elections was unanimously in favor of ridding the Senate of a convicted criminal.

During the week ending May 26 the investigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad by the Interstate Commerce Commission was continued, with the result of indicating that for years the officials of the huge railway company have been gorged with corruption from top to bottom. How else the probe came to President A. J. CASSATT seems to have been attested by the latter's sudden determination to return from Europe to the United States. Mr. F. A. FOX BOYD, who formerly was a prosperous operator of coal-mines, testified that he had been compelled in a year, by the discrimination of which he was a victim, to spend \$11,000 more than his receipts. His explanation of the change in his affairs was that he gave away no coal stocks or other presents to employees of the railway, and had no connection, by reason of family ties, with influential officials of the road. He had learned, he said, from one of his customers that an officer of the Pennsylvania Company had tried to transfer the customer's business from fox BOYD to the Keystone Coal and Coke Company, the Eastern agent of which is ROBERT K. CASSATT, son of the Pennsylvania's president. Other disclosures brought out by the Commission on May 25 had to do with the special privileges granted by the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Berwind-White Coal Company, by which this corporation, which had

given stocks to many of the railway's officials, was enabled to enjoy great advantages over competitive producers. Restrictions which caused rival shippers great annoyance and delay were suspended when the cars of the Berwind-White Company were being handled.

An incident which excited suspicion in the mind of the commissioners was the refusal of the treasurer of the Berwind-White Company to give the names of the stockholders. Although the counsel for the Commission pointed out that no other coal corporation, not even the Keystone Coal and Coke Company, had withheld similar information, the treasurer still persisted in declining to allow even a private inspection of the company's stock-record book by the commissioners unless he should first obtain permission from Mr. E. J. BRAVERN, who is now in Europe. Very little confidence is expressed in the prospective investigation of the Pennsylvania officials' connection with coal companies by a committee appointed by the board of directors. It is already in evidence that one member of this committee, Mr. EPHRAIM R. MORRIS, a director of the Pennsylvania road, and Mr. SAMUEL REA, third vice-president of that railway, are both interested in the big Coal Development Company. Mr. C. STUART PATTERSON, chairman of the road's committee, has announced that its meetings will not be open to the public, and that even representatives of the press will be excluded. It would be "unfair," he opined, to admit to the hearings any one except those directly interested. He assumes that shippers and consumers are not interested in an exposure of the graft to which they have been subjected.

"ALSOUGHT at the White House—He Goes There to Decline an Invitation to a Dinner." An odd head-line—yet a most polite act. Incidentally, the amiable and trustworthy Senator MERRAY CHASE was present at the conference, but whether as referee or stenographer we are not informed.

A question of poignant interest to the officers of many life-insurance companies in the State of New York was provisionally settled on Friday, May 25, when five justices of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court concurred in releasing from custody Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS, formerly a vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company. In five separate but concurring opinions the justices hold that Mr. PERKINS committed no crime and had no criminal intent when he, under the direction of President McCALL of the New York Life, paid some \$48,000 as the company's contribution to the Republican campaign fund in 1904. An appeal will, of course, be made to the New York Court of Appeals, but the position originally taken by District Attorney JEROME has now been unanimously sustained by the intermediate tribunal, although in preliminary proceedings two judges had held that the act performed by Mr. PERKINS was larceny, or rather that a jury might have found it to be so. Mr. JEROME had insisted that the contribution complained of was, at the time when it was made, neither a *malum prohibitum* nor a *malum per se*—that is to say, neither a statutory offense nor a crime of and in itself. The five justices of the Appellate Division concur in affirming that when Mr. PERKINS received payment of the \$48,000 contributed by him at President McCALL's request to the Republican Campaign Committee, there was no intention on his part to steal the money of the insurance companies.

One fact is certain. Any nomination, political or otherwise, that would have the effect of removing the Hon. WILLIAM J. GAYNOR from the bench would meet with the unqualified approval of the bar.

The question of lock canal or sea-level canal is still undecided. What is the estimated difference in respect of cost and time between the two projects? It has been computed that the 85-foot-level lock canal would require about 96,000,000 cubic yards of excavation, an outlay of \$110,000,000, and from seven and one-half to nine years for the completion of the work. It is calculated, on the other hand, that a sea-level canal on the plan proposed by the consulting engineers would cost about \$217,000,000, would involve 231,000,000 cubic yards of excavation, and would take from twelve to fifteen years to build. After a careful inspection of data on which the esti-

mates were based, the Senate committee arrived at the conclusion that the difference in time would not exceed two years, and that the difference in cost should not be put above \$90,000,000, in view of certain allowances that ought to be made, including the capitalized value of the difference in the annual cost of maintenance, which would be very much less for the sea-level type than for the 85-foot-level lock type. The argument by which public opinion has been affected materially, and which seems to have turned the scale with the committee, is that very much less damage would be done by an earthquake to a canal of the sea-level type than to one constructed on the plan favored by the President. There is, of course, no solid ground for the assumption that the isthmus of Panama would be permanently immune from catastrophes of the kind by which Guatemala, Caracas, and San Francisco have been destroyed. Even the so-called sea-level canal proposed by the consulting engineers would not be entirely safeguarded against injury from seismic disturbance, for those experts did not recommend a perfectly open cut from ocean to ocean, such as would deserve the name of the Strait of Panama, but provided for a tidal lock, and also for a dam at Gamboa, whose walls conceivably might be rent by a convulsion of the earth's surface. It is pointed out, however, that the danger from seismic disturbance would be minimized if there were but a single tidal lock, and also in view of the fact that the walls of the Gamboa dam have a rock foundation, while those of the 85-foot-level locks would rest on alluvial substrata, peculiarly sensitive to earthquakes.

Events are moving in St. Petersburg much more rapidly than they moved at Versailles in May-June, 1789. The greater velocity of the evolutionary or revolutionary movement is due undoubtedly to the fact that education is more widely diffused to-day in Russia than it was in the France of the *aurea régime*, and that in spite of all the precautions taken to assure a triumph of the reactionists at the ballot-box the Constitutional Democrats managed to obtain from the outset a majority of the Duma, and proceeded to organize that body. From that moment it might have been predicted that the autocratic government must either come to terms with the popular assembly or dissolve it. If reasonable demands should be granted promptly, harmonious progress in the path of reform was at least conceivable. On the other hand, if reasonable concessions had been refused, eluded, or postponed indefinitely, it was evident that a collision between the government and the people's representatives would be unavoidable. It is probable that if Count Wierze had remained Prime Minister the chances of immediate and irremediable friction would have been minimized, and that a large part of the desired innovations would have been granted so quickly and so cordially as to establish a feeling of confidence in the sovereign's good intentions.

The prospect of such an accommodation is now by no means encouraging. In the speech read by Premier GOREMYKIN to the Duma on May 26, every one of the petitions comprised in the address to the Czar, formulated about a week before, was rejected, with the sole exception of the request for universal suffrage. The popular assembly might have submitted without much protest to some qualifications of its demand for universal amnesty provided it had been precipitated by an assent to the agrarian programme of the Constitutional Democrats. Not only was that programme peremptorily rejected, but the ministry *ad interim* put forward no definite and immediately operative substitute of its own, though, notoriously, the victims of the famine by which many provinces of Russia are afflicted can brook no procrastination. For the dynasty of ROMANOV it was a matter of life and death not to alienate irreparably the sympathies of the peasants who constitute a vast majority of the Czar's subjects, yet the GOREMYKIN cabinet took the precise course likely to throw them into the arms of the Constitutional Democrats. The leaders of that party must have felt that the Lord had delivered the enemy into their hands; for scarcely had the Premier finished reading his statement when the Duma, by an almost unanimous vote, demanded the immediate dismissal of the ministry and the appointment of a cabinet possessing the confidence of the assembly. Such is the critical stage of things at St. Petersburg as we go to press. We shall be very much surprised if NICHOLAS II. dares to treat the Duma, which he

convoked last yesterday, as CROMWELL treated the Rump Parliament. He certainly will do it at his peril, and he is most unfortunate if he has no advisers to warn him that he risks his head as well as his throne.

We trust that, in his effort to improve the quality of our foreign representation, Secretary Root will not overlook the praiseworthy aspiration of Mr. LOUIS MICHEL, of Baltimore. It pains us to be obliged to confess that we had not heard of Mr. MICHEL until last week, when the *Washington Post* directed attention to a printed circular in his behalf, which is "reviving the signatures of citizens, taxpayers, professional, business, and laboring men" of his city of residence. The statements contained therein are clearly of an autobiographical nature, and may therefore be considered authoritative. We learn, first, that Mr. MICHEL has the "fitness and practical idealism" and capacity for public orating and "trenchant writing" which should characterize every representative of the present administration. Moreover, it is in his "sacred aim to gladden by his presence the hearts of his beloved parents," after an absence of twenty-three years; in point of fact, his "faithful wife and two little children" are already there, in happy anticipation of his coming. It has been a long and weary waiting. We quote Reason No. 5:

5. Mr. Michel, who was thirty-eight years of age on the 8th day of May, 1861, left his native home in Germany at the tender age of sixteen years, less a few months, with his prospect in his pocket and the full consent of the German government, while the United States cheerfully accepted him as a resident and afterward as a citizen.

There is no gainsaying the logical insistence that, having cheerfully accepted him, we should be willing, however regretfully, to part with him. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt that Germany's arms would open wide to one whose early sailing was with her full consent. For "financial remuneration," Mr. MICHEL cares not; all he craves is a "much-coveted position as an official of this country" as a stepping-stone to a job with an exporting or importing house. He recognizes frankly, however, that a personal wish, however earnest, does not constitute an adequate claim to recognition even in these piping days of practical idealism. Upon services rendered, chiefly as a poet, he bases his hope of preference. From many choice effusions of Mr. MICHEL's gifted pen we call a few:

No braver man has ever kept his pledge
As ROOSEVELT—quite glaring ridicule:
For Cuba loyally a new entering wedge
Of two republics under golden rule.

For struggling manhood ever feeling kind,
And ever true to nations' cultured law;
Intensely good, yet he was never blind
To our interests and New Panama.

A giant both in form and subtle mind,
Stands, idolized, brave THUNDER ROOSEVELT,
Before the world. No one can ever find
A leader who his mission prompter find.

Lost by chance the deep feeling herein groping for utterance
fall flat and fruitless upon the frigid intellectuality of an unemotional Secretary of State, we print the lines in the hope that they may catch the all-seeing eye of the giant, both in form and subtle mind, and win his favorable intercession.

THOMAS F. RYAN has redeemed his promise to maintain the Equitable Life Assurance Society and place the control of its \$42,000,000 of assets in the hands of directors, a majority of whom were elected by the policyholders. The notification is the direct result of the labors of THOMAS CHEYLAH—*The World*.

How surprising—to World readers!

Our Presbyterian brethren in General Assembly at Des Moines voted to contribute to foreign missions the considerable sum of \$1,500,000, which they might better have kept in the service of the Lord at home. They also adopted Dr. VAN DYKE's prayer-book, only striking "by authority of the Church" from the title-page, and flatly refused to impetrate Congress to stop the granting of funds to Lutherans and Catholics, in each case acting wisely, in our opinion. Why a body of such indicated breadth should have persisted with practical unanimity in adhering to the King JAMES Bible is difficult of comprehension. The revised version is

vastly superior, and is certain, eventually, to win the recognition it deserves.

Anybody who thinks it is easy to write a lurid book should read Mr. Upton Sinclair's commonplace confession in the *Independent*. Having gilded up his limbs and spat upon his hands in preparation for the construction of the *Jungle*, or *Jungle*, whichever he calls it, he discovered, firstly and foremostly, that "as a writer of fiction I could be required to be true only in the way of art, and not in the way of the newspapers." Fortunately, however, he "was able to be true in both ways, and the book might as well have the credit"—so it was all right. He then proceeded to read "certainly four or five thousand books, including all the worth-while novels in the five languages which I have succeeded in acquiring." This must have been somewhat of a job, but was really only incidental. He continues:

To enable me to write the first chapter I had to spend nearly three years learning the violin, and to attend many hundreds of concerts. To enable me to write other portions of it I had to get married and become a father. The cost of the whole equipment could certainly not have been less than \$20,000; and including the labor incidental to the earning (or borrowing) of this sum, it took sixteen hours a day during the whole of the twelve years' period described. And, finally, I spent two years in writing the book, and came out of it more dead than alive—so close to being a nervous wreck that I shudder whenever I think.

It was surely a delicate regard for the proprieties which induced a Gatsby-like genius to get married in order to become a father—all for the sake of art—but no less harrowing is the further assertion that "during these years I have written no less than five million words." It is not surprising that nowadays Mr. SINCLAIR shudders when he thinks. The wonder is that he does not fly off the earth in a fit while merely thinking that he thinks. It's a queer world.

Every student of letters knows that, in spite of all the talk we hear about American corruption and vulgarity, it is in America that we look for much of the most delicate literary art of to-day.—*Black and White*.

Oh, go on! You are coming at us.

JO MEHILL PATTERSON complains, with much feeling, about the will of the late MARSHALL FIELD. Mr. FIELD, JO says, left \$120,000,000 to two little boys, his grandsons; to MARSHALL FIELD III, the elder, \$72,000,000, to HENRY FIELD, \$48,000,000. He constituted the Merchants Loan and Trust Company trustee for these infants, and left detailed instructions as to the accumulation of their incomes. Grandson MARSHALL's property will bring him in an income of about three millions a year, but he does not come into the whole of his fortune until he is fifty years old, which will be in 1934. Meanwhile the trustee is to gather in and invest the income, except that it must pay grandson MARSHALL \$450,000 when he is twenty-five, and the same sum every five years thereafter, until he is forty-five, when he gets all the accumulated income of his property, and five years later the original \$72,000,000. Grandson HENRY gets \$48,000,000 on the same conditions. JO PATTERSON is a professing socialist, and, as such, this arrangement scandalizes him. He calls these accumulating fortunes perpetual mortgages on the labor of about fifty thousand men. He might call them funds for the perpetual payment of wages to fifty thousand men, but he does not take that view. He says that wills like Mr. FIELD's won't be allowed when the socialists come to their own and make the laws.

We won't discuss socialism with JO, but it is a fact that Mr. FIELD's will is a document that considerably excites the imagination. We do not recall any previous will that provided for so enormous an accumulation of property. If the grandsons live to get all of their money, they may divide something like five hundred millions. PETER THUILLON's famous will, which brought to pass the THUILLON act restricting the devise of property to accumulate, provided (in 1792) that the income of 600,000 should accumulate in the hands of trustees during the lives of the testator's three sons and of their sons, and should then go to the eldest living male descendant. Lawsons ate into the property that when, in 1856, the heir finally came into his fortune, he got little more than the sum originally bequeathed. The FIELD fortune looks so big beside the THUILLON fortune as to suggest

that as, already, laws have limited the length of time that money can be tied up by will to accumulate, it may presently be found expedient to limit the amount of money that may be tied up by will to accumulate. Mr. FIELD faced a hard problem in will-making. He may have wanted his fortune to increase, but, on the other hand, he may have merely aimed to keep it out of the hands of his natural heirs until they should come to years of sufficient discretion to handle it. Having devoted his life to making a collection of money, he doubtless felt the collector's natural reluctance to disperse the collection he had made.

The class-book that tells as much about the Yale Seniors of 1906 as they are willing to divulge discloses that the high scholars in the class spend about \$731 a year each, and the low scholars about \$1344. The significance of this is that book-study is one of the cheapest forms of entertainment a college affords, costing very much less than the cultivation of a taste for the acted drama, or athletics, or activities of a social nature. A college lad who cultivates the acquaintance of his comrades is constrained to devote time and incidentally some money to that employment, but the lad who works hard and has little spare time to play gets off cheaper. It is very much the same in the big outside world, where the more considerable expenditures of individuals and families are for pleasure rather than subsistence. It would be gratifying to point out that the collegians who spend only \$731 a year find their college experiences much more profitable than those who spend \$1344, but that is not always true. Social experience has its value as well as scholarship. What is both true and consoling is that youths who have no money to spare and are the more constrained to work hard because that is the occupation they can best afford, are apt to find in hard study abundant compensations for the time being and important resulting advantages for the future. To be somewhat strident in means in college and constrained to work hard is to be in a position of considerable advantage. But it is a position a youth must be born to. It cannot be artificially created. If there are facts that compel it, it works; but if there are available funds within the parental reach, the inspiration of death cannot be produced by withholding them. If the old man can raise the \$1344 for the college boy to spend, the boy had better have it. Such, at least, is the practical conclusion of nearly all parents.

The beef business has its griefs, the railroad man is not unacquainted with sorrow, people call the coal man names, the oil-dealer is accused of awful improprieties, the clergy are liable to painful inspections of the details of their beliefs, the patent-medicine man has accusations hurled at him, the scandal-monger is dragged into court, the gambler must endure embarrassing lawsuits. The man who manages an art museum may be thought by uninformed persons to live swathed in beauty and to lie down every night to dreams of loveliness and peace. Not so. He has as hard a life, and at least as many troubles, as anybody else. Art-museum management is a battle-scarred profession, in which the man who does his best is lucky if he escapes prosecution, and in which not even the man who does nothing can be sure of escaping censure. Boston has been for months in the throes of a distressing conflict about the best way to manage her art museum and the best man to do it, but in New York an interval of harmony has seemed to prevail. Now an accuser assails Mr. ROGER E. FAY, the new curator of a department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with the charge that he has cleaned and restored some of the museum's pictures in a fashion extremely detrimental to their beauty and their value. Dr. KURTZ, director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, is shocked at Mr. FAY's work, and speaks of him as a person "absolutely lacking in discretion." Mr. FAY came to New York from London a short time ago with an excellent character, and is exceedingly well thought of as an art expert. It seems, however, to be inevitable that if one group of experts agree that any designated person knows something about art, another group shall be sure he knows nothing about it. All art is largely a matter of taste and opinion. Taste is one of the great natural subjects of dispute, and the existence of any opinion implies the existence of a counter one. The natural state, therefore, of art museums, is a state of dispute, and the only museum that can hope to enjoy tranquility is one that possesses nothing that is worth fighting about.

A Warning to Rich Men of Common Sense

It is an urgent, a stirring, and a regret "Appeal to Millionaires" which forms the leading article of the June number of the *North American Review*. The appeal is really addressed not only to the relatively few persons who compose the small class of multimillionaires whom the writer of the article would define as people who have much more money than is good for them, but also to the relatively numerous middle class of citizens who, perhaps, have as much money as is good for them. The third class, which consists of those who indubitably have much less money than is needed to supply their reasonable wants, is, of course, incomparably larger than the other two classes put together; and if most of its members were united in purpose, they could unquestionably, under the régime of universal suffrage, shape as they chose the laws regulating the acquisition, the alienation, and the transmission of property. There are many indications that the class which, in numbers, is overwhelmingly preponderant, is awakening to a recognition of the irresistible power which our political system gives it; and it is therefore becoming a matter of vital moment to the American community that a majority of those who potentially are our masters through the ballot-box should be prevailed upon, belated, to accept a reasonable in place of a violent and revolutionary remedy for what they are coming to regard as grave existing evils. To prove that there is nothing novel or alarming in the idea of submitting to the majority of the voters questions concerning property rights—provided, of course, the submission be made between such conservative authorities as DANIEL WEBSTER and Lord Chief-Justice COLERIDGE. DANIEL WEBSTER, speaking to conservative New England citizens in 1820, pointed out that the freest government would not be long acceptable to the mass of citizens if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands. He warned his auditors that those who have no property, and see their neighbors possessed of much more than they are believed to need, will not long be favorable to laws made for the protection of such property; and that as the relatively newly become numerous, they will grow clamorous. The deduction drawn by WEBSTER was that it is the part of political wisdom to forestall revolution by establishing such distribution of property through the laws regulating its transmission and alienation as is calculated to rally the great majority of human beings in a given society to the support of the government. Corroborative testimony to the soundness of WEBSTER'S conclusion was furnished by Lord Chief-Justice COLERIDGE, speaking not long before his death, in connection with Scottish lawyers. Reminding them that in four days in Britain rights of private property were summarily set aside when they were thought to interfere with the general well-being, he went on to declare that men, as then, all laws respecting property must stand upon the foot of the general advantage. The Lord Chief-Justice of England went on to say that he himself would deny that the mineral treasures, for instance, placed by Providence under the soil of a country belonged to a handful of surface proprietors in the sense that these persons could stop at will the mining of coal. It would be well, therefore, he thought, that the owners of property in land or money, from the largest to the smallest, should recognize that their titles to the enjoyment of it must all rest upon the same foundation, and that the mode and measure of their enjoyment of the common stock of the State, if it injure the State, can no more be defended, and will no more be endured by a free people than will any other public mischief or nuisance.

What is true of Great Britain is obviously true of the State of New York. In the latter case, as in the former, the bulwarks of property rights are founded on the popular assumption that they are for the general advantage. The writer in the *North American Review* is, of course, warranted in his assertion that if the majority of the voters in the Empire commonwealth see fit to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, and also a majority of the members of both Houses of the Legislature, they can enact a progressive taxation of incomes that would limit every citizen of the State to such income as the majority of the voters should consider enough for them. Through the same instrumentalities a majority of the voters could turn every dollar left by a decedent into the public treasury simply by repealing the statutes which now authorize the transmission of such property to heirs and legates. There is, in a word, no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York or any other American State except such as a majority of the voters in a given State may decide to be just and wise for the community at large, as well as for the possessors of such property. Even if a provision of the Federal Constitution should stand in the way, even that obstacle could be removed if an overwhelming majority of voters throughout the republic should desire it. It should not be forgotten that almost every State would be affected powerfully by a current of public opinion strong enough to control the large commonwealths.

What, then, is the problem which the writer in the *North American Review* has set himself tentatively to solve? It is to suggest some basis for private property which ought, and might

even yet, though the sky is filled with threatening clouds, receive the approval of the majority of the American electorate. Suppose, he says, we should try the harmless experiment of applying some practical ethical test whereby the rightfulness of such man's possessions could be fairly, though roughly, judged on grounds of "the general advantage." Such a test might be found, he thinks, in the proof that a fair and reasonable equivalent of service to the people was rendered for the money withdrawn from the people. As an illustration of the ethical proposition, he would take the salary paid to the President of the United States. Undoubtedly the Chief Magistrate of the American Republic is presumed to be the equal in character and capacity of the abdest of our multimillionaires; and unquestionably he is charged with as grave, multifarious, important, and onerous duties as can fall to the lot of any living man. Now, as a matter of fact, we find that, for a man of that high intellectual and moral order and for his exclusive devotion to the engraving and far-reaching duties of his office, the American people, through their chosen representatives, have adjudged \$50,000 a year, and the defraying of certain expenses incidental to the post, to be a fair and reasonable compensation. That is to say, the American people have decided that, in Lord COLERIDGE'S words, it is for the "general advantage" that such should be the remuneration of the President of the United States. Why, then, ask the writer in the *North American Review*, should any other citizen either wish, or be permitted, to withdraw from the common store a larger annual sum? It is suggested that a man might present himself and say to the American people: "I have discovered a place down in the earth where Providence has made a deposit of coal or iron or precious metals—that will you give me for my services in superintending the bringing of them to market?" Another man may say: "I have traversed a region which Providence has blessed with a fertile soil and other sources of traffic for a railway—what will you give me for persuading capital to enable me to build the railway and to maintain it?" What is he to say? Would the American people, the annual compensation of the President of the United States be a generous annual remuneration for the services rendered to the community by either of these hypothetical persons? Already the American people, through their representatives in Congress, have given the author of a useful invention the exclusive rights to the profits of it for fourteen years, at the end of which time it becomes public property. Why might not the American people similarly reply to a captain of industry or a captain of finance or a captain of transportation, who desires to devote himself to their services: "What will you give us such as we give the President of the United States? While we will only give him that compensation at most for eight years, we will give it to you for all the active years of your life, so that if you live fairly long and are a good husbandman of your income, you ought to be able, besides living luxuriously, to leave at your death a million dollars."

Such is the tentative solution proposed for an economical and social problem the increasing urgency of which is unqualified. Will it be said that such a limitation on the right of private property in the United States would cause an exodus of our multimillionaires and of the capital controlled by them to foreign countries? Where would they go? Our author points out that the sudden appearance of some sixty labor members in the British House of Commons—besides thirty independent laborites, there are at least thirty Liberals who are avowedly, and many more Liberals who are, indirectly, representatives of labor—shows clearly, as the defence paid to them by the BARNHAM government demonstrates, that at no distant day the men who toil with their hands will practically control the government of Great Britain, while the rapid growth of Socialism in Germany indicates the approach of the same great change there. In Latin countries the change has already arrived.

There could be no greater mistake than to assume that the writer of the interesting article in the *North American Review* is a socialist. On the contrary, he is a convinced individualist, a firm believer in the right of individual ownership as inseparable from the welfare and progress of human society. He even regards as one of the undesirable aspects of a situation which renders absolute equality of political rights upon every man in a given community the danger that the assumption will be made by thoughtless and irregular minds that equality of political rights necessarily involves equality in the possession of property. The writer in the *Review* is hardly alive to the truth that this, the underlying and attractive assumption of Socialism, violates one of the primal facts in the history of man, to wit, the immense and incalculable differences which exist in men's natural capacities for rendering valuable and honest service to society. With this fundamental fact before us, we ought to give encouragement, in the interest of society itself, to every man to use all the gifts he possesses, to the fullest extent possible, in every channel of usefulness, so far as such use is compatible with the welfare of the majority of his fellow men.

Not only is the author of the article under examination an individualist in the strictest sense of the term, but one of his subjects of complaint against the course pursued by some multi-

millionaires is that their acts have tended unconsciously to impair that general respect for law which would have furnished a stout bulwark against every form of socialism and anarchy, however disguised. If it be true, and of the truth there is no doubt, that some of our multimillionaires have initiated and practiced for many years a regular system of political corruption, taking no interest in our politics beyond the drawing of checks for the purpose of debasing the voters and their elected representatives, and thus tramping them that their votes ought to bring them plunder in one form or another, it is certain that no worse training in evil could possibly have been devised. At the same time it is, and ought to be, admitted that to blame our multimillionaires too severely for this unwise and harmful use of their "surplus wealth" would be unfair, inasmuch as all of us encouraged and invited such contributions, even from what should have been the sacred funds of life-insurance companies.

Is it true that a salary of \$50,000, and the opportunity of transmitting a million dollars to one's descendants, would not prove a sufficient incentive to insure the energetic exercise of exceptional abilities which indirectly might prove of great service to the community at large? Who would desire a larger income or a larger accumulation if nobody in the American community had more, and there was therefore nobody to envy? As a matter of fact, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that in the United States for many years after our Federal Constitution became operative, scarcely anybody had more than \$50,000 a year, or was able to amass more than a million dollars. Two or three exceptions there may have been in the whole population, but these persons were forced by public opinion to graduate their expenditures to the average scale, and thus averted invidious comparisons. No envy or emulation was excited by JOHN JACOB ASTOR or STEPHEN C. WHITNEY or by STEPHEN GIBBARD. The writer in the *Review* asserts for his part the belief that no genuine service in any department of human effort has ever been conferred upon mankind merely for the sake of money. He goes so far as to deny that any person who is desirous of having "money to burn" is capable of rendering any really valuable service to the community. He insists that the good work of the world has never been done from such an incentive, and that, consequently, every temptation to us after men to work merely to acquire great fortunes, the better for them and for us.

Let the attitude of the author of the *Review* article toward wealth should be misconceived, we should note that he does not for a moment dispute that there are in the United States multitudes of men who can promptly and satisfactorily show a dollar's worth of honest service for every dollar they have received. He concedes as frankly that, doubtless, some of the possessors of great fortunes can render such an accounting for a part of the "surplus wealth" which they possess; but he submits that, to do so, they should rigorously eliminate all illegal, corrupt, immoral, or degrading activities in which they have been engaged. If they would do so, and, in a conscientious regulation of all questionable activities, should reduce their fortunes to reasonable limits, the writer in the *Review* believes that they would be not in a corresponding spirit by all classes of their fellow citizens, and that thus an enduring basis would be secured for the honest exercise of individualism in all departments of activity, and for the permanence of all just rewards. On the other hand, the belief is expressed just as firmly that if our multimillionaires prefer to remain, as they have hitherto remained, outside the current of the national life, and if they proceed on the assumption that the growing dissatisfaction with them, their possessions, and the methods by which they were acquired, is merely a temporary excitement which will "soon blow over," they are destined in an early and unceremonious awakening, when they shall find themselves confronted with the transfer of State and Federal government, with all its great powers for evil as well as for good, into the hands of men whose minds will be informed with a wrath which they will consider righteous, and with an indiscriminate hostility which may prove to be implacable.

Personal and Personal

WHEN, last January, the great and good father of his country, and the great and good father of the young Speaker of the New York Assembly, heralded the achievement of the latter in getting elected, we ventured to suggest that he had won only an opportunity. We wish now to pronounce our judgment that he made good. He rid in a large degree the noisome place of scandal, he demonstrated quick intelligence, and he proved his independence. Notwithstanding that he is only twenty-eight years old, we firmly believe that, as a candidate for Governor, Mr. WARREN would outrun Mr. WILLIAM E. HEARST. It would go against the grain, anyhow, for any Republican to vote against a satisfactory husband of a daughter of JOHN RAY.

Mr. RICHARD CHURCH, who was quite well known in these parts before he went abroad and left things political to the inevitable mauling of the boys, is reported to have said to a visitor a few

days ago: "I think ROOSEVELT is bound to be re-nominated and re-elected. His actions show he is more in the fight to-day than he ever was. Nothing can get him out of it. If opposition arises to him in the Republican party I should, if I were at home, favor his nomination by the Democratic national convention, as the situation stands to-day." Evidently Mr. Church has not heard that Mr. ROOSEVELT has declared that, under no circumstances, would he accept a Republican nomination. And we feel quite certain that considerable difficulty would be experienced in obtaining a two-thirds vote in a Democratic convention. There remain, however, the Prohibitionists, who are always with us, and—tread softly, please—the Socialists.

The President is credited with two new epigrams:
"President JACKSON fought the money power. He was wrong, but he became famous. I am right, and—"

We wish he had finished the sentence. He could not have meant to have us infer that he too proposes to achieve fame, for he already has it in very large measure. Nor could he, in the most cynical of moods, have intended to convey the idea that "right" may possibly win an adjective the reverse of, or less pleasing than, "famous." It is better to be right than President, anyway, though comforting, we suspect, to some, to be both.

Epigram No. 2:

"This is the day for the man with a patch on his breeches to come forward, and for the man-of-the-dubious to go to the rear." We are not so sure of that. The man-of-the-dollar willing to invest in productive enterprise has proven a pretty useful citizen in the past, and we question whether his day is quite over. As for the man-with-the-patch, the direction he should go, with due regard for his personal dignity, depends upon the location of the patch. Small boys generally finally find it advisable to back up.

POOR, CRAZY QUEEN CARLOTTA, consort of the ill-fated MAXIMILIAN, still lives in a house near Brussels, owned by the King of Belgium, and still cherishes the illusion that she is Empress of Mexico. When she made her piteous appeal for help to NAPOLEON III, she was quite sane, though sadly wrought by intense emotion, but failure unaltered her mind, and when she hurried off in the *Pogo* she was demented. To the honor of the papal court, she hastened to the presence of his Holiness wearing a bonnet instead of the black mantilla rigorously insisted upon in such an audience, and to the still greater horror of Cardinal ANTONELLI and of the Pope himself, she insisted on staying overnight at the Vatican. As, however, force could not be used to eject her, the Pope had to order her to be placed in the library for the Emperor and one of her ladies—an unheard-of desertion! Indeed, they could get rid of the hapless Empress next day only by the ruse of getting two aims to persuade her to visit their convent, where she became so violent that she had to be put into a strait-waistcoat! This was forty years ago.

With the single exception of Mr. CLEVELAND, we suppose that JEFF P. MORRIS would be regarded as the most distinguished of our public persons now enjoying graceful retirement. He was eighty-two years old on May 16, and as apt as an cricket. Presently he will go abroad to enjoy a well-earned holiday. Despite the viraginitas of his long business, political, and social career, Mr. MORRIS has never been a target for the raker. Mr. LAWSON has spared him, and even DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS has not yet denounced him as a traitor. This, notwithstanding that his most intimate business associate is Mr. THOMAS F. BRYAN, and that he has been seen to greet courteously Mr. HERVY H. BROWN, and even a Senator or two. He has been Congressman, Governor, minister to France, and Vice-President, and one of his daughters has written a successful novel. When asked by a *Herald* reporter what, if any, advice he would venture to offer to our progressive young men, he replied, sentimentally, "Be honest." It was a timely and happy suggestion, to which heed should be given. Mr. MORRIS was born, appropriately, in Vermont.

It is said that the first book THOMAS HARDY ever wrote has never been published, and the man who persuaded him not to publish it was no other than GEORGE MERZETTA. The book was called *The Poor Man and the Lady*, and contained some strong revolutionary principles. Fear, the most dramatic of HARDY's books, was inspired by the sight of a girl's face. His author was walking down a lane in West Dorset, when a farmer's cart rumbled past on which was seated the original of Tess. The novelist never saw her again, but he found himself weaving a romance around the girl, and in due time *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* appeared. The famous author is seen daily in Dorchester. He walks with his hands behind his back and his head usually bent, a slow, shuffling walk like that of a man prematurely aged. The whole face is finely etched, but it is the forehead which stands out paramount. He cares nothing for society; in conversation he seems unconscious of his own cleverness. In his own opinion the only work he has penned which will live is *Jude the Obscure*, and he believes that his greatest book has yet to come. Mournful and morose are his delight, and storm and the stress of tempests hold no terrors for him.



BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by HAROLD MATTHEWS DRETT

CHAPTER I

MARIA EDGHAM, a very young girl, hardly more than a child, sat in the church vestry, beside a window, during the weekly prayer-meeting.

As was the custom, a young man had charge of the meeting, and he stood, with a sort of embarrassed dignity, on the little platform behind the desk. He was reading a selection from the Bible, he presently bent his head devoutly, and after saying, "Let us pray," gave utterance to an unintelligible flood of supplication, intermingled with information to the Lord of the state of things on the earth and the needs of his people. When he straightened himself after his prayer, and called upon another young man to speak concerning the mission in China, there was about him a self-consciousness which, after an odd fashion, disturbed the little girl, since he was a man and his dreams had, presumably, in a measure, ceased. She as yet dreamed only of other dreamers like herself, Willaston Lee, for instance, who went to the same school and was only a year older. Maria had made sure that he was there, by an unintercepted glance, directly after she had entered; then she wore him into her dreams, along with the sweetness of the midsummer night and the morally tuneful atmosphere of the place. She was young, but she was precocious, and she had reached the threshold of romance. Maria wore her pretty pink gingham gown, and her hat with a wreath of rosebuds, and she felt to the utmost the attractiveness of her appearance. She, however, felt somewhat conscience-stricken on account of the pink gingham gown. It was a new one, and her mother had been obliged to have it made by a dressmaker and had paid three dollars for it, besides the trimmings, which were here and ribbon. Maria had worn the gown without her mother's knowledge. She had gone out the south door in order that her mother should not see her. Maria's mother was ill lately, and had not been able to go to church or even to perform her usual tasks. She had always made Maria's gown herself until this pink gingham, but now there was even talk of a girl to do the housework. Maria had heard her father and mother talking about it.

"I feel dreadfully about it," Maria's mother had said; "but it does seem to me sometimes as if I could not stand up long enough to wash the dishes even, let alone the cooking. I wish Maria was older. I know you can't afford to hire a girl, Harry."

Maria's mother was originally from New England, and her conscience was abominably active. Her father was of New Jersey, and his conscience, while no one would venture to say that it was defective, did not in the least interfere with his enjoyment of life.

"Oh, well, Abby," her father replied, easily, "if you've got to have a girl, you have, and that's all there is about it. We shall manage somehow."

"I don't want to get in debt," said Maria's mother, uneasily. "Oh, Lord! don't worry, Abby," said Maria's father. Worry in another irritated him even more than in himself.

"Well, Maria can't help much while she is in school. She is a delicate little thing, and sometimes I am worried about her."

"Oh, Maria can't be expected to do much while she is in school," her father said, easily. "If you find out, Abby, that you have to have a girl, we'll get one and manage somehow, only, for heaven's sake, don't worry."

Then Maria's father had taken his hat and gone down-street. He always went down-street of an evening. Maria, who had been sitting on the porch, had heard every word of the conversation, which had been carried on in the sitting-room. It did not alarm her at all because her mother considered her delicate. She had a vague sense of distinction on account of it. It was as if she realized being a flower rather than a vegetable. She was entirely honest. There was nothing, at least consciously, of the hypocrite about Maria. She felt vain, but she was sorry because of her vanity. She knew how charming her pink gingham gown was, but she knew that she ought to have asked her mother if she might wear it. She knew that her mother would have said she had a ready tongue—and she realized that she would deserve it. She felt all bravest for the evening, and had a certain sense of virtue that she should bear it so weekly. She had put on the pink gingham on account of Willaston Lee, who was usually at prayer-meeting. That, of course, she could not tell her mother. There are some things too sacred for little girls to tell their mothers. It occurred to her, as she sat there, to wonder if by any possibility Willaston might ask leave to walk home with her. She had seen such things happen to older girls. She had even a boy step out of a waiting file at the vestry door to a blushing

girl, and had seen the girl with a coy readiness slip her hand into the waiting crook of his arm and walk off, and she wondered when such bliss would come to her. She wondered if the pink gingham might bring it to pass to-night. The pink gingham was as the mating plumage of a bird. She glanced at Willaston Lee. He was not looking at her at all. Instead, he was gazing straight at Miss Stone, Miss Ida Stone, who was the school-teacher, and his young face wore an expression of devotion. Maria's eyes followed his. She too gazed at Miss Ida Stone, but she did not dream of being jealous. Miss Ida Stone seemed too immeasurably old to her for that. She was not as very old—in her early thirties—but the early thirties to a young girl are venerable. However, they are venerable in a boy. The boy gazed at the older woman, and all his young soul was in his eyes. Miss Ida Stone was certainly very pretty. She was even called a beauty by some. Maria felt an odd sort of instinctive antagonism for her, although she would as soon have been jealous of Willaston Lee's gazing at his grandmother. She only wondered why he looked at the teacher so instead of at herself. She gave her head a charming rattle and glanced again, but the boy still had his eyes fixed upon the older woman with that rapt expression which is seen only in the eyes of a boy upon an older woman, and which, in principle, involving the adoration and awe of womanhood itself. The boy had not reached the age when he was capable of falling in love, but he had reached the age of adoration, and there was nothing in little Maria Edgham, in her pink gingham, with her sky, askew glances, to excite it. She was only a girl, the other was a woman. She had passed girlhood in womanhood, for a boy of Willaston's age.

The door opened softly, and Harry Edgham, Maria's father, entered. He was very late, but he had waited in the vestibule in order not to attract attention, until the people began singing a hymn, "Gloria, Gloria, of my Soul," to the tune of "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly." He looked much younger than Maria's mother, his wife. She was a tall, dark, rather harsh-featured woman. In her youth she had had a beauty of color; now that had passed and she was sallow, and she declined to soften her stern face by a judicious arrangement of her still plentiful hair. She strained it back from her hollow temples and fastened it securely on the top of her head, after folding it smoothly in a French fold at the back. She had worn her hair in that same way before Maria was born. She had a score of fashions in hair or dress, except for Maria. Maria is young," she said, with an ineffable expression of love and pride and a desire of defiance, as if she were delaying her own age in the ownership of the youth of her child. She was like a rose-bush which possessed a perfect bud of beauty, and her own long dwelling upon the earth could not account of that to be ignored. But Maria's father was different. He was quite openly a vain man. He was handsome, and he held fast to his youth and would not let it pass. His hair, curling slightly over temples boyish in outline, although marked, was not in the least gray. His mustache was carefully trimmed. After he had vented himself audaciously in a rear seat, he looked around for his daughter, who saw him with a little discomfiture. Now, she thought, her chance of Willaston Lee walking home with her was lost. Father would go home with her. Her mother had often admonished Harry Edgham that when Maria went to meeting alone he ought to be in waiting to go home with her.

Harry Edgham, certainly the best old family in that vicinity; Edgham itself had been named for it, and while he partook of that degenerate which comes to the descendants of the large old families, while it is as inevitable that they should run out, so to speak, as flowers which have flourished too many years in a garden where soil they have exhausted, he had not lost the habit of rectitude of his ancestors. Virtue was a hereditary trait of the Edghams. There had been disease and weakness of will power, and now and then aberrations of mind, but to virtue they had held fast. Maria turned her head and peered out of the open window at the dimmed darkness. The locusts chirbled so loud that it seemed to her they almost drowned the singing, like the ticking of some clock of nature. The breath of the wild grapes came in her face. She thought again with annoyance how she would have to go home with her father, and Willaston Lee would and dare second her, even if he were so disposed; then she took a genuine pleasure in the window space of sweet night and the singing. However, all the time she was quite conscious of the prettiness of her appearance, and she loved herself for it with that love which brings provisions of unknown joys of the future.

It seemed inconceivable that with all this intense self-conscious-

no one else should have taken any notice of the child, but no one did except her father, unless, indeed, somebody thought, with a passing interest, that there was the little Edgman girl, and wondered how her mother was. A gloomy interest had begun to gather around her mother in the village. It was whispered that she was the victim of some terrible disease beyond the doctors' skill. After the meeting was closed, and Harry Edgman, with his little daughter lagging slightly behind him with covert eyes upon Wollaston Lee, went out of the vestry, a number inquired for his wife.

"Oh, she is very comfortable," he replied, with his cheerful optimism, which soothed him in all vicissitudes except the single one of actually witnessing the sorrow and distress of those who belonged to him.

Little Maria Edgman and her father went up the village street, Maria tagged behind him. Her father had to stop at a grocery-

store on the corner of the street where they lived to get a bag of peaches which he had left there. "I got some peaches on my way," he explained, "and I didn't want to carry them to church. I thought your mother might like them. The doctor said she might eat fruit." With that he darted into the store with the agility of a boy, whence he emerged with the bag of peaches dangling from his hand. "I do hope your mother will like these," he said.

Maria and her father entered the house, which was not far from the corner. It was a quite new Queen Anne cottage of the better class. There was a great clump of hydrangeas on the small, smooth lawn in front, and on the piazza stood a small table covered with a shiny white cloth, trimmed with lace, on which were laid in ostentatious neatness the evening paper and a couple of magazines. Maria's mother was in the house, seated beside the sitting-room table, on which stood a kerosene-lamp with a singularly ugly shade. She was darning stockings. Her mouth was tightly closed, which was indicative both of decision of character and of pain. Her countenance looked sallow than ever. She looked up at her husband and little daughter as they entered.

"Well," she said, "so you've got home." Her words were cordial, her tone harsh; she did not smile. Indeed, Abby Edgman seldom smiled; as for laughing, that was so rare as to be a phenomenon with her. She saw absolutely no humor in life.

"I've brought you some peaches, Abby," said Harry Edgman. He held the bag on the table and looked anxiously at his wife. He did not offer to kiss her. Kisses at arrival and departure had long been dispensed with between the two. "How do you feel now?" said he.

"I feel well enough," said she. Her reply sounded ill-humored, but she did not intend it to be so, thinking of her husband's kindness in bringing the peaches. But she looked at the paper bag on the table sharply. "If there is a soft peach in that bag," said she, "and there's likely to be, it will stain the table-cover, and I can never get it out."

Harry hastily removed the paper bag from the table, which was covered with a white linen spread, trimmed with lace and embroidered.

"Don't you feel as if you could eat one to-night? You didn't eat much supper, and I thought maybe—"

"I don't believe I can to-night, but I shall like them to-morrow," replied Mrs. Edgman, in a voice soft with apology.

When bedtime came Maria climbed up-stairs, holding her lamp carefully as her mother bade her. When she was in her own room, directly across the hall from that of her parents, she set the lamp on the dresser, and proceeded to gaze upon her own face reflected in the mirror with the rays of the lamp upon it. Nothing could have been lovelier than that face of childish innocence and beauty with the soft rays of the lamp illuminating it. Her blue eyes seemed faintly to give forth light; the soft pink on her cheeks deepened until it was like the heart of a rose. She opened her exquisitely curved lips and smiled at herself in a sort of ecstasy. She turned her head this way and that in order to get different effects. She pulled the little golden tresses of hair farther over her forehead; she pushed it back, revealing the head, yet delicate, outlines of her temples. She thought how glad she should be when her hair was grown. She had had an illness two years before, and her mother had judged it best to have her hair cut short. It was now just long enough to hang over her ears, curving slightly forward like the old-fashioned carlocks. She had her hair tied back from her face with a pink ribbon in a bow on top of her head. She loosened this ribbon and shook her hair quite loose. She peered out of the golden radiance of it at herself, then she shook it back. She was charming either way. She was undeveloped, but as yet not a speck of the shadow of earth had touched her. She was flawless, irreproachable, except for the knowledge of her beauty, through heredity, in her heart, which was older than she herself.

Suddenly Maria, after a long gaze of rapture at her face in the glass, gave a great start. She started and saw her mother standing in the door looking at her.

Maria, with an involuntary impulse of concealment, seized her brush and began brushing her hair. "I was just brushing my hair," she murmured. "She felt as guilty as if she had committed a crime."

Her mother continued to look at her sternly. "There isn't any use in your trying to deceive me, Maria," said she. "I am ashamed that a child of mine should be so silly."

Then at the sight of the quiver around the sensitive little mouth her heart melted. "Get out of your clothes and into your night-gown and get to bed," said she. "If you only behave as well as you look, that is all that is necessary."

Maria fell asleep that night with the full assurance that she had not been mistaken concerning the beauty of the little face which she had seen in the looking-glass. She had only just begun to doze when she awoke with a great start. Her father had opened her door and stood colling her.

"Maria," he said, in an agitated voice, "Maria sat up in bed. 'Oh, father, what is it?' she said, and a vague horror chilled her."

"Get up and slip on something and go into your mother's room," said her father, in a gasping sort of voice. "I've got to go for the doctor."

Maria put one slim little foot out of bed. "Oh, father," she said, "in mother sick?"

"Yes, she is very sick," replied her father. His voice sounded almost savage. It was as if he were furious with his wife for being ill; furious with Maria, with life and death itself. In real-



Drawn by Harold Hattaway Ross

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CHAPTER II

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ity, he was torn almost to madness with anxiety. "Slip on something so you won't catch cold," said he, in his irritated voice. "I don't want another one down."

Maria ran to her closet and pulled out a little pink wrap-

per. "Put on your stockings," commanded her father.

Maria drew on her stockings and some little knitted slippers. She was trembling violently, as if in a chill, although she moved with exceeding swiftness and got on the wrapper and slippers before her father reached the head of the stairs. She caught up with him, pressing close to his side. "Oh, father, in mother very sick!" she whispered again.

"Yes, she is very sick. I don't know what is going to be done. I am going to have another doctor to-morrow," replied her father, still in that furious, excited voice, which the sick woman must have heard.

"What shall I—?" began Maria, but her father, running down the stairs, cut her short.

"Do nothing," said he. "Just go in there and stay with her. And don't you talk. Don't you speak a word to her. Go right in. With that the front door slammed.

Maria went tiptoeing into her mother's room, still shaking from head to foot, and her blue eyes seemed to protrude from her little white face. Even before she entered her mother's room she became conscious of a noise, something between a wall and a groan. It was intolerably terrifying. It was like nothing which she had ever heard before. It did not seem possible that her mother, that anything human, in fact, was making such a noise; and yet no animal could have made it, for it was articulate. Her mother was, in fact, both praying and repeating verses of Scripture in that awful voice. Maria went close to her mother's bed and stood looking at her.

A lamp was burning over on the dresser, but it was turned low; her mother's convulsed face seemed to waver in unaccountable shadows. Maria sat, not speaking a word, but quivering from head to foot, and her mother kept up her prayers and her verses from Scripture. Maria herself began to pray in her heart. She said it over and over to herself, in unutterable appeal and terror, "O Lord, please smite mother well; please make her well." She prayed on, although the groaning wail never ceased.

Suddenly her mother turned and looked at her and spoke quite naturally. "Is that you?" It did not seem possible that her

"Yes, mother. I'm so sorry you are sick. Father has gone for the doctor."

"You haven't got on enough," said her mother, still in her natural voice.

"I've got on my wrapper."

"That isn't enough, getting up right out of bed so. Go and get my white crocheted shawl out of the closet and put over your shoulders."

Maria obeyed. While she was doing so her mother resumed her cries. She said the first half of the thousandth psalm, then she looked again at Maria, seating herself beside her, and said in her own voice, wreathed, as it were, by love from the very depths of mortal agony, "Have you got your stockings on?"

"Yes, mamma, and my slippers."

Her mother said no more to her. She resumed her attention to her own misery with an odd small gesture of despair. The cries never ceased. Maria still prayed. It seemed to her that her father would never return with the doctor. It seemed to her, in spite of her prayer, that all hope of relief lay in the doctor and not in the Lord. It seemed to her that the doctor must help her mother.

At last she heard wheels, and in her joy she spoke, in spite of her father's injunction. "There's the doctor now," said she. "I guess he's bringing father home with him."

Again her mother's eyes opened with a look of intelligence, again she spoke in her natural voice. She looked toward the clothes which she had worn during the day, on a chair. "Put my clothes in the closet," said she, but her voice strained terribly on the last word.

Maria flew and hung up her mother's clothes in the closet just before her father and the doctor entered the room. As she did so the tears came for the first time. She had a ready imagination. She thought to herself that her mother might never put on those clothes again. She kissed the folds of her mother's dress passionately and emerged from the closet, the tears streaming down her face, all the muscles of which were convulsed. The doctor, who was a young man with a handsome, rather hard face, glanced at her before ever looking at the moaning woman on the bed. He said something in a low tone to her father, who immediately addressed her.

"Go right into your own room and stay there until I tell you to come out, Maria," said he, still in that angry voice, which seemed to have no reason in it. It was the dumb anger of the race against life, which included and overran individuals in its way, like juggernaut.

At her father's voice Maria gave a hysterical sob and fled. When she had closed the door of her room she flung herself face downward on her bed and wept. After a while she turned over on her back and looked at it—room. Her lamp burned dimly, and she could see everything. Not one little thing in the whole apartment had seemed to rick her very soul with the consideration of her mother's love, which she was perhaps about to lose forever. The dainty curtains of the windows, the seal on the dresser, the chintz cover on a chair—every one her mother had planned. She could not remember how much her mother had needed her, only how much she had loved her. At the instant of her death she knew how much she had loved her. She could hear the low

moan of voices in her mother's room across the hall. Suddenly the cries and moans ceased. A great joy irradiated the child. She said to herself that her mother was better, that the doctor had given her something to help her. Along with the joy was a self-reproach that she had not trusted the Lord to answer her prayer.

She got off the bed, wrapped her little pink garment around her, and stole across the hall to her mother's room. The whole hall was filled with a strange, sweet smell which made her faint, but along with the faintness came such an increase of joy that it almost everted her. She turned the knob of her mother's door, but before she could open it it was opened from the other side and her father's face, gaunt and ruffled as she had never seen it, appeared.

"Go back!" he whispered, fiercely.

"Oh, father, is mother better?"

"Go back!"

Maria went back. She sat in her little rocking-chair beside the window and looked out at the night. She no longer wept. The tears would not come. Instead of tears, she was conscious of a terrible sensation which seemed to have its starting-point at her heart, but which pervaded her whole body. She was conscious of such misery, such grief, that it was like a weight and a pain.

She knew now that her mother was no better, that she might even die. She listened to the low voices in the other room. She could not distinguish words, but suddenly she heard the door of her mother's room open. She heard her father's voice, and the doctor's in response, but she still could not distinguish a word. She leaned both her little elbows on the window-sill and gazed out into the night. Presently she heard the front door open and close softly. Then her father bowed and down the steps and the doctor's lantern and drove away. She knew that he had gone for another doctor, probably Doctor Williams, who lived in the next town and was considered very skillful. The other doctor was remaining with the mother. She did not dare leave her room again. She sat there watching, as a watchman, and a light radiance began to appear in the east, which her room faced. It was like dawn in another world; everything had so changed to her.

The pale light in the east increased; suddenly rosy streamers almost like northern lights were flung out across the sky. She could distinguish things quite clearly. She heard the rattle of wheels, and thought it was her father returning with Doctor Williams, but instead it was the milkman in his yellow cart. He carried a bottle of milk around to the south door. There was something horribly ghastly in that every-day occurrence to the watching child. At last it occurred to her that she ought to dress herself. She left the window, brushed her hair, braided it and tied it with a blue ribbon, and put on her little blue gingham gown which she commonly wore mornings. Then she sat by the window again. It was not very long after that that she saw the doctor's carriage driving past. She drew her eyes with him, and between them sat a woman. She recognized the woman at once. She was a trained nurse who lived in Edgemoor. "They have got Miss Bell," she thought; "mother must be awful sick." She knew that Miss Bell's wages were twenty-five dollars a week, and that her father would not have called her in except in an extreme case.

She watched her father, still with that expression of miserable rancor, help out the woman, who was stout and middle-aged and much larger than he. She looked at Miss Bell both with relief that she had come and with horror that there was no need of her. Miss Bell had a dress-cut case, which her father tugged painfully into the house; Miss Bell bowed him.

She saw the doctor, who was slightly lame, limp around to the buggy, after his horse was tied, and take out two cases. She hated him while he did it. She felt intuitively that something terrible was to come to her mother because of those cases. She watched the doctor limp up the steps with positive malevolence. "If he is such a smart doctor, why doesn't he cure himself?" she asked.

She heard steps on the stairs, then the murmur of voices and the sound of the door opening into her mother's room. A frightful sense of isolation came over her. She realized that it was infinitely worse to be left by herself outside suffering than outside happiness. They had no use for her, they had forgotten her completely. She tried to pray, then she stopped. "It is no good praying," she reflected; "God did not stop mother's pain. It was only stopped by that stuff I smelled out in the entry."

She could not reason back of that. Her terror and misery brought her up against a dead wall. It seemed to her presently that she heard a faint cry from her mother's room; then she was quite sure that she smelled that strange sweet smell even through her closed door. Then her father opened her door abruptly, and a great whiff of it entered with him, like some ghost of pain and death.

"The doctors have neither of them had any breakfast, and they can't leave her," he said, with a jerk of his elbow and speaking still with that angry tone toward the unfeeling child. "Do you know if there is anything in the house?"

"No," replied Maria, trembling.

"Now, how's nothing?" said her father, and shut the door with a sudden bang.

Maria heard him going down stairs, and presently she heard a rattle in the kitchen, a part of which was under her room. She went out herself and stole softly down the stairs. Her father, with an air of angry helplessness, was emptying the coffee-pot into her mother's nice cup. Maria stood trembling at his elbow.

"I don't believe that's where mother empties it," she ventured.
 "It has got to be emptied somewhere," said her father, and his tone sounded as if he swore. Maria shrank back. "They've got to have some coffee, anyhow."

Maria's father carried the coffee-pot over to the stove, in which a freshly kindled fire was burning, and set it on in the hottest place. Maria stealthily moved it back while he was searching for the coffee in the pantry. She did not know much, but she did know that an empty coffee-pot on such a hot place would come to ruin. Her father emerged from the pantry with a tin canister in his hand.

"I've sent a telegram to your aunt Maria for her to come right on," said he, "but she can't get here before afternoon. I don't suppose you know how much coffee your mother puts in. I don't suppose you know about anything."

Maria realized slowly that she was a scapegoat, but there was such terrible suffering in her father's face that she had no impulse to rebel. She smelled of the canister which her father held out toward her with a nervously trembling hand. "Why, father, this is tea! It isn't coffee!" said she.

"Well, if you don't know anything, that a big girl like you ought to know, I should think you might know enough now to try to make coffee with tea," said her father.

Maria looked at her father in a bewildered sort of way. "I guess the coffee is in the other canister," said she, meekly.

Harry Edgham made a furious stride across the kitchen to the pantry.

Maria followed him. "I guess that is the coffee-canister," said she, pointing.

Her father seized the coffee-canister and approached the stove. "I don't suppose you know how much she puts in. I don't suppose you know anything," said he.

"I guess she puts in about a cupful," said Maria, trembling.

"A cupful, with coffee at the price it is now? I guess she doesn't," said her father. He poured the coffee-pot full of boiling water from the tea-kettle, then he tipped the coffee-canister into his hand, then he put one small pinch into the pot.

"Oh, father," ventured Maria, "I don't believe—"

"You don't believe what?"

"I don't believe that is enough."
 "Of course it's enough. Don't you suppose your father knows how to make coffee?"

Her father set the coffee-pot on the stove, where it immediately began to boil. Then he carried back the canister into the pantry and returned with a painful of eggs. "You can set the table, I suppose, anyhow," said he. "You know enough to do as much as that."

"Yes, I can do that," replied Maria, with alacrity, and indeed, she could. Her mother had exacted some small household

tasks from her, and setting the table was one of them. She hurried into the dining-room and began setting the table with the pretty blue-flowered ware that her mother had been so proud of. She seemed to feel tears in her heart when she laid the plates, but none sprang to her eyes. Somehow, handling these familiar inanimate things was the easiest torture. Presently she smelled eggs burning, but she dared not go out into the kitchen.

Her father, in his anxiety, had actually roared ferociously. He had always petted her in his easy-going fashion; now he terrified her.

All at once, as she was getting the clean napkins from the sideboard, she heard the front door open, and one of the neighbors, Mrs. Jones White, entered without knocking.

She was a large woman, and carelessly dressed, but her great face was beaming with kindness and play. "I just heard how bad your tea was," she said, in a loud whisper, "and I run right over. I thought maybe— How is she?"

"She is very sick," replied Maria. She felt at first an impulse to burst into tears before this brood-sister of sympathy; then she felt stiff.

"You are as white as a sheet," said Mrs. White. "Who is burning eggs out there?" She pointed to the kitchen.

"Father."

"Lord! What's upstairs?"

"Miss Bell and the doctors. They've sent for Aunt Maria, but she can't come before afternoon."

Mrs. White fastened a button on her waist.

"Well, I'll stay till then," said she. "Lillian can get along all right."

Lillian was Mrs. White's eighteen-year-old daughter. Mrs. White opened the kitchen door. "How is she?" she said, in a hushed voice, to Harry Edgham, fearfully stirring the burned eggs, which sent up a monstrous smoke and smell. As she spoke she went over to him and took the frying-pan out of his hands and carried it over to the sink.

"She is a very sick woman," replied Harry Edgham, looking at Mrs. White with a measure of gratitude.

"Maria says her aunt is coming."

"Yes, I sent a telegram."

"Well, I'll stay till she gets here," said Mrs. White, and again that expression of almost childish gratitude came over the man's face.

Mrs. White began scraping the burned eggs off the pan.

"They haven't had any breakfast," said Harry, looking upward.

"Well, you just go and do anything you want to, Maria, and I will get the breakfast." Mrs. White spoke with a kindly, almost humorous infection. Maria felt that she could go down on her knees to her.

"You are very kind," said Harry Edgham, and he went out of the kitchen as one who brags a retreat before superior forces.

"Maria, you just bring me the eggs and a clean cup."

(Continued on page 845.)



Drawn by Harold Matthews Beck

"Don't you suppose your father knows how to make coffee?"

AMERICA'S NEW SILVER CITY

By STARR BULLOCK

THERE is a new Silver City in the world. Just now it is only a "ramp" city, called Cobalt, 240 miles almost due north of Toronto, in the ley stretches of Ontario, but 6000 men from all North America—land sharks, California placer-miners, prospectors from the Yukon, Canadian lumber-jacks, and mining experts from the East—are rubbing elbows there as they tell over the wealth of ore. The city is booming indeed, and every train which runs anywhere near it sets down a new crowd to add to the population. Of the richness of the region there is no doubt. Geologists have proclaimed it the most remarkable silver camp in North America, so far as ore values are concerned.

A distinguishing feature of the camp is its orderliness. In this it is unlike most of its kind. There is no gun-play here, nor has there been since the virgin forest gave way to the first few shacks of the present city in the spring of 1904, when a blacksmith made the initial find in this new El Dorado of the Western Hemisphere.

Cobalt is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Everything comes its way, even to dynamite explosions which resemble earthquakes. On May 18 nine tons of the explosive went off within a quarter of a mile of town, wrecking fifty or sixty shacks and starting a fire which was subdued with difficulty after a fight in which the entire population joined. Fortunately, the fire was near the north end of Cobalt lake, and the volunteer bucket brigade quickly got into action and put it out.

The most dangerous man you meet in Cobalt is the one who has a pocket full of beautifully engraved stock certificates for a silver-mine somewhere that hasn't yet been started, but is sure to be before the work is out. When it does start, nothing can stop this particular stock from bumping the sky inside of thirty days, etc., etc. If this man is not on the station platform to greet you as you step off your sleeper from Toronto, don't worry. He will be at your hotel fifteen minutes after you register. As works of art, his certificates might pass—certainly the story that accompanies them would—but the going mines, the properties that are really shipping silver, are not being backed about at five cents a share.

It would take several acres of Coleman township, in which Cobalt lies, to pasture an able-bodied goat. It is a wild country, perhaps as wild as any in the Canadian provinces. It is a country of beautiful lakes, well stocked by nature with pike and pickerel, bass and catfish. The forests are spruce and pine, white birch and tamarack. But the most striking thing to the traveler and the prospector alike is the marvellous closeness of rock. You find it everywhere. It is in the bush, throughout the swamp-land, on the lake shore. Dig for it in the woods and you will hardly go three feet before you strike it. Perhaps we may have here the breast-bone of the continent.

In this rock has lain for centuries some of the richest ores and minerals yet discovered by man. Fire, mingled with the rich magenta of the cobalt bloom and the peculiar lizard green of nickel bloom, are bismuth, pyrite, antimony, native and ruby silver, and traces even of copper and gold. Some of the ores are rich in cobalt, nickel and arsenic, but while these values are taken into account, fully ninety per cent. is silver.

It was a Frenchman named La Rose who literally "put his foot in it" at Cobalt. He was a blacksmith with the gang which was pushing the new Ontario government railway through the wilderness to connect North Bay, the junction of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk lines, with the Transcontinental road now building a hundred miles south of Hudson Bay. Sore he stubbed his toe over a nugget of almost pure silver in the cut near Cobalt lake, the railroad, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, has carried out, in ore values, more than \$2,000,000 of silver.

Cobalt is emphatically a "poor man's camp." Rich veins of silver are very near the surface—in some cases actually in sight. Little machinery is required to get the values out or prepare the ore for shipment. Old silver-miners say that there is not a silver camp on earth where the cost of a "clean-up" is such a small percentage of the values. Some of the ore has assayed \$3500 per ton. Of course, this is far above the average, but the "Number 19" ledge of the Nipissing group has cleaned up car-loads running fully that high in assay value. It seems almost like taking dollars out of the ground, fresh minted and ready for circulation. This particular ledge on the Nipissing is developed only one hundred feet in its length, and is down less than sixty feet below the surface. More than \$300,000 has been shipped to date from "Number 19," and the vein grows wider and truer at the bottom.

This is only one of twenty-five or thirty veins which have been opened on this single property, and almost every vein shows rich in value. This group—the Nipissing—lies in the very heart of the ore-bearing district, and has an area of nearly 900 acres. It is known locally as the Earle property, and is owned largely by New-Yorkers. As an indication of the class of investors that the wonderful richness of this newest silver find is attracting, the list of directors of the Nipissing Mines Company is interesting.

If the Nipissing is the largest, it is by no means the only good property in Coleman township. Surrounding it on all sides are operating mines, fully twenty in number, with rich veins showing in nearly all instances, and shipments in date ranging, respectively, from \$30,000 to \$400,000. From the La Rose, which the French blacksmith sold for \$200,000, to him a fortune, the first car-load shipment of ore netted the new owners enough to pay for their mine, and left a small working capital to continue operations. To date the La Rose has yielded over \$400,000 in values. The main shaft is down over two hundred feet, the vein grows better in



An Ore Dump at Cobalt. From this ledge about one \$300,000 of silver has been taken in fifteen months. The cut is less than half a foot deep, and is yielding now, 100 lbs. with each shot.



A Prospector's House in the Cobalt Region, near a rich Silver Vein

depth, and at the 100-foot level there is a drift running 500 feet or more into the country rock—all the way in rich pay ore.

The history of the La Rose seems entirely to disprove the contention of early seepers at Cobalt, who asserted that values there were wholly on the surface, and that they would grow rapidly less in depth. Conservative experts, who have carefully reviewed the camp, are to-day strongly of the belief that values will hold fully 500 feet, if not 1000 feet or more.

Dr. Robert Bell, chief of the Canadian Geological Survey, Professor W. G. Miller, head of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, and Professor William Earl Hilden, fellow of the Geological Society of London, all of whom have spent much time here in careful research, are emphatically of the belief that Cobalt is the most wonderful camp in point of ore values that has ever been discovered on this continent, and its potentialities for the future are almost passing belief.

Recently I asked Professor Hilden the outlook in the region. "It is so wonderful I hesitate to predict," he said. "If values continue in depth, as there is increasing evidence on every hand that they will, Cobalt is truly the Mecca of the mining world. In my experience I have never seen its equal as a camp. The surface has hardly been scratched, and the leading miners really do not know what they have. If not another vein should be opened there for the next three years there would be fortunes taken from the ore now in sight. It was difficult for me to believe the stories told of the Silver City, but I have seen it for myself. The wealth is there, as it has been for centuries, almost on the surface, and unless science is itself at fault, it is there in depth also for many years to come."

Mining engineers and experts agree with the scientists. Many of the former, who went there in the "early days"—say, fifteen or eighteen months ago—fully prepared to sneer at what they saw, and seek new fields within a week, are to-day the camp's most ardent supporters. Now that spring has arrived in earnest, and the snow is left only in deep gullies through the bush, operations are going forward with a rush. There is much talk of erecting a rubber smelter, as transportation costs quite a figure, even with the richest ore. Practically the entire output of Cobalt to date has been shipped to New Jersey smelters, and the cost per car is fully \$150. On a low-grade ore this would be almost a prohibitive tax, but what is called "number two ore" in Cobalt will assay from \$100 to \$300 a ton. Still, a handy custom smelter is much needed.

But the custom-smelter proposition bothers mine-owners and superintendents not at all. It will work itself out in its own good time. What they are doing is to make haste while the sun shines. A tempering

of twenty degrees to fifty degrees below zero and six feet of snow on the level, if there is any land in Coleman township level enough to measure it, is not particularly conducive to prospecting. Hundreds tried it last winter, and lived in tents while they were hunting for pay veins through the bush. But summer is best.

At the leading camps the laborers are housed and fed on the property. Nearly all of them are lumber-jacks. The engineers who opened up this new El Dorado were forced to take the native labor product, and northern Ontario has always been a lumber country. To give the lumber-jack full credit, he is a good sholder, a hard worker, and does as he is told. The rule of the lumber boss in camp is absolute. It is a very good training for the embryo miner. Undue

shift hours the converted lumber-jack of Cobalt works well. He is better fed, more comfortably housed, and makes double the wages that he did in the lumber camp, and the leading camps are working night and day shifts since the snow melted.

Feed-time at the Nipissing cook-house is a very interesting occasion to the tenderfoot. The food is excellent, and there is plenty of it. Fresh beef is atrays on the table, and canned meats, vegetables, stewed fruit, and good coffee are daily diet. But what suits the lumber-jack best of all is his pie—three times a day. One of the oddities of the cook-house is the sign, prominently displayed on the walls, "No talking." This is a relic of the lumber camp. It prevents unfriendly arguments among the men, saves time, and very probably aids digestion. The shift bosses, who eat with their men, heartily approve the rule. It materially helps to maintain necessary discipline, and the men do not object.

To-day the going mines are making daily to their operating forces. The city in silver with carpenter's, and every house is spoken for before the roof is on. Even bunka are at a premium. I have said the principal crop in Cobalt is rocks. There is another—atampa. They decorate front yards, adorn the middle of the road, and serve as clothes-pegs for the weekly wash. A vacant lot not far from the Imperial bank is particularly rich in stumps. It is 60 by 100 feet, and the price—with or without the stumps—is only \$7000. Eighteen months ago the man who offered \$200 for this same lot would have been deemed a \$1 subject for the medium.

The history of Cobalt has recorded a series of surprises. Hardly a week has gone by without the discovery of new and rich veins of silver. As yet the surface only has been scratched, and some of the mines have three or four years' work blocked out. The



A View of Cobalt in September, 1904, just after the discovery of its wonderfully rich Silver Veins out of which Fortunes are now being made



Cobalt as it is to-day—one of the leading Huronian Blocks in the new El Dorado of Northern Canada

men who know most about the camp, from practical knowledge and close personal observation, are the heartiest believers in its future. Indeed, so strong is the belief of the Ontario government in the wonderful future of Coleman township, from a mining standpoint, that it has reserved a section, several square miles in extent, less than half a mile south of Cobalt, which it may develop on the public-ownership plan. This strip is known as the Millies Limit. Professor Miller and a large party will thoroughly prospect it during the summer. The present plan is to dispose of this area by public tender, the successful bidder to pay a cash bonus of \$40,000 or \$50,000, an annual ground rental of a nominal sum, and in addition a percentage of the ore mined, based, of course, upon its tonnage value. Whether this plan will be carried

to fruition depends largely upon the discoveries of Professor Miller and his party, but those who claim to know assert that the government reservation is as richly mineralized as any section of the township, and that rich strikes are as likely as in Cobalt.

This silver camp is evidently here to stay. If it looks in picturesque, as compared with Western mining-camps, it makes it up in the solidity of its citizens. Very nicely the Provincial government has not granted a single license in Cobalt. "Blind pigs" are quickly suppressed. There is not a public dance-hall nor gambling-den in the place. The local council is an intelligent body of men, who are trying to make the town as attractive as the wonderful mineral wealth which brought it into existence.

THE MORO

THE FIGHTING-MAN OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U.S.A.

THE Moro of the Sulu Archipelago is, from his religion, naturally a fanatic with whom the truth is ever elastic. He is a wary, sly, and athletic fellow, very different from the Visayan or Tagalog, and quite different from the Filipino generally. He is the most distinct type in physical appearance to be found in the Orient. He has a bold and haughty bearing, and a freedom of manner extending to an almost defiant carriage.

The Moro dresses in most fantastic garbs of bright colors, and is as gay in manner as he is gaudy in his dress. His clothes consist, as a rule, of a variegated and uniquely folded tunic; a highly colored silk sash to hold his dandy, handsomely carved and adorned barong or kris, a short jacket ornamented with bright metal clasps or filigree-work, very bright striped silk trousers that are tight in fit; all of which make him the most picturesque of barbarian people.

The Moro is brave to fearlessness, a born plebe, and essentially a first-class fighting-man. He is never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and the most powerful among chiefs.

Constitutionally inclined to work of any kind, the Moro will do only what is necessary to sustain life and support his family from dire want. He lives in simplicity. Fish, native fruits, and vegetables, together with rice, mainly constitute his diet. He eats with his fingers, squatted as he sits on the floor. He is allowed four wives by the Alkoran, but he nearly always has as many as he can support, be the number four or fourteen. As a rule, he is obliged to quarter his wives in different huts, in order to avoid family quarrels. Occasionally he has in number according to his taste an uxorious.

The Moro trades with his neighbors on market-days in the

various coasts of the realm and foreign moneys. At other times he is a free ocean-rover, extending his trading voyages as far north as the islands of Negros and Panay, south to the Celebes and Borneo, and westerly to the Palawan. He is the most successful of smugglers, and a little act of piracy when chance offers, goes without mention. The Moro is the most perfect of aquatic beings, the most skillful small-boat sailor or large "prau" navigator extant. He can no more drown than can a fish. There is no record of a drowned Moro. He can dive to the bottom of the sea at depths of from twenty-five to one hundred feet for the valuable mother-of-pearl shell, and his life is largely lived at sea from infancy. Along the coast many of the Moro villages are built over the water.

The Moro's means of transportation for inland visits is by the native pony, which in size resembles the Shetland. There is one road only in the Sulu Archipelago. It is twelve miles in length, and runs from John to Matikan, the capital of his highness the Sultan. The Moro rides on a crudely made saddle that has a padded cover to the seat. For stirrups he uses a braided cover in knitted hempen band, through the ends of which he places his leg ties in a loop made for that purpose.

The favorite weapon of the Moro is the terrible barong or kris. Of the former family there are nine distinct classes; while of the latter there are eight grades of the straight knives and seven of the wavy kinds. Besides these there are six kinds of short swords, all formidable and dangerous weapons. The Moro always wears his knife, keeping it polished as bright as steel and whittled to a razor's edge. He wears it from custom and for dignity, and for ornament. That he has frequent use for it the many scars he wears will bear testimony. He is a formidable enemy and a suspicious, superstitious, and uncomfortable sort of a fanatical friend.



Mr. Edison utilizing his Camp Cot for a Wayside Nap near Leesburg, Virginia

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Edison and his Party on the Chain Bridge leaving Washington for Leesburg, Virginia; Mr. Edison is in the Centre; on his Right is his son Charles; on his Left, his two Laboratory Assistants

EDISON'S QUEST AND HIS TRAVELLING LABORATORY

Thomas A. Edison has gone to Charlotte, North Carolina, to investigate some reported discoveries of cobalt, the mineral which, it is said, is essential to the perfecting of the new storage battery which Mr. Edison has been working upon for so long, and which, it is expected, will revolutionize the commercial use of electricity. Mr. Edison travelled from his home in Orange, New Jersey, to North Carolina by automobile. His party, consisting of his son Charles and two of his laboratory assistants, made the journey in two stony automobiles, one of which was supplied with a fully equipped laboratory in charge of expert chemists.

HOW THE GREAT MARATHON RACE WAS WON

By JOSEPH W. SPENCER, N.Y.A.C.

Member of the 1000-metre Swimming Team, and Manager of the American Contestants in the Marathon Race

ATHENS, May 27, 1906.

MORE than two thousand years ago, after the battle of Marathon, a Greek ran as a messenger from the field of the great conflict to Athens, bearing the news of the defeat of the invading Persians. He ran more than twenty-five miles, bringing news of the victory, and saved Athens from destruction by her own citizens, which they planned to accomplish preparatory to fleeing before the invading host. Though the Greeks of to-day are not the Greeks of Thermopylae and Marathon, yet they cherish the memory of the man who did this noble deed and who fell dead when his mission was accomplished. It is entirely fitting that the great features of the Olympic Games, lately ended, should have been the famous Marathon race. All nationalities represented at the games looked upon this as the one event which made all others seem unimportant by comparison, and honra, days, and weeks were spent by all in the calculation of chances and in making preparations.

The contestants in the run met on Monday, April 30, at the headquarters of the games committee. There they were subjected to a rigid physical examination to ascertain whether they were properly trained, for it would mean almost certain death for an untrained man to run over the course. After this matter was attended to, the men were placed in carriages, to be driven to the village of Marathon, where they were to spend the night and be ready for the start early in the afternoon of the following day.

I had the good fortune to be sent, together with Niflat, our light-weight wrestler, to Marathon to take care of the American runners. We started from Athens about half past three on Monday afternoon, and arrived in Marathon about half past eight, after a wearying and yet, in some respects, most interesting drive.

The Marathon course is a little more than twenty-five miles long—forty-two kilometres, to be exact. The greater part of the road lies in a mountainous district, and winds back and forth about the spurs of the hills, amidst the most desolate scenery imaginable. For more than ten miles there is no sign of a habitation—only rocky hills, clad with a scanty, coarse vegetation, and here and there, where the stubborn soil yields a degree of moisture, stunted, stony trees. Desolate is the only word which properly describes the greater part of the course. As we passed a lonely well and what seemed a monument, when a little more than half-way to Marathon, our driver, by means of signs and what English he could muster, explained that the place had formerly been the haunt of the famous bandits of the country. The Marathon road itself is very fair. It is laid with broken limestone the greater part of its length, and compares very favorably with good macadam. Hills are very long and very frequent, so that it is a great test of endurance to run the course, although, by the winding of the road, very steep grades are avoided.

We drove into Marathon after dark, and Niflat and myself prepared to get supper for the men. We had brought stocks and other food with us, not varying in kind in chance in a primitive village—for Marathon is primitive. The host we could do, after spending much time in sign-language, was to get the use of a little open fireplace and a fire of fags. We rounded out a pretty fair meal, and then decided to go to sleep.

The start was made at 5.45 P.M. on Tuesday, May 1, from the middle of the village, at the stone marking forty-two kilometres from Athens. Fifty-three men answered the call for the start, and were lined up in five ranks in the narrow street. At the report of the gun they went off at a pretty sharp pace, crowded together and fighting for place all down the length of the narrow village street, which is a continuation of the Marathon road.

Half a mile from the start, where the open road begins, they were beginning to string out and had settled down in the staid pace which was to cut up the miles between Marathon and Athens. The American runners who started in the race were William G. Frank, of the Irish-American Athletic Club of New York; Joseph Forsshaw, of St. Louis; Robert A. Fowler, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Michael Spring, of Brooklyn, a member of the Pastime Athletic Club. Frank made third place in the race, his time being three hours and forty-six seconds. Forsshaw made a game fight and finished the course, but did not get in till twelfth. Spring covered about seventeen miles of the course. He had been troubled to some extent by a weak knee, the result of an old strain. At fifteen miles, while going down a long grade, his knee failed, and after going two miles more he was unable to stand, and had to give up the fight. When the accident happened he was running strong in sixth place. Fowler, a particularly strong man on a hilly course, seemed to have been

afflicted considerably by travelling and the change of diet. He covered twenty-one miles of the course and then failed. His last mile was covered in a state of stupor, but he kept at it until he dropped. The four Americans did brave work. Every man showed the true spirit and did the best that was in him.

Soon after the starters had cleared the street of the town and entered the open road, Blake, an Australian, took the lead, and went on at a good pace until about three miles of the course had been covered. At that point Frank took the lead and held it up to the ten-mile mark. After five miles had been covered, the hilly part of the course began. Men began to drop out; stragglers in the rear fell into a walk, then quit, and the real race began.

Soon Blake led, not signing, passing Frank at the ten miles. He gained a good lead, but it proved a last effort, for he soon fell back again, and after walking for a while, gave up the race. In the mean time, W. D. Sherring, the eventual winner, a member of the St. Patrick's Athletic Club of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, who had been laying back during the first ten miles, came up, passing Frank and Blake at the fifteen-mile mark, and from that point held the lead to the end. He entered the Stadium, running strong and in fine condition, five minutes in the lead of the second man.

Scarsberg, the Swede, who made second place, overtook Frank about three and a half miles from the finish.

It was a desperate struggle for second place, but Frank was at a disadvantage. His efforts to draw away in the first ten miles of the run had taken too much of his strength. The Swede, who had taken things easier at first, passed him after a hard struggle, and came in second by nearly five minutes.

The winner's time for the forty-two kilometres was two hours, twenty-one minutes, and twenty-three seconds. The last four miles of the run was made along roads and streets so densely packed with spectators that the crowd had to open to allow the runners to pass. Sherring entered the Stadium, for the half-lap which was to complete the course, wearing the shamrock emblem of his club and an old felt hat. He was running easy, smiling with gratification, and evidently feeling in fine shape after his wonderful performance. The notion which he received was tremendous. He completed the half-lap on the track with Prince George running by his side and applauding his achievement. Sherring's time for the distance, considering the course, was most remarkable. The time for the Marathon race of ten years ago was two hours fifty-five minutes, but the course that year was only forty kilometres—two kilometres shorter than the course this year—so the winner's performance is a remarkable one, surpassing the previous record by several minutes. Though Sherring had the advantage of two months' training in the region in which he



W. D. Sherring, the Canadian Athlete, who won the great Marathon Race in Greece



Rherring winning the 25-Mile Race from Marathon to Athens, the great Event of the Olympic Games. By his side is Prince George of Greece, who ran with him from the Entrance of the Stadium (which may be seen in the Background) to the Finish. Rherring's Time, which established a new Record for this formidable coast, was 2 hours, 21 minutes, 21 seconds

was to run his race, which fact may have given him a better chance than many of the other men; yet his time, so compared with other races, proves him a most remarkable runner.

One interesting incident of the race was the performance of a Greek who started from Marathon with bare feet. He ran the whole course in that way and finished eighth. To those who are accustomed to wearing shoes it is inconceivable that human feet could bear the wear of a twenty-five-mile run over the hard surface of a stone-laid road. It was a striking illustration of the extent to which the human body can adapt itself to conditions and can build up and strengthen its tissues to meet strains and wear.

On the day of the race the whole course was patrolled by details of soldiers. Infantrymen were stationed at all the turns of the road to prevent the possibility of any of the runners taking short cuts, though such a proceeding would of itself have been somewhat dangerous, because of the rocky nature of the ground. There were also squads of cavalrymen stationed at intervals along the road to provide against any emergency, for there seemed to be a general impression, though perhaps not well founded, that the populace would interfere and prevent any one but a Greek from winning. I heard several people say, in a suggestive manner, that no Italian could ever win. It is at least certain that the Greeks fervently hoped to see one of their countrymen win the

race, and they were keenly disappointed because they failed to win even a place. Their first men to cover the course got in sixth. Their desire to win amounted almost to fanaticism, and it may be considered suggestive that our men were cautioned, upon their arrival at Marathon, to keep indoors and not to mingle with the crowd in the street. Feeling may have been a little tense, considering that our men were feared as dangerous competitors, but nothing occurred to mar the sportsmanlike spirit of the occasion.

At intervals along the road hospital tents were provided, in charge of members of the army hospital corps, and everything possible was done to take the best care of men who were forced to drop out of the race. Of the fifty-three men who started, not more than twenty-five finished, so there was plenty of work taking care of the men who fell out.

Considering the race from a general point of view, it must be ranked as a great contest and a fitting climax to a most successful Olympic meet. It was a wonderful test of endurance, so such contests must be—a contest in which training and condition played a great part; but, above all, it was a test of courage. Only one man could win, but there were many who struggled across the line of the finish that day who were victors over their own suffering and pain. There were many happy faces to tell a story of distress, and many suffered who gained no olive branch of victory.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION WHICH HAS GONE ABROAD TO STUDY PUBLIC-OWNERSHIP CONDITIONS IN EUROPE



In the first Row (sitting), from left to right:—John H. Gray, Walton Clark, Frank J. Goodnow, Frank Parsons, Edward A. Moffett. In the second Row, from left to right:—J. R. Commons, F. J. McNulty, W. J. Clark, R. M. Eddy, Tabrett Williams

THE AFRICAN GIBRALTAR

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

At a time when "globe-trotting" is the favorite pastime of an increasing number, when every year more people flock Eastward especially in search of novelty and change, there still remains, incredible though it may seem, within a few days of London or Paris—a few hours from a British possession—a country with cities more Oriental than Tokyo and Peking, retaining the true Eastern flavor to an extent only rivaled perhaps by such cities as Bagdad or Damascus.

Any one who has stayed at Gibraltar, and made the short trip across to the harbor town of Algeiras, knows how in half an hour one can pass from one world into another, from this century into the last—from order, organization, and method into indolence, carelessness, and a primitive disregard for all that we are wont to consider as the essentials of civilization. A further journey across the narrow strait lands us in a country even farther behind Spain in point of development than Spain is behind England or America. If the Spaniards are a century behind us, what a gulf separates us from their neighbors and quoniam conquerors—the Moors! Hundreds of years ago those people, like the Chinese, attained their high-water mark of culture and civilization. Massive towers and fairy palaces mark the perfection to which their art attained; splendid roads, bridges, and irrigation systems testify to their energy and science. And now they live like "brute heads" that have no understanding, having lost whatever their fathers won—the glorious land of Spain—and from being most potent actors in the great world drama, sunk to the position and eyes of spectators, but become as it were a mere portion of the background or scenery, scarcely noticed for many years by the actors themselves.

Recent events have stimulated interest in the Moors and their country, apart from their striking individuality. These considerations led the writer recently to visit Morocco, and not only the purely Moorish cities, but the Spanish possession of Ceuta, which is indissolubly connected with the histories of both nations, and possesses besides a peculiar interest and importance.

Morocco, "the extreme West" of the Moors, is no remote or insignificant inland spot difficult of access, but a territory twice the size of the neighboring French possession of Algeria, nearly five times that of England and Wales, with a population of some six millions, and occupying a commanding position on one of the great international highways of the world.

Situated at the extreme northwestern corner of the African continent, with the Mediterranean on the north and the whole Atlantic on the west, the interior boundaries of Morocco are extremely vague, especially towards the frontiers of French Algeria. Determined by the treaty of 1844, the boundary was merely a conventional line, the authority of the Sultan being by no means well established in this region, nor the allegiance of the tribes a certainty. Under such circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that a collision should occur sooner or later with France over some frontier question. The action recently taken by that power in Tunis and at Fez is only a step in the inevitable process of encroachment when a strong military state like France has common frontiers with a weak, decadent country like Morocco. This encroachment is likely to continue despite the remonstrance of the Sultan and the jealous guard maintained by several of the Western powers.

Notwithstanding its close proximity to Europe, Morocco is perhaps the portion of North Africa about which it is most difficult to get reliable information; and this is despite of its undoubtedly important position, not only strategic, but commercial, folding as it does the key in various trade routes. It is only in the last half-century that Europe has added in any appreciable degree to the knowledge of this country possessed by the Romans, who had flourishing colonies here; and even now this knowledge is almost entirely restricted to the lowlands and steppe country, and to the immediate neighborhood of Tangiers, Tetuan, Fez, Meknes, and Morocco, leaving unexplored large tracts. A few miles off the beaten track of the traveller is still a *terra incognita*.

The country is traversed from east to west by a range of moun-

taines, the Great Atlas, rising to over 13,000 feet, and in some places with snow as late as June; but the greater part of Morocco is undulating and steppe-like, with low hills and fertile valleys. The vegetation in the lowlands varies greatly with the season—so much so, indeed, that to the traveller it may appear, according to the time of year, "arid, sunbaked, and monotonous," or "rich in vegetation and bright with varied colors." The Atlantic coast of Morocco is extremely rocky, and without harbors or indentations; and it is so dangerous, especially in winter, that it has earned the evil name of "the iron-bound coast." On the Mediterranean there are some 300 miles of irregular hilly seaboard, with occasional strips of sand bordered with rugged cliffs, and here and there a fertile valley. Here dwell the hills, whose ancestors were formidable pirates, and who are still stationed in all coastal towns, though obliged to forgo their original occupation. These people elude descent from Solomon, or who ground it is difficult to discover. There is nothing Semitic in their appearance or character.

Spain still retains several fortified posts on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco—the last remnants of her power in Africa. Her connection with that state is intimate—more so than would appear from the scattered garrisons—for the country is peopled with the descendants of those who once ruled in her own cities, many of whom, it is said, still cherish the title-deeds of Spanish estates which were the property of their ancestors. "Castles in Spain" are to them a real and tangible dream, although嗤嗤, as the same has come to imply, is the hope of the Moor that he will ever again tread the halls of his forefathers in enchanted Granada or regal Cordoba.

Nevertheless, the banished Moor found a resting-place within sight of those cherished provinces where for 800 years he reigned supreme, and on which he stamped the imprint of his genius with indelible force. From the Mediterranean which washes his own shores he can see the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada—the same Sierra which frames Granada, whose streams water sunny Andalusia, whose caverns, it is said, hold the buried treasure secreted by his fugitive forefathers—a treasure, alas! which will never be able to claim. If he choose to do so, it may afford him consolation to reflect that, after all, Spain, who conquered the New World, was unable to reject her hereditary foes from this corner of Africa, where, having in their time spread over a large portion not only of Africa but of Europe, they eventually settled, presenting an example of arrested development only to be paralleled by the decaying nations of Asia. From this isolated position, far from his mother-country, the Moor has beheld, while himself stationary, the rise and fall of his erstwhile conquerors, the Spaniards, himself utterly decadent, he has watched the progress of their



Ceuta from the Maliland

without envy. When the moment arrives that the very existence of his country as an independent state is threatened, it will be interesting to see how much of the ancient spirit remains, or whether it has utterly evaporated.

The Spanish stronghold is now only four in number: Melilla, a fortified town on a rocky peninsula, connected by ramparts with defences on the heights behind; a *presidio* (fortified settlement) on one side of the Alhucemas Islands; a fortress on the rocky island of Peñon de Velez; and finally Ceuta, which marks the eastern end of the strait. This place is situated on a peninsula, whose head (Mount Archa) projects some four miles into the Mediterranean, while the neck is low and narrow. At the base rises Jebel Musa, the Elphias of Strabo, the ancient *Abyla*, one of the Pillars of Hercules—Gibraltar, the mossy cape of the ancients—being the other.

Ceuta is perhaps best known as the place whence the Moors poured over into Spain on their conquering expedition. The town has passed through many hands, and experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. Tradition says it was one of the first three cities of the world; be that as it may, the Romans had here a flourishing colony, which fell before the Goths in A.D. 477. Early in the eighth century it was the seat of government of the celebrated



Ancient Moorish Building which the Spaniards used as a Hospital

Count Julian, who invited the Moors to come and assist him against Rodrigo, the warper of the throne of Spain. This brought about the Moorish invasion of that country, with all its far-reaching consequences; for the Moors, like the Manchus in China, having accomplished the task for which they had been invited, refused to leave the country, and sitting one town after another, proceeded to settle down. What they did for the land of their adoption during the seven or eight hundred years of their occupation we have already mentioned. Meanwhile Cruta, under their domination, became an important industrial city, and is generally believed to have had the first paper-mills in Europe. In 1415 it was taken by the Portuguese from the Moors, and subsequently, in 1504, passed into the hands of Spain. The Moors did not tamely yield it up, and it has stood several severe sieges from them, but all their efforts were unavailing. During the Napoleonic wars, in 1810, the place was temporarily held by the English, with the permission of Spain, with the object of preventing France from obtaining possession of it. In 1830 it was the base of Spanish operations against Morocco.

This African Gibraltar, unlike the British stronghold on the Spanish coast, has practically no trade, but in many other particulars strongly resembles its prototype. Each is situated on a rocky peninsula, and has a like commanding position on opposite sides of the strait. In the writer's opinion, however, there is no question as to the relative strength of the two places. The approaches to the town of Cruta are entirely commanded by the heights on the mainland, occupied at present with very petty defensive work. Not only is the place as it stands weak, but it would only be strengthened by the expenditure of formidable sums in fortifications and harbors. An entirely different aspect would, however, be given to the town by the presence of an active power on the mainland of Morocco, acting, perhaps, in conjunction with another power at Cruta. As an isolated spot, midway in the Mediterranean, the poorly fortified Spanish fortress, especially in the hands of her present occupiers, is almost valueless from a strategic point of view, but circumstances might arise which would vastly increase its power of offence and defence.

Any trouble involved in getting to Cruta is amply repaid by its interest and uniqueness in any other place. One does not look for picturesque in a convict settlement, but in this respect Cruta was an agreeable surprise. The situation is full of pictorial possibilities. Viewed from certain points in the strait, the place—or rather the *Shimle* del Arbo on which stands the prison—looks like an island, the bar and narrow strip which unites it to the mainland being hardly visible; the thin strip the town of Cruta mainly lies, a beautiful little bay on either side, the bare and lofty hills of Apes behind, and in front the round, swelling rock crowned

with prison walls. Round and up this rock run roads, the product of convict labor, leading through carefully guarded stair-gateways into terraces where antiquated guns and useless walls are jealously preserved as "fortifications." At intervals over the rock are dotted round towers, like those used by archers in the early Middle Ages, now intended as "lookouts." The main road through the towers, which leads to the first or principal gateway (shown in the illustration) runs up and down over the seven hills from which Cruta—*Shimle*—takes its name. Narrow and winding in parts, with the rough, imperfect paving common in Spanish and Moorish towns, this street opens out to form a sort of *alcázar*, with trees and a statue. Following it down towards the mainland, we cross a bridge which spans a channel cut in the narrowest portion of the isthmus; this bridge is known as the Puente del Hierro, and is perhaps the most antiquated spot in the little town. On the one side of it lie the Spanish town and the approaches to the convict prison, on the other the old Moorish buildings—partly, it is true, replaced by modern barracks, houses, and a cathedral, but still retaining many ancient landmarks. Behind the Moorish quarter lie the slopes which border the approach to Apes Hill, and some ruins here are pointed out as the remains of "old Cruta"—possibly the original site of the Roman colony.

A street scene in Cruta is full of interest and variety. From the mainland and coast come troops of wild mountaineers, descendants of the old hill pirates, who have taken refuge in a powerful trade in goats, fowls, and vegetables, but look, nevertheless, as if murder were far more congenial to them than market-gardening. Many of these quarrelsome buccanniers, once the terror of the Mediterranean, are tall, fine men. With light, wiry figures, broad well-bared, bare brown limbs, bold, flashing eyes, and lips parted in showy strong white teeth, they give an impression of strength and daring not contradicted by local accounts of them. Contact for hundreds of years with European nations has done nothing to civilize these wild beings, and they are apparently no respecters of persons, for they saunter along, with their free mountain tread, driving their pallid cowboiled donkeys or herds of goats, and making way for no one in the narrow streets. Their clothing is red-brown like their skins, and consists usually of a ragged *bermudo*, with perhaps a dirty coarse white one inside. In hot weather the white *bermudo* takes the outside place, while in winter the skin of an animal may be flung over one shoulder and strapped round the waist. The better class of Moors, many of whom live in the town, are seen mingling with the crowd, clad also in the *bermudo*, of more neatly cut, with perhaps a gold embroidered or beaded waistcoat over the white shirt, a red fez and white turban, and the inevitable yellow slippers. Many Jews, descendants of those driven from Spain by the Inquisition, are to be found in all cities of Morocco. In Tangiers they seem to form a large proportion of the well-to-do inhabitants. They are easily recognized by their physical peculiarities, which are by no means modified, although they seem to mingle very largely with the Moors and do not suffer from persecution. At Tetan they are compelled to keep to their own quarters, in which they are locked at nightfall, but no such restriction is found in the other towns. Many of the Christians seem of Semitic origin, and as a rule they, in common with most of the Jews of Morocco, appear to be of a high type, and have faces at once intellectual and in many cases beautiful.

Besides the different tribes of Moors, Spanish merchants, Italians, Jews, and a number of negroes (who are mostly brought as slaves from the Sudan), the streets of Cruta are full of convicts, known by their round flat caps. These are allowed, after a certain term of their imprisonment is over, to work in the town: first in gangs under supervision, and afterwards entirely at their own will, without any restriction, earning whatever they can, and returning at five o'clock to the barracks where they sleep. For this accommo-



The Artillery Yard, looking toward the Mainland



A Street Scene in Ceuta

dation they pay a fixed sum each week. Stories are current of the cruelty of the Spanish jailers to their prisoners, but these must be accepted with reserve. The system above referred to certainly does not imply excessive harshness, and an English-speaking convict with whom the writer conversed assured him that the treatment on the whole is humane and just. This man is an English subject, a native of Poona in India, who, to quote his own remark, made with the utmost frankness, "killed one Spanish man" in a street row at Cadiz, and was therefore condemned to twenty years' penal servitude at Ceuta. In ten more years his time will be up, and he will return to Poona, a town, he said, far superior to any Spanish place—"more gentlemen there!" For the last two years he has worked freely in the town of Ceuta, sleeping in the prison, and apparently he is on friendly terms with police and townsfolk alike. Altogether a more comfortable and amiable convict it would be hard to find. There is one other British subject at Ceuta, an Englishman of good birth, who was convicted for manslaughter in Cuba. Efforts were made at first by the British authorities to obtain his release, but circumstances are said to have come to light which proved his sentence to be even less than deserved, and it was thought better for him to remain at Ceuta.

With a population composed of such varied and turbulent components, a very large garrison, both civil and military, is necessary for the preservation of order as well as the defence of the fortress. The little policemen—*guarda ciruela*—with their loose red trousers, blue cloaks draped round the lower half of the face, peaked caps crushed down in front, and short sword at side, are met with at every turn, and regard the stranger with suspicion and jeers. As a rule they conduct unfavorably in physique with the Moors, more especially with those Moors who have renounced their independence and taken service as soldiers with their hereditary foes. A company of these marched past as the writer stood on the Puente del Hierro, and their neat uniform—resembling that of the French Turcos—with its rich red and blue, and a touch of white in turban and skirt, set off the dark handsome faces of the Moors, while their splendid carriage and firm tread showed to great advantage. Beside Moorish mercenaries, the Spaniards recruit men from the Iflam provinces, but these the writer did not see. There is a very fair garrison of both infantry and artillery, though to judge from appearances the weapons of the latter are not likely to be of any great assistance in case of an attack on Ceuta.

The Ceutians are, indeed, a curious mixture. Fanatical Christians, pious Mohammedans, devout Jews; merchants and murderers, police and pirates; savage mountaineers, crafty traders, evitable Spaniards, and proud Moors—all held together by one unalterable if galling bond: they cannot get away. True, a vessel leaves each day for Algiers, but this slender thread of connection with the outer world is of little use to the majority, who, for reasons of business,

duty, or necessity, are bound to stay in Ceuta. The coast hinterland is not frequented save by the Rifas and other tribes, who inhabit the region, and make it extremely unsafe for any one not of their kin. Apes still haunt the mainland with its great gray peak, cloud-capped for a greater part of the year. Round the coast there are, indeed, sandy beaches and little coves, where streams from the summit of the mountain drip down the rock through fringes of maiden-hair fern. But such spots are little known or visited, and the Ceutian must confine himself to a narrow sphere of action, and endeavor to find consolation in the beautiful climate.

That this is really very fine—though, of course, extremely hot at times—is testified to by the flowers and shrubs which flourish abundantly wherever they have had a chance. The two gardens—one in the Spanish town, overlooking that side of the harbor which borders Monte del Arbo, and the other in the "Moorish town"—were both green and beautiful. The latter was a mass of flowers, such as are seen all over the south of Spain, intermingled with palms and cactus-plants. Bougainvilleas flung their crimson branches across to form an arbor; aloes and geraniums bloomed in the borders; delicate passion-flowers crept in a mass of trailing greenery; while the aloe and wild plum, stately palm and waving grasses, all quivering from light to shade as a little breeze played through them, threw checkered shadows on the greenest of grass. Two Moorish beggars were looking in the sun in this garden; had they been Spaniards, one approach would have been the signal for an attack; but although neither Moor nor Spaniard is ashamed to beg, the former manages withal to preserve his dignity. The Spaniard begs loudly, persistently, importantly; the Moor, silently, steadily, but without forgetting for a minute that he is a son of the Prophet, and you, despite your shreds, a more dog of an unbeliever. "Fig ingles," remarked a Moorish woman to whom we refused alms; but it was said quietly, with a cool contempt which was most cutting.

In this garden also is a monument to the memory of Spanish soldiers who fell in the African wars. A memorial of a different sort is to be found just outside, built into the wall of a Moorish tower. This is a stone, some four inches by six, of gray, slate-like appearance, with which a Moorish woman, during one of the many sieges of Ceuta, killed a Spanish general, hurling it from the top of the tower on to his head. The fate of this second Jael is not related, but is not difficult to imagine; at all events she achieved a notoriety seldom attained by Moorish women. Another survival of Moorish times is the building now known as the "Convent de la Trinitad," used as a military hospital during the last Spanish campaign in Morocco. It is a ramshackle Moorish tower and house, interesting and picturesque, which was evidently roughly patched up to receive the wounded Spaniards.

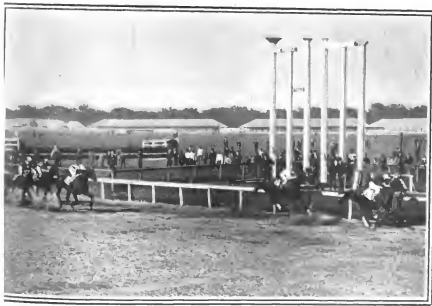
Such, in brief outline, are the history, position, and chief characteristics of Ceuta, the African Gibraltar, of whose very existence many even of the travelling public are hardly aware. And yet what an interesting personality is possessed by this ancient town! What visions of departed glories—of Roman colonists, Phœnician merchants, Arab traders, Rif pirates, Goths, Portuguese, Spaniards—crowd before our mental vision as we stand in the quaint steep streets and watch the motley crowd which passes up and down? Ceuta, once a flourishing manufacturing town and busy mart, has fallen on evil days; but when shall say that her time is gone forever? In past ages she has played no inconsiderable part among the cities of the world; perhaps even yet she may emerge from her obscurity and assume the position which is naturally due to her as one of the "Pillars of Hercules"—the gateways, as it were, of the Mediterranean. This will never be while she is in the hands of her present owners; but should any change occur, we shall hear more of Ceuta. Until then she is likely to remain what she is at present—an interesting potentiality with a checked past.



Puente del Hierro, the Principal Street of Ceuta



The great Crowd on the Lawn just before the running of the Handicap



The Finish of the Brooklyn Handicap—"Tokalon" first, "Dandilion" second, "The Picket" third

THE VICTORY OF "TOKALON" IN THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP

The most surprising occurrence of the Spring racing season was the winning of the \$20,000 Brooklyn Handicap, at Gravesend, May 22, by J. W. Fuller's five-year-old "Tokalon," a horse comparatively without reputation. In the presence of 40,000 spectators, "Tokalon" won by a nose from F. R. Hitchcock's "Dandilion," finishing in two minutes, five and three-fifths seconds.

HENRIK IBSEN

By WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

IS it not the chief diagnosis in the world not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that premature fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the group, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the nation, in which we belong, and our opinion predicated geographically as the north, or the south? These earnest words of Emerson's, occurring near the close of his address on "The American Scholar," constituted a message of vital import to the generation before the last. A similar message has been delivered to our own generation by the writings of Henrik Ibsen, whose lifelong teaching has been to the effect that a man's first duty is to be fully and frankly himself; not the follower of a system, nor the reflection of a convention, but a clear-cut personality, bearing upon his brow the stamp of his individual creation. The deepest satire of our time is Ibsen's "Pier Gynt," which portrays for us, in scenes extending all the way from boyhood to old age, a man who has neglected this primary behest—this categorical imperative of the individual character. He has been neither positively good nor positively bad; he has simply been plastic under the shaping influences of circumstance, and the creative stamp has been worn away. This portrayal culminates in the portrait of the bottomless, who, in the end, comes to fetch Pier Gynt's soul and cast it into the melting-pot. It is good for nothing now, except to be used as the raw material from which new initiates (or souls) are moulded. It is not worth preserving on its own account.

In this grim similitude is the kernel of Ibsen's philosophy of conduct. He something divine in God's nature, and better something bad than nothing at all,—but if you do not have a distinctive character of any kind, there is nothing about you that is worth saving, nothing even for the refining process to work upon. As a counterpart to this picture of *Pier Gynt*, Ibsen gives us the character of *Brand*. Here is a man who never loses the consciousness of what God meant him to be, and whose life is the expression, carried out to the most remorseless logical extreme, of a definite purpose informed by an impregnable strength of will. *Brand* is a priest, and his particular purpose is the saving of souls, but the author has reminded us that his hero might just as well have been a sculptor or a politician; it is the will and the purpose that count, not the special object upon which they are expended. Ibsen is as hard on the "weakling" as is Theodore Roosevelt in his most strenuous mood, but it is the moral, not the physical, weakness who is the object of denunciation. The outcome of *Brand's* stormy life is absolute failure, objectively considered; but he has kept the faith, and thereby achieved a moral triumph.

"That you lacked strength may be forgiven,
But never that you wanted will."

The two contrasted dramas which present us with these two opposed types of character and conduct stand midway in the list of Ibsen's works. They also represent his highest imagination and ethical reach, thus constituting his chief claim to be remembered among the master spirits of the last century. Before they were written he had produced a considerable series of works, tentative and experimental, during years when he was groping his way out of the mists of romanticism into the clear daylight of truth. These years of transition in the realistic method of his later works were years of struggle, of thwarted ambitions, and of a bitterness of spirit that impelled him to a long term of voluntary exile. When he made his first return visit he was greeted with an enthusiasm in striking contrast to the neglect and misunderstanding from which he had fled ten years earlier. He had left Norway obscure, he returned famous. During his absence he had sent home for publication the two great works above mentioned, the great historical drama of "Emperor and Galilean," another play of less importance, and the volume of his collected poems.

To a gathering of students who offered him a reception upon this visit, he made one of the very few public speeches with which he is credited. In the course of this speech he spoke in the fol-

lowing frank terms of his own development: "What is it to be a poet? I made the discovery late in life that to be a poet is essentially to see things, and to see them in such fashion that the vision as it exists in the poet's mind becomes also the possession of his hearers. But only what we have ourselves experienced may be thus seen and imparted. And the very secret of the poetry of this modern age is that it is the outcome of experience. All that I have written in the last ten years I have experienced in spirit. But no poet has isolated experiences; he has rather only those that his contemporaries share with him. For, were this not the case, how should there be a bridge between the intelligence of the giver and of the receiver?" And then follows a confession, which must always be taken into account when we seek to understand the workings of Ibsen's mind, or to explain his own relation to the figures with which his dramas are peopled and the situations in which they are involved: "What is it,

then, that I have experienced and written about? The scope has been wide. In part I have written of things that I have seen only in glimpses in my best hours, and have stirred me with their nobility and beauty. I have written, so to speak, of things that stood higher than my every-day self, and have done so that I might kindle them to me as a part of myself. But I have also done the opposite of this, and written of the things that appear to the introspective gaze as the very scoria and dross of one's nature. In this case, writing has been like taking a bath, and I have felt myself the cleaner and breathier and freer for it. Yes, gentlemen, no one can figure forth in poetic form things of which he does not in some measure, or, at least, at certain times, find models in himself. And what man is there among us who has not now and then felt and recognized in himself some contradiction between word and deed, between will and accomplishment, especially between life and doctrine? Or who is there among us who has not, upon particular occasions at least, partly with misgivings and partly in good faith, sought in egotistic self-sufficiency to gloss over this contradiction, both to himself and to others?"

How Ibsen plunged into reality in middle life, and determined thenceforth to be absolutely truthful and sincere in describing the world of men as he saw it reflected in the mirror of his own consciousness, is revealed in the series of twelve dramas which began with "The Pillars of Society," a quarter of a century ago, and ended some score of years later with "When We Dead Awaken," which he himself described as "a dramatic epilogue," as if to indicate that this phase of his life-task was completed. These twelve plays have produced a whole literature of comment and interpretation; they have worked, or are now working, an entire revolution in dramatic technique. The best testimonial to their permanent value is offered by the shrill outcries of their angry assailants, who call them clinical, paralytic, and pessimistic. It may not be amiss to close the present appreciation with a few words upon each of these three charges.

To become a healer of the ills of society, or even to lay them bare that they may the more readily be healed, would seem to be an unworthy task. Arnold's praise of Goethe is summed up in the words which call him "physician of the iron age." Ibsen has certainly been a physician in the same sense, although he would have called the age anything but iron. To him its chief characteristic was moral sickness, with the attendant evils of doubt, weakness, and sorrow. In one of his poems, admirably translated by Mr. Percy W. Sheld, he answers the friend who writes, inquiring,

"Why mournest the world is so depressed;
So listless, nor in peace with real despairing;
As though a few obscure dwell in its breast.
Why such are dead to subtle actions wrought;
Why none know why they live nor bolder stand;
Why each one sits his lot, and has no thought
Than dull compliance with what fate shall send,"

with an eloquent metaphor of a ship, its crew and passengers full of vigorous life and hope for the future, when suddenly all is changed; a ruin spreads abroad that drowns life and casts down

(Continued on page 222.)



A recent Portrait of Ibsen



Walter Kinnear

R. T. Coran

Dorothy Tennant

James Lee Evans as "Billy Woods," the reporter-hero

A Newspaper Story on the Stage

Jesse Lynch Williams's novel, "The Day Dreamer," the hero of which is a newspaper reporter who defeats a nefarious political druf, and writes the story of it for his paper in exciting circumstances, has been dramatized by the author as "The stolen story." Mr. Henry W. Savage recently produced the play in Boston. It will be seen in New York early in the coming season.



A Scene from De Koven's new Operetta, "The Student King"

"The Student King," a new operetta by Reginald De Koven, Stanislaus Stange, and Frederic Boston, was recently produced in Chicago, where it is expected to run during the summer. It will be seen in New York next season.

NEW PLAYS OF THE SPRING SEASON

"FENWICK'S CAREER"

AN APPRECIATION OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S LATEST NOVEL

By James Wellman

WHEN it is written of a book, as a recent critic has written of *Fenwick's Career*, that "its publication makes the fiction of the year memorable by association with it," the reader of such sincere eulogy is moved to compare the rarely verdicts upon Mrs. Ward's latest book. She has set so high a standard in the past that critical opinion awaits each new achievement with more exacting demands. It is of popular interest, therefore, to note the different points of view. It is the "originality of conception" which impresses one reviewer, who finds that "the author's insight was never greater." Another, doubtless a reader of the story primarily for the story's sake, notes that "the essential quality of suspense is maintained throughout. The action is always rapid." On the side of human interest we find one critic declaring *Fenwick's Career* "more truly human than any of her predecessors," and another dwelling upon the book as "rich in that broad and true knowledge of life which gives strength and vitality to the great novels of the world." Eugene is "the most consistently sympathetic and distinguished of all the women characters portrayed by Mrs. Ward," is the comment of a distinguished English reviewer, and from another critical source comes the general summary, "one realizes again the vitality of her genius, the perfection of the craftsmanship, which enables Mrs. Ward to hold so easily a first place among contemporary novelists." Such opinions taken almost at random from the first significant comments upon Mrs. Ward's new book indicate a rare and emphatic consensus of praise. For this readers of *Fenwick's Career* are finding abundant reasons. Mrs. Ward's achievement leaves us one indifferent. It is preeminently a book which invites not only reading, but also discussion and analysis.

The scotch drawn from Romney's life, which Mrs. Ward makes evident in her story, is referred to in her introduction. That a formal explanation was demanded of the author would be argued only by the petty critics, whose literary interests halt at derivations and similarities. Like Romney, John Fenwick left his Westmoreland wife in a quest for fame which led Fenwick not to abandonment, but to denial. He was drawn by a personal interest, as well as the vision of a perfect art, into weakness, but not crime. That his punishment was greater than his deserts may perhaps be agreed, but it is a truth that the mistakes of life often bring more poignant suffering than the crimes.

The effect upon him and upon his passionate wife, and the great part played by the noble character like Eugene de Pastourelles, afford the chief phases of the human drama which moves before us in this book. For the most part the action passes in the social and artistic London of which Mrs. Ward displays such convincing knowledge. It is a large story, largely told, advancing logically to a close bright with the promise of a new dawn.

John Fenwick was born into artistic revolt as truly as the French "nouveau" but to the timelessness of the untaught, self-willed Westmoreland youth, art presented itself in a very different guise from that seen by the passionate French colorist Delacroix, or the poet Corot, or that painter of the serious and beautiful in rural life, Jean Francois Millet. To the Frenchman the love of painting, the endless power and passion of the medium, makes a stronger appeal, and even in the painter "with a mission" the love of art for art's sake is never wholly absent. With Fenwick there was a certain reasoned approach. "I propose," he said, "to combine the color and romance of the Pre-Raphaelites, with the truth and drawing of the French school." It is a standard which admits of curious discussion, but the dogma of youth may be left to the mill of experience.

To Fenwick, in the first shock of his wife's desertion, it seemed that she had destroyed his life. "She had not only robbed him

of herself and of their child, she had forced him into an arted life which had poisoned his whole existence, and first and foremost, that gracious and beautiful friendship which was all, save his art, that she had left him. For, in the first moments of his despair and horror he had remembered what it would mean to Madame de Pastourelles, did she ever know that his mad wife had left him out of jealousy for her." Self conquered and he continued his desert, sometimes forgetting, sometimes pained with poignant regret, often raging against wife and fate. That wrong had been done him one may grant, but it was a wrong invited by the coarseness of his own self-centered being. Conquering his wound, it poisoned his soul and reviled upon his art.

Strongly as a foil, a literary contrast to the two stormy natures set before us at the outset, the tender altruism and high purpose of Madame de Pastourelles stands as an embodiment of peculiar nobility and distinctive beauty. At their first meeting the refinement of her nature is relieved against the coarseness of his quality, just as the opening chapter shows the gulf between the artist temperament and the bourgeois type. Almost insensibly the reader is led to realize the contrast between the restless relations of husband and wife and the reaction upon Fenwick of the serenity and dignity of Madame de Pastourelles. In this lay an influence not romantic in its essence, but spiritual.

It was a task involving all that there may be of subtle insight and discrimination in a creator of character to set forth this relation without exaggeration or weakness. It is fine and logical, the expression of Fenwick's earlier attitude. "He yearned towards her, as he sat there in the semi-darkness—working the ever-scribbled in the sweetness of her face—without a touch of passion—as a Catholic might yearn towards his Madonna." Her slight and haughty farewell showed that he had tried her patience,—had behaved like an ungenerous cow. But he must and would propitiate her—win her friendship for himself and for Thérèse. The weakness of the man threw itself strangely, instinctively, on the moral strength of the woman."

It was this attitude an Fenwick's part that later at Versailles made the closest appeal to pitying sympathy and to the quality of generous self-sacrifice characteristic of the noble woman; nature, and dominating Madame de Pastourelles' interpretation of her life. What remained in reality was another phase of self-sacrifice. The next act of the drama offers perhaps a hint of mechanism, but it is allowable, and in one way or another this end would have come. Later, Thérèse might have been tearfully unrelieved. But the reader who is borne along by the current of the tale will find his powerful haven embodied

by the tender and beautiful spirit of Madame de Pastourelles. For her there was no question of that which the world calls practical success, but her life was that of the spirit and her achievement the influence which endures in the lives of others.

In Fenwick himself the evolution of temperament is traced with almost unswerving logic. His clearly defined contrast to the commonplace is an aftermath free from the sensational and tragic, leaving the convincing stamp of truth. It is a quality felt more readily than defined, this expression of the individual called temperament, and phrased differently by every one who feels. With Scott it is often the secondary character, rather than hero or heroine—Roberts rather than Ivanhoe or Hildegarde. In Rossetti, Trollope temperament is felt from the first; in Tennyson fate the temperament of Becky Sharp rather than Edith or Amelia. In the prevalence of short sharp episodes to novel length, of lurid adventure and suggestive narrative, it becomes an event to read a chapter of life which in fulness and suggestive manner of so will place first among the paintings of character in modern environments which we owe to Mrs. Humphry Ward.



Mrs. Humphry Ward
Author of "Fenwick's Career"

The Mysteries of Sleep

By J. Sanders Christison, M.D.

Of all natural phenomena there is none so mysterious as the nightly lapse of consciousness we call sleep. It is a condition we are born with and into, for as infants we sleep from eighteen to twenty hours in the twenty-four. No appetite is manifestly operative; for while we may live for forty days without food, man's limit of endurance without sleep is only half that time. In the lower animals it is even more necessary in life, for they die in from four to five days when deprived of sleep.

An Unsettled Subject

There are various theories respecting sleep, the chief of which are known as the physiological, the chemical, and the biological.

The old theory postulated congestion of the brain, while the present and generally accepted theory implies the opposite, namely, a reduced supply of blood to the brain as compared with the amount in the waking state. Mosso, an Italian investigator, has shown that during sleep the amount of blood going to the brain is subject to fluctuation without any apparent cause. And here it may be stated that the amount of blood supplied to the grey matter of the brain (a thin layer on the surface averaging less than one-tenth of an inch in thickness and known as the cortex) is five times greater than the amount supplied to the white substance of the brain, while it is still a matter of dispute as to whether or not the arteries of the brain are under nervous control, although it seems more probable that they are. However, this had question may finally be settled, it is known that the amount of blood in the brain varies with the amount of cerebro-spinal fluid in the several ventricles or cavities located in the centre and base of the brain.

But it appears that the reduction of blood to the brain when produced by hemorrhage is a cause of wakefulness instead of sleep, so that mere reduction of blood in the brain is not efficient cause of sleep unless accompanied by other conditions.

Why Do We Sleep?

In support of the theory of a reduced circulation of blood in the brain during sleep we may refer to the familiar fact that the fontanelles, or "soft spots," as the heads of infants, sink during sleep, and also the fact that the exposed brains of sleeping dogs provided with watch-glasses show a considerable retreating in the calibre of the arteries. Furthermore, it is known that in states of mental excitement there is an increased flow of blood to the brain, while it is observed that workers in the manufacture of nitroglycerine suffer from throbbing of the arteries of the neck and insomnia. But there are numerous other evidences pointing to a reduced circulation of blood in the brain being a condition of sleep, such, for example, as when the blood is increased in the brain at the expense of the rest of the body by a hearty meal, which we all know is commonly accompanied by a tendency to sleep. During sleep there is more blood in the body surface and abdominal vessels, while there is a slowing and weakening of the heart's action, the pulse being reduced from ten to twenty beats per minute. In addition, the glands of the skin are somewhat more active, while the temperature usually falls a fraction of a degree.

Among the chemical theories of sleep is the theory of auto-intoxication resulting from acid waste products (chiefly phosphoric acid) produced by the activity of the brain, and which are thought to induce a suspended action of the brain cells until more or less elimination of these effluvia takes place. Pflüger thinks that this acid is the cause of sleep, while Pflüger attributes sleep to a decrease in gaseous exchange, as, according to Landolt and Sterling, the elimination of carbonic acid gas is reduced one-fourth, while the absorption of oxygen is relatively increased.

The biological theory accounts for sleep by the partial retraction of the treelike branches of the cerebral brain cells, so that

the nerve currents are broken or rendered ineffective for the production of consciousness. It is claimed that such a condition of the brain cells has been found in animals which were suddenly destroyed while asleep.

Such are the principal theories of sleep, while it has yet to be admitted, as Dr. Weir Mitchell observed, that "we are sleepily driven to believe that it is a state of the nerve cells—and why not of the nerves—in which they become functionally inactive to a variable degree. Whether this is true also of the other cell structures of the body we do not know; and sleep may be a universal function, as would seem reasonable to those who believe that plants sleep. It is sure that the sleeping brain ceases to live blood, or it circulates less, than the brain awake, and this is the limit of what we know."

Curious Instances

It is related of a Chinese merchant who was convicted of self-murder and sentenced to die by being deprived of sleep, that he was placed in prison with guards changed hourly for the purpose of preventing him from sleeping. After the commencement of the eighth day his suffering was so intense that he implored the authorities to strangle, guillotine, hang him, drown him, garrote, shoot, quarter, blow up with gunpowder, or put him to death in any conceivable way.

Natural sleep has been defined as mental rest produced by an appetite resulting from fatigue. But the idea that mental rest means mental inaction is hardly tenable, inasmuch as it quite frequently happens that the solution of unsolved problems is the first thing to appear in the consciousness on awakening, and thus the mind must have been operative while asleep.

The Needs of Sleepers

Dr. Marshall, in his work, *The Philosophy of Sleep*, states that the noted French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that during a whole year's campaign he had not one hour's sleep in the twenty-five. Numerous observers have stated that it is an unnecessary thing to exhaust soldiers steadily to pursue their march while sound asleep.

According to Marshall, a Dr. Moore slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and Quinn, a noted actor, could sleep for twenty-four hours successively. A person by the name of Elizabeth Thwin is said to have slept three-fourths of her life, while another woman, named Elizabeth Perkins, slept from a week in two weeks at a time, and a Mary Lyall slept for six successive weeks by spells. Dr. B. F. Slaughter, of Tennessee, had a young woman patient, known as the "sleeping beauty," who had slept almost constantly from her eighth to her twenty-sixth year.

Sleep and the Insane

It is commonly supposed that the greatest depth of sleep occurs about the end of the second day of the honeymoon. It is generally the rule, according to my own observations in the Cook County (Chicago) Insane Asylum, made some years ago, when I spent two successive nights in hourly testing the depth of sleep by light, sound, and touch, that a majority of the ten cases I had under observation showed the greatest depth to be at about 3 A.M. More recently Drs. Saute de Sanctis and N. Noyes, at the University of Rome, tested the depth of sleep in four normal persons by pressure upon the temple. One of these showed the greatest depth of sleep in the second and fifth hours, while the others showed the greatest depth between the first and second hours.

Talking in sleep is more common than is generally supposed. Armstrong and Child found in two hundred students, between the ages of twenty and thirty years, that forty-one per cent. of the men and thirty-seven per cent. of the women talked in their sleep, and most of them could answer questions.

Dr. Cheney relates the amusing case of a gentleman who was in the habit during his sleep of taking snuff from a box which he kept under his pillow. If the pillow remained he sought for it as usual, and failing to find it he betrayed dissatisfaction and invariably awoke.

Where You Get It

"How do these crack surgeons take out the appendix?"
"In the bill, mainly."

BABY'S FOOD

Does baby refuse to eat? Use **Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk**. The original, specially prepared as an infant food, is sold for Baby's Lullaby, a valuable booklet for mothers. (See *Illustration*, New York—Lodge.)

THE BEST NUTRIMENT FOR CHILDREN ARE BORDEN'S VERMILION CORNED. *as often as food—Lodge*

ADVERTISEMENTS

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1786.

Judge Beer By Its True Worth

Progressive Men and Women Consider It a Means to National Temperance

We have recently published a number of articles on the food value of beer, the importance of the brewing industry as a factor in our national wealth, our national revenue and high sounding value. As a means to temperance and sobriety.

We believe that sooner or later beer will be recognized as the true work of a food beverage of splendid tonic effect and high nourishing value. Noted men and women of this country are already alive to the situation, and besides Miss Phoebe Cossins and Dr. Joseph Prioleau, of Northwestern University, many others of note give their endorsement to beer as a means to national temperance.

Miss Cossins, for a quarter of a century the most prominent woman suffrage advocate in the West, said in a recent interview: "There never will be a law that will compel prohibition, and the sensible thing for the Women's Christian Temperance Union to do is to aid in the substitution of mild, nourishing drinks like beer, which seldom produce drunkenness. A prominent army officer who served in the Southwest operated saloons at three different posts. He made the saloons so acceptable to the soldiers, who found beer satisfying their demands, that he actually ran all the law-dyers of the surrounding neighborhood out of business."

Pilsner Beer meets all the demands for a mild, healthful, refreshing beverage such as Miss Cossins demands. It is made out of the exclusive Pilsner eighty-eight malt, choicest hops and pure water. Eight-day malt, which is the only perfect malt, gives Pilsner Beer its superior food value and its refreshing strength in nourishment the body requires, it is refreshing and satisfying.

Perfect in age, purity and strength, absolutely clean and containing only three and one-half per cent. of alcohol, Pilsner Beer is the ideal temperance beverage. No other is so healthful.



Mrs. Charles T. Stout winning the Women's Metropolitan Golf Championship at Englewood



Travers Driving from the Fifth Tee in his Championship Match with Myers

WINNERS IN THE METROPOLITAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

The final match for the Metropolitan Golf Championship at St. Andrews, on May 26, between Jerome B. Travers, the nineteen-year old caddy of the Nassau Country Club, and E. M. Myers, of St. Andrews, was won by Travers, on the 17th, or 27th, green, by 3 up. At Englewood, on May 15, Mrs. Charles T. Stout won the Women's Metropolitan Championship for the fourth time, defeating Miss Georgiana Bishop in the final round by 1 up.



A general scene at the show—Waiting to be judged



*Mrs. Hastings Arnold and her Dalmatian, Winner in the
Stove Class*



*Mrs. James L. Kermochan and her Prize-winning Irish
Terrier, Winner of the Mitten Cup*

THE OPEN-AIR DOG SHOW AT MINEOLA

Four hundred dogs were landed before a notable attendance at the open-air dog show of the Ladies' Kennel Association show at the Mineola Fair Grounds, on Nov. 25. As a result of local competition and the special prize for members, Mrs. J. L. Kermochan won the Mitten Cup with her team of Irish terriers, and Miss Alice the cup for the best pair of new-bred, with her French poodles. The Bull-dog won a challenge cup for the best "unimproved" dog now a on by Mrs. R. F. Mayhew's wire-haired fox terrier, "Fox Hills the Bouncer."

Photographs by W. F. C. and Son.

By the Light of the Soul

(Continued from page 802.)

Mrs. White, "Poor aunt! trying to cook eggs!" said she of Maria's father, after he had gone. She was one of the women who always treat men with a sort of loving pity, as if they were children.

Maria's aunt arrived on the train expected, and she entered the house provided by the cabman bearing her little trunk which she had had since she was a young girl. It was the only trunk which she had ever owned. Both physicians and the nurse went with Mrs. Edgman when her sister arrived.

Harry Edgman had been walking restlessly up and down the porch. He had not thought of going to the station to meet Aunt Maria, but when the cab stopped before the house he hurried out at once. Aunt Maria was dressed wholly in black—a black moiré, a little black silk cape, and a black tannet from which issued a jetted tuft.

"How is she?" Maria heard her say in a husky voice to her father.

Maria stood in the door. Maria heard her father say something in a husky tone about an operation. Aunt Maria came up the steps with her travelling-bag. Harry forgot to take it. She greeted Mr. White, whom she had met on former visits, and kissed Maria. Maria had been named for her, and been given a silver cup with her name inscribed thereon, which stood on the sideboard, but she had never been conscious of any distinct affection for her. There was a queer musky odor, almost a fragrance, about Aunt Maria's black clothes.

Aunt Maria drew Mrs. White and Maria's father aside, and Maria was conscious that they did not want her to hear, but she did overhear.

"One chance in ten, a fighting chance, and keep it from Maria, her mother had said so." Maria knew perfectly well that that horrible and mysterious thing, an operation, which means a duel with Death himself, was even at that moment going on in her mother's room. She slipped away and went upstairs to her own chamber and softly closed the door. Then she forgot her lack of faith and her rebellion, and she realized that her only hope of life was from that which is outside life. She knelt down beside her bed and began to pray over and over:

"O God! don't let my mother die, and I will always be a good girl. O God! don't let my mother die, and I will always be a good girl." Then, without any warning, the door opened, and her father stood there, and behind him was her aunt, Maria, weeping bitterly, and Mrs. White, also weeping.

"Maria!" gasped out Harry Edgman.

Then, as Maria rose and went to him, he seized upon her as if she were his own straw of salvation and began to sob himself, and Maria knew that her mother had died.

To be Continued.

Henrik Ibsen

(Continued from page 816.)

hope. The ship is the modern European world, and the rumor is to the effect that a conqueror is on leave.

Now, our modern society is freighted with a burden of dead conventions and institutions, of which it must rid itself before it can hope to pursue its course in the old joyous spirit. This is the philosophy, as well as the other one of the physician, may be taken to indicate Ibsen's attitude toward modern life. In one of his more radical poetical outbursts he declares that the deluge was the only satisfactory revolution that ever took place, suggesting that in some future repetition it might be just as well to do the thing even more thoroughly, and then he offers to be the one to play a harp in under the ark itself!

The charge of pessimism does not seem to need much consideration. Literature has got far beyond the superstition that only kings and other exalted personages are the proper heroes of tragedy, and that the se-

(Continued on page 825.)

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A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

BOSTON, MASS., May 29, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In a recent number of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* there is a short editorial on the subject of an international language. The writer of this speaks, first, in praise of French, then Latin in English, and, finally, seems to abandon the last, because of German opposition. In other words, he conclusively shows that no modern language can play the role of an international tongue. International jealousy, not a jealousy well founded, but prevalent.

What, then, are we to do? Adopt Latin, say some. But Latin has been tried for a good many years, and was finally dropped because it was no longer adequate for the purpose proposed. Besides, it is altogether too difficult.

We are compelled, then, by circumstances to take up a neutral, easily learned, artificial language. Such a language is already in existence, and numbers its adherents by the thousands. It has the support of such men as Berthelot, Brémont, Poincaré (all of the French Institute); of Ostwald, of Leipzig; of Förster, of Berlin; of Schuchardt, of Vienna; of Ramsey, of the Royal Society, London; and of hundreds of other learned men in the scientific world, their twenty monthly reviews are printed in this language, including a strictly scientific magazine, a medical review, and an illustrated monthly. Two hundred organized societies in all parts of the world (England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan) are actively engaged in promoting the study of it. It has been conclusively proved by thousands of letters, by the eulogies held at Bologna last summer, by the translation of Handel, Homer, Virgil, Heine, and Pushkin, that this language is adequate for all the needs of an international tongue. Finally, it can be learned at home by a person with merely a common school education in three months. That is to say, such a person studying diligently one hour a day for three months will at the end of that time have a good reading and writing knowledge of the language. Persons with a broader education have gained a good command of the language in much less time; some have accomplished this in two or three weeks.

How is this possible? Simply for the reason that the new language is not really an artificial language, properly speaking, but the development of the European tongues as a whole. Apart from technical words, the roots of the language have been reduced to about two thousand. Moreover, these roots have been chosen because of their availability from the point of view of already acquired internationality. Furthermore, these roots have been chosen, but have been kept very close to their ordinary forms; so that an ordinary American can recognize one-half to two-thirds of them at a glance. Finally, the grammar has been so simplified that one can learn it in an hour. The spelling, of course, is phonetic.

It is not worth the time for all intelligent men, as soon as they can, to take up this really wonderful *Lingua franca* language—for such is its name? Count Leo Tolstoy declares that every intelligent person should spend the little time necessary to get a fair knowledge of it. Dr. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, in the last number of the *Christian Endeavor World*, urges all young people especially to take it up. Already there are established local Esperanto societies at Harvard University, in Philadelphia, in New York city, and in Boston; and other clubs are forming in other cities and colleges.

Let me close by giving you a description in Esperanto of the qualities of the language: "Single, flexible, laŭvokala, vere internacia en ĉiuj elementoj, la *Lingvo Esperanto* prezentas al la homa civilizado la sola veran sekcon de lingva interneco" (1) in the English?.

I should be glad to answer all inquiries.

Yours respectfully, A. P. THORNTON,
Secretary American Esperanto Assoc., Boulevard Station, Boston.

RAINISH WORDS ABOUT OUR DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITIES

BOSTON, MASS., May 29, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—When the diplomatic mouse trap snugged and caught San Domingo, the big-stickers rejoiced. It was quickly acknowledged that the grabbing scheme was a plan to get possession of the San Domingo custom-house was thus frustrated, had the support of the knave German Esau. Control of customs receipts would accrete introductory sovereignty by military occupation of the island. Tinkering with a Spanish-American administrative really is the essence of imperialism, according to the Monroe Doctrine. The shrewd way to put a stop to an ugly-looking movement was to get into position first, instead of summoning the treaty-making power in special session. The White House at Washington and the white house of San Domingo negotiated a pact. Neither side in the bargain had any real authority as they attempted to use. They did not go about the business of collecting provinces enough before signing an agreement. The United States Senate wants full particulars of the reciprocity agreement by the Chief Executive of the United States San Domingo. While waiting for the constitutional schools in turn and being Congress into session, the head of San Domingo has become a refugee. His heir, Benito Morales was a more which the other gave to the San Domingo administration did not suck out of their thumbs. It was suggested by the diplomatic giant with an axe to grind.

Lightning colony-grabbing was the expected. It was intended to suggest to the men at the helm at Washington. The large majority of American interests are not in favor of a policy which looks after it leaps. Benevolent assimilation of the Philippines is an example of a one-man settlement of a problem which should have been tested by the people. It provides its just powers from the consent of the governed. Every year emphasizes the most character of the settlement adopted.

Monroe promulgated a doctrine which, in 1823, proposed non-interference with South America on the part of Europe and the United States. Today the greater Monroism desires to keep on Europe so that the United States may get into South America. The striking gain of the wild-goose chase after sovereignty in the United States has been the new interpretation of the Constitution, which grants the right to grab colonies anywhere. That right was used in the case of Panama. If treaty-making can be applied to Asia, and a recognition of the Japanese empire as applied to Asia, and for the reason that this live piece of state-manship spring pulled from the head of the American Monroe the parent would come to be regarded as legitimate for its child's sake. Japan extends the olive branch.

A Continental ocean ought to mind its own business; so long as trouble-hunters need to go ten thousand miles away from home to find colonies their stress will be at least problematic. Recognition of the Jap-Hink doctrine means that the future of the Philippines depends upon Japan. United States activity in the Orient seems to arouse hostility in all directions. One kind of a square deal is offered Japan, and another is offered to China. The third is what the Filipino gets. Should the yellow race unite in a reminder to the United States that the need of insurance insurances evidences the instability of government in the Philippines—to a similar extent as the conditions once did in Cuba—something would happen.

I am, sir, JAMES S. FREE.

STATE EDUCATION THE BASIS FOR STATE SOCIALISM

BOSTON, MASS., May 29, 1906.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Some of the leading citizens of Baltimore, Md. and friends, gathered together in the Duncanson Room, McJory Hall, Johns Hopkins University, to discuss child labor, compulsory education, and socialism. The leading figure was Dr. J. H. H. of the University. In part, he thus expressed himself on socialism:

"Socialism we have caused to consider the great bug is an at first regarded, and we recognize it as a deliberate effort of well-intentioned workers in the cause of humanity. It has exerted a tremendous influence, which has been felt by the economic system. It has been seen in the case of Frederick T. H. of the University, delivered himself along the above line, and left it for persons new in the West, where he has ever since been a teacher of socialism, to the delight of the "communist" throughout the country. Thus it is that even from the bosom of a university founded by a Quaker the sparks of State Socialism arise and grow.

Jack London, the president of a society that is seeking to introduce socialism into all the normal schools, technical schools, and colleges and universities of the country. He addressed the students of the University of Chicago recently, and twenty at once enrolled themselves as students of socialism.

Just before this Mr. London had addressed a typical Boston audience and in plain words stated that the country was on the eve of a bloody socialist revolution, whose end would witness the present capitalist working side by side with the present.

It is very likely that the twenty students Mr. London enrolled in his course will at once proceed to leave the University, adding to the work of many of the professors in that institution, who are already heart and soul in the cause. Is Mr. John D. Rockefeller near that the idol on which he has lavished such fabulous sums is tottering to his ruin?

As coworkers with him is what Mr. London is pleased to call "The Intercollegiate Socialist Society." He has John Starch, J. G. Phelps Stokes, and M. R. Holbrook. The socialists have long since recognized the public schools as fountains of socialism in that they inspire the child in demand food, clothing, shelter, and business at the same kindly hand of the State that landed on the education.

With the child that attended to from the day nursery and the kindergarten until its passage through the high school, nothing remains to thoroughly usher it into the meshwork of socialism but the study of its propaganda in all the remaining institutions of learning.

Some thirty years ago, before the word socialism was known to any save a few, I predicted that the continuance of our public-school system would bring it. Year by year since then it has steadily grown. The State gave the people what was considered the greatest gift of man to man—education—and now it is sold, as a very small additional favor, to give the minor ones of life and happiness above.

From the same cause exactly that socialism has grown in this country. It has also grown in France, Germany, England, and the smaller European states. With its growth various "problems" have developed which are really of its making, but which it is claimed, it will remedy or cure. With over 16,000,000 children in this country constantly under the tutelage of a socialist system of education we can hope for nothing but an increase of the problems it has already brought.

We cannot escape from the words of Pope:

"The education forms the common mold.

If we have been brought face to face with socialism through a mistaken policy of State education, we must dare ourselves the further application of it, and restore the child to the parents and the home, or to such external assistance only as the parental effort can provide.

I am, sir, FRANCIS R. LINDSEY.

(Continued from page 833.)

rious losses of life concern only a few chosen mortals. It is a very cheap sweet that dissolves the plays of Ibsen as undemanding of attention because they chronicle the doings of middle-class Norwegian families. It is precisely the doings of such bourgeois that claim our interest in nineteenth-century of the effective plays and novels and poems of the present day. Mr. Chesterton, in his recent book upon Robert Browning, says very justly that Browning's "astounding realism in four-poetry" offers the best possible evidence of his profound position. "It enables in every man the memories of that banished instant when customs and dead things had a meaning beyond the power of any millionaire to compute. He expresses the eternal time when a man does not think about heaven, but about a journey." What is here said of a single emotion is equally true of others, and is a quite sufficient defense of Ibsen's choice of characters and themes.

Finally, to meet the charge of pessimism, Ibsen shall prevent his own disclaimer. The words were spoken by him at a banquet late in life, when three-quarters of his work lay behind him and he knew where he gave utterance: "I have upon various occasions been called a pessimist, and I am one, in so far as I do not believe in the eternity of human ideals. But I am also an optimist, in so far as I believe fully and confidently in the capacity of ideals for growth and development. To speak more exactly, I believe that the ideals of our time, in the very act of passing away, tend toward the realization of what, in my 'Ringer and Tullgren,' I have called 'the third kingdom.' No fairy faith in the future than this has ever been held by prophet or poet."

A Vital Point

Witness, "Pete" Hepburn tells of a lawyer prominent in Iowa who was much given to spinning metaphysical distinctions in his arguments before a jury. On one occasion, appearing as counsel for plaintiff offered such an elaborate explanation of the difficulty giving rise to the suit under trial that the jury were soon hopelessly befuddled.

At this juncture, counsel for the defense took a hand, telling a story to the jurors that resulted in the dismantling of his opponent.

"The learned counsel for the plaintiff," began the opposing lawyer, "who is so successful, as a rule, in getting away with his fine-spun distinctions, reminds me of another eminent lawyer of this State who was once retained in the defense of a man who shot a neighbor's dog. The proof was clear that defendant had said he would shoot the dog, that he brought out his gun in broad daylight and loaded it; that he took deliberate aim at the dog, and that at the crack of the rifle the dog fell dead, with a bullet-hole through him."

"But the eminent lawyer contended that this was an instance of merely circumstantial evidence, and that in such cases it was a settled principle that if a single link were wanting in the chain the whole evidence was worthless. Although there was proof of the threat, the loading of the gun, the aim, and the death of the dog, yet," concluded the eminent lawyer, "what witness has testified that he saw the bullet hit the dog?"

The jury were so impressed by this tale, concluded Mr. Hepburn, that they soon returned a verdict against the "fine-spun" lawyer.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. 1

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THE LATE SENATOR GORMAN

Arthur Pue Gorman, United States Senator from Maryland, and long conspicuous in the councils of the Democratic party, died in Washington on June 4, after a protracted illness. Senator Gorman was born in Howard County, Maryland, on March 11, 1839. When he was thirteen he was appointed a page in the United States Senate, in which capacity he served until 1866, when he became collector of internal revenue for the Fifth Maryland District. He was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates in 1869, and to the State Senate in 1875. As United States Senator from Maryland, he served from 1881 until 1899, and from 1903 until his death.

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COMMENT

It may be recalled that the Hepburn bill passed by the House of Representatives had received in the Senate no fewer than fifty-one amendments when, as the HEPBURN-TILLMAN bill, it went to a committee of conference. There is no doubt that in conference the Senate won an overwhelming victory. The report of the conferees, which was submitted to both Houses on June 2, shows that the Senate received from only six amendments, two of which, however, merely changed the numbers of sections, and secured the retention of twenty-eight of its amendments *verbatim*, while the remaining seventeen were substantially retained under different phraseology. In view of the magnitude of the interests affected, the reader may like to see the main alterations outlined.

The ELKINS amendment was retained in the form originally agreed upon in the Senate, and the provision subsequently inserted, excluding timber and the manufactured products thereof from the application of the amendment, was stricken out. The discrimination in favor of timber was, on the face of it, unfair. As remodelled in conference, the amendment provides that, after May 1, 1908, it shall be unlawful for any common carrier to transport any article or commodity manufactured, mined, or produced by it, or produced under its authority, or which it may own, in whole or in part, or in which it may have an interest, direct or indirect, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary and intended for its own use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier. The obvious purpose of the amendment is to prevent an interstate common carrier from being also a producer of the commodities it carries—coal, for example—and thus entering into competition with its customer. Congress, of course, cannot meddle with common carriers confining themselves to the transaction of business within a State. The Senate's amendment making pipe-lines common carriers was stricken out in conference as a distinct proposition, but subsequently was included in another Senatorial amendment affecting express companies (express-car companies had been eliminated), so that the amendment, as reframed by the conferees, now provides that the term "common carrier," as used in the act, shall include express companies and all persons or corporations engaged in the transportation of oil by pipe-lines, or partly by pipe-lines and partly by railroads, or partly by pipe-lines and partly by water. The Senate's amendment prohibiting leases, to which it may be remembered, there were multitudinous exceptions, was made far more stringent by the conference committee, all excepted classes of persons being eliminated, and both the issuance and the revocation of free transportation being made a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding \$1000.

We observe, next, that the Senate's requirement that common carriers shall, on application of any shipper, construct and operate switch connections with private side-tracks, was extended in conference so as to include similar applications made by lateral or branch lines of railroad. This extension had been proposed in the Senate, but rejected. The Senate conferees also receded from the so-called "Jim Crow" amendment, which required equally good service and accommodation to be given to all persons paying the same compensation. It will be recalled that, in pursuance of the so-called ALLISON compromise, the Senate struck out the words "in its judgment" and "fairly remunerative," which occurred in the rate-making section of the HEPBURN-TILLMAN bill. This action of the Senate was sustained in conference. On the other hand, the Senate receded from the McCURRAN amendment, which changed the word "regularly" to "lawfully," in relation to the service upon the carrier of notice of disobedience of orders of the Commission. We remark, finally, that the bill, as reported by the conferees, retains the provision that no injunction suspending or restraining the enforcement of an order made by the commission shall be granted, except on hearing, after not less than five days' notice to the Commission; and providing, also, that appeals may be taken directly to the Supreme Court of the United States. We shall soon know whether the bill, as thus reframed by the conferees, will be adopted by both Houses. Should it be sent back to conference, we do not see how it will be possible for Congress to adjourn on June 25.

The conference report on the Statehood bill offers a compromise that might have secured the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory to joint Statehood a year ago had the amendment offered by Senator FORAKER at that time been promptly accepted. Ascent to that amendment is now given, but perhaps it may have come too late. The report provides for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory at once as one State, and for the submission to Arizona and New Mexico, at separate elections, of the question whether they will both approve joint Statehood. If either disapproves, the two Territories will retain their present status. There is no doubt that the House of Representatives will accept the report by an overwhelming majority. There is no such certainty about the action of the Senate. Senator FORAKER is no longer willing to content himself with the amendment offered by him a year ago, and now believes that he can obtain votes enough to reject the conference report and adopt a new and separate bill admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a single State without any reference to New Mexico and Arizona. This he would try to put as a rider on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. Senator HERRING, however, who presented the conference report, though as yet he can count upon only forty-three votes, is confident that it will be accepted ultimately by the Upper House of the Federal legislature.

If the Republican Senators had deliberately determined to make this year's general election turn on the question of tariff revision they could have done nothing better calculated to fulfill their desire than the passage, by a party vote, of the resolution requiring supplies for the Panama Canal to be purchased in the United States. It may be remembered that by the original Spooner canal act the President was clothed with absolute authority in the premises. He and his delegates in the Canal Commission were at liberty to purchase canal supplies wherever they could buy them most cheaply. They seem to have shrunk, however, from exercising the power confided to them and have gone so far in the way of favoring native products as to buy two American steamships at prices more than double those for which newer and larger foreign-built vessels could have been procured. Evidently Mr. ROOSEVELT has been restless under the exclusive responsibility devolved upon him and has desired explicit instructions from Congress. When the matter came up in the Senate on June 4 it provoked a sharp debate between the Stand-Patters and the advocates of tariff revision. The resolution, as offered, provided that purchases of material and equipment for use in the construction of the Panama Canal shall be restricted to articles of domestic production and manufacture unless the President shall, in any case, deem the bids or tenders therefor to be extortionate or unreasonable.

A substitute offered by Senator CARMACK, providing that in all contracts for supplies preference should be given to domestic products only when the conditions of price and quality were equal, was rejected by what would have been a strict party vote but for the fact that Senator TELLER, who still adheres to the protective system, cooperated with the Republicans. Senator MONKEY's proposal that in the purchase of domestic articles for the canal no greater price should be paid than is asked for similar domestic articles when exported and sold abroad was rejected by an almost equally large majority. Senator BUONV, advocating an amendment of like purport, entered into an argument to show that the United States could save \$30,000,000 by purchasing supplies for the canal in foreign markets. By a vote of 37 to 15, the Stand-Patters declined to save that amount of money, and by a vote of more than two to one rejected the specific request that the President should be permitted to buy domestic products in foreign markets. Positively the only amendment that the protectionist majority would accept was one suggested by Senator PERRY that at least the bids for furnishing supplies must come from responsible bidders. We need not point out that in the eyes of tariff-revisionists this resolution of the Senate's will have the effect of waving a red flag before a bull.

It is at least doubtful whether any decisive action will be taken by the Senate on the SNUOT case during the present session of Congress. On June 2 Chairman BERNHARDT, of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, reported that, in the judgment of the committee, REED SNUOT, of Utah, had no right to a seat. His request, however, for unanimous consent to consider the report on June 11 was not granted. Senator TELLER objecting that, the committee having had the matter under consideration for two years, the Senate, as a whole, could hardly be expected to proceed with extraordinary celerity. To Senator BERNHARDT's assertion that evidently it was the Senate's desire to decide during the present session the question as to SNUOT's right to his seat, Senator SNOOKIN replied that he was utterly unable to detect any such desire, and opined that, on the contrary, there was an old-fashioned wish to know something about the case before coming to any decision. The truth is that the Committee on Privileges and Elections was itself all at sea as to the precise method of disposing of the SNUOT case. The report, which it will be noticed, leaves the choice of method to the Senate, was itself passed by a vote of only 7 to 5, one member being absent. Subsequently the committee refused to pass a resolution to expel SNUOT, which, to be valid, would require the support of two-thirds of the Senate; and then it refused to sanction the alternative method of getting rid of an obnoxious individual by refusing to pass a resolution excluding SNUOT from the Senate, which could have been made effective by a bare majority of the Senators. It is practically certain that the two-thirds vote requisite for the expulsion of SNUOT cannot be procured in the Senate. By way of testing the feeling of that body, Senator BAILEY offered in committee a resolution to the effect that SNUOT should be expelled, and the result was a tie vote. Senators FORAKER, KNOX, DALLAGER, BEVERIDGE, DALLINGER, and HOPKINS being recorded in the negative.

It is certain that a minority report, in the preparation of which so able a lawyer as Senator KNOX has assisted, is to be presented. The junior Senator from Pennsylvania, though he holds polygamy in detestation, and is understood to believe that the Mormon Church has been convicted of bad faith, has been reconsidering the case from a strictly judicial viewpoint on the assumption that, in a matter concerning a State's constitutional right to representation in the Upper House of the Federal legislature, the Senate and its committee constitute a court which is in duty bound to decide in accordance with the evidence and the law. Having heard much of the testimony, and having read all of it, he is said to have come to the conclusion that nothing has been offered in evidence which would justify him, sitting under his oath as a United States Senator, in voting to deprive Utah of her proper representation in the United States Senate. It is unquestionably true that no violation of the law against polygamy has been brought home to SNUOT himself, and that if he is to be expelled or excluded it must be solely upon the ground that, although himself a monogamist, he is a dignity of the

Mormon Church, which, in the person of its president and of other officials, has condoned, if it has not actually encouraged, polygamy. That is to say, SNUOT is to be deprived of the seat in the Senate to which the Utah Legislature, in pursuance of its constitutional rights, elected him, on the exclusive ground of his belief in a religion which is hateful and pernicious in the eyes of a vast majority of the citizens of the United States. It is obvious that on precisely the same ground the Russian Duma would be justified in expelling or excluding Jewish members, for there is no doubt that the Jewish religion is hateful and pernicious in the judgment of a vast majority of Russia's population. It is safe to establish a precedent in pursuance of which a United States Senator may be expelled or excluded from his seat on any ground whatever except his personal violation of law!

"Now let us educate our masters!" was the ejaculation of Mr. LOUZ, afterwards Lord SHAMONK, when the second Reform Act, immensely extending the Parliamentary franchise, was passed in 1832. We are beginning to have more reason than he had to counsel such a precaution, for the new masters whom he had in mind were at least of English stock and training. The immigrants, who have been for some time rushing to our shores at the rate of a million a year, come no longer from northern and central but from southern and eastern Europe. They are foreigners in the strictest sense of the word, peculiarly difficult to assimilate because they differ from the peoples wholly or largely Teutonic in respect of temperament, ideas, and institutions. That a sense of national self-preservation should compel us to educate them as quickly as possible nobody denies. But what of their political status during the educational process? Shall they be admitted to full citizenship while yet lacking even the fundamental condition of assimilation, namely, the ability to speak, read, and write the English language? Evidently the House of Representatives is resolved to answer the question with a qualified negative. On June 2 that body went into committee of the whole for the consideration of the naturalization bill, and after an extended discussion of the proposed educational test the House finally adopted an amendment proposed by Mr. KENNEDY of Nebraska to the effect that hereafter no alien shall be naturalized or admitted as a citizen of the United States who cannot speak the English language. This was a material recession from the position taken in the original text of the bill, which made it obligatory for the alien desirous of being a citizen to write his own language, and to both speak and write the English language.

The KENNEDY amendment is manifestly based on the assumption that even if a man cannot read and write, yet if he can speak the language of a country he is qualified to become acquainted with its laws, institutions, and ideas. It is unquestionably true that, before the Foraker Education Act of 1870 had been for some time in operation, a large fraction of the inhabitants of England were unable to read and write, and yet, as being of the purest Anglo-Saxon lineage, they were imbued from birth with the spirit of English institutions and laws. Where, however, a prospective citizen not only has been born but has grown to manhood in an alien environment, it would seem expedient to augment his qualifications for quick and thorough assimilation by exacting proofs of his ability not only to speak but also to read and write the English tongue.

No one has had a better opportunity to know immigrants and form opinions of value as to what kind we should admit and what exclude than Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, who was lately United States immigration commissioner at New York and head keeper of the gaol at Ellis Island. Mr. WILLIAMS ought to know immigrants, and no doubt he does. A paper that he read in May before the American Social Science Association of New York deals with "The New Immigration: Some Unfavorable Features of It, and Possible Remedies for Them." Mr. WILLIAMS thinks that twenty-five per cent. of the immigrants (mostly from southeastern Europe) who are now being admitted are undesirable. Though they may be able to earn a living, their presence tends to lower our standard of civilization, and if they stayed away they would not be missed except by the transportation companies. The trouble he finds with them is that they are unintelligent and

of low vitality. Our laws now exclude, besides contract laborers, idiots, insane persons, epileptics, paupers, persons likely to become public charges, persons with loathsome or contagious diseases, convicted criminals, anarchists, and polygamists. They are excellent laws, as far as they go, but Mr. WILLIAMS thinks they should go further. Between the manifestly objectionable persons whom they now exclude, and the really desirable immigrants, Mr. WILLIAMS finds a great gulf which there has been no effort to bridge. He finds that the conditions of immigration have changed. In old times we got as good working people as the best that Europe had. Now we get too many of her inferior people; too many of the lower grades of Italians, Austrians, and Russians. Such people form a minority of the present immigrants, but it is too big a minority.

Mr. WILLIAMS grants that it is difficult to frame laws that will exclude the European immigrants who ought to be kept out. Still, he would have Congress try to do it. He thinks that when the surgeons who conduct the medical examinations at immigrant stations certify that an immigrant, dependent on physical labor for support, is below the standard they set, or is feeble-minded, such an immigrant should be sent back unless he has responsible near relatives to take care of him. He would also have Congress prohibit assisted immigration (subject to reasonable exceptions), and try to put a stop to stimulated immigration. These two points Mr. WILLIAMS considers of such importance that if they would be dealt with effectively the immigration problem would take care of itself. Assisted immigrants are those Europeans who, being too poor and feeble to get to this country by their own efforts, are helped to come here by poor-law authorities, by charitable societies and persons, and by relations and friends in this country. Stimulated immigration is that stirred up by steamship companies, whose agents draw up immigrants for the sake of commissions in their passage money. That practice Mr. WILLIAMS would stop by heavy fines. He considers the premeditated desire of an immigrant to come to this country, and his ability to get here on his own hook, and out of his own resources, good practical evidences of the fitness of the immigrant to come here. But immigrants who are exported from their homes by charity, and those who come because steamship agents have told them wild stories of American prosperity, he thinks we should not receive. We quote his opinions because he knows by actual practice what can be done under the laws we have, and is qualified to judge what could and should be done by laws not yet enacted. That such new rules as he would have would work hardship in many cases is not a conclusive argument against them. They would only work hardship until the steamship companies learned that they were to be enforced.

Because Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN now seems likely to have behind him the Missouri, Ohio, and Indiana delegations to the next Democratic national convention, it by no means follows that he will be the candidate of that body for the Presidency. It will be for the South, which will have to be relied upon to furnish the bulk of the electoral votes, to designate the nominee of the Democratic party in 1908. Missouri, that gave her electoral votes to Mr. ROOSEVELT, will scarcely be permitted to dictate to the great majority of Southern States that remained faithful to the standard-bearer selected by the St. Louis convention. No doubt the choice eventually made by Southern delegates will be influenced largely, if not mainly, by considerations of availability. Southern Democrats have no intention of engaging in the next Presidential contest for the fun of the thing. They are not likely to be content to have it reserved of their candidate that he "also ran." They know, however, that, even as regards the question of availability, wire-pullers and machine-politicians are more apt to be mistaken than are far-sighted statesmen. They will ask themselves what Mr. BRYAN has done to deserve the unprecedented honor of being thrice nominated for the Presidency by the national conventions of a great political party. Is there such a dearth of Presidential timber in the Democratic camp that a triple demonstration of homage must be paid to the Nebraska man that was withheld from ANDREW JACKSON, from MARTIN VAN BUREN, from HENRY CLAY, and from FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT? We scarcely need point out that THOMAS DUFFESSER is merely an ostensi-

ble and not a real exception to the usage which forbids the bestowal of a third nomination for the Presidency on the same individual, for he was never nominated by a national convention.

The action of the Democracy's convention in 1844 bears emphatic witness to the feeling of the party on the subject. In that convention MARTIN VAN BUREN had, at the outset, a majority of the delegates, and it could be said on his behalf, what cannot be said of Mr. BRYAN, that of his two preceding nominations one had been successful. It was fortunate for the Democratic party that, by an application of the two-thirds rule, it succeeded in diverting the nomination to JAMES K. POLK, for few contemporary observers, and few retrospective students, of the situation that then existed doubted or doubt that VAN BUREN would have been beaten by CLAY. Of course, no precedent should weigh against a candidate of intellectual and moral qualifications so transcendent and indisputable that the mere mention of his name would ring through the country like a trumpet blast. Even the faithful but few survivors of the followers who acclaimed him with so much enthusiasm in 1840—whose ranks, however, had already thinned considerably in 1860—will scarcely pretend that Mr. BRYAN is such a man. How many Southern Democrats believe that Mr. BRYAN could carry the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut? Or that he would have the faintest chance of victory in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, although in the two last-named States the Democrats have been successful at recent State elections? Is there any doubt in the minds of discerning and thoughtful men that such a man as WOODROW WILSON would run better in the five States mentioned than would the twice-beaten Nebraska?

The ghostly attempt to assassinate the young King of Spain and his bride, heretofore to be known to her subjects as Queen VICTORIA, on their way from the altar, where they had just received the nuptial benedictions, was an act of infamy that ought to, and probably will, rest upon the perpetrators. Heretofore the organizers and directors of the anarchists' clubs, wherever there are no fewer than ten in London alone, have been careful to safeguard the asylum which they have enjoyed in England by forbidding any hostile demonstration against the British royal family. It is not impossible that a recognition of the fact may have had something to do with the British government's refusal to take part in the conference convoked at Rome in 1898 with a view of converting rigorous international measures for the suppression of anarchists, some of whose homicidal outrages were then fresh in the public mind. But England's unwillingness to take part in the conference of 1898 could be justified on more honorable grounds. It would be, in truth, extremely difficult to devise any means of extirpating anarchistic doctrines from British soil, either by expelling the propagandists and converts, or by incarcerating them in prisons or asylums for lunatics, which should not involve a regulation of those conceptions of personal liberty which lie at the root of England's political institutions.

But the contriving measures calculated to extirpate the anarchistic vermin should not outtax the ingenuity of British statesmen, and it is probable that public opinion will compel them to apply their energies to that end now that, with the madness that portends destruction, anarchist thugs have tried to murder, in the first bright moments of her wedded life, the young and kindly granddaughter of England's beloved Queen VICTORIA. That the crime of Madrid plotted in London seems indisputable. A warning that such a conspiracy existed, and that its execution was imminent, was published in the *Standard* on the morning of the tragedy, and must have been telegraphed forthwith to the Spanish capital. Under all the circumstances, the British government, which, by harboring assassins, facilitates the weaving of their atrocious designs, can scarcely be entirely absolved from responsibility for what happened at Madrid. According to a telegram from London, some of the anarchists in that city make no secret of their part in the plot to kill ENA VICTORIA of Battenberg, and defend it on the ground that she ceased to be an English princess when she became Queen of Spain. To imagine that such a pretext will avail would be

sult the intellect and the heart of the British Parliament and people. It is perfectly true, however, as Mr. ANNE D. WHITE has pointed out, that the cooperation of England in international measures for the extermination of anarchists would prove ineffectual unless the United States should join the European concert in the effort to defend human society against its most deadly enemies.

The achievement of the late Senator GORMAN on which, now that he is gone, the minds of his friends dwell with the most satisfaction, was the defeat of the "force bill" in 1890. As will be remembered, it was a bill for which Senator LOUIS was sponsor, for putting elections in the Southern States under Federal control. As Democratic leader in the Senate, Mr. GORMAN had command of the legislative forces that could be opposed to the bill. He succeeded in getting enough Silver Republicans from the West to join the strong Democratic minority in the Senate and beat the bill. The work was thoroughly done, for the beaten bill stayed dead. It was never introduced again, and all disposition to enact such a measure has passed away. That was one very useful service Mr. GORMAN rendered the whole country.

Mr. JOHN SPENCER BASSETT has resigned the professorship of chemistry in Trinity College, North Carolina, and is going to South College, Northampton, Massachusetts, to teach chemistry there. There are 1200 students at Smith, all girls. Numerically, it is nearly three times as big as Trinity at Durham. Perhaps the migration is to Professor BASSETT's advantage. For one reason, though, the change is to be regretted. He is the man who wrote a magazine article two or three years ago in which he said that BOOKER WASHINGTON was the greatest man the South had produced in one hundred years except ROBERT E. LEE. The article gave great offense in the South, and there was much clamor that Professor BASSETT should be deprived of his professorship. Happily, that was not done. Mr. BASSETT stayed where he was, and though he has now concluded to move, he does not go under fire. Yet we are half sorry that he is to move at all. It is good for our brethren in the South to acquire the habit of tolerating in their own communities the presence of persons whose opinions they do not like.

The chief point as to which the beliefs of Dr. CHAPPEY, of Rochester, differed from the prescribed beliefs of his Church was the Virgin birth. He had definitely published his disbelief in it, and the impression has prevailed, more or less, that many of the distinguished clergymen and laymen who interested themselves in defending him from the charge of heresy shared his rejection of that detail of faith. It was natural for misinformed persons to suppose that Dr. CHARLES A. BABCOX, who was found guilty of heresy not long ago, would share most of the disbeliefs of such a heretic as Dr. CHAPPEY, and presumably Dr. BABCOX and Dr. CHAPPEY have been grouped together in many minds as persons having convictions and doubts in common. It is highly interesting, therefore, to find from Dr. BABCOX's article in the *North American Review* for June that though his sympathies are strongly with Dr. CHAPPEY, and though he favors the widest toleration for persons in the state of mind of Dr. CHAPPEY, and feels that the Church "can afford to be patient and charitable, and to wait until its scholars have removed the difficulties that in this age envelop Christian dogma," he by no means shares Dr. CHAPPEY's disbeliefs.

His article in the *North American* concerns itself only with this one dogma of the Virgin birth, and this in a learned discourse he expounds and defends with impressive scholarship. He explains the difference between the lower and the higher criticism, and declares that both of them support that dogma. Biblical historical criticism and Biblical theology support it. General historical criticism cannot disbelieve it. Modern physical science can neither verify it nor say that it is impossible. As for modern philosophy, the doctrines that depend upon the Virgin birth were formed, says Dr. BABCOX, "with a full use of the greatest systems of philosophy that have ever appeared, the Platonic and the Aristotelian, and have maintained themselves through all the centuries to the present time. It is extremely im-

probable that they can be unsettled by that medley of heterogeneous and conflicting opinions that constitutes the philosophy of our day." While Dr. BABCOX considers that criticism has not in any of its forms upset the dogma of the Virgin birth, he is further of opinion that that doctrine is essential to the system of doctrine and the faith of the Christian Church, though not essential to the faith or Christian life of individuals. Christian scholars, as a body, he says, are not at all dubious as to the Virgin birth, but they are generously inclined towards those who are at present either doubtful about it or disposed to deny it. For he finds Christian dogma to be in a process of reconstruction and enveloped in difficulties "which can only be overcome in the arena of chivalric scholarship, not in ecclesiastical courts ruled by ecclesiastics, who are usually more concerned about the form of things than their reality."

At the annual banquet of the Royal Academy in London last month, Mr. BRITANN KIRLAND responded to Literature, and said interesting things. He quoted an ancient legend—which, maybe, he had invented—about how, when a man had achieved a most notable deed and wished to tell all about it to his tribe, he found himself smitten with dumbness and set down. And then arose "a masterless man," who had done nothing in particular, and had no special virtues, "but afflicted with the magic of the necessary words." He described the notable deed in such a fashion that his words "became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers." The trick scared the tribe, and fearing the power of the masterless man with words, they took the precaution to kill him. But later they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man. Nevertheless the precautionary distrust of the masterless man, and a sense of the possible importance of his words, had availed to prevent any limit being put to the criticism that may be directed against a book. "The record of the tribe," said Mr. KIRLAND,

"is its enduring literature. The magic of the literature lies in the words, not in the man. Witness a thousand excellent, strenuous words can leave us quite cold or put us to sleep, whereas a bare half-hundred words breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations ago, can still lead whole nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls. It is a miracle—one that happens very seldom. But secretly each one of the masterless men with the words has hope, or has had hope, that the miracle may be wrought again through him."

He went on to speak in parables of the office of criticism in sifting literature, and to declare that there could not at any time be great literature unless there were great deeds to record.

We wish Mr. KIRLAND would write out more fully his ideas and impressions about literature. He could make an essay which, while it might not say all there is to say on that subject, would be exceedingly good reading, and doubtless edifying. He has spoken before about the magic of words. In the story called "Wireless," he says—as near as we remember it—that there are only five passages in all literature which are pure magic, and three of these he credits to KEATS. That men have been able to put into words the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions that they have put into them; that simple, common words are able to hold the thoughts and emotions so entrusted to them and give them up again on demand, so that "they walk up and down in the hearts" of sympathetic readers—that is truly matter of magic and passes understanding. It is an extraordinary trick to put words together so that they will live and move. It has been done and will be done again. Any one is welcome to do it who can. But there is this about it: some men can put into words what they have in their minds and some cannot, but no man can put into words what he has not had in his mind. He must have had the thought, the feeling, the tears in his eyes, the magic in his heart, before he can possibly transmute it into language. The masterless men with words need not have done great deeds nor possess great virtues; but they must have had great feelings, else their words will never walk. So, after all, the magic is in the man who charms the words more than in the words that are charmed. And the miracle is that the words hold the charm. Nobody can understand how they do it.

The President and the Meat-Packers

THE attention of the President being drawn to the condition of the meat-packing establishments in Chicago, he sent two commissioners, CHARLES P. NEILL and JAMES H. REYNOLDS, to see if matters were in as bad a state as had been reported. Learning from their report that conditions were extremely bad, he arranged with Senator REYNOLDS to introduce into Congress a bill providing for rigorous government inspection of meat products. The bill passed the Senate (May 25), unamended, but met with so much opposition in the House, that on June 4 the President sent to Congress a special message pointing out the urgent necessity of legislative action to provide an immediate and adequate remedy for pluming and food abuses, and transmitted therewith a preliminary but sufficiently alarming installment of the NEILL-REYNOLDS report.

In his special message the President describes the conditions shown to exist, even by the short inspection which his special agents had made, as "revolting." He submits that, in the interest of health and decency, they should be immediately and radically changed. Inasmuch, however, as the existing law is utterly inadequate for the purpose, new legislation is indispensable. A law upon the Federal stock-lot prohibits the shipment of meat unsupervised and unvetted by the government to foreign countries, but there is no provision forbidding the diffusion of non-inspected meats in interstate commerce, the avowal of which are thus left open to traffic in diseased, decayed, and poisonous products. The President adds that if, as has been alleged on seemingly good authority, further evils, such as the improper use of chemicals and dyes, exist, the government as yet lacks power to remedy them. A law, therefore, is urgently required to enable inspectors, appointed by the Federal government, to scrutinize and supervise, day and night, from the hoof to the can, the preparation of meat products intended to be used as food by American citizens. In Mr. REYNOLDS'S judgment, the expediting the inspection called for should be met by a fee levied on each animal slaughtered, and he has been informed by experts, he says, that in no case under such a law would the cost of inspection exceed eight cents per head. This specific recommendation is based on the belief that, if the cost of inspection were imposed on the government, the vital purpose of the law might at any time be defeated through an insufficient appropriation, and whenever there happened to be no particular public interest in the subject it would be easy to make the appropriation insufficient. But for this consideration, he should favor, he says, the government's paying for the inspection. Now it seems to us that the President and Congress, in dealing with this minor matter, might do well to heed a suggestion made by Judge F. H. CRAW, of Texas, who represents the Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association. In a letter to the President, Judge CRAW proposes that the cost of the new inspection be placed on the government, with the proviso that if at any time, in the opinion of the Secretary of Agriculture, more service is needed than the appropriation bill provides for, he, the Secretary, shall be empowered to furnish additional service, and charge the packers a fee therefor.

The details in the NEILL and REYNOLDS report, which accompanies the special message, justify every assertion made by President ROOSEVELT concerning the nauseous conditions that exist in the Chicago packing-houses, but the President's agents admit that, although the pavements and plinth of the stock-yards leave much to be desired on the score of cleanliness, the carcasses are ultimately washed, and much the packing establishments in a comparatively clean condition. Here it was that the trouble began. The rooms in which the meat is cut up are ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and unspeakably filthy. The toilet-rooms are only partially partitioned from the work rooms, and which their odors penetrate. The work tables, meat-racks, and meat-conveyors are in nearly all cases, inadequately cleaned, and grease and meat-seraps adhere to them even after they have been perfunctorily washed. As histories are rarely, if ever, provided, men and women have no means of washing the hands which they plunge into the meat that is to be converted into such food products as sausages, dried beef, and other compounds.

The NEILL and REYNOLDS report also adverts to the deception practiced on American consumers by the labels which the canned products bear. A label will state, for instance, that the contents of a package have been inspected according to the act of Congress of March 3, 1891, and will add "quality guaranteed." The phraseology of these labels is wholly unwarranted, and rankly unscrupulous. In the case of meat products intended for interstate consumption the government inspectors are only required to pass upon the healthfulness of an animal at the time of killing. They know nothing of the processes through which the meat may have passed since their preliminary inspection. They do not know what else may have been placed in the cans in addition to the "inspected meat," or even whether a morsel of the latter got in. The legend "quality guaranteed" is without a shadow of justification. It deceives, and obviously is designed to deceive,

the average purchaser, who naturally infers from the label that the Federal government guarantees the contents of the can to be what they purport to be, prepared to the standard of health.

The withholding of the NEILL-REYNOLDS report from publication did not, as we have seen, prevent the effort to defeat or mutilate the REYNOLDS bill in the House of Representatives. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S special message, however, conveys an ominous intimation that reminds us of the grim injunction addressed to Shylock: "Tarry, Jew. The law hath yet another hold on you." The President significantly warns the packers that if the urgently required inspection of meat-food products at all stages of preparation is not forthcoming, he shall feel it his duty to forbid hereafter the use of inspection labels and certificates on canned products.

The packers naturally have much to say in their own defense, and will find it hard to get anything like so wide a hearing as their accusers have had. Eight of the largest packers in Chicago have joined in a reply to the NEILL-REYNOLDS report. Some of its statements they deny and others they explain. The most effective assertion that they make is that their packing-houses have been open to visitors, ladies, indeed, been show-places for the world, and there have been no closed doors. It is due to them that their reputations as business men should not be damaged without the fullest reason. As their case now stands rigid government inspection of their methods and work seems the best possible thing for their own protection.

The Reach and the Grasp

ONE of the feminine depths which it is difficult for a man to fathom in her habit of unobtrusive intrusion into the realm of the ideal. This entire lack of shyness in the face of a high endeavor and a slight achievement is not only a feminine and a masculine distinction, but is a racial difference. The Latin, who we, after all, the feminine half of the world, glory in the light they know they are never to reach, but the Anglo-Saxon, with his masculine stolidity, his grounding in what he calls common sense, refuses to make ethereal flights; seek good only as he can immediately attain or hope to attain will be discuss. It is the difference, too, between the desecrated and the gospel. Ten definite rules of conduct, however difficult, a man may wound himself into obeying, but "be ye therefore perfect" is a distant light. No mere man could hope to reach it.

It is the masculine quality in modern literature which makes it glory in a certain light-hearted, high-handed wickedness; since this is our actual practice, it argues, since it is what is, let us be unashamed; let us not call it by ugly names, but accept it and say it in good. One of the most transient apostles of this doctrine, though just now there are many of them everywhere, is Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who, in his recent book, *The Lake*, continues the same attitude of mind which made him assert, in his early *Confessions of a Young Man*, that he was sure his chief charm to his readers was his unabashed and open avowal of wickedness. The book was utterly devoid of any charm. Now, with absolute untruth to human experience, he has in his recent novel shifted his theory to the shoulders of a woman, and it would be difficult to conceive a more grotesque and distasteful anomaly. Rose Leicester is a woman who, while able to write letters upon art and literature just as well as Mr. GEORGE MOORE himself, who notes her atmosphere and is attentive to her own mental processes, quite in the manner of Mr. Moore, is a woman wholly unashamed of sin, careless and loveless about her own child, jesting at motherhood, unmoved by the priestly function, and the sole consolation in reading the book in which she appears, is derived from the lively conviction that she never existed except as a morbidly month-piece for Mr. Moore's interesting essays upon books and travel. But that there are not bad women in the world. There are men and to spare, but it is not feminine to glory in badness. Becky Sharp herself, in her slyest connivings, regretted the frauds necessity had laid upon her. She made excuses for herself, and told herself that she would have been as innocuous and amiable as Aurlia herself had not life placed her where she had to fight for breathing-space, and to use the weapons of cunning and insincerity, which were the only ones at her disposal. Rose Leicester was never a woman. It is only a man who adopts the method of the boy baby who, stubbing his toe and falling flat on his face, lies helplessly still and remarked, "I thought I would take a little rest."

She has a high ideal.

He dwells in the idealities.

The end is all the same.

O, vanity of vanities!

It is the woman who, having broken a good resolution daily for six days running, contentedly makes it again on the seventh day. Nor is this power all a mistake. It is a feminine nature that treats her aspiration as the atmosphere and reflexes as of the diurnal drip of her ideals. Perhaps, too, women see more clearly than men that to project one's hope beyond the nettle, to oppose to all

the sounding contradictions of life a purely spiritual affirmation, is to free ourselves from the greater part of our sufferings. They have none of that absurdities at heroic gesture and dramatic enthusiasm which a man needs.

Apart from the moral side, it is this cult of the ideal which lends all the picturesque to life. It is literature, art, music and holiness; it has made monks and nuns; it builds churches and creates religions; it overcomes age and sanctifies childhood; it is the very essence of that "eternal femininity that leads us on." It is the glory and beauty of humanity that in the mystery and darkness which envelops man, he has created a light, far ahead, toward which to travel. Uncertain and flickering it is, and that is what makes goodness possible. The world would be little wiser in choosing the sadder and the more difficult part if we saw the end of pain and the reward of labor. It is the groping in the dark for a disinterested good, it is the difficulty of keeping the ideal in view, which makes life worth living. It is the glow and the warmth which fill the world with the materials of consolation to middle age which without it might seem a dreary casting of the pebbles of daily activities into a ruin of grief and loss.

No pursuit of the ideal justifies itself; it gives joy to what would otherwise be joyless; it longevities hope, holding about a heaven which looms ever beyond, which no man attains, an ever-perfected, ever-renewed ideal, inviolate and unattainable by human grasp.

Also, though it is by no means perfect, it does mitigate it. Despite the horrors of Becky Sharp, she is human just by dint of her moments of regret, moments when she sees an ideal of life which she would have chosen had it only been easier, had the odds not been so strongly against her. But those lives in a monster because she has no regrets. She sins, one cannot even say wantonly or recklessly, but instinctively and without consciousness. This is to lower man to the level of the beast. There is neither truth nor reality in the conception. A man, but even more than a man, a woman, must reach ever toward an ideal higher than the grasp, suffering when it is hidden, glad when a step is made toward it, and depressed, but content to see it ever remain a lifting itself higher and higher as the plane of temptation moves upward in the scale of being.

The True American Spirit

A Striking Leading Article Entitled, "A Sane Mind in a Sound Body"

From the Sun

THE June number of the *North American Review* contains an article, signed with the initial "X," and entitled, "An Appeal to Our Millionaires," which, by reason of its medium of publication—one of the ablest, most sober, conservative, and responsible periodicals in the world—commands attention by those who are interested in our national welfare and who at the same time look apprehensively upon the piling up of great corporate and individual fortunes in this most prosperous of countries. It is not the present purpose to do more than allude, in passing, to the *North American Review* article, which might, perhaps, be better termed "A Warning Against Acquiring Great Wealth." We may discuss at the outset the half-voiced suggestion therein that present revolutions of certain misuse of wealth, together with rising public indignation resulting therefrom, may portend a condition of affairs not wholly unlike that which immediately preceded the French Revolution. Unquestionably the doctrines appertaining to socialism have of recent years been more and more widely placed before the American public, and relatively the so-called Socialist party may have been growing rapidly; but there are few sane men who believe for a moment that any disaster threatens, other than disaster to those whose fraudulent and cunning schemes merit correction and punishment.

This is no time for alarm, even for dread, as to the stability and honesty of our general commercial life. It is probable that at no time in our history, certainly not since we have become so prosperous, have business and finance been more circumspet than at this very day and hour; and this in spite of the astounding developments during the last year concerning mismanagement of life-insurance funds, of the interplay, sometimes injurious to the general good, of this group or that of coordinated business enterprise. The very fact that the country is agitated over reported graft, over rumored evasion of honest dealing in a score of different directions, that the country as a whole is asserting its unshakable tones its determination that trust funds shall be protected, that common carriers shall not discriminate, that our man shall have as much of a chance to do business fairly and squarely as any other man, that the action shall be protected in its public food-supply, and that there must be a day of rigid accounting for railroads, assures the world, or should assure it, of our actual stability and sound basis. In this country the natural opportunities for individual progress in business, education, entertainment, have been so great that at times the body politic seems

to have lost sight, for the moment, of the fact that eternal vigilance, in peace as in war, is the price of liberty—the price of conscience from fear, liberty of cities, towns, States, from outside; liberty of mind as to investments which are of the nature of trust funds. When the day comes, however, that proof is adduced of double dealing, misrepresentation, or even of questionable practices, especially on the part of those whose undertakings are of public or semi-public character, a storm bursts, increasing in power until its work of cleansing and purifying and regenerating is accomplished. This has been the case over and over again, from the days of the Credit Mobilier and the gold course down to date. Each time the country has emerged from the disturbance more prosperous, more solid, better off in every way, than before, because of more and more self-reliance. Any wide-spread evidence of business or political corruption inevitably rises to the surface like other scum; and before it increases sufficiently to sink down into the heart of things, thereby causing real danger, the American people have always set about removing the objectionable matter, and they may always be depended upon to do so.

Of course it is to be expected that the discontented, and those who fatigue on pandering to the fears of the public, will make political capital. If they can, out of recent disclosures. They will haul more loudly than ever at conditions which permit individuals to amass large fortunes, and will yell for repressing laws, perhaps for confiscation. Their disclosures may not be unprofitable, but it should not cause alarm. What every public officer, every good citizen, should do is to go calmly ahead, insisting that a fair and square deal be given to all alike. The producer and shipper of coal, oil, grain, or other commodity has a better chance to-day than ever before to get rates and terms from railroads as favorable as any other man or corporation enjoys. The wage-earner who hesitates about protecting his family by continuing a life-insurance policy may comfort himself with the reflection that insurance in any of the widdy known companies is probably safer to-day than ever before. The man who has a thousand dollars to invest in railroad stocks can be reasonably certain that greater care than ever will be taken in future of each thousand dollars entrusted to the railroads. In brief, this country has been partaking of too many riches. There is no blaking the further fact that symptoms of feverishness have been not wholly absent. It is now, however, undergoing a course of purgation, and from present indications the treatment will be sufficient.

In a comparatively short time disturbing causes will have been removed, and the country will go about its usual multifarious occupations, fresher, stronger, cleaner in every way, with a clearer conception of what is needed, and with renewed confidence in ability to maintain the best and most favorable government on the face of the earth.

Personal and Pertinent

In Governor FOLK asleep at the switch?

One of the Philippine Islands has set a good example by sinking out of sight.

THE Honorable BUCKLE CORRIAN remarked in Congress the other day that if the Spanish warships had attacked Long Island his house would have been in the direct line of fire—and not be so safe. He probably had a speech expounding the Spanish cause ready for delivery at a moment's notice. Even that effective defence was not necessary. The cannon that can shoot round a corner has not yet been constructed, and none other could hit the nimble politician.

DWIGHT W. BOWLES, brother of SAMUEL BOWLES, and JOSEPH DILLON HYNE, an experienced New York journalist of Irish descent, have bought the *Hartford Telegram*, and propose to make a real paper of it. Both have been in the business long enough to know how. Their natural ambition will be to build up a journal equal, if not superior, to their neighbor, the *Republican* of Springfield. It will be a happy day for Hartford and themselves when they shall have succeeded in doing that.

London is greatly interested in "the MILLA twins," daughters of Mrs. GOREN MILLA and sisters of the American solo-singer. "Separately," authoritatively remarks the *World*, "these two girls would not attract any particular attention, but together and invariably dressed alike, from the tips of their toes to their very Puritan hats, every one stares at them and every one asks who they are. Ever since they were born, Mrs. GOREN MILLA has insisted that they shall be dressed alike to the minutest detail. Each of these girls has the same set of friends, and no one ever thinks of giving a present to one without also presenting the same to the other. Their maids are also twin sisters and exceedingly alike, and they too are dressed exactly the same. Their pets are always of the same family; for instance, their special favorites, two fox-terriers, are brothers, while their little Japanese spaniels are sisters." For intrinsical purposes, we assume, only twins need apply.

RUSSIA'S FIREBRAND

THE OPENING OF THE DOUMA

BY AN EYE-WITNESS

St. Petersburg, May 16, 1906.
FREEDOM, liberty, amnesty! Let these be the first words spoken in Russia's first Parliament! The President of the Douma had scarcely reached his chair when Petruskevitch, of ancient liberal tradition, rose and uttered these words. Amid vociferous cheering and wild applause he resumed his seat.

The President had not yet raised his voice, he named the motley assembly till his eye rested on a group of men resplendent in scarlet and gold. "Hurenruts!" shouted some one. "There are men in this room who have no place here," said the President. "They will kindly go." It was a peasant who cried out at this: "The first shot!" The silence that marked the exit of these gentlemen, intruders from the ranks of the passing régime, was broken by the echo of the shoutings of an excited multitude who filled the streets outside. "Amnesty!" "Amnesty!" "Give us back our own!" was heard repeatedly.

An hour earlier, in the Winter Palace, the Czar had delivered his famous "Speech from the Throne"—without reference to freedom, liberty or amnesty. And now the desperation fell like a hammer-stroke upon the expectant human members. That night the cry of "Amnesty!" "Amnesty!" was heard again in the streets of St. Petersburg.

Since early morning the streets of Russia's capital had been agitated with excitement. Flags fluttered from apical windows. Squads of cavalry and regiments of infantry were moving hither and yon—usually in the direction of the Winter Palace, and all streets leading that way were early blocked. Trifles and aides-de-camp galloped through the crowded thoroughfares, officers in their most splendid uniforms filled the hotel lobbies.

The spacious square before the Palace was occupied by marching troops on any occasion since that Sunday fifteen months ago when Father Gapon headed a certain procession of workmen who sought an audience with their "Little Father," and were shot down as if they had been an enemy on a battle plain.

It was not yet two o'clock when the strains of the national anthem were heard in the throne-room, heralding Royalty's approach. The stately procession advanced with measured steps.

The strained hush that fell over the room was marked by no unusual intensity. Twelve hundred eyes turned toward the portal, and neither the dazzling glitter of imperial insignia, nor the splendor of the Royal Standard, caused a quiver of distraction. All awaited the appearance of one: the Czar.

The first view of him spoke only of pathos. Unutterable loneliness was the overpowering impression made by the single figure. Strength, modesty, wisdom, are the prime requisites of his position; yet of these his appearance suggested not one. Three paces into the room his feet strayed out from the line of procession; his head jerked awkwardly; the movement of his body looked like an attempted swagger, but it lacked the

THE DOUMA'S PRACTICAL DEMAND FOR THE ABOLITION OF AUTOCRACY

"The Douma holds it to be its duty to point out that the conditions under which the country exists render really fruitful work for rejuvenating the best powers of the nation impossible. The country has perceived that the worst spot in our national life is the arbitrary power of officials, who separate the Czar from his people, and has declared clearly and unanimously that the renovation of our public life is only possible on the principle of freedom, with the independent participation of the people in legislative power and in the control of legislation through the executive authority."

essential non-balance and became a shuffle. His broad heaved markedly, and his shoulders were squared with an evident effort. There was timidity in his glance, and his step was never sure. Those of us who were in his right, and near enough, saw him fumble for his trousers pocket, as he stood before the prelates of the Church to receive the Holy Blessing. Not without clumsiness he drew out a small handkerchief, blotted, and brushed his eyes. Then for the first time he fairly raised his head to survey the cohorts about him.

Surely the strangest phantasm that ever monarch walked behind, to his left was massed a living demonstration of the impressive brilliance, pomp, and authority of Empire. To his right stood the simplest body of men ever assembled to mould the destiny of a nation. France, in her most radical days, adhered less rigidly to the forms and appearances of democracy.

The ceremonies of the Church lasted a short twenty minutes. Yet such *Te Deums* seemed an agony of protracted suspense; and Royalty suffered. Several times I heard a clucking sound in the throat of the Emperor as he fought hard with his terrible nervousness. Twice more he wiped his eyes. His left hand, which was gloved, was held before him and his fingers twitched incessantly. Of all those in the cortège only the two Emperors gave no sign of strain; their pulse was superb. The Grand Duke, who stood in the ranks next behind throughout the ceremonial, crossed themselves repeatedly, and with extraordinary determination. Their vigorous piety far exceeded that of the gold-mantled ecclesiastics themselves.

When the last chant had been sung, and the best blessing bestowed, the royal suite took their places—the women to the left of the throne, the men close to the representatives of the army. The Czar remained standing in the centre of the room—a lonely and pathetic silhouette against a brilliant background. Again his breast heaved and his shoulders twitched in the final effort he was making for the supreme trial which he now faced. The effort was successful. No further sign of weakness was betrayed during the remainder of the ceremony. From that moment until the end, the Czar looked, acted, and spoke with a certain degree of majesty, even of kingship.

When all were in place and at rest, he started forward. Count Witte, who stood near him, lowering almost all, swayed indifferently backward and forward in the front row of the hurenruts. His shrewd face was touched with a supercilious smile as the Czar walked past him—not more than two yards away.

Five steps brought him to the throne, to which the Emperor ascended lightly and with rare dignity.

With apparent ease Nicholas seated himself upon his throne. Four stools stood at the four corners of the dais. On those to the Emperor's right sat beside the Crown and Orb; on his left, the Sceptre and Seal of State.



Leaving at St. Petersburg the Arc of the Emperor from Peterhof to open the Douma



Troops quartered in the Square before the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg during the ceremonies attending the opening of the Duma. It was here that the massacre of Kishinev, January 22, 1903, took place. The flag flying over the palace is the Imperial Standard indicating the presence of the Emperor, and marks the occasion of his first meeting with his people since his coronation.

An aide advanced and handed him his speech, inscribed upon a single broad sheet. This he received standing. Quietly and firmly he assumed position, the paper held easily with both hands. There was no haste in his actions. He surveyed looked serenely over the throng. The positions of the respective sides were now, of course, reversed. The bureaucracy was to his right, and the Duma to his left. Nearest the throne, to the right, stood the Emperors, Grand Duchesses, and other grandees of the Court. Then followed, in successive groups, their stations indicated by crimson palties, the several classes of the Court: official, military, and naval dignitaries. Next to the ladies, in embellished uniforms of scarlet and gold, were the Senators, Ministers, and Members of the Council of the Empire. Below them were the adjutant ministers, dignitaries from other cities, and the second rank of the Court officials. Next the Emperor's aides-de-camp and personal attendants. Then, the most gorgeous group of all—the army and navy. Stout old generals with twenty and even twenty-five medals bedecking their breasts; broad sashes of scarlet, light blue, and cardinal, some worn over the left shoulder, others over the right—as if the wonderful uniforms of every blaring color known to fabric-makers were not in themselves sufficiently striking. The slightly quieter though magnificent uniforms of the admirals alternated with the army. There were Cossack commanders in Tobolskian dress, of crimson effort, and society hussars with fur-bordered capes and yards of gold and silver cord, draped and tasselled—uniforms as fantastic as they were dazzling. Last of all, in the section furthest from the throne, stood the foreign ambassadors. Not the diplomatic corps—only

men wore short jackets, while the peasants were in their simple peasant dress—long blue coats of coarse material, and boots knee high. One saw no white collars or linen shirts, no brass buttons or soldiers' bangles. A few had pinned on war medals, indicating that they had served their country on the battle-field. But nothing more. The mud and dust of the fields still clung to their boots.

The two sides of the room glared and stared at each other. The Duma evinced a curious interest in the spectacle the bureaucracy presented. The bureaucrats, on the other hand, were much more moved. Some laughed with obvious scorn and derision. Others appeared sad and depressed. Only here and there did one see a face whose seriousness indicated a complete appreciation of the full portent of the scene. It may have been fancy, but to me it seemed that Count Witte alone understood. At all events, he was the only man among all the bureaucrats who, at the close of the ceremony, spoke to any of the members on the Duma side of the room. The open avenue through the room from the door to the throne was like a yawning chasm, across which no word might pass, even of formal courtesy. "To us it is like letting the Revolution into the Palace," said one lady of the Court to me. And so the whole bureaucratic side seemed to view it. No enemy could have viewed another with more open and keener suspicion. The Duma, it must be added, was the better behaved. The members were quiet, dignified, and obviously patient, through what seemed an extravagantly long religious ceremony and a tedious hour of waiting, when probably every man was anxious to take up the first item of business for which the whole country waited—

anarchy. In the first three months of the current year, over seventy thousand men and women were snatched from their homes and either thrown into prison or sent into exile. The release of all of these people, against whom there is no known charge, certainly an evidence, was what the country at large awaited with ill-suppressed eagerness. "The Emperor will grant an amnesty in his speech from the throne," said popular rumor, and it was for this that the Duma listened when the Czar stood before the throne, speech in hand, about to utter the first words. The attitude of an eagle hung on the temper of that address. The quiet that fell over the assembly was the quiet of a mountain midnight. Not a dress rustled, not a foot



St. Petersburg Police holding back the crowds in front of the Tauride Palace, when the Duma convened.

standing room was at a premium. The throne was the only chair in the room, the Emperor the only one permitted even momentary repose. These bureaucratic groups were seditiously parked. The space seemed to have been measured off to the inch, and invitations issued accordingly. On the opposite side of the salon, in lower order, stood the Duma. Contrast of contrasts! No gilt or tinsel here. These were men from the workaday world—the rank and file. The Polish peasants wore their national cloaks of homespun white, traced with homely embroidery in red and black. Some of the professors wore regulation evening clothes, and some of the lawyers appeared in ordinary French coats. The working-

scraped, not a sword clanked, no breath was audible. The eyes of the Emperor returned from their survey and riveted themselves on the paper he held. His lips parted and the first syllable rang clearly to the farthest corners of the room. Not an ear needed to be strained to catch each word:

"The right given me by divine authority to care for the Fatherland has prompted me to call upon representatives elected by the people to aid me in legislative work. . . . It is my ardent desire to see my people happy, and to leave to my son a powerful, prosperous, and civilized country. God shall bless the labor that is before me, in union with the Council of the Empire and the Duma. And let this day signify with it the great event of moral renovation of Russia. Let it be the day of regeneration of its best forces."

"Get devotedly to the work to which I have called you, and justly worthy the trust of the Emperor and the people. (God help me and you.)"

The reading of the whole address occupied exactly four minutes.

Both hands dropped to his sides as the last words were spoken, and he remained where he stood to watch the effect of the speech upon the assembly. The military band in a balcony at the rear struck up the National Anthem. Hundreds of voices from the side of the burghers rose as one with a cheer and a shout of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" The roof was bewildering, "Bravo!" "Bravo!" But the Emperor's ears were not deceived; nor his eyes. The shout in all its mightiness came from one side of the

The spectacle had surely been in entire keeping with the ostentatious traditions of Czarism; but to even the most reactionary bureaucrats it was patent that the "simple peasants" had not been impressed as they had been expected to be. They had enjoyed it, naturally, as they would have enjoyed military spectacle. They had watched it as a passing show, and were quite at a loss for the reason of it, or the connection between it and their business.

Many freely expressed their amazement at the gown of the women. There were weavers among the Duma members who had never before set eyes on such magnificent creatures, and they could not repress their surprise at the décolleté. "Why did the Emperor bring us here?" asked one: "was it to show us his women?"

"I thought the Emperor's house would be full of holy pictures," said another, sorrowfully, in the first blush of disillusionment.

"If the Government tells us ever again that they have no money for reforms, we can tell them where they might get a few coppers," added another, with a significant shake of his peasant head.

The superb ceremony, with all its brilliant pageantry, the most gorgeous spectacle of a traditionally spectacular Court, had completely failed to inspire the confidence of the working-men and peasants in their odious rulers. On the contrary, it inspired amazement, discontent, and distrust.

The Czar, who is probably the greatest living genius for missing



Crowds awaiting the Arrival of the Deputies at the Tauride Palace on the Afternoon of the opening Session

room. The Emperor looked long and earnestly at the Duma—and a voice was raised, not a cheer echoed from that entire side. They were not even swayed by the prolonged cheering of the bureaucrats, generals, old and decrepit, court cavaliers and ministers, yelled themselves into a mild frenzy. The simple, ignorant peasants, of whom it had been said a thousand times that they would "lose their heads the first thing"—these men stood like stone, absolutely impassive. They knew, in the first place, that the "right given me by divine authority, which prompted me to call upon representatives of the people," was merely an aggregation of words. Revolution prompted the Duma—nothing more nor less. "Iprising," and "disturbances" all over the country. And no word of Amnesty! Nothing.

The Emperor slowly descended from the throne, and the royal procession formed for exit. The band played its loudest. The courtiers and bureaucrats kept up their shouts of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" Whatever of spontaneity there may have been in the first outburst was now gone, and the words were pronounced in a unison which became rhythmic. Before the Emperor had even reached the door these shouts had subsided. His own aides-de-camp and the generals maintained the noise. A paid clique could not have been more worked.

At first the Emperor bowed to the Duma. But his bow was chill and formal, his eye cold and severe. To his right he turned with wrath. Generally he recognized a face and smiled, but to the left his expression was stony. The ladies in his train did much better. Several of them quite ignored the glittering array on the right and bowed and smiled most graciously to the Duma members, and with more seeming spontaneity and sincerity.

Following the Imperial cortège the bureaucracy filed out in a brilliant pageant, then, last of all, the Duma.

opportunities, read eloquently his empty and futile speech, and for the first time in his life saw face to face real men—men who were not fawning sycophants, who dared express their sincere feelings, when these were other than admiring or appreciative.

To facilitate the transportation of the Duma members from the Winter Palace to the Tauride Palace, where the sessions were to be held, they were loaded into boats and conveyed most of the way by water. Near the Tauride Palace, overlooking the river, is a fringing prison in which are many political prisoners. As the boats were passing this grim place, banderchiefs began to appear, shouted out between the iron bars, and frantically waved in greeting. Across the water rang the cry of "Amnesty!" Some of the peasants who had stood aside and uninvited through all the Winter Palace function were touched to the quick by the appeals from behind the prison gratings, and many among them wept.

The first sitting was, of necessity, brief. There was an ecclesiastical ceremony, the administration of the oath, and the election of a President. The issue of "Amnesty" was in the air, but the demands of formal procedure would not allow the taking hold of actual business until the President had announced himself at Pskov. Therefore, the question of amnesty was by unofficial but unanimous understanding postponed until the next sitting.

But, short as this session was—it lasted only one hour and twenty minutes—the "first shot" was fired by the Duma when the bureaucratic intruder, were ejected, and the words "freedom, liberty, and amnesty" had been sent ringing through the hall.

So began the Russian Duma. In the midst of a Court supporting the most rigid formalities of mediocrity, was inaugurated the most perfectly democratic congress the world has seen.



THE FAMILY REUNION

A Vacation Fantasia

By

CHARLES A. SELDEN

Pictures by Albert Levering



AS it was the middle of June, John Hopin's vacation plans had reached the period of the sixth reduction. Being a cheerful young man, with a sanguine wife, it was Hopin's custom to begin the first of each year to arrange for the family's summer diversion, and the rough preliminary cast of the programme made in January always included the British Isles, the south of France, with a slice of Germany and a little random cruising in the Mediterranean in the itinerary. It had been this way for ten years now, and the family had not yet been abroad. But John Hopin knew the funnel marks of every transatlantic ship, and the first and second cabin rates of every line. Once a year he told Mrs. Hopin that if he was single he would go overseas or work his passage on a battleship, whereas she always gently reminded him that he had been single twenty-five years before he was married. But she, too, shared the enthusiasm for the trip abroad, and was sure, every January, that it was coming in the following June. She knew, from personal inspection tours in the various piers, all the boats that had playgrounds for the children, for there was a young Hopin, Polly, aged nine, to be considered in the outing plans.

The year that John had the muscular-development fed he picked out a ship with a gymnasium and running-track on the fourteenth deck, and he and Mrs. Hopin spent one whole evening, surrounded by second-hand guide-books and Polly's primary-school geography, studying the plan of that vessel and wondering whether the elevators or the romping-ways would be safer in case of fire. Of course they always visited each new ship when the public was invited to inspect it at the end of the maiden east-bound voyage, and on three occasions the Hopins made tentative selections of the suites (no mere stateroom would do) that they would occupy in the following season.

The first-of-the-year plans were always based on the sum obtained by the simple arithmetical process of multiplying the number of weeks between January and June by the average number of dollars that John expected to earn each week, and subtracting from that product the number of weeks times the minimum sum per week on which Mrs. Hopin figured they might live if they were willing to sacrifice a little for the sake of the educational broadening that a trip abroad would surely give them. This always worked out admirably, and the Hopins went to Europe on paper every year. Once, when they had a balance of twenty-seven dollars in the bank after having all the necessary

Christmas presents, they went so far as to invite a poor but worthy cousin to go abroad with them in the following summer. But in March they had to rescind the invitation because of unforeseen changes in John's business affairs that would keep him very busy. As a rule, however, the first modification of the plans would have to come in February. The calendar did its part with the multiplicity of weeks, but the income multiplier always managed to divide, somehow, from the estimates, and then the Hopins would seriously decide that Americans should see their own country first, anyway, and decide to go to southern California. March had a way of suggesting Washington or Niagara Falls, and when things began to get given in April the delights of a trip up the Hudson appealed to the Hopins very strongly, for they both loved the beautiful in nature, so they told each other every spring, and then one or the other would mention the fact that some eminent foreigner, visiting this country, had said that the Hudson was more beautiful than the Rhine, and that Europe had nothing like the Palisades.

Nothing ever discouraged Mr. or Mrs. John Hopin, not even the recollection of that summer that had caught them with only a few car fares in the family purse. That was the vacation they had spent showing Polly the points of historical interest in New York and letting her sit in Washington's pew in St. Paul's, something that every American child should do, her father said, haughtily, when he got sick to work and a friend asked him if he had been troubled any with seasickness on the way over.

But things weren't so bad in this tenth year of the Hopin household. The January estimate had called for \$670, and the

June fact was \$83 which John had hoarded, plus three dollars and forty-six cents which Mrs. Hopin had saved by cutting the milk down to a pint a day in the desperate struggle of April to save southern California. Besides that, there was almost a dollar in Polly's bank.

No the prospects were so particularly bright, and there was nothing to do but to decide where to go within an eighty-seven-dollar radius. Even that difficulty was removed when Mrs. Hopin received notice of the Jones family reunion and mid-summer week that was to be held up in New Hampshire. Mrs. Hopin was a Jones.

The fare up and back would be only twenty-seven dollars, even if the conductor did collect for the child, which wasn't at all likely. So they bought clothes with the balance to buoy up the reputation that John had with his wife's relatives of having lots of means,



Drawn by Albert Levering

So John took a house on wheels

partly because he worked in New York, and partly because of the enthusiastic letters Mrs. Hopin wrote home from time to time.

So the guide-books and straining folders were put away for another year, and John started in to read the colonial history of the New Hampshire and Vermont boundary dispute as a preliminary in the trip. That was his way. He couldn't take Polly to Coney Island for a ride on the merry-go-round without first sending to the State geologist for a report on the formation of the beaches.

Mrs. Hopin, knowing his weakness, humored him in the boundary dispute for one whole evening, and then declared that they would have to spend the rest of the time, before their departure, in brushing up on the Jones family connections and studying the pictures of aunts, cousins, and remoter relatives, so that they wouldn't make any blunders at the reunion.

"It will be just as easy," she said when he demurred, "as learning the names of all the kings of England and of their wives, which you insisted on our doing two years ago, because you said it would enable us to get so much more enjoyment out of visiting the old English castles."

So John took a lesson in aunts, whose pictures Mrs. Hopin had spread out on the couch.

"There's Aunt Betsey, to begin with," she said. "She's father's oldest brother's second wife. Now don't look bored like that. You got real excited because Hardscrabble was the son of Cousin by his second wife Emma and ascended the throne. Aunt Betsey is dead, but you must pretend not to notice it, for everybody likes her, and she's got a four-poster that will look fine in our guest-room. This is Aunt Maria. She and the next one, Aunt Frances, never married, but both lived at home as long as they could stand being together. Then Aunt Maria went out to Indiana to live with some relatives I don't know. You mustn't say anything to one about the other, because that might break up the reunion. Perhaps Aunt Maria won't come at all. Oh, I forgot! Aunt Betsey, the dearest one, in a close-connection Baptist, Aunt Frances is a Free Baptist, Aunt Maria is a Methodist. And there's Aunt Julia. She lives in Boston, and was a transcendentalist, but in the last letter I got she was an osteopathist. The rest of the family think she is queer. And here is Aunt Mary. She married a doctor, and when he went in a hall after Cousin Nell's baby was born, Nell and her husband got mad with Mary, and that kind of spread all through the family. There's Nell, the third one in the cousin's row, under the aunts, and that's the baby that caused the trouble, in the second cousin row. You must try to remember just those few aunts here. Aunt Mary is an Episcopalian, and is very lovely about it. Now see if you can point them out and tell me something about each one."

All right. Aunt Betsey, who has the right of the line there, got mad when Hardscrabble called Aunt Maria a deaf old osteopathist at Aunt Mary's wedding to father's oldest son.

"Now stop, John, or I won't go on any vacation at all this year. This is the first reunion the Jones family has ever had, and you ought to be nice about it."

"I was only fooling. I remember every word you said, and to-morrow I'll draw a family tree to study on the train. Now, are there any special uncle tips that I ought to have for this outing?"

"Uncle James is a judge or a justice of the peace or something. They all call him Judge, anyway, and you must. He'll probably sit at the head of the table part of the time, and Uncle William the rest of the time, because he has got one of the biggest stores in Worcester. Uncle Joseph is the doctor that married Aunt Mary. That's all I'll try to tell you tonight."

"Do you think we will have a good time?"

"Well, it won't be southern France, but we've got to go."

The next morning John Hopin went to the Astor Library to consult a book on genealogies, hurriedly copied several very neat designs in family trees, caught his wife and daughter at the train, and the vacation journey was begun. It was a successful trip. The conductor did not collect for Polly. The family tree branches were all properly labelled by Mrs. Hopin before the train reached New Haven, and when they arrived at Boston John could say over the whole Jones family, down to second cousins' grandsons, with his eyes shut. Between Boston and the old home town he passed a creditable examination on the family quarrels and denominational leanings, had time for a smoke, and managed to give Polly a little impressive instruction on the boundary dispute, so that she could talk intelligently with Uncle James, the judge.

Aunt Maria did come on from Indiana and the first thing she did after climbing out of the survey was to fall on Aunt Frances's neck and kiss her for two minutes.

John Hopin looked at his notes surreptitiously and then whispered to his wife that she had got things mixed on Maria and Frances, but he was simply told to believe and wait.

Uncle William, of Worcester, remarked to Aunt Betsey that that wouldn't last long, and said something about aunts and dogs before night.

"Yes, I saw the family book, but she favors her mother more," replied Aunt Betsey, who hadn't heard a word, but was thinking of a Jones of the third generation.

There was so much harmony that first day that Hopin felt that he could throw away his memoranda on friction and run loose in one big happy family. At tea-time Uncle William insisted that Uncle James should sit at the head of the table, but the Judge wouldn't hear of any such arrangement, and declared that those who had come from a distance should have the honors. After supper, aunts Maria and Frances sat together on the hair-dress sofa, planning to sleep together again in the old room up attic they used to have when they were girls.

"You can have the outside, Frances," said Maria. And John Hopin nudged his wife, and nobody would have been surprised, after hearing that fragment of sofa dialogue, if Dr. Joseph had spoken good-naturedly to Cousin Nell's child, who had almost reached his teens.

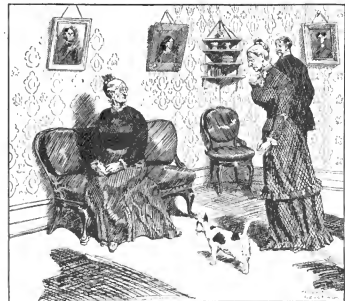
But the accuracy of the data and of the marginal notes that John had on the family-tree sheet began to be corroborated on the second day of his visit.

It was Sunday, and Aunt Mary suggested that the twenty-four hours at the reunion ought to go to church in a body. John Hopin brightened up instinctively, and Mrs. Hopin gave him a meaning look. Four of the sisters were on the alert (Betsey hadn't heard), and Mary, who had the advantage of being first in the field with the suggestion, followed it up by remarking, casually, that she had spoken to one of the ushers at the Episcopal church and asked him to reserve five white pews on the broad side.

"Oh, did you," said, rather than asked, Aunt Frances in a sort of a way she had. "As we were all brought up in the Free Baptist church and went there together every Sabbath until some of us got high-toned and had highfalutin' notions, I think we'd all better go there together, being as this is a reunion."

John took one quick glance at the family tree and shoved it back into his pocket, as something no longer needed for constant reference.

"Nothing can keep me from going to my own church," replied Aunt Mary, rather wily, "and I am sure that the members of the family who have come to the gathering from Boston and Worcester and New York, and enjoy good



Drawn by Mabel Loring

"Music!" cried Aunt Maria. "If you call that Indiana business music, I don't know what music is!"

music would much prefer the Episcopal church. I think we ought to consider those who have come from away first."

"Mum!" sniffed Aunt Maria. "If you call that is-to-be business music, I don't know what music is. We want something we all know, and that's hymns, good old Methodist hymns, and I'd like to know, Mary, if Indiana isn't just as far away as Boston, or Worcester, or New York, and I'm your own sister, too. And as for you, Frances Jones, you know we never went to the Free Baptist when we were growing up till after that row in the Methodist, when Ann G. Brown said some folks could not a great deal more at a donation-party than they ever donated. You know just as well as you're sitting on that sofa that we never went inside the Free Baptist till after that, and you're trying to pull everything, just as you always did. I says to myself it would be so before I left Indiana, but I come on so'n we could be all together once more, and to keep peace in the family."

"And I know just how it would be, Maria Jones, the minute you wrote you were coming," replied sister Frances. "Didn't I say so to you, James?"

But brother James, the brother of the peace, handed down a judicial decree of "Tut, tut!" which noted no temporary stay of proceedings, and Aunt Julia, of Boston, took a turn. Smiling sweetly, and waving her hands in show rhythm at her three sisters, as if giving them some form of occult treatment, she said, just like a teacher in class: "Nater was the last temple. Let Joneses repair to it now for their real reunion. Let us all go bareheaded into the orchard, walk to and fro in the long grass, and take long, deep breaths and rub the dew on our foreheads."

Uncle Joseph tapped his forehead significantly, and Uncle William nodded assent.

John Hopin sketched in a little primate swinging from the Boston branch of the tree, and then whispered to his wife that he had simply got to go out in the yard to cough. She clutched his arm and told him that he had simply got to wait till he reached New York.

Julia's remark was ignored, by her sisters as something that had never been said. It wasn't tangible enough to make any impression on a real old Jones family till.

"I knew it would be so," reiterated Frances.

"Ellen, have you got room for me to sleep at your house to-night?" asked Aunt Maria, addressing a niece. "I shall go home to-morrow. I would go home to-day if it wasn't the Sabbath. Methodists never travel on the Sabbath, no matter what Free Baptists say do."

Then Aunt Maria flounced out of the room and up to the old attic chamber to get her extension bag and reticule, without waiting to hear whether Ellen had accommodations for her.

"What did Maria say?" asked Aunt Betsey, who had been getting more uneasy every minute because she couldn't take part.

"She said," shouted Frances, "that all varieties of Baptists travel on the Sabbath, and that we were brought up in the Methodist church when we were girls."

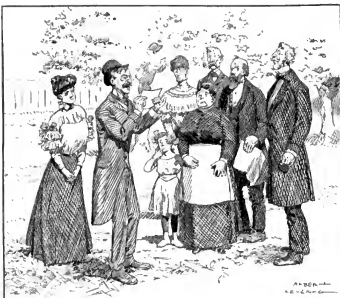
"No such thing," said Betsey, shaking her head negatively to everybody in the room. "We were close-connection Methodists, Frances, till you got mad about the choir and went over to the Free. I don't know of anything about Maria since she went out West. Mary would never have gone over to the Episcopal if her husband hadn't belittled her."

Then Aunt Betsey began to rock and shake her head affirmatively. "You're as unlikely as Mary," shouted Mary.

"What did you say, Mary?" asked sister Betsey, who never would hear answers to her own arguments. And sister Mary gave it up and went off to occupy the five pews on the broad aisle. Sister Maria had already gone through the hall, slamming the front door, and was on her way to the Methodist church. The Free and the close-connection sisters also sent their several ways. And Aunt Julia, with her back hair down and shoes and stockings off, was gliding among the trees.

The Judge allowed that, as there wasn't to be a reunion service, he wouldn't go to church at all, and Uncle William and Uncle Joseph followed his example.

Everybody was reunited the next morning, long enough to have



She met him with the telegram, and he read it before all the over-inspired and inspired Joneses

the local photographer taken a family group, with Frances and Maria standing together in middle, with their arms around each other's waists.

But that was simply because the camera man posed them that way for artistic effect. When the photographer shouted, "Everybody look pleasant," John Hopin laughed so hard that he got caught with his mouth open and spoiled the picture.

"Can't we go home now and have the group sent by mail?" he asked.

"Why, they'll think we're not enjoying the reunion if we go so soon. It'll be lost a week," said Mrs. Hopin.

"Aunt Julia will be full of stone bruises before then. But come on, let's go home and have some fun and a little quiet rest. We've got ten days left, our tickets back, and seven dollars and that family tree. Besides, I've got a great scheme. We'll come home from abroad and have all our friends meet us at the pier."

"How are we going to come home from abroad when we haven't been abroad, John Hopin?"

"That's the scheme. I thought it out on the way up here."

"If we could only get a telegram or something telling us to hurry right back."

"That's easy," replied John, and he slipped away to the next village.

Before he got back a telegram, addressed in him, was received at the Jones household and opened by Mrs. Hopin.

"It reads, 'Come back at once; market is breaking.' Where he came across the lawn she met him with the telegram, and he read it before all the awe-inspired and impressed Joneses. He gave a good stage sigh of relief when Uncle William assured him that there would be a train in an hour which would catch a New York express out of Boston. In the mean time, Mrs. Hopin had packed, and so the New York branch of the family got away ahead of Aunt Maria.

As soon as they got home, John got a friend who knew a man in the Custom House to get a pass for three—John Hopin, wife, and child—to go down the bay in a revenue cutter and board the *Frederic* at Quarantine.

So they went down the bay, and when the great *Frederic* warped into her pier the Hopins were in the crowd of voyagers standing at the rail on the promenade deck, frantically waving their handkerchiefs at delighted friends who were waiting at the pier.

The ship's band was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the Hopins were so thrilled that they felt it was all real, and that the thing they had been longing for for ten years had really happened. And the last minute, before rushing down the gangplank into the arms of their friends, John Hopin shoved what was left of that seven dollars into the hands of a grateful deck steward.

"Why did you do it, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Hopin, after they got home. "It was the last cent we had."

"Well, I know it, but I just had to do it to put the finishing touch on a most delightful illusion. There's only a few days left of my vacation anyway. I'm going to work to-morrow, so I can draw ahead a little on next week's pay."

A TRIP TO ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

By A. HAEBELE

MUCH has been written about the island of Juan Fernández, more than about most islands of equally isolated position and of equal unpopulatedness to ourselves. This is not remarkably, for, notwithstanding its isolated position, the "Island of Robinson Crusoe" has a history so thrilling that one cannot approach that lonely place without a feeling of awe, such as we experience when we lose ourselves in contemplation on some historic battle-field. But the island thrives a weird fascination even on those who are not familiar with its history. The ignorant mariner who sails for the first time in those waters of the Pacific will stand at the low open mouthed, as I have seen him, in presence of such wild romantic scenery, and sailors well acquainted with the physical formation of the island examine with unabated interest the rugged outlines of the volcanic peaks, as they rise, phantasmalike, out of the ocean to a height of 3000 feet. Imagine, then, with what interest a person who knows of what historic events the island has been the seat will step ashore, and imagine the delight with which Monsieur T——, the French artist, who accompanied our expedition, viewed for the first time the island of Juan Fernández.

Notwithstanding the many accounts of Juan Fernández, and the desire of every tourist who happens that way to add his mite, comparatively little is known of the island, for most of the books on this subject are antiquated, and the tourists that pass that way are very few.

Previous to the discovery of Juan Fernández, the Spanish sailors of the sixteenth century encountered great difficulty in navigating along the western coast of South America, because of the strong currents and contrary winds. In 1547, Admiral Pastene, a Genoese, sailing from Callao to Valparaiso for the purpose of informing Pedro Valdivia of the rebellion of Gonzalo Pizarro, was delayed eight months. No annoying, indeed, were winds and currents that the treachery of the journey from the Peruvian to the Chilean ports is frequently mentioned by many of the historians of that time, and spoken of at length by Don Alonso de Ercilla, author of the famous epic "La Amaranca." As a natural result of circumstances, the Chilean ports were seldom visited by ships from the north. The colonists of Chile were forsaken and became discontented, so that on several occasions they resolved to abandon their colonial settlements and return all possessions to the aborigines.

In 1563, however, an event occurred which greatly facilitated navigation between the north and south and wrought a change in the development of the history of Chile. It was in this year that Juan Fernández, a trenchant but bold and excellent seaman, accomplished everything by sailing from Peru to Chile in thirty days, the same trip which until then had required eight months and more. It was a feat, but incredible, and the miracle could be explained only as having been performed by the aid of some supernatural power. Accordingly, Juan Fernández was accused of being in compact with the Evil One, and carried before the Inquisition, at Lima. But the sailor easily explained the supposed witchcraft away by replying that he would cause all sailors, even the saints, to become sorcerers, such as he was, if they would but follow his ship. His vessel was, therefore, accompanied by others, and Juan Fernández showed that the only mystery consisted in striking out into the ocean, where one was free from the disturbing winds and currents, thus making a longer journey in less time. He showed his followers, however, not only a new route, but also the newly discovered island which he had taken possession of in the name of his country, Spain. The island was named after its discoverer, Juan Fernández, but the discoverer himself, because of this astonishing exploit, retained the name of *el brujia* (the sorcerer). During the latter part of the sixteenth century the island

was seldom visited, but during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was frequented by English, French, and Spanish ships. Juan Fernández proved a great convenience to the buccanniers of that time. Carrying on their destructive work along the coast, they would escape with their booty to Juan Fernández, then known as a rendezvous of pirates. Among the famous buccanniers of that time was Bartholomew Sharp, who sacked the Chilean town Serena, burned all its churches, because the inhabitants failed to satisfy his greed, and then escaped with impunity to Juan Fernández.

About this time an event occurred which, unimportant in itself, is the cause of the popularity of Juan Fernández—the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, narrated by De Foe, and known as the story of *Robinson Crusoe*. The original title of *Robinson Crusoe* and certain parts of the novel are misleading as to the exact location of the island, inasmuch as both refer to an island near the mouth of the Orinoco; but this seems to have been done for novelesque purposes only, and all investigations have only confirmed the general belief that Selkirk is the real hero of the novel, and Juan Fernández, therefore, the "Island of Robinson Crusoe."

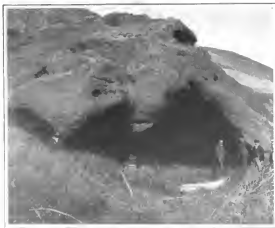
Alexander Selkirk, or Alexander Selkirk, the youngest of seven brothers, was born in 1676, at Largo, Fife County, Scotland. Being of a restless disposition, he left home at an early age and went to sea. He was a skillful mariner, and at the age of twenty-eight was employed on the *Cisgoe Porter* as third officer. The vessel landed at Juan Fernández in 1709, where she engaged in a naval combat with a hostile vessel. As a result of her hasty departure, one of her men remained behind. The next year the *Cisgoe Porter* returned to the island in search of the man that had been left there.

It was on this occasion that Alexander Selkirk was put off, for having heeded a mutiny against the captain. According to other accounts, Selkirk was alarmed by a dream of shipwreck, and considering this a providential warning, asked to be landed on the island. But it is well known that mutiny existed against the cruel captain Stradling, and that Selkirk played an active part as a mutineer. It seems more likely, therefore, that if Selkirk had any choice in the matter, it was limited to the alternative of death or banishment.

In 1709 Woods Rogers sailed from Bristol in the *Dague* and landed at Juan Fernández. During the night a fire on shore attracted attention, and on the following day Selkirk was taken on board and once more brought into contact with human beings, after having lived in complete solitude for four years and four months.

When Selkirk reached England, he visited his native place, where he arrived on Sunday morning, while his mother was at church. He entered the village church, and the long-lost son was at once recognized by his mother. He died at the age of forty-seven, a lieutenant on board the *Weymouth*.

For some time it had been the desire of my coworker, Professor G. T. Hastings, from Cornell, and myself, to visit Juan Fernández for the purpose of studying the interesting flora of the island and extending our South American travels, and when the opportunity presented itself to accompany a government expedition on the Chilean coast, we promptly took advantage of it. In the afternoon of the third day of our voyage we began looking for the mountainous island, which may be seen at a great distance, but when we failed to sight on account of a heavy bank of clouds along the western horizon. During the night we arrived at Cumberland Bay, the only good anchorage on the island. We regretted that we did not approach the island at daylight, for undoubtedly some magnificent scenic effects were lost to us in consequence



The Case of Robinson Crusoe, as it holds to day



The Old Spanish Fort on the island of Santa Clara, one of the Juan Fernandez group

of darkness. But in the early morning light we saw unfolded before us a panorama unequalled by anything I have ever seen, not only because of surpassing beauty, but also because of the unique effect produced by looking from a bay of bluest waters at rocky cliffs, both right and left, and at a few rudely constructed huts, that stood, still sleeping, and yet as the only indication of life, in a narrow valley enclosed on both sides by rugged hills, and in the rear by higher, verdant hills, that are overshadowed by still higher ones and cloud-capped mountains.

The archipelago of Juan Fernandez consists of three islands, Mas a Tierra, Mas a Fuera, and Santa Clara. Mas a Fuera has always been a comparatively unimportant place, while Mas a Tierra is the one referred to when one speaks of Juan Fernandez. It is 301 miles from the shore, 124 miles long, and 5½ miles wide. Santa Clara, one mile southwest of Juan Fernandez, is the smallest of the three. A very swift current separates the two, which has always prevented Santa Clara from being settled by people from Juan Fernandez proper.

The rocky precipitous coast of Juan Fernandez is indented by numerous bays, of which Cumberland, English, and French bays are well known. But the last two can scarcely be termed bays, and are never used as places of anchorage. Cumberland Bay is well sheltered and of great depth, from 50 to 60 fathoms, so that one can anchor closer to shore than is usually possible. The few houses of the inhabitants are all found in the valley at Cumberland Bay. Most of these are scarcely better than shanties, with the exception of the governor's house, which has a fairly respectable appearance. But even here the chief distinguishing feature is the large Chilean flag that floats from a tall flag-pole.

We followed a narrow path that took us past the ruins of the old Spanish fort to several large caves, dug into the side of the first hill. These had attracted our attention from the ship, and we were anxious to examine them, because for three years (1814-1817) many prominent Chilean exiles during the war of independence were imprisoned there. There are three principal caves, each about 30 feet long, 15 feet high, and 12 feet wide. The opening of one has been almost entirely covered by sliding earth, so that the interior is very dark.

Having reached the farther end of this cave, we noticed a nicely arched opening, through which we passed into a larger and well-lighted cave.

Mosses and liverworts cover the ground, while along the top and roughly hewn walls grow varieties of ferns, some of which are of the most delicate kind that can be found, while others are more than four feet long. All of the caves are very damp, and certainly disagreeable places of confinement. The physical suffering of the Chilean exiles was largely due to infirmities contracted as a result of living in these humid prison-vaults.

After examining the pits and caves we descended into the valley. The blue smoke from

a dilapidated chimney seemed to invite us to the *placentero* that we had ordered in one of the houses before starting up the hill, and for which we were now ready. I wondered if we would have anything besides lobsters, for although the fire-roaster that scratched disrespectfully among the rocks of the old Spanish fort was in excellent condition, and although the cow was well fed that had manifested her interest in our arrival by saluting us with nods and shakes of the head at greater proximity than necessary, the general impression around the house was that of poverty. We sat down to a small table in a small room that in its appearance was like and yet unlike the ordinary Chilean house of the lower class. The unadorned brass hands shook menacingly as we stepped upon them, and the chairs shook recklessly as we sat upon them. On an old bedstead lay a dirty but happy baby, while several little boys with large black eyes peeped in at the intruders through the half-open door. The brown adobe walls were entirely void of ornament, excepting an old clock and calendar. If clocks and calendars convey to men the lesson that "time is fleeting," that clock and that calendar were valuable in carrying out their mission, for more than eight years have elapsed since the printing of the calendar, and perhaps as many years since the rusty hands of the clock began to tire of their hourly and daily revolutions.

A very old and a very young couple occupied the same shanty. The dark face of the old woman was almost as wrinkled and rugged as the surface of the island, and alternately visible, or obscured by the

smoke that she blew from her mouth, not unlike the mountain-tops, which are visible only at times, before they are again overshadowed by clouds that are chased over the valleys by the many squalls that sweep the island. The young woman was handsome, her heavy black hair and dark eyes would attract so little attention in a country where the blond type prevails. But our observations were suddenly brought to an end by a large bowl of *cazuela*. *Cazuela* is the name applied to a kind of vegetable and meat soup. Every Chilean is fond of *cazuela*, and every one who prepares it knows how to prepare it well. It was no longer a question whether we would have anything but lobsters; it was a question whether or not we would have anything but *cazuela*. But lobsters did follow as the second and last course.

After breakfast we climbed up to the well-known "Selkirk's Look-out," so called because Alexander Selkirk used to scan the ocean from that point in search of some ship that might come to his rescue. A more beautiful walk than the one to the Look-out can scarcely be imagined. The use of frequent superlatives found in the descriptions of Juan Fernandez by tourists to that island are certainly not considered exaggerations after one has seen the place. The path for some distance is broad and paved with rocks, the work of convicts, dating from the time of the penal settlement.



Entrance to one of the Caves where Chilean Exiles were Imprisoned during the War for Independence, 1814-1817



THE CZAR OPENING THE DOUMA A

This remarkable photograph depicts the impressive scene in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg on the afternoon of May 10, when Duma, and to read to it his eagerly awaited "Speech from the Throne." On the right are grouped the members of the bureau Duma. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies at the Winter Palace, the delegates were conveyed up the river to the Tauride



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

On the left, the Dowager Empress, who walks at his right, and the Dowager Empress, at his left, entered St. George's Hall to convene the members of the army, the navy, and the Diplomatic Corps. On the left may be seen the members of the courtiers, and representatives of the army, the navy, and the Diplomatic Corps. where the inaugural assembly of Russia's first Parliament was held, and where the stirring response to the Czar's speech was delivered.

It becomes narrower as it leads through a beautiful grove of trees, most of which can be found in any other part of the world. It crosses a brook that sparkles down the valley between mossy banks and high walls overgrown with ferns. It leads up the hill, following a ridge four feet wide between ravines hundreds of feet deep. Lined by a large variety of plants indigenous to the island, it becomes more tropical, until it is hidden by a luxuriant growth of ferns, six to ten feet high. It winds as a series of steps among high rock walls among gnarled and twisted branches adorned with hanging mosses. It turns along the side of the mountain on whose crest the Lookout is situated, and turning and winding, it presents delightful shifts of scenery, each succeeding one more enchanting than the former, but reserving for a final surprise that singular panoramic view of confused mountain masses, rising from an immeasurable expanse of rippling green and blue, that one looks down upon from a height of 1800 feet.

Near the Lookout an iron tablet has been erected in memory of Selkirk.

The Lookout, or *Portezuelo*, is a notch of about a hundred feet in a ridge running nearly north and south and terminating with the Yunque, the highest peak on the island. The island at the place is somewhat over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and runs off to the south in a long narrow point, at the extremity of which is situated Santa Clara, which can be plainly seen from the *Portezuelo*. This ridge is precipitous, and so narrow that at many places it is not more than three feet in width, a peculiarity of the mountains of Juan Fernández.

A place of geological interest is the precipice, about 1800 feet high between Cumberland and English bays. There is interesting sculpture work along this wall, and dikes of different colors run perpendicularly and diagonally up and down. These dikes were formed at a remote period by molten matter forced up into fissures where the rocks had been rent asunder by violent earthquakes. The island is of volcanic formation, and seems to have a subterranean connection with the continent. The earthquakes of 1751 and 1835, that destroyed Concepcion and other cities along the coast, violently disturbed Juan Fernández. The one of 1751 occurred fourteen months after the first attempt to colonize the island. The fortifications of Santa Barbara and the church of San Antonio, that had been erected with much labor, were completely destroyed by a tidal wave, and 28 persons except into the sea. During the earthquakes of 1835, as Darwin writes, "the trees bent against each other, and a volcano burst forth under water close to the shore."

The feature of most general interest is the "Cave of Robinson Crusoe," which we visited the following day. Burdened with cameras and collecting gear, we found it hard work to climb and descend those steep, rugged hills, where a misstep would always prove dangerous and oftentimes fatal.



Iron Tablet erected to the Memory of Alexander Selkirk

When we reached the highest point in our trip to the cave, we looked down upon Cumberland Bay, where the *Castro* lay, a miniature boat, and where the water showed peculiar shades of purple and indigo, that changed into a dark green along the irregular coast. It almost seemed to be the reflection of the fine coloring along the hills: dark green where they were wooded, of lighter hue where they were covered with grass, and here and there variegated with specks of red volcanic earth. Then we passed into a valley where we had an excellent opportunity to study increasing trees and flowers. The flora of Juan Fernández is most remarkable, because of the great rainfall; the vegetation is far more tropical than in the same latitude on the continent. It has scarcely any resemblance to the flora of South America, but it is more like that of New Zealand. This has led to the theory advanced by some that the island is part of a snaker continent in the Pacific. Of the less than 150 indigenous species of flowering plants, nearly 60 per cent are not found in any other part of the world. The trees are all peculiar to the island. Several are of good size, and used for building and cabinet work. The "Zanthoxylum Maya," or laurel, is frequently over three feet in diameter. The most popular tree of the island is the chincha, a graceful palm, with long pinnate leaves, and a trunk 8 to 10 inches in diameter. The inner part of the trunk is soft, and eaten with great relish by the natives. It has a taste very much like the turnip. But the tree that has been of most interest is the sandal-wood tree. When the island was first visited, pieces of this fragrant wood were found on the ground, and were supposed to have drifted there from the East Indies. Later, pieces were found far from shore, and even on the hills, which led to the conclusion that the tree once grew there, and had become extinct. Within thirty years only one single thriving tree has been found. This tree was discovered not by a botanist, but by an ordinary laboring man who had been sent to gather wood in the forest. His attention was attracted by a fragrant odor, which he located as coming from a sandal-wood tree near by. The leaf of the "Quinora" is also very interesting and frequently spoken of by tourists to the island, on account of its umbrella shape and great size. These leaves hold water for a long time, and afford excellent protection against sun and rain.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at English Bay, where the cave is situated, about 250 feet from shore. It is a wave-formed cave about twelve feet long. It is well rounded above, with a downward slope towards the back, where it is very low, while at the entrance it is fully fifteen feet high, and about fourteen feet wide. There are several nicely rounded noches along the sides. The walls are covered with dates and initials, many of them by English and American mariners. Beside the main entrance is a smaller one, surrounded by a wall built of rocks, that were gathered from the sea-shore. The cave faces the water, and is the terminating point of a high ridge that slopes down to the ocean. Although it is not a historic fact, but only a general belief, that "Robinson Crusoe" lived in that place, it seems more than probable to any one who has visited the island. Situated near the shore, on a level tract of land, with an abundance of fresh water near by, it is a place that one would naturally select for an abode.

It was too late for us to return the same day, and as we had been generously supplied with food and shelter (dried meat), we decided to follow Selkirk's example that night. There was sufficient drift wood for a fire, and we slept well upon some dry grass that we found scattered along the ground near the house.

On the fifth day of our visit the captain told us to be at the landing at six o'clock in the evening, as we were to leave the island at night. Just before dark we steamed out of the harbor, sorry to leave the beautiful island so soon.



Selkirk's Lookout, from which Alexander Selkirk (the servant of "Robinson Crusoe") used to view the sea in search of a ship

THE O-K-A-P-I

By BURGESS JOHNSON



London, May 20.—
Captain Gosling, of the
Alexander-Gosling ex-
pedition in Africa,
writes that Captain
Alexander has secured
a living specimen of
the okapi.

This is the first time
a white man has ever
seen a living okapi.
The first skin of that
animal ever seen in Eu-
rope was sent to the
British Museum by Sir
Harry Johnston in 1901.
—Daily Newspaper.

THROUGH Africa's hidden heart I roam,
In regions seldom trod by man,
My rainbow hues light up the gloam
As far as mortal eyes might scan.
What wonder science sighed to see
A living, breathing Okapi!

My face is yellow-white, my pate
Is chestnut, while my sides and feet
Are mottled; and I beg to state
I am not good for men to eat.
O'er swamp and desert, dry or sloppy,
Unhindered roves the rare Okapi.

The puny horse must feel forlorn,—
The proud giraffe, oh, where is he?
Pooh! pooh! thou fabled unicorn,—
My neck is thick, my horns are three.
E'en man seems humbled, since his eye
Has viewed the glorious Okapi.

'Tis but a subtle mark of fame,
And tribute to exclusive ways,
That poets can't pronounce my name
When sounding panoply in my praise.
Yet, none the less, it makes 'em happy
To sing the newly gained Okapi.

THE HEART OF LOUIS XIV

By MARTIN ILSÉN

A SOMEWHAT strange story came to light recently through the finding of some documents by a contributor to the *Paris Frigate*. The *Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux* had started the question whether the shrine in the grave church of St. Denis, in which the hearts of several kings of France have found a resting place, contained the heart of Louis XIV. also. There is in this shrine a velvet cushion in which, according to a very pretty inscription, the king's heart is deposited. But Aldé Duperron, who opened the cushion, found in it nothing but some remains of body matter. Now some people remembered an old legend telling of an English physician named Bukband who was said to have eaten the heart.

Essentially as this version may seem, true it is not. The truth seems rather to be contained in the following story, though it sounds even more incredible. It is confirmed by papers originating from the house minister of Louis XVIII, which at present are being kept in the French National Record Office in Paris. It was here that the contributor to the *Frigate* found them.

From these documents the following facts become evident. In February, 1819, Philippe Henri Schunck, an unscrupulous, honest citizen, learned of the intention to sell by public auction the furniture and some of the collections of Petit-Badel, an architect

who had died a short time before. Schunck, who used to collect "kibbels," of every description, attended the sale and witnessed thirteen copper plates being sold which, according to their inscriptions, had been fastened to urns once containing the hearts of some princes and princesses of the royal family. An "amateur" bought twelve of these inscriptions for the Duke of Orleans. Schunck acquired the thirteenth at nine francs; it was that mentioning the outbuilding of Louis XIV's heart. As he was anxious to learn something about the history of this inscription, Schunck procured an introduction to St. Martin, a painter and intimate friend of the late Petit-Badel, the architect, pretending that he intended to buy a painting. At first St. Martin was not willing to disclose anything, but finally told that at the time of the Revolution Petit-Badel was intrusted with removing and destroying the royal coffins which were being kept in the vaults of St. Denis and Val de Grace. The same "operation" he had to perform in the Jesuits' church, in Rue St. Antoine, where the heart of Louis XIII, and that of Louis XIV, rested, and Petit-Badel did it in the presence of his friend St. Martin and of another painter named Martin Drolling.

The two artists had come in order to obtain by this opportunity
(Continued on page 835.)

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

CHAPTER III

WITHOUT any doubt, Marie's self-consciousness, which was at its height at this time, helped her to endure the loss of her mother and all the attendant sorrows of mourning. She had a covert pleasure at the sight of her fair little lace in her black hat above her black frock. She realized a certain importance because of her grief.

However, there were times when the grief itself came uppermost; there were nights when she lay awake crying for her mother, when she was nothing but a heart child in a vassal of love. Her father's tenderness could not make up to her for the loss of her mother's. Very soon after her mother's death his meteoric temperance jarred upon her. She could not understand how he could laugh and talk as if nothing had happened. She herself was more like her mother in temperament—like the New-Englanders who go through life with the grief of a loss grown to his heart. Nothing could exceed Harry Edgman's tenderness to his motherless little girl. He was always contriving something for her pleasure and comfort, but Maria, when her father laughed, regarded him with covert wonder and reproach. Her aunt Maria continued to live with them, and kept the house. Aunt Maria was very capable. It is doubtful if there are many people on earth who are not created, either in their own consciousness or to that of others, with at least some small semblance of glories. Aunt Maria was crowned. It was a humble crown, perhaps, but none the less proudly worn. Aunt Maria had the notable distinction of living on one hundred dollars a year. She had her rent free, but again that she did not enlarge. Her married brother owned a small home, of the story-and-a-half type prevalent in New England villages, and Maria had the north side. She lived aside from that, upon one hundred dollars a year. She was openly proud of it. Her poverty became, in a sense, her riches.

"Well, all I have is just one hundred a year," she was fond of saying, "and I don't complain. I have all I want."

Her little plans for thrift were fairly Machiavellian. They showed subtly. She told everybody what she had for her meals. She boasted that she lived better than her brother, who was earning good wages in a shoe-factory. Her brother paid for all the taxes and repairs on the dwelling, but to that Aunt Maria did not allude, and her brother, who had breadth of character and a sense of humor, as well as genuine affection for those of his own blood, never mentioned it. Every self-righteous person becomes in the end innocently self-destructive. Maria possibly included the taxes and the new shingles in her hundred-dollar annual outlay. She dressed very well, really much better than her sister-in-law.

"Poor Eunice never had much management," Maria was wont to say, smoothing down, as she spoke, the folds of her own gown.

Maria was obedient, under silent protest, to her aunt. Often after she had been bidden to perform some household task, and obeyed, she had gone to her own room and wept and told herself that her mother would never have put such things on her. She was not a girl to have unlimited intimacies among other girls at school. She was too self-contained and, if the truth were told, too exclusive. The other little girls were acute enough, many of them, to realize her mental attitude toward herself, and they resented it. "Maria Edgman thinks she's awful smart and handsome," one girl would say to another. She was in the high school, even at her age, and she knew it. "But," she thinks she's awful smart." They would not even acknowledge the smartness, not even Wollaston Lee, for whom Maria entertained a rudimentary affection. He was even rude to her. "Maria Edgman's awful smart," he told his mother.

The Lees were in the supper-table when Wollaston made his deprecatory remark concerning Maria, and he had been led to do so by the law of sequence. Mrs. Lee had made a remark about Aunt Maria to her husband. "I believe she thinks Harry Edgman will marry her," she said.

"That's just like women, always trumping up something of that kind," replied her husband. His words were rather brusque, but while speaking there he regarded his wife with

adoration. She was a very pretty woman, and looked much younger than her age.

"You needn't tell me," said Mrs. Lee; "she's just left off bonnets and got a new hat trimmed with black daisies—rather light mourning. I call it, when her sister has not been dead a year."

"You spiteful little thing," said her husband, still with his adoring eyes on his wife.

"Well, it's so, anyway." "Harry a good wife, I guess," said her husband, easily; "and she would think more of the girl."

It was then that Wollaston got in his remark about poor Maria, who had herself noticed with wonder that her aunt had bought a new hat that spring instead of a bonnet.

"Why, Aunt Maria, I thought you always wore a bonnet!" said she, innocently, when the hat came home from the milliner's.

"Nobody except old women are wearing bonnets now," replied her aunt, shortly. "I saw Mrs. Rufus Jones, who is a good deal older than I, at church, Sunday, with a hat trimmed with roses. The milliner told me nobody of my age wore a bonnet."

"Did she know how old you really are, Aunt Maria?" inquired Maria, with the utmost innocence.

Harry Edgman gave a little chuckle, then came to his sister-in-law's rescue. While he did not like her, he was really grateful to her. He had a thankful heart for even small benefits, and Aunt Maria had done a good deal for him and his, and it had never occurred to him that the doing might not be entirely disinterested.

While Maria could scarcely be said to have an intimate friend at heart, a little girl in a monastery who has neither a friend nor a disciple, Maria had her disciple, whose name was Gladys Mann. Gladys was herself a little outside the pale. Her father was only a seaman, and not even a master seaman at that, and money did not rank very high in Edgman society. A little girl whose father was not a clanking heavy with a seaman's load, and who went about in the white garb of his calling, could not reasonably expect to be very highly rated. Moreover, most of her father's earnings went for drink, and Gladys's mother was openly known to take in washing. Moreover, she herself came of one of the poor white families which flourish in New Jersey as well as at the South, although in less number. Gladys's mother was rather a marvel, inasmuch as she was willing to take in washing, and do it well, too, but Gladys had no higher rank for that. She was herself rather a pathetic little soul, dignity apart, using the patois of her kind, and always at the far end of her classes.

Maria half despised Gladys, and yet she had a sort of protective affection for her, as one might have for a little clinging animal, and she confided more in her than in any one else, save, at least, in an outburst of sympathy. Maria had never forgotten how Gladys had cried the first morning she went to school after her mother died.

Gladys had a sort of innocent and ignorant impertinence. She asked anything which occurred to her, with no reflection as to its effect upon the other party. "Say, is it true?" she asked one day.

"Is what true?" "Is your father going to marry her?"

"Marry who?" Maria turned quite pale, and forgot her own grammar.

"Why, your aunt Maria!"

"My aunt Maria? I guess he hasn't." Maria left Gladys with an offended start. However, she reflected on the fact that Aunt Maria had purchased a new black silk dress, and also on the fact that she herself had noticed that her manner toward her father had entirely changed. Maria treated her brother-in-law with a sort of sniping deference. She made youthful gambols, as it were, in her conversation. Her niece had often regarded her with wonder. She now began to consider whether this change in Aunt Maria's manner meant what she had heard of—"eating one's own." A great indignation seized her. After this she treated Aunt Maria stiffly, and she watched both her and her father.

It had never occurred to Harry Edgman to marry Aunt Maria. He had never occurred to him that she might think of the possibility of such a thing. It was now nearly a year since his wife's death. He himself began to take more pains with his attire. Maria noticed it. She saw her father go out one evening clad in a new light gray suit which he had never worn before. She looked on with wonderingly when he kissed her goodnight. Harry never left home without kissing his little daughter.

"Why, you've got a new suit, father!" she said.

Harry blushed. Maria's keen eyes were upon him. She immediately thought that he had got this new suit, in which he looked so well, on account of Aunt Maria.

"Is you like it, dear?" he asked.

"No, father, I don't like it half as well as a dark one," replied Maria, in a sweet, curt little voice.

Her father colored still more and laughed; then he went away.

Aunt Maria, to Maria's mind, was very much dressed up that evening. She had on a muslin dress, with sprigs of purple running through it, and a purple ribbon around her waist. Maria made up her mind that she would stay up until her father came home in that new gray suit, no matter what Aunt Maria should say.

However, contrary to her usual custom, Aunt Maria did not mention, at half past eight, that it was time for her to go to bed. It was half past nine, and her father had not come home, and Aunt Maria had said nothing about it. She appeared to be working very interestingly on a sofa cushion which she was embroidering, but her face looked to Maria's mind rather woe-begone, although there was a shade of wrath in the woe. When the little clock on the sitting-room shelf struck one stroke for half past nine, Maria looked at her aunt wonderingly.

"Why, I wonder where father has gone so late!" she said. Aunt Maria turned, and her voice, in reply, was both pained and pitiless. "Well, you may as well know first as last," said she, "and you'd better hear it from me than outside. Your father has gone courting."

Maria looked at her aunt with an expression of almost idleness. For the minute, the term Aunt Maria used, especially as applied to her father, had no more meaning for her than a term in a foreign tongue. She was very pale. "Courting," she stammered out, vaguely, imitating her aunt exactly, even to the dropping of the final "g."

Aunt Maria was for the moment too occupied with her own personal grievances and disappointments to pay much attention to her little niece. "Yes, courting," she said, harshly. "Your father's thinking of getting married again, and you may as well make up your mind to it, poor child." The words were flying, the tone was.

"What?" gasped Maria.

"I don't know any more than you do," replied Aunt Maria. "But I know it's some-body." Suddenly Aunt Maria arose. It seemed to her that she was about to do something vindictive. Here she had to return to her solitary life in her New England village, and her hundred dollars a year, which somehow did not seem as great a glory to her as it had formerly done. She went to the parlor windows and closed them with jerks. "I can't," said she, "it's time to go to bed. I'm tired, for my part."

Maria crept miserably—she was still in a sort of daze—up stairs after Aunt Maria. A bright light shone through the upper-hall window from the street lamp.

"Be careful about your matches," said Aunt Maria, as Maria entered her room.

"Yes'm," said Maria. "Well, good night. You might as well make up your mind to it. I suppose it had to come, and maybe it's all for the best."

Aunt Maria's voice sounded as if she were trying to reconcile the love of trial with the existence of hell and eternal torment. She closed her own door with a slam.

Maria, when she was in her room, had never felt so lonely in her life. A kind of rage of loneliness possessed her. She heard her father,

when he returned, letting himself in with his latchkey and fumbling his way into the dining-room for a drink of water. The clock on a church which was near by struck twelve soon after he entered. Maria thought that what Aunt Maria had said must be true. Men never stayed out so late except for such a reason. She tried to imagine another woman in the house in her mother's place. She thought of every eligible woman in Edgemoor whom her father might select to fill that place, but her little-girl ideas of eligibility were at fault. She thought only of women of her mother's age and staidness who were bonnets. She could think of only two, one a widow and one a spinster. She shuddered at the idea of either. She felt that she would much rather have had her father marry Aunt Maria than either of those women. She did not altogether love Aunt Maria, but at least she was used to her. Suddenly it occurred to her that Aunt Maria was disappointed, that she felt badly. The absurdity of it struck her strongly, but she felt a pity for her. She felt a common cause with her.

Very soon Aunt Maria and Maria went to bed every night before Harry came home, and Miss Ida Stone grew demonstrative toward Maria. Wollaston Lee, boy as he was, child as he was, really suffered. He lost sleep, and his mother told Aunt Maria that she was real worried about him. "He doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive," said she. It never entered into her heart to imagine that Wollaston was in love with the teacher, a woman almost, if not quite, old enough to be his mother, and was suffering because she loved Harry Edgemoor.

One afternoon, when Harry's courtship of Ida Stone had been going on for about six weeks, and all Edgemoor was well informed concerning it, Maria, instead of going straight home from school, took a cross-road through some woods. She dreaded to reach home that night. It was Wednesday, and her father would be sure to go to see Miss Stone. Maria had begun to wonder if she ought not to be glad, if he were happy, and if she ought not to try to love Miss Stone, but this afternoon depression overcame her. She walked slowly between the fields, which were white and gold with

queens-lace and golden-rod. Her slender shoulders were bent a little. She walked almost like an old woman. She heard a quick step behind her, and Wollaston Lee came up beside her. She looked at him with some sentiment even in the midst of her depression. The thought flashed across her mind, what if she should marry Wollaston at the same time her father married Miss Stone? That would be a happy and romantic solution of the affair. She colored secretly and smiled, but the boy scowled at her.

"Nay," he said. Maria trembled a little. She was surprised. "What?" she asked.

"Your father is the meanest man in this town, he is the meanest in New Jersey, he is the meanest man in the whole United States, he is the meanest man in the whole world." Again the boy scowled at Maria, who did not understand, but she would not have her father rebuked.

"He isn't, so there!" she said.

"Yes, he is, too." "I don't see why." "He's going to marry teacher."

"I don't see as he is mean if he is," said Maria, forced into justice by injustice.

"I was going to marry her myself, if she'd only waited and he hadn't buttered in," said Wollaston. The boy gave one last look at the little girl, and it was as if he scowled at all womanhood in her. Then he gave a fling away, and ran like a wild thing across the field of goldenrod and queen's-lace. Maria,



Drawn by Harold Smith, at Detroit

"Did she know how old you really are, Aunt Maria?"

watching, saw him throw himself down prone in the midst of the wild flowers, and she understood that he was crying because the teacher was going to marry her father. She went on walking like a little old woman, and she had a feeling as if she had found a road in the world that led outside all love.

CHAPTER IV

It was that very night, after Harry Edgheim had returned from his call upon the little girl, that he told Maria, Maria, as usual, had gone to bed, but she was not asleep. She was waiting and she should hear her father enter. He returned rather earlier than usual, and came directly up-stairs. After a moment's hesitation, Maria heard his hand on her door-knob and his voice calling out, softly, "Are you awake, dear?"

"No," responded Maria. Then her father entered and approached the child staring at him from her white nest. The room was full of moonlight, and Maria's face looked like a nucleus of innocence upon which it centered.

Harry leaned over his little daughter and kissed her. "Father has got something to tell you, precious," he said.

Maria hitched away a little from him and made no reply. "Eda—Miss Stone tells me that she thinks you know, and so I made up my mind I had better tell you, and not wait any longer, although I shall not take any decisive step before—before November. What would you say if father should bring home a new mother for his little girl, dear?"

"I should say I would rather have Aunt Maria," replied Maria. Harry hesitated. The child's voice sounded as if like her dead mother's that he felt a sudden quiver and almost terror.

"But if father were to bring you a new father to be happy, don't you, dear?" he asked, after a little.

Then Maria began to sob in great earnest. She threw her arms around her father's neck. "Yes, father, I do want you to be happy," she whispered, brokenly.

"If father's little girl were large enough to keep his home for him, and were through school, father would never think of taking such a step," said Harry Edgheim, and he honestly believed what he said.

For the moment his old loves of life seemed to clutch him fast and Eda Stone's radiant visage seemed to glare.

"Oh, father," glided Maria, "Aunt Maria would marry you, and I would n't regret that rather have her."

"Now—now!" said Harry Edgheim, laughing, with a glance toward the door. Then he kissed Maria in a final wet of way. "It will be all for the best," he said, "and we shall all be happier. Father doesn't think any the less of you, and he will, and he is never going to forget your own dear mother; but it is all for the best the way he has decided. Now good night, darling, and try to go to sleep and don't worry about anything."

It was not long before Maria did fall asleep; her thoughts were in such a whirl that it was almost like intoxication. She felt as if she were being spun in a kaleidoscope, shaken by fate into endless changes. The changes seemed fairly to fire her eyes into sleep.

The very next afternoon Aunt Maria went home, Harry announced his matrimonial intentions to her before he went to New York, and she said immediately that she would take the afternoon train.

"But," said Harry, "I thought maybe you would stay and be at the wedding, Maria. I don't mean to get married until the November vacation, and it is only the first of September now. I don't see why you me in such a hurry."

"Yes," replied Aunt Maria, "I suppose you thought I would stay and get the house cleaned and slave here like a dog, getting ready for you to be married. Well, I shan't. I'm tired out. I'm going to take the train this afternoon."

Harry looked helplessly at her. "I don't see what Maria and I are going to do, then," said he.

"If it wasn't for taking Maria away from school, I would ask her to come and make me a visit, poor child," said Aunt Maria, "until—until you brought her new home. I have only a hundred dollars a day to live on, but I'd risk it if I could make her comfortable; but she can't leave her school."

"No, I don't see how she can," said Harry, still helplessly. "I thought you'd stay, Maria. There is the house to be cleaned and some painting and papering. I thought—"

"Yes, I'd warrant you thought," said Aunt Maria, with undignified viciousness, "but you were mistaken. I am not going to stay."

"But I don't see exactly—"

"Oh, Lord! you and Maria can take your meals at Mrs. Jones White's. She'll be glad enough to have you, and you can hire the cleaning done," said Aunt Maria, with a certain pity in the oddity of her discomfited remark.

That was what happened. It was arranged that meals should be taken at Mrs. White's. Mrs. White also suggested a good woman to clean the house before the wedding. It seemed to Maria, when her aunt went away that afternoon, as if she could not bear it. There is a kind of gratification for the soul as well as the body, and Maria felt as one who had fallen from a known quality into strangeness with a horrible shock.

"Now, if you don't trust you won't, you send word, and I'll have you come and stay with me," whispered Aunt Maria at the last. "I have only a hundred dollars a day to live on, but I'm a good manager. If I do any—no, as shoulder, and I guess we could get along. If she doesn't trust you won't then you stay a minute. You just send me word."

Maria bowed Aunt Maria when she went away. She went to school late for the sake of seeing her off, and she was late in the

geography class, but Miss Stone only greeted her with a smile of radiant reassurance that she was not late.

"Teacher's favorite," whispered a very-blonde little girl on her way out of the class. Maria was conscious of wishing that she was in some far-away place on the ramp instead of in Edgheim. She acted as if she did not hear the spiteful remark.

At recess, tidilands Mann snuggled up to her. "Say, is it true?" she whispered.

"Is what true?"

"Is your father goin' to get married to teacher?"

"Yes," said Maria. Then she gave Gladys a little push. "I wish you'd let me alone," she said.

Extreme sympathy was susceptible to diversion which affords a degree of alleviation for grief. Maria, although she was sadly lonely, in a measure enjoyed taking her meals at Mrs. Jones White's. She had never done anything like it before. The utter novelty of sitting down to Mrs. White's table and eating in company with her and Mr. Jonas White and Lillian White and a son for the name of Henry, amused her. Then, too, they were all so kind to her. They even made a sort of heroine of her, especially at noon when her father was in New York and she, consequently, was alone. They pitied her in a covert sort of fashion because her father was going to get married again, especially Mrs. White and Lillian. Maria was a very pretty girl, with a pert carriage of blond hair and a strong readiness of speech.

"Well, she's a dandy, as far as looks and dress go, and maybe she'll make you a real good mother-in-law," she said to Maria.

"Looks ain't everything," said Mrs. White, with a glance at her daughter. She had thought of the possibility of Harry Edgheim taking a fancy to her Lillian.

Maria, at that period, was wholly a spectator of the goings-on of the world and the people thereof. For some unexplained cause, the sorrow she had passed through, the definite tangible sorrow, and now this mysterious grief which she had fought against, not fully knowing if it were warranted or right, had revealed its dull her good emotions. She looked at Wallston Lee sometimes and wondered how she had ever had dreams about him—how she had thought she would like him to go with her and perhaps act as silly as her father did with Miss Stone. She told tidilands Mann that she thought Wallston Lee was a very homely boy and not so very smart, and tidilands told another girl, whose brother knew Wallston, and he told him. After a little, Wallston and Maria never spoke when they met. The girl did not seem to see the boy—she was more delicate in her manner of showing aversion; but the boy gazed straight at her with an insolent stare, so at one who had shared him. He told the same boy who had told him what Maria had said, that he thought Any Long was the prettiest girl in school, and Maria was humbly enough to crack a looking-glass, and that came back to Maria. Everything said in the school always came back by some mysterious law of gravitation.

There was one quite serious difficulty involved in Aunt Maria's deserting her post, and that was, Maria was too young to be left alone in the house every night while her father was visiting his friends. She could not stay at Mrs. White's, because it was obviously unfair to ask them to remain up until nearly midnight to act as her guardian every, or nearly every, night in the week.

However, Harry submitted the problem to Miss Stone, who solved it at once. She had in some respects a masterly brain, and her executive abilities were somewhat thrown away in her comparatively humble sphere.

"You must have the house cleaned," said she. "Let the women you get to clean stay until you come home. She won't be afraid to go home alone afterward. I suppose you will get Mrs. Addix."

"They tell me she is about the best woman for house-cleaning," said Harry, rather helplessly.

It thus happened that every evening little Maria Edgheim sat guarded, as it were, by Mrs. Addix. Mrs. Addix was of the lower, white race, like the Manns; in fact, she was distantly related to them. They were nearly all distantly related, which may have accounted for their partial degeneracy. Mrs. Addix, however, was a sort of anomaly. Coming, as she did, of a shiftless, indolent family, she was yet a splendid worker, the second time round, and positively radiant while scrubbing and mending and ironing. The moment she stopped work she looked like an antique doll which had run down. Moreover, she always went to sleep immediately after Harry had gone and Maria was left alone with her. She sat in her chair and breathed heavily, with her head tilted slightly over her shoulder. Maria felt afraid to go to bed and leave the house alone except for the heavily sleeping woman, whom her father had had work to nurse when he returned, and who staggered out of the door when she started home, as if she were drunk. Still, while it was not lively, it was not so dull as it did not seem for the secret sense of injury, grief, and treachery she endured every night of the child in those days. She grew thinner than ever. Somebody called Harry Edgheim's attention to the fact, and he got up medicine for her to take. But it was not medicine which she needed—that is, not medicine for the body, but for the soul. What probably stung her most keenly was the fact that certain prominent friends for which her mother had always boasted were being made in the house. A bay window was being built in the parlor, and one over it, in the room which had been her father's and mother's, and which Maria dimly realized was in the future to be Miss Stone's. Maria's mother had always talked a good deal about some day having that bay window. Maria refused that her father should have altered which her mother had her mother's day of her mother had insisted upon it like Miss Stone. Maria's mother had been of the thrifty New England kind, and had tried to have her husband save a little. Maria knew well enough that these notions were going into the improvements, the

precious dollars which her poor mother had enabled her father to save by her own deprivations and toil. Maria had heard her father and Miss Slome talk about the maid they were to have. Miss Slome would never dream of doing her own work, as her predecessor had done. Nearly every room in the house was being newly papered and painted. Maria and Mrs. Addix sat first in one room, then in another, as one after another was torn up in the process of improvement. Generally the room which they occupied was chaotic with extra furniture, and had a distracted appearance which grated terribly upon the child's nerves. Only her own room was not touched.

"You shall have your room all fixed up next year," her father told her. "I would have it done now, but father is going to considerable expense, as it is."

Maria assured him, with a sort of wild eagerness, that she did not want her room touched. It seemed to her that, if the familiar paper which her mother had selected were changed for something else and the room altered, the last vestige of home would disappear, and that she could not bear it.

That night Maria and Mrs. Addix sat in Maria's room. The parlor was in confusion, and so were the dining-room and the guest-chamber. Indeed, the house was at that time in the height of its repairs. That very day Maria's mother's room had been papered with a beautiful paper with a sheen like satin, over which were strewn garlands of pink roses. Pink was Miss Slome's favorite color. They had a new hardwood floor laid in that room, and there was to be a pink rug and white furniture painted with pink roses. Maria knew that her father and Miss Slome had picked it out. That evening, after her father had gone and she sat there with the sleeping Mrs. Addix, a sort of frenzy seized her, or rather she worked herself up to it. She thought of what her mother would have said of that beautiful new paper and furniture and bay window. Her mother also had liked pink. She thought of how much her mother would have liked it, and how she had gone without and not made any complaint about her shabby old furnishings, which had that very day been sold to Mrs. Addix for an offset to her wages, and which Maria had seen carried away. She thought about it all, and a red flush deepened on her cheeks and her blue eyes blazed. For the time she was abnormal. She passed the limit which separates sanity from mania. Mrs. Addix breathed very heavily. Maria looked at her. A dreadful project had come into her disordered mind, and there was no one to hinder her. She, however, sat still for quite a while, without giving way to it. She had some honey work in her hands. Mrs. White had suggested that she work in cross-stitch a cover for the dresser in her new mother's room, and she was chafed upon that, performing, as she thought, a duty, but her very soul rebelled against it. She made some mistakes, and whenever she did she redlined, with a sort of wicked glee, that the thing would not be perfect, and she never tried to rectify them. Now she let the work lie in her lap, and her project, born of sorrow and jealousy and the bewilderment which comes to a child from adjusting itself to the hard conditions of life grew and grew.

Finally, Maria laid her work softly on the table beside which she was sitting. She glanced at Mrs. Addix, who never stirred, whose heavy, measured breathing filled the room, then she arose.



Drawn by Harold Matthews West

Maria heard his hand on her door-knob, and his voice calling out, softly, "Are you asleep, dear?"

She took the lamp from the table and tipped it over. Mrs. Addix never ceased for a second her regular breathing. Maria stole across the hall into the room, which had been her father's and a mother's. The new floor was neatly swept. Mrs. Addix had done that after the papers left. The next day, Maria had heard her father say, it was to be waxed. The room was entirely empty, and the roses on the satiny wall-paper gleamed out as if they were real. There was a white-and-silver picture-moulding. Maria set her lamp on the floor. She looked at the great bay window, she looked at the roses on the walls. Then she did a mad thing. The paper was freshly put on; it was hardly dry. Maria deliberately approached the wall near the bay window, where the paper looked somewhat damp, and she inserted her slender little fingers, with a scratching of her nails, under the edges, and she tore off a great ragged strip.

Then she took up her lamp and returned to her room. Mrs. Addix was still asleep. She had begun to snore in an odd sort of fashion, with deep, regular puffs of breath. It was like the beating of a drum to peace and rest after a day of weary and unskilled labor, unpredictable to the soul. Maria sat down again. She took up her work. She felt very wicked, but she felt better.

When Maria's father returned that night he came, as usual, straight to the room wherein she and Mrs. Addix were sitting. Maria regarded her father with a sort of contemptuous

wonder, tinged with unwilling admiration. Her father, on his return from his evenings spent with Miss Ida Slome, looked always years younger than Maria had ever seen him. There were the buoyancy of youth in his eyes, the flush of youth on his cheeks, the triumph of youth in his expression. Harry Edgman, in spite of lines on his face, in spite, even, of a shimmer of gray and thinness of hair on the temples, looked as young as youth itself, in this rejuvenation of his affection, for he was very much in love with the woman whom he was to marry.

When he came to-night he looked at the sleeping Mrs. Addix, and at Maria taking painful stilettes in her dresser-cover, at first with a radiant smile, then with the deepest pity.

"Poor little soul!" he said. "You have had a long evening to yourself, haven't you? Well, it will be livelier to and by for you. We'll have company and more going on." Harry then went close to Mrs. Addix, sitting with her head resting on her shoulder, still snoring with those puffs of heavy breath. "Mrs. Addix," he said, "I've got home, and I guess you'll want to be going yourself."

Mrs. Addix moved languidly, and glanced up with a narrow slit of eye, as dull as if she had been drugged. Harry shook her again and repeated his announcement that he was home, and that she must stand up. At last he aroused her, and she stood up with a dazed expression. Maria got her bonnet and shawl, and she peered at them vaguely as if she were so far removed from the flesh that the garments thereof perplexed her. Maria put on her bonnet, standing on tiptoe, and Harry threw the shawl over her shoulders. Then she staggered out of the room with a mumbled good-night.

"Take care of the stairs, and not fall," Harry said. "The fresh air will wake her up," he said, laughing; not very lively company, is she, dear?"

"No, sir," replied Maria, simply.

To Be Continued.



The youthfulness of Spain's Royal Pair has always been manifest in their eager interest in the shop windows crowded on their Rambles



The King and his English Queen on a "snipe shooting" expedition. A welcome escape from the formalities

SPAIN'S KING AND QUEEN OUT OF SIGHT OF THE THRONE

The Heart of Louis XIV

(Continued from page 835.)

some "ammy." "Mummy" meant, a very slowly drying human color which originates from the aromatic substances of embalmed bodies. During the eighteenth century a thriving trade was being done with this gruesome coloring matter, which at that time was brought to market mostly by inhabitants of the Orient. The opportunity for obtaining the pretty high-priced color cheaply was quite alluring to St. Martin and Broding. Petit-Radel handed his friend one of the heart-urns, saying, "Take this one: it is the largest and contains the heart of Louis XIV. It could not be mistaken. For he kept the inscriptive plate which was nailed on the urn. St. Martin paid the price asked for, bought the heart of Louis XIII. In addition, and went home with these acquisitions. But Broding, who used to paint "intriguers" in cloister, needed a great deal of "ammy," and therefore purchased eleven hearts in one lot. He put them up in tubes at his house, and by grinding them on his palette converted them into color by and by; they were the hearts of Anne of Austria, the Duke and the Duchess of Burgundy, the Comtesse Palatine, the Prince Gaston of Orleans, the Duchess of Montpensier, etc. St. Martin treated his heart not quite so recklessly as Broding: he used up only a part of Louis XIV's heart, and left the heart of Louis XIII. entirely untouched. But he mislaid the latter, so that he was unable later to find it. What was left of the heart of Louis XIV. he was willing to restore to the royal family for a fair consideration. The bargain was effected through Nehue's agency, and St. Martin received in return for the royal heart particle a golden snuff-box. A short time before his death he recovered the heart of Louis XIII., which had been thrown into a corner of the studio, and he likewise returned this. That particle of Louis XIV's heart which is still being kept in St. Denis, and which, according to Abbé Duperron, is not like a heart in any respect, therefore seems to be the small remnant that escaped the brush of St. Martin. As to the other hearts mentioned above, they are said to have been either: only, one has to look for their vestiges on Broding's painting in the Louvre, "Intérieur de Cuisine."

Fire-Fighting on the National Forest Reserves

THE worst enemy of the forests is fire. To combat in the United States Forest Service maintain a fire-fighting system.

Only since February 1, 1903, have the reserves been under the administration of the Forest Service. The working out of a system of effective control of fire on the reserves is still in its infancy. Even with the best possible system of protection there are bound to be wide fluctuations between individual years. But it is believed that under expert care the injury to the national forests can be rapidly and permanently cut down. The direct loss from forest fires in the United States runs annually into many millions of dollars, while the indirect loss is beyond estimate.

How the Fires are Fought

In developing its system of protection the Forest Service has availed itself of past experience, home and foreign. The reserve officers—forest guards, assistant forest rangers, deputy forest rangers, forest rangers, deputy forest superintendents, and forest superintendents—are the direct supervision of the officer of the service at Washington, guided by a definite code of instructions; but large authority, with corresponding responsibility, is placed upon the local officers themselves. All over the forest guards are civil-service employees, and the salaries paid range from \$7.50 to \$2,500 a year. Each supervisor is responsible for the patrol of his reserve, and is expected to develop a system best adapted to his land. Already, in the brief period since the organization of this system, a high standard of efficiency has been developed, and a much higher is expected.

A constant lookout for fires is kept from



The Largest Passenger Steamer in the World

THE new Hamburg-American liner *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, which completed her maiden voyage last month, is the largest ocean-going passenger steamer ever built, surpassing even her huge sister ship, the *Asurica*, in the magnitude of her dimensions. The *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* measures 700 feet in length over all, with a beam of 77 feet, and a depth from the keel down to the keel of 87 feet. Her

gross tonnage is 25,500 tons, and she displaces 43,000 tons. In addition to the usual luxurious equipment of the modern steamer, she boasts a palm garden, a flower shop, a passenger elevator, a gymnasium, and a restaurant independent of the dining saloon. The ship is a kind of marine sky-scraper, with nine decks towering one above the other. She has a complement of 598 men.

ridge trails and commanding points during the danger season, and the reserves are patrolled as efficiently as possible with the force available. Roads, trails, and fire-lines are constructed, affording means of rapid communication and points of vantage at which to arrest the progress of a fire, and telephone-lines are being run to help give warning and summon assistance.

Every forest supervisor is authorized, in person or through a subordinate, to hire temporary men, purchase material and supplies, and pay for their transportation from place to place to extinguish a fire. When the cost is likely to exceed \$300 the supervisor telegraphs the forester for authority to incur the additional expense.

Millions in Flame

During the calendar year of 1903, 36 of the 93 reserves escaped fires altogether. (On the remaining 57, areas were burned over ranging from 1 to 79,033 acres (Northern Division of the Sierra Reserve) and amounting to 250,592 acres. The largest amount of timber was destroyed on the Lewis and Clark Reserve (Southern Division)—42,893,000 board feet. The total for all reserves was 152,557,000 board feet, with a value of \$191,282, but the greatest loss in money value was \$27,320 on the Priest River Reserve. The total cost of extra labor and supplies for fire-fighting was \$12,573.52.

Stung

IN the cross-examination of a woman called to the witness-stand in a recent trial at Pittsburgh one of the first questions put to the lady was:

"At what time of the night was it that you saw the prisoner in your room?"

"About two o'clock," said the witness.

"Was there a light in the room at that time?"

"No; the room was quite dark."

"Could you see your husband at your side?"

"No, sir."

"Then, madam," observed the attorney, his eye gleaming with triumph, "you will kindly explain to this intelligent jury how it was that you could see the prisoner and yet could not see your husband?"

"Because my husband was at his club," quietly responded the lady.

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"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away, and seemed like he would die.

"When I reached my sister's home, she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts, and, although I had never used the food, we got some, and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself, and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well.

"That showed me something worth knowing, and when, later on, my girl came, I mixed her up Grape-Nuts, and she is a strong, healthy baby, and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children need be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in page, for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



Thomas Hiltrock, Jr.'s, "Good and Plenty" winning the \$7250 Whitney Memorial Steeplechase



Harry Payne Whitney's "Burgmaster" winning the \$25,000 Belmont Stakes

MEMORIAL-DAY RACING AT BELMONT PARK

MEN OF TO-DAY

XI.—SIR EDWARD ELGAR

By Charles Johnston

THE recent visit to this country of Sir Edward Elgar, the eminent English composer, and his personal triumph at the Cincinnati May Festival, have made him the centre of much comment. His two creations have been compared, for their subtlety, to Beethoven's Requiem and Beethoven's Funeral Mass, and for their manner to Wagner and Strauss.

While there is much of interest in each of these suggestions, they seem to me somewhat to miss the true terms of comparison, to fail in a degree to give Sir Edward Elgar's work its true place in the world of creative art.

Coming of a Catholic family, his earliest remembrances saturated with the spirit of Catholic worship, and with music standing in his imagination primarily as a part of that worship, as a holy speech destined for the expression of holy things, Elgar should, I think, be regarded as a great Catholic artist, as one who has offered his genius to the service of the Faith, even more devoutly than the painter of the Sistine Madonna, the architect of St. Peter's. We should have to go back to Fra Angelico to find a great creative artist so thoroughly imbued with genuine devotion as Elgar's two greatest works prove him to be, and it is in the art of the splendid period of the Church preceding the Renaissance that we shall find the truest term of comparison for "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles." Sir Edward Elgar lived for some years near Malvern, in the beautiful country between the Severn and the borders of Wales; and, curiously enough, it is in the history of Malvern that we find a great masterpiece with which "The Dream of Gerontius" has the closest affinities. For Malvern is the centre, the starting-point, of the wonderful Vision Concerning Piers the Plowman, which may well be called the English Apocalypse, as Langland, in the middle of the fourteenth century, in a spirit of pure devotion, and with his whole heart filled with reverent worship, recurred the opening of the hidden worlds before the spirit of the Plowman, as Sir Edward Elgar, at the dawn of the twentieth, has devoted his heart and genius to a like revealing, putting his greatest work, his finest gifts into this mystic vision, not because he found in it a fine artistic subject, not because it recommended itself to him as a theme for great music, but because he felt it to be true.

Elgar is trying, with the utmost sincerity and conviction, to bring to light the hidden things, to reveal that lawless world which is eternal; and his work is, therefore, to be sought of primarily as a work of religion, and only later as a work of art. This by no means implies that, judged as a work of art, it is in any way deficient. For some of the greatest of all works of art were destined primarily as works of religion; Dante wrote the "Divine Comedy" with a defined religious purpose; and Milton told the great story of "Paradise Lost," in order to

"assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

The anonymous builders of the great Gothic cathedrals were not aiming to produce wonders of architecture, but phrases of worship, yet for architectural beauty they are rivalled only by the great temples of Hellas and Egypt, also conceived and designed primarily for sacred uses.

The comparison with Langland's "Piers Plowman" brings us naturally to another view of Elgar's work. Before the Reformation there was much purely Catholic art in England. That art gave the world the beautiful cathedrals and altars of the Norman and Gothic periods, and made large contributions to English literature. The two great masterpieces of the fourteenth century, Langland's "Vision of Piers the Plowman," and Chaucer's "Can-

terbury Tales," are genuine expressions of Catholic England; and the English drama was primarily Catholic in origin. A part of the significance of Sir Edward Elgar's work is this, that it is a return to the spirit of that early period of Catholic England, in its reverence and devout offering of the best fruit of art to the service of religion. "The Dream of Gerontius," as adorned and enriched by Elgar's music, is, perhaps, the first masterpiece of Catholic art in modern England to win worldwide fame and appreciation. He has bridged over the centuries which separate us from the "Vision" and the mystery plays.

In the early mystery plays we find a very close foreshadowing, it seems to me, of what Sir Edward Elgar has sought to do. The makers of the mystery plays sought, in a spirit of faith and devotion, to make visible the things of the hidden worlds, to bring near to the eyes and ears, and so to the hearts, of the people of

England, the destiny of the soul after death, the great story of Palestine, the plan of the salvation of mankind. And in our latter days Elgar has set himself the same task, following very closely the traditional lines, with this difference only, that he uses the eloquence of music instead of the language of the drama as the means of his appeal. Whether consciously or not, he has composed a masterpiece of the art of Catholic England, just as some of his countrymen sought to bring back to life the art of Italy before Raphael, the art of the holy days of Fra Angelico.

Yet another aspect of Elgar's "Dream." Many of the greatest geniuses of all time have sought to give expression to their faith as life after death, to picture what they believed or hoped of the world to come. Besides the great Oriental religions, and the teachings of Egypt, Homer and Plato struck this chord among the Greeks, and Virgil made the same attempt among the Latins. In our Dark Ages, as we are so called, we have a whole series of apocalyptic visions, beginning with Fama and ending with Dante. Among the old dream of the Reformation we have had "Paradise Lost" and the "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to the next." Many said, perhaps, Goethe's

"Faust," though it has far less genuine conviction than the works of Milton and Bunyan. Now it happens that, within the last few years, we have seen certain notable attempts to renew and depict the world after death in the same immortal spirit of faith in the soul. Three of these will be specially mentioned, namely, each of them come from the three great divisions of the churches of Christendom. These three are Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," Irfel Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Ilyich," and Strauss's "Tod und Verklarung."

When we come to "The Apostles" we are in the presence of a work the whole plan and conception of which is Elgar's own; and therefore we have a better measure of his creative force. As before, we should regard it primarily as a religious work, conceived in a spirit of reverence and devotion, as a fit answer in spirit to the miracle plays of the medieval Church. The title is a shade misleading, since Elgar's theme is not so much the Apostles as the Master and his Disciples.

If this appreciation be near the truth, the English composer has done a great thing, and has done it under conditions of peculiar difficulty. Particularly, we must say that, as a musician he had to do his work in the midst of a nation he so much the most material or the most open to casual inspiration. Looked at superficially, Elgar's life might appear a long series of triumphs; yet if we look deeper we shall see a long and valiant struggle against great difficulties and distracting obstacles, a struggle carried on with a spirit of high courage, of indomitable purpose, and true devotion.



Sir Edward Elgar

The distinguished British musician who has recently been visiting this country

T. P. O'Connor Discovers Margaret Deland

The ever-glib and loquacious Tay Pay—the lightning conductor of *T. P.'s Weekly*—has made a literary discovery, and, with his characteristic Celtic grace, has made a discovery for his beloved revelation in a generous appreciation of the author of *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lacerda's People*:

"I had seen the name of Margaret Deland for many years in American magazines, but I had never read a single line she had written, and she remained to me just a name. But when once I had read one of her stories she became a very big reality, and making inquiries, I discovered how large a part she plays in the literature of America. To her belongs the credit of having written with such convincing and touching reality that she has made a town, which is the creation of her own imagination, more real to millions of people than any town that is on the broad map; that several of the dwellers in this town of her imagination are also as real acquaintances as those of



Margaret Deland

Author of "The Awakening of Helen Richie"

the flesh, and finally, that she has carried her power of vivid creation so far that not only the personages and the streets, but even some of the houses, in this town are familiar to her readers.

"The town is called Old Chester. In the particular volume before me there is nothing said as to its latitude or longitude; there may be something of the kind in other volumes. I will proceed in time to a full study of this remarkable writer; for the moment I have read but one volume. This volume is sufficient to make one acquainted, however, with one or two of the people that constantly recur, chief among whom is Dr. Lacerda. Dr. Lacerda is a clergyman, of what denomination it is not said. But this really does not much matter. He belongs to a church as wide and as broad as Christianity itself; stands for pity, gentleness, breadth, toleration, ever-springing hope for the reform of the wicked and the weak. He is a sort of Vicar of Wakefield transplanted by the hard realities and struggles of life in that great new country where nature has still to be subdued by the sheer force of man, and man becomes hard and primordial in the process. Another character who constantly recurs is the usually second most important figure in a small community—the doctor. William King is his name, but to the old people he is still Willy King, the boy they had known at school, and who had been their friend and companion through all the long years that had transformed him from a lad into a grizzled and veteran physician. Other types there are as to whom I can but say a word. These characters, put together, produce a curious impression of an atmosphere entirely different from anything one could find in the Old World. I do not quite describe the atmosphere of this New World by calling it suburban or provincial; perhaps the best word to employ would be rustic or young. The people seem to have stopped at a point in their evolution which to us seems old-fashioned in its simplicity and intensity. One of the most



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. L

New York, Saturday, June 23, 1906

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THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

THE SCENE ABOUT THE STATE COACH OF KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE ANARCHIST'S BOMB HURLED DOWN UPON IT IN THE CALLE MAYOR IN MADRID ON THE ROYAL WEDDING-DAY, MAY 31. THE KING AND HIS BRIDE ESCAPED HARM, BUT EIGHTEEN PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES. TWO OF THE COACH HORSES WERE KILLED

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

DRAWN the week ending June 9 the lime-light of public attention, not only in the United States but in many foreign countries also, was turned on the position taken or to be taken by the House of Representatives toward the BEVERIDGE meat-inspection amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. On the last day of the week the House Committee on Agriculture closed its investigation of the subject, and decided that on Monday, June 11, it would begin consideration of the bill to be reported by it to the House. Zealous but indiscreet are the adjectives which describe the attitude maintained throughout the hearings toward the BEVERIDGE proposal by Representative WATSON, chairman of the House committee. He was quite right in assuring to the packers their "day in court," but, occupying as he did a quasi-judicial relation toward the inquiry, he would have done well to avoid an effusive expression of sympathy for them and to have refrained from an arid cross-examining of Messrs. NELL and REYNOLDS in the spirit of a partisan. Any unbiased man can see that the real party in interest is not the cattle-raiser nor the meat-packer, but the American people who consume the meat in its various forms—fresh, salted, smoked, or otherwise prepared. From the fact that the exposure of abuses has already cost the packers many millions of dollars and may eventually inflict grave losses on cattle-raisers also, Chairman WATSON appears to draw the conclusion, not that existing methods of preparing meat should be reformed with the utmost promptitude and thoroughness, but that the state of things in the Chicago establishment ought never to have been exposed. Fortunately, the majority of the House Committee on Agriculture do not agree with him. They realize that there is just one way to paralyze the meat industry of the United States at home and abroad, and that is to diffuse the belief that any wrongdoing will be hushed up or that any revealed abuses will remain unredressed. There is, we repeat, just one way to rehabilitate the American meat industry, and that is to convince the world that such effective precautions have been taken and will be maintained as will henceforth render our meat products unimpeachable on the score of purity.

This is not to say, of course, that the BEVERIDGE proposal, which, without discussion and seemingly without inspection, was driven through the Senate in five days, is not susceptible of some emendation. It was evident when the House committee adjourned on June 9 that several changes would be made, but that these will be calculated to make the proposed measure stronger and not weaker. In other words, they will by no means effect such a transformation as was contemplated in the WATSON substitute. There are, indeed, no fewer than seven points in which the hastily framed BEVERIDGE rider to the Agricultural Appropriation bill may be modified. The rider, it will be remembered, put on the

packers all the cost of the rigorous inspection demanded. The WATSON substitute, on the contrary, put all the cost on the Federal government. Mr. ROOSEVELT's objection to the WATSON suggestion is well founded, namely, that at a time when the American people should have ceased to take any lively interest in the matter, the packers, through their agents in Congress, might so reduce the annual appropriation as to render it inadequate for effective inspection. As we go to press, it looks as if the House committee might accept the compromise advocated by Judge S. H. COWAN, the representative of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association. He asserted that if the cost of inspection, literally estimated by Mr. ROOSEVELT at eight cents per head, were put, in pursuance of the BEVERIDGE proposal, on the packers, they would transfer it to the cattle-raisers. The latter do not want to pay it, Judge COWAN said, but rather than do without a rigorous inspection of slaughter-houses and packing-houses, they would gladly levy the whole cost on the cattle. The reasonable suggestion made by him was that an appropriation of, say, two million dollars should be made annually, with the further provision that if the amount would prove insufficient in any given year, the Secretary of Agriculture should be authorized to make up the difference by levying a small fee for inspection on each packer. Such a provision would put an end to the application of any pressure to Congress for the purpose of reducing the annual appropriation.

It is also evident that certain sections of the BEVERIDGE rider must be rewritten if the packers are to be discouraged from disputing their constitutionality. Mr. GEORGE F. McCANE, Solicitor for the Department of Agriculture, concurred with Judge COWAN in avowing that Congress has no power to tell a packer within a State that he shall conduct his business in this or that manner. Congress has no power to make it a misdemeanor for an intrastate packer not to comply with the sanitary regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture; but Congress has the power to order the Secretary of Agriculture not to admit to interstate commerce any meat or meat-food products that have not been prepared in establishments conducted in accordance with the sanitary regulations prescribed by him. This distinction was not recognized in the BEVERIDGE amendment, and will be distinctly brought out by the House committee. The BEVERIDGE provision absolutely prohibiting the use of preservatives, chemicals, or dyes will also be remodelled so as to forbid only the use of such preservatives or other chemicals as would in any way render a product unwholesome or unfit for human food. Whether the words "sound and wholesome" in the BEVERIDGE rider will be replaced by "fit for human food" is doubtful. Dr. MELAN, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, testified that there would be no practical difference between the two terms, so far as the working of the law was concerned; but a good deal of heed was paid to Judge COWAN's suggestion that if there was no practical difference between the phrases, the words "sound and wholesome" had better be retained, as they would tend to secure greater public confidence, especially abroad.

The BEVERIDGE requisition that the government label affixed to canned products must bear the date of inspection is to be expunged. Not only Dr. MELAN, but Mrs. I. W. BALL, of Kansas, who has had a long practical experience with such products, bore witness that canned meats, kept airtight and under favorable conditions, would not deteriorate with age. Upon this point the members of the House committee seemed unanimous, one of them remarking that the only reason for retaining the date seemed to be that the packers objected to it so strongly. The BEVERIDGE rider likewise directed, it may be remembered, that all carcasses officially pronounced diseased in any particular should be destroyed. This provision will be modified so as to permit carcasses condemned for food purposes to be used in the preparation of fertilizers and even of grases. Dr. MELAN testified that hogs affected with trichinosis, although unfit for human food, could be rendered into lard which would be entirely pure and good. The BEVERIDGE rider as amended will also permit the use of parts of carcasses which have been adjudged partially un-sound. If often happens, we are told, that in transit an animal will have a shoulder bruised

or a leg broken. The bruise or fracture does not affect the condition of the rest of the carcass, and the packers will be permitted to use the unaffected portions. That most if not all of the changes to be made by the House Committee are desirable will scarcely be disputed by any fair-minded man. Whatever Congress may choose to do, however, should be done quickly. The sooner a rigorous inspection bill becomes a law the better. Mr. F. P. JOHNSON, secretary of the Colorado Stock Raisers' Association, hit the nail on the head when he besought the committee to stop "this interminable racket." But one must remember that, after all the outcry, the charge of uncleanliness is made against perhaps less than one per cent. of the total product. The censuring report admitted that the dressed beef constituting ninety-two per cent. of the packing-house products was clean and wholesome, and that of the eight per cent. remaining only a part was handled in a manner which was offensive. As Congressman MONROE pointed out, one cannot slaughter beef without unpleasant offence to sensitive natures; one cannot slaughter steers in a dressing-room.

As was foreseen, the European consumers of our meat products have been tremendously impressed by the exposures made in the NEALE-REYNOLDS report, on account of its being accepted as trustworthy by the President. They pay no attention to the fact that the products intended for export have for years been subjected to careful inspection under an act of Congress, and that Mr. ROOSEVELT has only demanded that equal care shall be taken with regard to products meant for interstate consumption. The people of Great Britain, France, and Germany seem incapable of believing that the beef-packers would give foreigners cleaner and healthier food than they would serve up to their own countrymen. They seem unable to realize the fact that the connection of patriotism with business is, at the best, intermittent. Otherwise it would not be possible to buy some of our manufactured products more cheaply in Europe than they can be bought in the United States.

We ourselves take an optimistic view of the ultimate outcome of the purgation of the meat industry. We shall have shown that when we are once convinced of the existence of dangerous abuses we root them out. By the quick passage of the BEVERIDGE bill, properly amended, we shall have set a bracing example not only to ourselves, but to foreign countries. The drastic reforms enforced upon the meat-packers will, no doubt, be extended presently to the fish-packing business, the conditions in which, as officials in the Department of Agriculture testified before the House committee are such as simply to justify investigation and compulsory improvement. Moreover, unless other countries speedily follow our example, American meat products, duly certified, will drive their competitors out of the world's markets. Dr. MELVIN testified that in Germany the government inspection covered only two-thirds of the meat product, while in Argentina and Australia there is no government inspection at all.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The storm of dismay, disgust, and apprehension which the official exposure of the state of things prevailing in the slaughter-houses and packing-houses of Chicago has provoked should cause the heart of the vegetarian to leap for joy. Miserly loves company, and the advocate of a purely vegetarian diet may now look forward to making multitudes of converts. It is perfectly true that peas, beans, and other lentils are rich in nitrogenous products; that all the other elements of nutriment are derivable from the cereals, nuts, tubers, and other vegetables; and that all the fuel needed for the lungs may be obtained from olive-oil and oils expressed from cottonseed and other vegetable sources. It is unnecessary, however, to confine oneself strictly to a vegetarian regimen in order to avoid contamination from the filthy, diseased, decayed, or poisonous products of meat. The fruit of the larch is shewn with age. Nothing but age can contaminate the egg, and the effect of age makes itself known instantly to the prophylactic sense of smell. An immense stimulus ought to be given to the canning industry, in view of the aversion and suspicion with which meat products are likely to be eyed, for a considerable time at all events, by thousands if not millions of former consumers on both

sides of the Atlantic. Ultimately, no doubt, when the conviction that a drastic reform of the methods of preparing meat has been effected and will be permanent shall have become widespread and deep-rooted, the inherited relish for animal food will reassert itself. Meanwhile, inasmuch as a lack of confidence has long been manifested with respect to milk and its products, and inasmuch as grave doubt is beginning to be cast upon the fish-packing industry, and has long attached to so-called fresh fish unless the freshness could be guaranteed, the taste for animal food may have to seek satisfaction mainly if not exclusively from the egg. *Omnis ex ovo.*

As Senator HARRIS, of Maine, warned his colleagues, more rapid progress will have to be made with the appropriation bills and other pending legislation if this session of the Fifty-ninth Congress is to end in June. On Thursday, the 7th, the railway rate-making bill was recommended by that body to the Conference Committee, but nobody can guess when the Senate conferees will come to an agreement with those of the House. It was not until after a long and spirited debate that the Senate decided not to accept the sweeping antipass amendment adopted by the Conference Committee. Senator CURTIS, of Montana, pointed out that if the conference amendment on this subject became law, every conductor on a train would have to buy a ticket, or he and the company that employed him would be liable to prosecution. It subsequently developed that the antipass amendment would authorize railways to charge the government an additional \$1,000,000 or \$1,500,000 a year for carrying railway mail clerks, the present contracts between the government and the railroads for transporting mails and postal cars not including any provision for the clerks employed. A statement to that effect was read from the Solicitor of the Post-office Department. Senator LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, maintained that if Senator LOOMIS's amendment putting in the rate bill the word "knowingly" in the penalty-imprisonment clause of the Interstate Commerce act were adopted, no railroad officer, except a local station agent, could be convicted under it. Mr. LA FOLLETTE also contended that it would not do to strike the antipass amendment from the bill, as reported from the Conference Committee, for the reason, he incorrectly alleged, that the existing provisions against passes were grossly inadequate. He went on to argue that the issuance of passes constituted a discrimination against the great body of the travelling public. He quoted the assertion of the auditor of a prominent railroad that ten per cent. of the entire passenger traffic of the country was on passes. This meant, Mr. LA FOLLETTE maintained, that an unnecessary charge of \$30,000,000 for transportation had to be saddled upon those persons who paid their fares.

Senator KNOX surprised his colleagues by telling them, in response to an inquiry, what would be the state of the law regarding passes if the Senate conferees should succeed in striking out the sweeping prohibition which the House conferees had forced on them. It had previously been assumed — by Senator LA FOLLETTE and others — that if nothing new should be done about passes during the present session, the only legislation concerning the matter which would remain upon the statute-book would be the law of 1883. Mr. KNOX pointed out that even if the antipass amendment should be stricken out in conference, the issuance of passes hereafter would be precluded by that section of the new rate bill which provides that no carrier shall receive a different compensation for transportation of passengers than the rates which are specified in the tariff filed and in effect at the time; and that no carrier shall refund or remit to any passenger any portion of the rate. This announcement provoked Mr. TALKAM to demand with indignation whether the Senator had been all this time finding out that fact. Why, he asked, did not the junior Senator from Pennsylvania give his colleagues the information weeks ago, when they were debating the question about passes? Mr. KNOX replied that he had only just detected the fact, and that, for aught he knew, there might be a hundred other things hidden in the rate bill but not yet brought to light.

Now that the discussion of a bill giving a creature of the Federal government the power to make rates for railways

engaged in interstate business is drawing to an end, after lasting for a year and a half—we take for granted that in one form or another the bill will be passed before Congress adjourns—we revert to the position originally taken by us. We regard all the time spent in debate over the power of the Federal courts to review rates made by the Interstate Commerce Commission as wasted. We have never believed that Congress had the power to circumscribe the jurisdiction or to limit the powers of the Federal courts with reference to the matter. We have never believed, either, that Congress has any power under the Constitution to fix prices of commodities, products, or labor; much less to delegate such power to a subordinate body. We have never believed that Congress has any constitutional power to deprive a railroad or other corporation of rights and privileges conferred upon it by a State and enjoyed under an unforfeited charter. We have never believed, finally, that Congress possesses—and if it does not possess, it cannot, of course, delegate—any power to violate the inherent right of the individual citizen to put such a price upon his wares in dealing with his customers as he sees fit. We expect to see every one of these positions sustained in the course of inevitable litigation by the United States Supreme Court. If not, an entirely new interpretation of the Constitution will have to be accepted.

Delaware has now one Senator, JAMES F. ALLIE, whose term expires next year. She will have another presently in Colonel HENRY A. DUPONT, just nominated by the Republican caucus. Colonel DUPONT's nomination marks the end of the ten years' fight against ADAMS; a fight splendidly creditable to the group of regular Republicans whose stubborn and persistent resistance saved their State from the disgrace of sending ADAMS to the Senate. ADAMS bought, year after year, all that was purchasable in Delaware; but scandalously large as the purchasable element proved to be, he could never quite buy the State. It is good news that the seat in the Senate that has stood empty so long for the honor of Delaware is about to be filled by one of the men who defended it from desecration.

Although other Democrats, including Mr. FITZGERALD of New York, Mr. SULLIVAN of Massachusetts, and Mr. SUGAR of Kentucky, advocated the proposal, Mr. JOHN SMITH WILLIAMS, leader of the Democratic minority, was able on June 9 to knock out of the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill the item of \$25,000 recommended by the Appropriations Committee to defray the travelling expenses of the President. The technical point was justly made that the proposal was new legislation, and therefore contrary to the rules regulating the construction and consideration of appropriation bills. Mr. WILLIAMS, however, opposed the recommendation also on constitutional grounds. He insisted that it was really tantamount to an increase of the Presidential salary during his term of office—a thing, of course, which is expressly forbidden by the Constitution. There is no room for doubt about the construction which preceding Presidents have put upon the constitutional provision in question. They have always defrayed their travelling expenses out of their salaries when they have not seen fit to accept the tender of free transportation as a gift from a private individual or corporation. We have never had any doubt that the constitutional objection was well taken, and that is why we earnestly advocated an increase of the President's salary by the Fifty-eighth Congress. Had the increase been made at that time, Mr. ROOSEVELT would now be able to profit by it. That is no reason why Mr. ROOSEVELT's successor should not be provided with a salary large enough to permit of his travelling to and fro among his constituents without condescending to be a deadhead. We approve, therefore, of the pending bill, increasing the salary of the President after March 4, 1909, to \$100,000, and increasing that of the Vice-President to \$25,000.

Neither do we see any objection to the bill conferring a pension of \$25,000 annually on ex-Presidents. We pension generals and admirals after they have retired from active service; why, then, should we not pension a man who for four, and perhaps eight, years has acted as commander-in-chief of both the army and the navy? Besides, it is discreditable that we should condemn to subsequent

punery a man who may have deemed it his duty to expend in hospitality during his term of office the whole of his official stipend, and who, possibly, with the same idea in view, may have encroached upon his private resources. It was on that account that JEFFERSON and MONROE were poor men when they left the White House, and that JAMES MONROE was very poor indeed. The ideal thing for an ex-President to do would be for him to seek and secure a seat in the Federal Senate for the State of his nativity or adoption. That was the course pursued by ANDREW JOHNSON after he had escaped impeachment by a single vote. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS did not become a Senator, but after he ceased to be President his fellow citizens in Massachusetts prevailed upon him to represent them for many years in the Lower House of Congress.

The consular diplomatic bill as reported to the Senate on June 9 carries an item of \$150,000 for the purchase of a legation-house at Constantinople. It is a good item. Good, also, was the amendment to the bill asking the Secretary of State to report a plan for the building of consular offices in China, Korea, and Japan at a cost not to exceed \$1,000,000, to be paid out of the Chinese indemnity fund. It was high time, long ago, for Uncle Sam to provide himself with permanent diplomatic and consular real estate in foreign countries.

JOHN RICHARD SZZANOW, who died suddenly on June 10, had been Prime Minister of New Zealand and more than the ROOSEVELT of that island's government since 1893. As leader of the radicals, he was the master spirit who brought about the remarkable innovations which have made New Zealand known as the country which tries the experiments which other countries discuss. SZZANOW, born in 1845, in Lancashire, grew up big and strong, and learned the trade of mechanical engineer. In 1863 he went to Australia to dig gold, and in 1866 he moved on to the gold-diggings in New Zealand, where he opened a saloon and became the spokesman of the miners in their disputes with government officials. He went to the New Zealand Parliament in 1879 as representative of the mining districts, and on the death of Premier BALLANCE, in 1883, became Premier. "He was not merely Premier," says one who describes him, "he was the Lord High everything else in the colony—Postmaster-General, Minister of Labor, of native affairs, and of electric telegraphs, colonial treasurer, etc., etc., and for all these offices drew \$5000 a year salary." His policy from the start was to tax the big land-owners and capitalists heavily by the graduated taxation of land and incomes, and divide the land in small lots among the people. The achievement of which he is said to have been proudest was the enforcement of the arbitration and conciliation act, which has eliminated strikes from New Zealand, and has since been borrowed for use in Australia. The University of Cambridge paid the tribute of scholarship to Mr. SZZANOW by making him a Doctor of Laws.

To have WILLIAM PINKNEY WHITE, of Maryland, take oath as a Senator of the United States at the age of eighty-two, gives observers a grateful feeling that there is not so much haste and waste about our civilization as we sometimes think. Senator PETERS is eighty-five; Senator MORRIS eighty-two; a month or two older than the new Senator from Maryland. Senator WHITE has been a Senator before, nearly forty years ago, and has long been the grand old man of Maryland.

Mr. UPTON SIMLAIN was pretty harsh with Congressman WASHBURN. "I predict, sir," he wrote, "that you will live to regret the insult you have offered to the American people. They are thoroughly aroused on this question, and bent upon justice." Hasn't UPTON got the question a little mixed? The insult offered seems to have been that constituted by the refusal of Mr. WASHBURN's committee to invite the bearer of the beef bomb to approach the committee and tell what more he knew. The question SIMLAIN seems to think the American people are excited about is whether all the things he said in his book were so. But that question is past, and since it has been decided already in Mr. SIMLAIN's favor, why should he think the people will get mad at Mr. WAS-

WORTH for not digging it up and resetting it? SINCLAIR has had his say, and it is all written down where any one can read it. It seems to us that he has been cross to Mr. WADSWORTH. He forgets his position. Having a giant's strength, he ought to use it gingerly. Mr. WADSWORTH has troubles of his own. A man named STEVENS, from Attica, wants his seat in Congress. Mr. WADSWORTH raises a few cattle, and it is natural that his sympathies should be a little with the cattle-dealers, and that he should not want cattlemen and cattle products to become any more infamous than public safety requires. Besides that, Mr. SINCLAIR had everything to gain in making the meat-packing business seem just as black as he could. He would have been the most prejudiced witness the committee could have called.

"This is too sudden," said Mr. BAYAN, with a laugh, when he was told in Berlin that sundry State conventions were calling for him as the next Democratic candidate for President. That it is sudden is no detriment, but it may be too soon. Two years is a considerable space, and to keep iron hot for that length of time is a serious job. MARCO HENRY WATTS says it can be done. Mr. BAYAN, he says, is as good now as he will be two years hence, and MARCO HENRY sympathizes with those Democrats who are ready now to say that they want him. He proposes in the *Courier-Journal* to "labor earnestly and unceasingly to make his election an accomplished fact, entertaining the while the very liveliest and largest hope." Well, well! Frankly and blithely spoken, but two years and five months make a long campaign.

CHARLES TYCKER, condemned to die for the murder of MABEL PAGE, was executed in Massachusetts on June 12, after every means had been exhausted to save him. He was condemned on circumstantial evidence. The courts of the State and the United States Supreme Court refused to meddle with the verdict, and Governor GILLIS, after the most painstaking investigation, refused to modify the sentence. So TYCKER went to the death-chair declaring his innocence, and leaving his counsel and his spiritual adviser still of the declared opinion that he did not commit the crime for which he died. That many other citizens were uneasy in their minds because they doubted his guilt appears in the fact that 113,000 persons signed a petition in his behalf to the Governor. Two years and two months elapsed between the murder of which TYCKER was convicted and his execution. It is hard to get any well-befriended murderer executed in this part of the country now, but especially hard when years elapse between the murder and the execution. A case very much in point is that of PATRICK in New York, who is under conviction for a murder done nearly four years ago. Lately in Vermont, it will be remembered, there was an agonizing attempt to save from execution the woman ROGERS, who had murdered her husband. Capital punishment by the process of law is unpopular in this country, and would probably be abolished if the murder record were not so scandalous. Those of our people who are earnestly desirous that murderers should be put to death seem to want it done in hot blood and informally.

The *London Spectator* thinks that few Americans who study the political phenomenon of their country are prepared to deny that President ROOSEVELT's warning as to public danger from "unhealthily" large fortunes is required, and should be pondered over with a view to possible action. Ten millions sterling, says the *Spectator*, strikes Europeans as a splendid fortune; but with two hundred millions (a billion dollars) an able politician might win a party in Parliament or promote a revolution. A better suggestion than that of President ROOSEVELT, to lay a progressive tax on all fortunes, the *Spectator* finds in the idea that a testator with too many millions must either distribute them proportionately to relatives, as some European states require, or if he retains liberty of bequest must leave no more than a prescribed sum to any individual. "The man, say, with fifty million dollars must make fifty bequests." That plan would help to make the public disinterested in determining where the danger point should be fixed. Meanwhile there are some pretty big new fortunes piling up in England. Mr. ALFRED BENT, the

diamond king, is reputed to have about as much in quick assets as anybody on the earth. His case seems as fit to engage the thoughts of the economic philosophers of Great Britain as that of any of the overrich Americans.

Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is a man of ideas. When he speaks he always says something, and there is never any difficulty in determining what it is. His ideas are usually somewhat pugnacious and conflict with other ideas that are in good standing. On June 12, in delivering the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Columbia University, he took occasion to express his dissatisfaction with the present methods of college education. Taking Harvard as an example, he said that if he could he would break up the traditional academic system there and split the college up into a number of small colleges, each under control of a master, who should be in close touch with his students and see that each of them was taught the right things in the right way. That is the system, more or less, which exists at Oxford, and something like it has been introduced at Princeton through the efforts of President WOODROW WILSON. It has often been discussed as a means of bettering Harvard, but the practical difficulties of introducing it there are very great, as Mr. ADAMS knows.

Mr. ADAMS also criticized the elective system, as one that, though better than the system that preceded it, greatly needed to be overhauled. He thought that no college had was competent to choose his studies, but should have them chosen for him by some one more competent to judge what training he needed. "I would prescribe," he said, "Greek or Latin as a compulsory study to the day of graduation, the one royal road to a knowledge of all that is best in letters or art." This opinion is especially interesting as coming from one who assailed classical education with memorable energy in a Harvard oration twenty years ago. Mr. ADAMS's address will promote discussion of the problem of college education, a problem far from solved as yet, and in the solution of which new experiments are constantly being tried, and some important ones now seem imminent.

We notice two persons who seem to be talking about what they don't understand. One is a priest—in Rochester, wasn't it?—who rebuked the women of his congregation for wearing what are vulgarly called "peck-a-boo waists," such as most women now wear. This person's idea was that women's garments should hide as much of them as possible as effectively as possible, a view not necessarily attributable so much to a coarse mind as to a limited experience of life. The other mistaken speaker was Miss LOUISA LEE HARRIS, of Denver, president of the National Business Women's League, who said, in an address in a convention at Chicago: "Marriage is but an incident in the life of a man; why should it not be so in the life of a woman?" A proper sentiment, perhaps, for a professional Business Woman, but a mighty bad sentiment for any one who is thinking of getting married. Anybody, man or woman, who thinks marriage is a mere incident should stick immovably to single life.

The country will do as well without too many details in the public prints about the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. LONGWORTH among the crowned heads of Europe. It is pleasant, in a way, to read about two young people who are having a good time, but the nerves of our Jeffersonian democracy are sensitive. It is different reading how the Mayor of Compiegne brought the freedom of the city to Mr. ROCKEFELLER, and how Mr. ROCKEFELLER, accompanied by his staff, hired a cab and returned the Mayor's call. We all feel that the Europeans who show regard for Mr. ROCKEFELLER love him for himself alone, and that's different.

The World, crediting Mr. JOHN ROCKEFELLER with \$615,000,000 at the present time, computes, with the aid of pictures and colored inks, that thirty-three years from now his fortune will be over twenty-five billions. What preposterous arithmetic! Money can't be expected to double more than twice in thirty-three years. Call it two and one-half billions. That's plenty; more by far than Mr. R.'s savings will ever tote up to, no matter how long he is spared.

The Progress of Russia's Revolution

As we go to press, the resignation of Premier GOREMYKIN is expected at any moment, and a question of vital moment to the Russian people, namely, whether the ministry of which he is the head will merely be reconstructed or be succeeded by a cabinet made up of men possessing the confidence of the majority of the Duma, will soon be settled. At this pivotal point in the record of Russia's attempt to achieve self-government, it may be useful to look back and review the events that have occurred since March 16, when the elected assembly, or popular branch of the first Russian Parliament, convened. Properly to appreciate, however, the significance of these events, it is useful to recall also, the circumstances under which the members of the Duma were chosen, and the unhappy decision reached by the Czar on May 6 to repudiate Count WITTE's intentions, and to restrict as narrowly as possible the powers which that statesman had meant to confer to the people's representatives.

It is now known that the Constitution on which Count WITTE proposed to model Russia's organic law was that which has existed for upwards of half a century in the Kingdom of Prussia. The members of the Duma, like those of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, were to be chosen by a process of indirect election, so that property as well as population might be represented. That precaution having been taken against a preponderance of revolutionary or radical sentiment, Count WITTE was willing to accept the fundamental principle of the Prussian Constitution, in wit, ministerial accountability to the popular branch of the national legislature. Firmly resolved that the Duma should not be polluted at the source, he firmly refused—in the dismay and disgust of the Reactionists—to permit official pressure to be exercised in the selection of nominees or in the manipulation of ballot-boxes.

The result was a genuine expression of the views and wishes of all classes of the Russian people. Never was a first experiment in popular government begun under happier auspices, so far as the representative quality of the authorized assembly was concerned. No body of men could have been better fitted, on the one hand, to assure the peasantry, who constitute more than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Russia, that their agrarian grievances would be redressed quickly and effectively, or, on the other hand, to assure Russia's foreign creditors that her debts to them would be recognized and guaranteed. There is scarcely any room to doubt that, had Count WITTE been suffered to carry out his plan—*i. e.*, to meet the Duma in the capacity of provisional Premier and to outline his agrarian and financial policy, at the same time informing it that if his programme failed to meet with its approval he should resign and advise his imperial master to appoint a minister accountable to himself in the possession of its confidence—had this been done, it is now patent that the regime of ministerial accountability and of constitutional government would have been placed on permanent foundations. Unhappily, however, for Russia, and also, in all likelihood, for the house of Romanov, the Reactionists succeeded, in the interval between the election and the meeting of the Duma, in gaining over more the Czar's ear, and in persuading him to issue a so-called "Fundamental Law," the obvious purport of which was to reduce the national assembly to a minority.

A sight of the draft of the charter embodying this fatal attempt to mislead and gag the people's representatives roused Count WITTE immediately to resign and retire from public life, and it was a notorious tool of reaction, GOREMYKIN, who was chosen to succeed him, and in counterpoint as Premier the obnoxious manifesto by which, at a stroke, the Duma was reduced from a legislative to a merely consultative body. Ten or three days after the cynical avowal of this determination to make them a laughing-stock the members of the Duma came together, no longer with the hope and confidence which they had originally felt, but in a spirit of profound disillusion and vehement resentment. In silence they listened to the perfunctory phrases with which the Czar welcomed them to St. Petersburg, and, after the brief audience was over, they made their way silently and quickly to the chamber prepared for their reception, and there proceeded to organize and prepare an address responsive to the sovereign's speech.

In the ensuing debate the Reactionists were wisely allowed to give full vent to their suspicion and indignation, but, in the end, the Constitutional Democrats profited by their numerical preponderance to frame and adopt an address which, while defining clearly the political and agrarian expectations of the Russian people, was characterized by admirable dignity and self-restraint. It should have been obvious to any half-minded reader of that document that its authors deserved the trust of the Czar as well as that of their constituents, and that they were qualified to bring about with a minimum of friction the transition from autocracy to a constitutional government. The President of the Duma, M. MIKHOVETZKY, accompanied by a small number of delegates, was deputed to lay the address before the sovereign; and here again NICHOLAS II. missed a precious opportunity. Had he listened aside to the efforts, and shown himself willing—may, perhaps, in need to face the spokesman of his people, he might have gone far to efface the

deplorable effect produced by his ill-considered "Fundamental Law," and to revive the waning belief in the sincerity of his professed devotion to the nation's welfare. As a matter of fact, the Czar refused to see the President of the Duma, and the latter was informed that any communication of which he was the bearer must be transmitted through an official—*i. e.*, through one of the bureaucrats whom the Russian people have had such ample reason to detest.

Even this mistake, however, was not irretrievable, for, as the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats pointed out to their more inconsiderate colleagues, the thing of primary importance was that their address should reach the Czar—not how it reached him. An unreasonable time elapsed before anything in the nature of a reply to the petitions embodied in the address was read by Premier GOREMYKIN. Not one of the requests was granted. Thereupon the Premier was interpellated on the urgent question of amnesty, and the leaders of the Constitutional Democratic majority demanded that pending the definite settlement of the question, the execution of prisoners condemned by martial law should at least be suspended. No attention was paid to this demand, but, on the contrary, a number of prisoners, some of whom are believed to have been entirely guiltless, were forthwith put to death. Thereupon the Duma unanimously passed a vote of want of confidence in the GOREMYKIN ministry, and have since refused a respectful hearing to any member of it.

Meanwhile, although informed by a minister that they lacked any constitutional competence to deal with the matter, the chamber reverted to a committee the formulation of an agrarian programme, the main features of which were indicated in debate by spokesmen of the Constitutional Democratic party. Their controlling purpose evidently was to avoid the sweeping confiscation desired by the Social Democrats, and to provide, by a land-purchase scheme resembling more or less closely the WYNDHAM act conceded to Ireland by the BALFOUR government, for the gradual devolution of the crown lands, the church lands, and the lands of large proprietors to the peasant cultivators on terms fair to all parties.

Such, at the hour when we write, is the actual relation of the Czar to the accredited spokesmen of his people. For the moment there is a deadlock. Nor will the state of things be materially improved by a mere reconstruction of the present ministry. Such a hollow pretence of deference to the wishes of the assembly would simply provoke a second vote of want of confidence. Even if NICHOLAS II. should now practically accept the principle of ministerial accountability by choosing for GOREMYKIN's successor a trusted representative of the Constitutional Democrats, it is by no means certain that this party could long retain its predominance in the Duma, much less command the adherence of the mass of the nation.

IN the almost childlike and touching faith originally reposed by the peasantry in the ability of the assembly to afford prompt and lasting relief from their hardships and privations, there is left scarcely a trace. No considerable fraction of the peasants are starting that they can scarcely be expected to await patiently the success which seems so far off today as it seemed a month ago. They have good reason for disquietude. Even if the Czar should sanction nominally the principle of ministerial accountability, it is by no means probable that he or the Council of the Empire, in which the great landed proprietors are firmly interested, would assent to a land-purchase project sufficiently extensive to put an end to the existing pressure of population on the means of subsistence.

Prolonged delay is, of course, intolerable to the victims of famine, and it was to be foreseen that the agrarian outbursts, attended with arson and slaughter, which were suspended but a while when it was believed that the Duma would interpose like a *diver ex machina*, would soon be renewed on a larger scale and with redoubled fury. Already the uprising of the peasants against the larger land-owners has spread to a dozen provinces, and the area of violent commotion is continually expanding. The fires of insurrection which had died down in Poland, in the Crimea, and in the Caucasus, are rapidly being rekindled. It may need presently the ruthless application of the whole military force at the disposal of the government to restore throughout European Russia the dread-bid kind of "order" which was once alleged to reign at Warsaw. Nor has the Czar any longer the assurance that the loyalty of his soldiers, upon which he was still able to count six weeks ago, has survived the dissolving influence of recent events. It is now doubtful on which side the majority of regiments would be found if they were called upon to choose between the sovereign and the national assembly. It was an ominous report telegraphed, on June 11, to a London newspaper, that not only had several non-commissioned officers of the Cavalry Guard and Preobrazhensky Guard regiment been arrested, but that the rank and file of both regiments had been confined to barracks, while the Nosovskiy regiment has been broken up and distributed among various towns in consequence of the discovery of revolutionary literature in its quarters. When the Czar is made to rely even on the fidelity of the Imperial Guard, the beginning of the end may not be distant.

The Joy of Poverty

THERE are, fortunately, many various ways of getting happiness in life, and almost any condition or state of being is capable of yielding joy if one bring the right spirit to bear upon the situation. We all remember that lovely instruction of the "little poor man" to Brother Leo as they walked from Perugia to St. Mary of the Angels, when he set forth what things were of true joy. To Saint FRANCIS, at any rate, and a sense of virtue in himself and his fellows, not the power of the healing touch, not eloquence nor influence, not knowledge nor intimacy with all the sciences, could yield as much delight as the power to accept, without murmuring and without resentment, mistrust, insult, and buffeting. "Above all gifts of the Holy Spirit . . . is to overcome one's self and willingly . . . endure pains and insults, shame and want." "In exalted prayer there is fear of fall, in prayer a precept, in the humility of a subservient spirit there is profit." Saint FRANCIS had fathomed the secret of true freedom.

It is common to hear people wish for great riches, even common to hear fairly wise people, who, having seen something of the world, shrink from an unworthy demand, wish for a few thousands more than they have, feebly believing, against all evidence, that they can buy therewith freedom from care and things; but real freedom is poverty. The best way to avoid the care of silver and fine dishes and noble napkins is not to have them, and the lifting of spirit, the liberality of mind that results from even a temporary release from ownership, ought almost to give us courage to pray for a yearly confiscation.

The great things in the world, the necessary and the truly beautiful, are always free. As the poet says:

This only God can buy for the making.

There is no price set upon the air and sky, spare to walk in and water to bathe in; the open vision, the unencumbered mind, these are the gifts of poverty. Every one admits in a half-hearted way that life is too complex to be pleasant, but few take stringent measures to relieve themselves of the complexity. For things have power. If we live with them too much we fall insupportably into their power, and as old age comes over us, unless we are vigilant and wary, we find we cannot live without shelter and blankets and three plentiful meals a day. Think of all that person whose in life who has never known the joys of hunger and thirst and weariness and exposure! Few gifts can rival them in beneficence. THOMAS never needed a fire, because when he got cold he carried coal up and down stairs till he was warm. But the fashions of the day and the multiplications of riches have tempted us into eating too much and drinking too much; our bodies are weak and disfigured by the constant burden of too many clothes and too much shelter; our muscles, from disuse, are slack and useless strings hardly able to balance our skeletons properly. Our eyes are over-sighted from living in small rooms (and now to avoid effort and inconvenience we are crowding closer and closer together and moving into smaller and smaller rooms); and our lungs are clogged with the dust of accumulated things; the air we breathe is artificially heated till we get only one-fifth of our natural vitality through breathing.

Riches, moreover, inhibit the innate nomadic instinct of man. Why shouldn't we shift as the birds do; why shouldn't we play by the sea or climb mountains all summer, and nest in the island valleys in winter, but that we cannot leave the dreadful things we have accumulated and sold our souls into bondage for, to take care of themselves.

There is infinitely more joy in admiring some one else's possessions than in the sense of ownership. The state can own better pictures and take better care of them than more than one in a million of its inhabitants. A picture, too, will yield more to a person who habitually plans and makes trips to see it than to a person who lives listlessly in the same room with it. Why, then, should not the state own the beautiful linen and beads, the silver and exquisite china, in the same way. Instead of each man's feeling his soul over the care of them? We could easily make pilgrimages of admiration from time to time. If we were content with state ownership we should be spared much labor, and we should have leisure for more happiness and better work. For it is unquestionably true that hurried work lacks tone and vitality. No man can produce anything—a garden, a book, a statue, a song—of real value, unless he produces it because he loves it and wants it. But the thousand and one demands of modern life insist that a man produce as much as he can as fast as he can, for money to supply his needs. He cannot afford to let the aid of the spirit flow as it flows, but must force it and fan it to keep up the pace. For every product that comes naturally he must force a dozen corrections against his will, and this marks a low level of production. If we could but know from the beginning that simple methods are more pleasurable than complex ones we should remedy many things. It is much pleasanter to walk through a country than to drive through it; it is infinitely pleasanter to drive through it than to go through it in the steamcars or an automobile. It is more joyous to linger in sight of land in a rowboat or a mill-race than to cross

the ocean in a liner. Of course, one reaches the other side in a liner, but why reach the other side? On where one will, one sees only one's own vision of the universe, and that is ready to bend wherever one may be. We cannot escape it, however far we travel. If one's particular vision chafes to be a vision of hell, it will creep up and surround one in the very thirde of Paradise or in the cathedral of Chartres; and if it be a vision of heaven, the desert of Sahara will not obscure its glory. Sometimes change of scene will be a stimulus to change of thoughts, add new data to our habitual mental round, or turn the current aside for a given time, but in the end we carry our universe within us, and all the ocean liners in the universe cannot transport us from ourselves.

There is, moreover, a great deal of change available without travel. It is an interesting experience, for example, to rise at dawn every day for a month and to see the unaccustomed sights in the sky—the stars that we are used to in the autumn fading in the light of the dawn's short birth, the young sun, with no harvest of the day's emotions and thoughts troubling its fur, traveling in upon the silence of night,—and to hear the slow weakening of the birds, and the first movements of the animals. It is quite a change to sleep all day and avoid its fuses and nerves and noises, and to wake through the long night silences. It is a change, if one is in the habit of talking a great deal, to maintain absolute silence for a month, except when necessity lays the burden of forced speech upon us, and it is quite wonderful to see what a stimulus this will give to thought. And all these are simple, inexpensive ways of getting a change. It is quite a change, too, to lay aside the whole burden of taxing thought for the morrow, on evil tendency which we are far too prone to excuse, and shift the whole burden upon Providence to clothe us like lilies, and watch over us more lovingly than sparrows.

Sometimes a mere love of distinction can help us to learn simplicity of living. In an arid desert one might naturally enough yearn for a crimson robe curiously embroidered with jonquils and stars of bright and old gold, but in New York, in the overwhelming glut of clothe and finery, it is surely easier to want Saint FRANCIS's simple tunic and rope belt, and in the tremendous abundance of everything in the world to eat and to drink there is real distinction in living on crusts and apples and a little water. In sight of excess it is nothing less than pleasure to offer the body its natural rights of hunger and thirst, cold and exposure, and to harden instead of coddling it into health and sturdiness.

The real virtue of riches is that they add to the picturesqueness of life. Millionaires and even semi-millionaires do a great deal towards brightening the landscape, and we ought not only to suffer them to live, but to be grateful to them. Who would willingly miss the gay pageant down Fifth Avenue on a spring afternoon, and reduce the beautiful city with its glad decoration of well-dressed people to the gray level of the willing poor? No; the world is best constituted just as it is, with all the varieties of people, and all the varying scales of being and of dwelling.

Only let the man not yet doomed to being a millionaire realize that, like the purple cow, it is better to see than be one. And joy, after all, is really and truly not to be bought with money, nor to be found in any distant corner of the earth, but is, in very deed, as the sages have known in all ages, the kingdom of heaven within.

Personal and Pertinent

WHY not leave Senator DREW alone for a while?

The Kentucky Board of Health could not be more excited over the pure-local agitation if some one had been caught adulterating the milk.

The family physician declares that Dr. DOWNE cannot live and the prophet insists that he can. The physician will win, if he'll only stand pat.

The French government has conferred the gold palm leaves and violet ribbons of the *Ordre de l'Instruction Publique*, which is the grade immediately superior to that of *Officier de l'Académie*, upon the authors of *The Merganser of an Express* and *The Prisoner and the Net*. The compliment seems to us well deserved. It surely will meet with approbation in Brittany, the birthplace of the gifted writer.

In his speech at the Royal Academy's Annual Banquet Mr. KIPPLING said that every writer has hope, or has had hope, that through him a sincerely with words would be wrought. "And why not? If a tinker in Bedford paid, if a pamphleteering shop-keeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English Admiralty official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time?" So Mr. KIPPLING. Now, then, young ladies and gentlemen, let us see how much you know about the famous writers. The tinker is easy, but who were the pamphleteering shop-keeper, the muzzy Scotsman, and the rest?

THE FAULT

THE VISIBLE CAUSE OF THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE

By HERMAN WHITAKER

"This fault," says Mr. Whitaker, "is the most stupendous in history, exceeding by four times the length of the fault in the great Japanese earthquake of 1891"

"HAVE you seen the fault?" a friend asked me a couple of weeks ago.
"The fault? What is that?" said I.

"Earthquake fissure," he answered, briefly. "Comes out of the sea at Mussel Rock, four miles below the Cliff House, then runs away down the coast."

I had not seen it, but early next morning I took car from the Ferry to Ocean View and then cut across country three miles to the ocean.
"You can't go to Mussel Rock today," said a man whom I passed on the way. "Though I have been back and forth once a week for fourteen years, I could hardly find my way this morning. The whole face of the country is changed."

Of course he exaggerated; yet, coming out on the beach, I found his statement had a solid foundation in fact. Though at this point the fault passed a full mile out to sea, the sand cliffs, seven or eight hundred feet in height, were torn, caved, and rent all along their front. Where dark, chaparral had clothed gentle slopes, vertical surfaces now showed yellow as a gangrened wound, purple-straked where the friction of sliding masses had actually burned the clay. In one place a big slide had fallen over, forming a miniature range with a valley a hundred yards wide between it and the parent cliff. At another, the slide had gone so far out into the ocean that one might walk, dry-shod, beyond the end of Mussel Rock, which projects a hundred and fifty yards to sea.

Along the face of the cliff, some four hundred feet above the beach, a right of way had been excavated for the Ocean Shore Electric Road. Of this there remained only old bits. Buried at some points under enormous slides, at others it was shown away and tossed into the ocean. Half-way up one slide, the steel derrick of a steam-shovel projected. Four men were digging it out—one of whom was actually on the shovel—when the quake ploughed off both it and the right of way.

"When I felt her going," he told me, "I jumped right out, lit fifty feet down in the slide, and rode her down with shoulders as high as a house tearing like h— after me. Hurt! Only my pants—these had a bit of skin."

"Didn't talk like that when it happened," the foreman said, after the man had gone back to his work. "I saw him go. It was a clack that we'd have to dig him out at first sight, but when I got down he was standing there, shaking, the count positively streaming from his face. Talk! Never opened his jaw for half a day."

Half a mile or so from the buried shore, I crossed the line of the fault. Coming out of the Pacific Ocean in the vicinity of Point Arena, one hundred and twenty miles north of San

"FAULT: In geology, a severing of the continuity of a body of rock by a break through the mass, attended by movement on one side or the other of the break . . . occasioned by movements of the crust of the earth."—The Century Dictionary

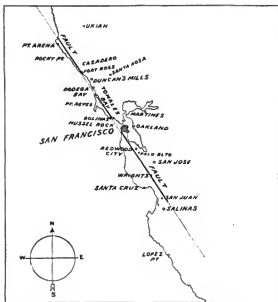
Francisco, it runs south along the coast for two hundred and twenty-five miles, to San Juan. There it fades from view, yet persists, its course, doubtless, many other hundreds of miles beneath the alluvium desert. Of its kind, it is the most stupendous in history, exceeding by four times the length of the fault in the great Japanese earthquake of 1891. Sometimes a wide crevasse, sometimes a sunken road between parallel fissures, again leaping into a line of torn brown sand, it plunges through green valleys, clothes forests, splits mountains—all with a sublime contempt of topography, and impressing one with a sense of the omnipotent energy behind, of kind force, of power immeasurable and absolutely indifferent to human hopes and fears.

At the head of Spring Valley it appeared as a fissure, black and irregular, paralleling the road. On the morning of the quake one night, I suppose, have dropped a stone down in where, miles below, the earth's ponderous anchony creaked and groaned; and though the sides had now caved and crumbled, it still yawned with sinister suggestiveness. Stepping down, I had an uncomfortable feeling that the black walls might close in like a door on a fly, or open

and let me through. It was impressive. No man may gaze on this, the visible cause of San Francisco's disaster, without a secret feeling of awe, nor can he refrain from speculation as to the mighty forces which produced this great effect—forces which hark back to the very beginnings of geological time.

On the Pacific coast the oldest rocks are limestone and quartzites. Ages ago these were elevated above the sea, were extensively eroded by stream and wave action, and were then submerged and covered by thousands of feet of sediments, which formed the Franciscan or hidden fane series. This deposition was ended by a second upward movement. Raised high above sea-level, the series was folded, eroded, and faulted,—that is, broken across the crust. Remaining above sufficiently long to be eroded, it sank again, to be covered in turn, by eight thousand feet of sediments of the Cretaceous and Eocene periods. Elevated for the third time, the series was crumpled and faulted into a well-defined mountain range, and

sank once more in Pliocene times, though this time not completely submerged. Along the California coast was deposited the Mendocino series, beneath which is found a forest of pine, including some of those now growing at Monterey, and which proves the rapidity of the subsidence. Raised for the last time, the series was tilted at angles as high as seventy-five degrees, and dislocated by a heavy fault which formed Spring Valley and the system of ponds and lakes that furnish the San Francisco water-supply. Along the



Map of the California Coast, showing the location and visible extent of the Fault of April 18, 1906

valley run three well-defined faults, the San Andreas and San Bruno, which pass to sea at different angles, and a third which diverges in the direction of the city of Santa Rosa, and accounts for the enormous destruction in that city.

The origin of Spring Valley thus understood, a little additional data enable us to guess what happened on the morning of April 18. Geologists divide earthquakes into two classes, volcanic and tectonic. The former occur at comparatively shallow depths, diffuse their vibrations from a definite centre, have a short radius of influence, and are not followed by after-quakes. They may, in fact, be closely imitated by the explosion of large quantities of dynamite at the bottom of deep mines. Tectonic quakes, on the other hand, occur at greater depths and are caused by the breaking of strata along a line. Their waves are sent forth from this line, whatever its length, and they are always followed by after-quakes. To this class belongs the great Japanese earthquake before mentioned, which killed seven thousand people, wounded seventeen thousand, and destroyed two hundred thousand houses. It was caused by movement along a fissure which appeared on the surface as a fault seventy miles in length, and after an exhaustive study, Professor John Milne concludes that they are more frequent in districts that exhibit evidences of elevation or subsidence, such as our own Pacific coast. To this add the conclusion presented by Professor Martin in a recent article, and we may go on. "The conclusion," says Professor Martin, after a lengthy discussion of the data, "that the San Francisco earthquake was of tectonic origin, and that it was due to movement along one or more of the great faults, may be regarded as reasonably certain."

This understood, let the reader place the palms of the hands together, the left representing the Pacific Ocean and strip of coastline, the right, the remainder of California. For years, perhaps centuries, the rock strata beneath have been exposed to increasing strains by enormous and unknown forces. It may be caused by the shrinkage of the earth's envelope on a cooling centre once molten as some say; by vast masses of sediment that have been carried out by the coast rivers, millions of millions of tons, and have been deposited on the ocean floor till the weight broke down the strata, as maintained by others. Be this as it may, the limit of elasticity has been reached at 8.15 on the morning of April 18. Here at that hour, at the head of Spring Valley, the air is warm and meadow-larks are singing. Mr. Fay, foreman of the Smith ranch, is bringing up the cows that will supply San Francisco's breakfast. Unknown to himself, he is riding along the fault, but beyond the error stillness—dubbed "earthquake weather" by Californians—there is nothing to indicate that, miles below, vast subterranean forces are poised on a hair-trigger.

Now shoot the left hand forward, the right back. With a roar, a rumble, a crash, grinding of rocks, the cry of a world in pain, the strata break along the old fault. Zip! It slips eight feet,



The "Jug" in the San Andreas Dam caused by the Fault. The Line A—B indicates the Position of the Edge of the Dam before the Disturbance

laterally, along its two hundred and twenty-five miles of land line and nobody knows how many hundreds more of ocean bed. The Pacific slides north eight feet; California comes eight feet south. When the evidence is all in, Professor Lawson and the geologists of the State Commission will doubtless tell us which; but their verdict makes no difference upon the personal problem of Mr. Fay, on the Smith ranch.

To understand what happened to him, just put a book on the table and snatch the table-cloth eight feet. The legs were snatched from beneath the horse, and when, brained and shaken, Mr. Fay rose, he was thrown again to the ground. Lying there, he saw that his cows were all down, some rolling, others whirling spasmodically in their attempts to get up. Up at the house, Mrs. Fay was thrown from the stove, where she was cooking breakfast, out through the open doorway. Fancy! What if that fault had gone through San Francisco? Though she is in ashes, the unfortunate city may be thankful that it passed six miles outside her borders. Had it eluded her centre, the foundations would have been snatched from under her buildings as the legs were snatched from under Fay's horse, and the death-roll would have run into hundreds of thousands.

Not far from the Smith ranch, I came on the first break in the Spring Valley Water Company's twenty-inch main, the pipe that supplied most of San Francisco's water. Broken here and pushed apart till its sides overlap, it was flattened further on, telescoped or wreathed apart, according to the angle at which it crossed the fault. Imagine the power required to telescope one length of a buried iron pipe upon another of the same gauge! Yet this occurred at a hundred points. For a mile it was pulled apart at every joint; beginning with half-inch apertures, the breaks at every joint; beginning with half-inch apertures, the breaks at every joint; beginning with half-inch apertures, the breaks at every joint; beginning with half-inch apertures, the breaks at every joint.

Fifty-eight inches was attained. Crossing the San Andreas dam, a masonry structure, the fault moved one end bodily over, leaving a jag of several feet in both dam and fence. Further down it overthrew, crushed, or pulled apart the big four-foot main which here is carried on trestles. At Crystal Springs it shone through a brick drain, carrying the halves over so that opposite walls now touch. In all, it wrecked the system with a completeness that would seem the art of malicious fate to one ignorant of the geology of the region.

Viewing the wreck, no unprejudiced mind can fail to exonerate the water company from the charges of contributory negligence so freely brought against it. Lurching has been mentioned as being too good for its directors. It has been accused of carrying its main on flimsy trestles; of using rotten piping; of snoring peacefully while San Francisco burned. On the contrary, the company did everything that was possible in the premises. As the San Andreas main was hopelessly wrecked, it turned all its energies upon other sources of supply, repairing the least damaged first. For two weeks Mr.



The Earthquake's Shattering of the San Andreas Dam. The Line A—B indicates the Direction of the Press to the Left before the Earthquake

Schmieder, the chief engineer, lived in his automobile; at night, he snatched his sleep while the chauffeur whirled him up and down the pipe-lines. Further, the company had made some provision against possible earthquakes. After the shock of '68, all new mines were laid down with flexible joints calculated to give or take up movements of half an inch. Mr. Schmieder himself invented the joints which show in the accompanying illustrations. But no human care or foresight could avail against the force that wrecked the mine; no joint could take up a movement of seven feet. Yet such actually occurred. Across the fault at its juncture with the main in one place a line fence runs perfectly straight before the quake, it was broken in two and set ajar, so that if the halves were built out across the field a line seven feet in width would be left between. In the face of this fact, with the added surety that future tremors will occur along the line of the fault, it would be folly, however, to depend upon the Spring Valley Water Company for water to fight fire. If San Francisco is to escape a second baptism of fire, it will be necessary to construct a self-water system with reservoirs sufficiently large to afford ample supplies while breaks in pipes are being repaired.

Passing from Spring Valley, the fault line runs southward, three or four miles to the west of Redwood City and Palo Alto, lying so near the line of greatest destruction, both towns were, of course, badly wrecked. The damage at Stanford University alone runs high in the millions. San Jose, farther from the line, suffered less; though, in proportion to size, the actual earthquake damage exceeded that of San Francisco. At Wrights, a station on the Southern Pacific's North Coast Line, the fault sliced the Santa Cruz Mountains, destroying the railway tunnel that carries the line thousands of feet below the summit.

On the morning of the earthquake a freight-train had just passed through the tunnel and was thundering down a mountain grade toward Pajaro in ten minutes after five. With the air on the grade doing the work, and the fireman attending to the oil, the engineer had time to take in the scenery, and so he leaned out of the cab idly watching the track, it suddenly writhed under his astonished gaze, humped, quivered like a vicious tarantula, then, just as a snake might snap a fly from its tail, it flicked the heavy freight over a forty-foot bank into the canyon. Such a smash-up! Cars piled in stories, skyscraper fashion, engine lying wheels up, like an overturned beetle; destruction loose in an acre, yet, within, not a man hurt. That the crew managed to crawl alive from that scrap-heap must be added to the long list of earthquake miracles.

On all of the coast roads, trucks were heaved, raved, bent, twisted; bridges were shaken, tracks thrown down; but it remained for Salinas to exhibit the most astonishing phenomena of the fault. Can you imagine rock being squeezed—as you would squeeze a wet sponge—till water gushed forth in streams. Rock? a substance that we are accustomed to think of as incompressible the qualities



CRACK IN PIPE LINE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A complete break in one of the Tarapacoch Water-conduits in Spring Valley

of hardness and dryness? Yet down Salinas way the fault repeated the miracle of Moses. The strata were ground together along its broken surfaces, squeezed till mud and water issued from the fault in streams large enough to wash away cattle. Think of it or, don't! It is beyond one's power of conception.

Originally I had had no intention of writing about the fault. My visit had been prompted by curiosity. But the first glance convinced me that, of all the earthquake phenomena, this, its significant and visible cause, was the most worthy of record. No other means of conveyance being available, I followed it south on foot through a drizzling rain, making twenty-seven miles that first day with the roughest kind of walking. Two days later, I took a North Shore train to view the fault in its southern aspects. Though three weeks had elapsed, this was the first train to run through to Cazadero, the terminal, and everywhere along the line gangs and construction trains were in evidence, straightening track, laying bridges, reestablishing grades.

Wherever the line approached the fault, indications of severe shock abounded. It is stated that Mount Tompalin has been moved locally two feet—is just so much out of its old relation to the country's topography; and while, at the time of writing, I have not been able to verify the statement, it is more than credible, since the fault line touches its foot. At Point Reyes, on Tomales Bay, however, a lateral movement of fifteen feet has been measured. This occurs, of course, in north-south, and probably doubles the movement of the underlying rock. Yet it undoubtedly proves the destruction of all existing surveys. All the surveys on the Pacific coast-line will have to be reestablished, and in the case of broken property lines it will be a pretty problem to settle just which man's land has been moved over on to the other fellow's property.

Passing the end of Tomales Bay, the conductor called me out to the rear platform to look at a mile of grade that had sunk five feet below level, and while there recounted his personal experience.

"When the troublebaker turned loose," he said, "our train was just ready to pull out from Point Reyes on the morning trip down. I had just taken my orders and swung aboard, when—biff! we were thrown from the track and turned bottom up. Of course I didn't much time for thinking, but I had a feeling that a freight had rammed us from behind, and I was that sure the engine would crawl up on top that I just dashed out through a window. You can imagine my surprise. Not even a whiff of steam in sight. I was the most puzzled man in California until I looked over at the station. Then I knew. Next, frasers, glass were gone from every window, and a big frame house had been thrown bodily into the bay."

A few minutes later I saw the house. Windowless, with high tide washing in and out the lower windows, it conveyed a peculiar impression; a composite of wreck, flood, and fire.

From Point Reyes northward, the line ran through a zone of small destruction; partly, perhaps, because towns are few and



A Twenty-inch Hole showing Water from Spring Valley in San Francisco, which was interrupted by the physical



Railway Track along the Ocean Shore distorted by the Earthquake and covered by the consequent Landslide

small, and partly because in its methods the earthquake was flirtations as a capricious woman. Here shaking the very walls out of a town, as in the case of Santa Rosa, there gliding under another, as with Petabam, and, upon a third, setting with all the fury of a terrier with a rat. So springing Casadero, the North Shore terminal, it seized and tore Dunsmuir's Mills with a terrible convulsion; worried, shook it, till a two-story frame hotel fell apart like a house of cards, killing three people.

Coming to the break occurring in solid rock at Fort Ross, the movement was said to have been more violent and the phenomena more startling there than at any other point on the coast. I had been told of redwoods snapped short off, of forests moved or swallowed, of roads broken in two and set ajar. But on ten miles of mountain trail I saw no sign of the reported destruction. Walking along in the rose-black shade of towering redwoods, I flushed two deer and noticed them go bounding up the canyon. I passed a sawmill in full operation. Around and about me a wealth of vegetation gleamed in the sunlight, vivid in its virginal greenness. Manzanitas, madrones, live-oaks, enormous pepper-trees, trees of a hundred orders filled the side and transcripts between the great cathedral sequoias. In the canyons, dark chaparral clung, unbroken, to the steepest slopes. Climbing up often hundred feet, the trail laid the great blue Pacific, wonderfully level with flimsy fog, at my feet. Up to me rose the roar of its mighty breakers, but nowhere had I seen scar or mark of the earth convulsion that had belittled its thunders; of the convulsion that had projected its vibrations aimed the world.

"Earthquake strikes," I thought as I plunged down after the trail into a redwood canyon. "Fairy tales: a sapling or two broken; a landslide topped off with a broken fence; nothing more than—"

Then the trail slid around a bend and brought me plump on a fallen sequoia—no rotten snag, but a mighty tree, green, strong, stout, six feet in diameter across the butt. As you would crack a whip, it had been snapped off forty feet up, the trunk and hurled athwart the road. Within a quarter of a mile six others lay in a space of half an acre, some uprooted, some snapped off, all broken and splintered; and all along the ocean slopes I could see fractured tops, scores of them, gleaming yellow under the setting sun. And all this destruction occurred a good long mile from the fault.

A mile down the road I came again to the fissure, which exhibited the same general features that mark it south of San Francisco—a narrow road between parallel cracks, open fissure, or heaped brown ridge in crossing pasture-land, the old Italy milk ranch it was split open so that one might easily have driven a team and wagon into the crack; upon the Call ranch it had broken a road in halves. Following it up, I came to another tree, or rather ten trees growing out from a giant stump twelve feet across. Both had been snapped off. Near by a massive trunk had been snapped in two places and thrown so that the top with fifty feet of hairy body lay at an acute angle and separate from the trunk. Further on a stump, with two young trees growing out of it, had been cloven neatly and left with a tree on either side of the fissure; and a bull-pine that stood exactly in the line had been split from

the roots up. Fairy tales! the half had not been told.

To get an idea of the violence of the shock, remember that at Fort Ross the hard rock crops out on the surface; there clasp your hands, pull apart with all of your strength and let go suddenly. That is exactly what occurred on a continental scale. On the Call ranch the ground was wrenched from under a young man with such violence that he was thrown backward upon his shoulders. A two-story frame house, exceedingly strong and well built, which rests on ground-sills, was slung eight feet away from its foundation. (See page 100) The ground, withering the grass along the edges, causing nausea, sickness, and vomiting among those who inhaled it, the rancher claimed that his cows vomited, which might very well be true, as the fissure plunged through the milk-yard and split the herd. The same area maintains that high tide does not come within a foot of its old level along the Fort Ross coast. If this be true—and proof should be easy, as the United States Coast Survey established bench-marks on the rocks some years ago—it is the most significant, pregnant fact of all the earthquake phenomena. For it proves an uplift, confirms the theory that the entire Pacific coast is undergoing slow upheaval.

Trying to the exceeding roughness of the country, I followed the fault only a few miles beyond Fort Ross, but I learned from members of the geological commission appointed by the Governor of California that it follows an unbroken line to Point Arena, where it wrecked the town and destroyed the light-house. From there it runs on under the ocean.

Along its hog line we see that towns, cities, villages, have been crushed and crumpled, and harking back to the fault's origin, we found that its ruse is still active. Respecting Professor Milne "earthquakes are most frequent in districts that exhibit evidence that elevation is still in progress." Inversely, it is reasonable to suppose that California, a country which exhibits regular recurrence of seismic disturbance, is undergoing upheaval.

Now in this there is no cause for alarm. Geological changes assume periods of time beside which the lifetime of the human race is as a fleeting second. San Francisco is arid to be left high and dry as a stranded fish, nor to be plunged, in second Atlantis, beneath the waves. In all probability she will attain the zenith of her prosperity, decline and lie for ages, a dusty covered ruin, before the sea again claims its ancient territory.

Coming to the more immediate probability, we are justified in believing that the present fracture along the old fault has no need the strains as it acted immovably from disastrous shocks for a long period. If the comparatively slight shock of '07 secured immunity for forty years, we may surely now look for a longer intermission. Aye, the years may run to centuries before there occurs such another. A hundred and seventy years ago Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake and has not felt a tremor since.

Nor should it be imagined that in North America earthquakes are confined to the Pacific coast. The most destructive on record occurred in 1811 in the Mississippi Valley.



A View on the Call Ranch at Fort Ross which was "Jugged" Eight Feet out of Line by the Fault



The Main Trench of the Outlaws on the Crest of Mount Dajo after the Battle



Transporting Wounded Soldiers back to Jolo from the Scene of the Fighting

THE FIGHT ON MOUNT DAJO

The photographs on this page picture scenes connected with the battle between Moro outlaws on Mount Dajo, on the island of Jolo, and the American troops, early last March, when, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, the Americans exterminated the band of 600 savages who had made themselves a menace to the island. Mount Dajo is extremely steep and rugged, the last 500 feet of the ascent having an angle of from 50 to 60 degrees, and the last 50 feet being practically perpendicular. The outlaws were strongly fortified, and it was up to a variable death-trap that the Government troops had to fight their way. Twenty of the Americans were killed and twenty-five wounded.

A NIGHT IN A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

By six o'clock the "load" has dropped. Most of the city's business that can be done by telephone has been interrupted by the close of the business day. A number of girls have left the tall chairs ranged about the circular switchboard and have noiselessly slipped out into the darkness of the side street, to reappear in the crowd of the White Way, now filled with tourists and shoppers homeward bound. Only the night force is left, less than a score of operators and supervisors, the majority of whom are on duty from 5.30 to 11; four of whom, together with the night manager, will keep open exchange until relieved next morning; so that if you or I should have need of the telephone at twelve, two, three or five o'clock we shall not be denied that most indispensable of modern utilities.

Throughout the night the occurrences in the city, where, no it happens, a fog has produced disorder and discomfort all day, are reproduced in the comfortable, well-ventilated circle of the exchange. Like the Lady of Shalott's magic mirror, the switchboards reveal to the initiated a passing show, and what is seen in this one exchange of the thousands of the system is seen, with

restaurant for his dinner, and probably, while he eats, commiserates with his family and with the two men with whom he had an agreement to bowl at the club.

"A lot of other stories are told by the little lights that seem to you to flash up at random. You notice that the girl at position No. 37 is busy. She takes the incoming calls from three big hotels. Theatre tickets are being ordered—you see, Herndon's is in town. Requests for seats are zipping into the box-office at her theatre faster than they can be handled. A lot of people always try to secure tickets at the last moment. They get impatient with us if their wants are not attended to all at once. But it isn't our fault. Only one call at a time can go over a line. Besides, when the theatre has an attraction that is running to standing-room only, the box-office has its hands full and may be a little slow in answering the telephone. As far as we are concerned, calls are put in one after the other as fast as it is humanly possible with the service that each theatre in our district takes.

"On the right of the entrance to the switchboard the long-distance messages are 'trunked' to the 'main' exchange, which dis-



Contending that the Talk of a great City is here Projected, the Floor is surprisingly Quiet

local variations, wherever the alert operators sit before the switchboards during the still watches of the night.

"I'm shut in here for hours at a time," says the exchange manager, "but there's no isolation about it. The flashing of the little red, white, and green lamps tells me what is going on. No need of the late editions to keep informed and no need of 'listening in'; a good telephone man doesn't do that, except in cases of necessity. If you know the 'positions' of the switchboard you can divine most of the happenings of the evening.

"This hour between six and seven is dull, normally. The stores and manufacturing establishments are already deserted, and the hotels and theatres haven't begun to get busy. To-night there's a little exceptional activity over at the left where the calls are coming in fast. Two-thirds of these are from the pay-station at the big railroad station which we serve. A foggy night like this, of course, when the train service is tied up, makes business for two or three of our girls. People who cannot travel, telephone. When Patricianillas, hurrying from his office, reaches the train-trunk and finds a crowd gathered around track No. 18 from which the 5.57 to Winterdale should have gone out eleven minutes ago, he knows that it's his for an uncertainty. So he rushes to the telephone to inform the family that he is likely to be anywhere from half an hour to an hour late. That relieves their apprehension. It also helps to make things lively for the operator at the station and for us. If the tie up is a bad one, father goes to a

tributes them to every place reached by the system east of the Rocky Mountains. We are busier along this side than we usually are at this hour. There's a reason. The town is full of shoe-leppers, most of whom put up at hotels served by this exchange. All day they keep the long-distance wires hot while they communicate with their home offices. After the day's business is over, many of them before, after, or during dinner take occasion to call up their families. The habit among business men of writing home each night has largely gone out. It's easier and pleasanter to exchange a few words over the telephone with one's wife and children in the distant city. All we know about here is the quick posting on of the call to the long-distance room in another exchange, but the flashing of the bulbs, properly interpreted, might tell stories of sentiment, inquiry, sometimes, unfortunately, of deception.

The human side of the switchboard is intensely interesting. The methods of handling the various kinds of calls, whether incoming from party lines, private branch exchanges, pay-stations, automatic-rot machines, or suburban exchanges; the deft, light punch of the plug into the "jack" as one of the tiny glass bulbs glows before the eyes of the operator; the team-work whereby the supervisor, one behind the chairs of six girls, gets into the game and helps to distribute the load by rapidly assigning such numbers as cannot be handled in one position to another position; the occasional loud rattle of the "howler" warning a subscriber that his receiver had not been hung up at the close of the conversation;

the emergency flash of green lights all along the board when the manager wants to give a peremptory general order—these are technical incidents replete with human interest. The switchboard is a vibrating instrument upon which a city plays unconsciously with incessant variations. The hoarl of the calls oscillates from side to side, and the human part of the locomotion responds minutely and effectively to the oscillations.

Considering, indeed, that the evening talk of a great city is here projected the place is surprisingly quiet. Only the low, well-moderated voices of the operators who have to answer subscribers and the occasional suggestions from superiors, or from the manager (interrupt the stillness, "Number, please," or "Did you get them?" which are loud enough in the ear of the subscriber, are almost lost in the great high-roofed exchange. The babble of incoming and outgoing conversation produces not the slightest confusion.

It is, in fact, a silent moving picture of the city by night that is portrayed as the evening advances. Toward eight o'clock the calls from the hotels and clubs and for the theatres fall off. Slack time has begun. (In the positions from which the traffic of the office buildings is handled a little spasmodic activity appears and disappears. A few business men, working late over accounts and schemes, have come in from their sappers and are telephoning home.

Shortly before nine o'clock three calls, coming in rapid succession from a district which at this time is dark and not-northern, attract the night-manager's attention as he sits at his desk in the centre of the room. "Nothing is happening among the wholesale houses," he exclaims.

A moment later he is in consultation with the chief operator. Two more calls are registered, one of these for the desk. The excitement is due to a big fire in a wholesale grocery establishment. A search is at once begun by the ever willing and ready information desk to find the manager of the store. He is not at his house in a distant suburb. He has not been seen at the metropolitan club which he frequents. He is known to be interested in music. Try him at the symphony concert; the head usher will find him if he is in the house. Not there. Ring up his brother.

Meanwhile the traffic due to the conflagration increases. It will cease no unquestioned peak in the evening's curve between the hours of nine and ten. A roll now comes to the desk which stops the search for the manager. He has already appeared on the scene, nobody knows from where. He has doubtless found things not so serious as he feared. The fire department has the blaze well in hand, their extraordinary efforts having turned the occasion into an ordinary one. The excitement dies away before ten o'clock, as the exchange knows without being told.

Then, while pit and galleries await the opening of the fourth act, and house folk are beginning to turn in for the night, there is time for explanations and reminiscences. The night-manager dwells upon the tremendous loads that are sometimes put upon the service by a public that often grumbly pays its bills, never appreciating the extra facilities which have to be carried, in order that time may at any time be saved. A great football game, for example, puts the exchange to a test which can be met successfully

only by carefully systematized effort and one which lasts far into the night as the celebrants relive the memories of their victory and the vanquished drink draughts of oblivion. Throughout the game an operator, telephone in hand, has followed the swirling mass players and long punts. His comments on "downs" and "tackles" and yards gained are received at the exchange by a special operator designated for the purpose, and to her without comment all inquiries regarding the progress of the game. A few catch phrases indicating the progress of the contest are given out to whoever inquires, as: "Hartley has the ball, second down, three yards to gain," or, "Yale scores through Meckinstosh. Present score is 12-0."

Long after darkness has closed in the football field and the strains have ceased for the rapid transit company whose myriad of cars transport the operators from the field the inquiries as to the final score are still pouring in at the exchange. The outgoing crowds on the evening trains from the city exhaust the telephone facilities at the railway stations. Doors at the hotels order telephones with their courses and discuss the details of the game with friends who were unable to attend. The metropolitan nocturne is more brilliant than ordinarily, and its brilliance as always stimulates the exchange. Until an early hour the operators at "Central," who never have much leaving time in these days when efficiency tests have determined pretty accurately what each girl can handle, sway from side to side as they reach from one end to the other of the multiple unit with its thousands of holes, each one of which any girl trained in the employ of the company can find in the dark.

Trade in the proficiency of the operators is one of the night-man's favorite themes. The exchange manager, under whom he serves, has striven for years to attain ideal relations between employer and employed, and, with allowance for human imperfections, he has succeeded. The girls take real interest in their work. They cooperate in efforts to reduce the drag of the call—that little saving of seconds which in the aggregate makes up many years annually in the life of the nation. The operators are in fact everything which the public that has not looked into the exchange building believes them not to be—just as the corporation in its treatment of them is everything that it is often supposed not to be. Many of the girls at the switchboard have been assigned night work at their own request in order that they may attend to housekeeping duties after a late breakfast. Several support aged parents. One is helping a brother through college. Another is herself a student of music in the local conservatory.

The work is exacting, but by no means excessive. An ordinary evening sees some of the operators allowed during the slack time to go to the rest-room below. The place is no travesty on the name. It is homelike and comfortable. A round table stands covered with popular magazines, and at least two or three which prompt thoughtful reading. A bookcase contains one hundred or more works of fiction. The Morris-chairs and other furniture in the mission style are in good taste. A few of the evergreen decorations left from a recent gala event are on the walls, where also hang photographs of an amateur dramatic performance given by members of the exchange. Materials and appliances for making



A Telephone Exchange in the Theatre District during the Evening Rush Hour



Behind the Scenes in a Telephone Exchange. In the lower left-hand foreground are the Power Generators; behind them (in the background) the electric motor of the operators' improvement association. "We do things." In the center, the "Ringing Machines"; and in the rear, the Cable Passage leading to the Exchange-room above.

hot coffee or cocoa are supplied without charge by the management. A billboard bears the electric motto of the operators' improvement association. "We do things."

That they do is proved by book-keepers, benefit lists, records of dances, theatre parties, and trinity excursions. In all these activities the exchange-manager co-operates and suggests. He is proud of having been the first telephone-manager in the country to start certain lines of welfare work, and the operators are proud of him. The eye of the young night man dilates as he describes his chief success in prolonging the average length of service in his exchange, so that whereas in some places girls stay on an average not more than ten and one-half years, the operators here continue for at least twelve months longer.

In the mean time the light traffic in the exchange reveals that the city, for the present, is devoid of excitement. The fog has cleared and the whistling of tugboats in the harbor has ceased. Trains are leaving the stations on time. Audiences in the playhouses are hanging spellbound on the tragedian's performance, or are laughing at the rapid jokes of vaudeville artists. Calls from an emergency hospital of this neighborhood are flashing up the lights rather frequently—proof that the world outside is not altogether without its troubles. Between this private hospital and another which is municipally conducted in another quarter of the city there is competition, and the amusements of each are anxious to beat out the other's. The response to a telephone call is therefore always sharp and quick.

Just before eleven o'clock the night-manager from his desk "cuts in" upon operator after operator in a light, barely audible voice: "You may go, Miss Brandon; you may go, Miss Armbles; you may go, Miss Sullivan."

One after the other they silently slip away from the switchboard and disappear. There is no intimacy in their leave-taking. Four are left with the night-manager and two repair-men, who are busily at work among the strands beneath the switchboard.

Only two at a time of the operators will be needed after midnight. There is, however, a little increase of activity just after the theatres let out, and the comparatively small force is kept very busy. The night manager himself directs much of the handling of calls, for the four girls sit together, at the most used portion of the board, and somebody must watch for the crashing of lights around the rest of the big circle. Long practice has enabled the night man to know in many cases the moment a light flashes in one of the vacant positions just from where the call comes. Sometimes he has to walk over to it. In any event the operator does not have to leave her seat, so that there is less jumping around in the midnight management of the board than

one might suppose. For just because a flash occurs on the unoccupied side of the room it is not necessary for an operator to go to that side. The multiplication of all the lines in the exchange, so that each position has a switch socket corresponding to every circuit, enables the four operators to keep their seats so long as the night manager is watching the board outside their immediate vicinity. From his desk in the centre he sees each and such a hotel calling, and straightway assigns the number to one of the girls.

Several such calls are recorded successively. This is the hour of the after-theatre party, when Mildred is ringing up her mother to say that the performance was delightful, and that the party will leave for their suburban home in time to get the twelve-o'clock trolley from the station.

The gaiety of the feasting city is reflected in the exchange for about an hour more. Then the load drops off. The only newspaper office in the district keeps up its thin fire of calls. At another exchange which serves newspaper men the night service is more important. In this one, as in most, the places occupied by a hundred operators in the daytime are practically all vacant. It is a big, expensive plant that is kept open for the benefit of the few subscribers who have occasion to use it in the night.

The gloom and darkness of the city has its counterpart in the stillness of the exchange. Routine calls are registered from time to time. Three or four the watchmen in the department stores ring up "Central" to announce that all is well. Assurance is thus given that no rustiness or drowsiness is exposing the big ship to the perils of the innervary. There is even a little business by telephone for the stores at this time of night. Occasionally an order comes in for early delivery of goods. All-night telephone service is an advertised specialty of several of the department stores, and the watchman is under orders to take down requests.

The four night-operators are all liable to duty, but as the load falls to almost nothing the night manager exercises his power of discretion and divides the remainder of the night into two watches. Downstairs in the rest-room are folding beds, immaculately kept, where two of the girls sleep while the other two hold their places at the switchboard, alert and attentive, even though hardly a call as hour is registered.

The night manager, himself, may not sleep. His eye must constantly rove around the exchange for the flashing light which signifies that a subscriber is asking to be served. Even when all the world, except the lawless and the guardians of law and order is asleep, "Central" never sleeps. Apart from its many other utilities it is one of the productive agencies. If you fancy there are burglars in your house, call up the desk at the exchange, and the

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AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE

As King Alfonso of Spain and his bride, Queen Victoria, were returning in their coach from the wedding ceremony to the Mayor. It exploded beside the state coach bearing the King and Queen, who would undoubtedly have been killed had not the explosion been so near. The explosion was so near that the King and Queen were not injured by the explosion. Two horses attached to the royal coach and a groom leading them were killed. The remarkable escape of the King and Queen is a most extraordinary event in the history of the world.



TO ASSASSINATE THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

Church of San Jeronimo of Real, Madrid, on May 31, a bomb concealed in a bouquet was thrown from a window of No. 88 Calle
a bomb been deflected by striking an electric wire. Their Majesties escaped injury, but eighteen persons were killed and sixty-three
photograph on this page was taken at the moment of the explosion, the smoke of which may be seen in the background to the left



THE ROYAL COACH OF KING ALFONSO AND HIS BRIDE BEFORE THE BOMB WAS HURLED

Within a short time after this photograph was taken the wedding procession turned into the Calle Mayor, where the anarchist was lying in wait with a bomb inclosed in a bouquet



THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE BOMB WAS THROWN AT THE SPANISH ROYAL WEDDING COACH

From a second-story window of the house on the right, No. 88, in the narrow Calle Mayor, Morales, the anarchist, flung the bomb at the King of Spain and his bride

THE ANARCHIST OUTRAGE AT MADRID



BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

CHAPTER V

HARRY looked longingly at Maria, then his eyes fell on the door of the room which had been papered that day. It occurred to him to go in and see how the new paper looked.

"Come in with father, and let's see the improvements," he said, in a gay voice.

Maria followed him into the room. It would have been difficult to say whether triumphant malice and daring, or love, prevailed in her heart.

Harry, carrying the lamp, entered the room, with Maria slinking at his heels. The first thing he saw was the torn paper. "Hallo!" said he. He approached the bay window with his lamp. "Confound those paperers!" he said.

For a minute Maria did not say a word. She was not exactly struggling with temptation. She had inherited too much from her mother's Puritan ancestry to make then the question of a struggle possible when the duty of truth stared her, as now, in the face. She simply did not speak at once, because the thing appeared to her stupendous, and nobody, least of all a child, but has a threshold of preparation before stupendous things.

"They haven't half put the paper on," said her father. "Didn't half paste it, I suppose. You can't trust anybody unless you are right at their heels. Confound 'em! There, I've got to go round and look 'em up to-morrow before I go to the city!" Then Maria spoke. "I tore that paper off, father," said she. Harry turned and stared at her. His face went white. For a second he thought the child was out of her senses. "What?" he said.

"I tore that paper off," repeated Maria.

"You? Why?" The door-swing seemed to hit the child like a pistol-shot, but she did not flinch. "Mother never had paper as pretty as this," she said, "nor new furniture." Her eyes met her father's with indelible reproach. Harry looked at her with almost horror. For the moment the child's eyes looked like her dead mother's, her voice sounded like hers. He continued gazing at her.

"I couldn't bear it," said Maria. She—(she meant Mrs. Adeline)—"was asleep. I was all alone. I got to thinking. I came in here and tore it off."

Harry heaved a deep sigh. He did not look, now, as he in the least angry. He was a man to be easily swayed to another's point of view, and Maria, as well as her mother, had a stronger character than he.

"I know your poor mother didn't have much," said he. Then he put his arms around Maria and kissed her.

Maria began to sob. "Father's a bad Harry. She felt her chest heave, and realized that her father was weeping as well as she. "Oh, father," she sobbed out, convulsively. "I am sorry I tore this off."

"Never mind, darling," said Harry. He almost carried the child back to her own room. "Now get to bed as soon as you can, dear," he said.

He started to go to the guest-chamber, which he was temporarily occupying, but he changed his mind, and instead entered the empty room which he had occupied with his dead wife. He set the lamp on the floor and approached the paper which poor little Maria, in her fit of futile rebellion, had torn. He carefully tore off still more, making a cross-strip of the paper where Maria had made a ragged one. When he had finished it looked as if the paper had really dropped off because of carelessness in putting it on. He gathered up the pieces of paper and stood looking about the room. There is something about an empty room, empty except of memories, but containing nothing besides, no materialities, an certainty as to the future, which is intimidating to one who stops and thinks. Harry Edgeman was not, generally speaking, of the sort who stop to think. But now he did. His exaltation of a half hour before, when he was stepping along the street as alertly as any young lover, deserted him. The look of youth faded from his face. He appeared older than he really was, instead of the joy and triumph which had filled his heart and made it young again, came remembrance of the other woman and something else which resembled terror and dread. For the first time he deliberated within himself whether he was about to do a wise thing; for the first time the image of Ida Stone's smiling beauty, which was ever evident to his fancy, produced in him something like doubt and consternation. He looked about the room and remembered the old pieces of furniture which had that day been carried away. He looked at the places where they had

stood. Then he remembered his dead wife, as he had never remembered her before with an anguish of love. He said to himself that if he only had her back, even with her faded face and her ready tongue, that old settled estate would be better for him than this joy which at once dazzled and racked him. Suddenly the man, as he stood there, put his hands before his face. He was weeping like a child. That which Maria had done instead of awakening wrath, had aroused a pity for himself and for her which seemed too great to be borne. For the instant the dead triumphed over the living. Then Harry took up the lamp and went to his own room. He set the lamp on the dresser and looked at his face, but the rays thrown upward upon it, very much as Maria had done the night of her mother's death. When he viewed himself in the looking-glass he smiled involuntarily, the appearance of youth returned. He curled his mustache and moved his head this way and that. He thought about some new clothes which he was to have. He said to himself that although he was older, considerably older, nobody could say that he looked so when he and Ida appeared out in man and wife. Suddenly he remembered how Aldy had looked when she was a young girl and he had married her. He had not compared himself so favorably with her before. He knew that more could be made of her beauty than he had in his mind than that of Ida Stone.

"There's no use talking, Aldy was handsomer than Ida when she was young," he said to himself as he began to undress. He went to sleep thinking of Aldy as a young girl, but when once asleep he dreamed of Ida Stone.

CHAPTER VI

HARRY and Ida Stone were to be married the Monday before Thanksgiving. The whole world close on the Friday before.

Ida Stone possessed, along with an entire self-satisfaction, a vein of pitiless sense, which saved her from the follies often incident to the self-satisfied. She considered herself a beauty. She longed for a white gown, veil, bridesmaids, and the rest, but she knew better. She knew that more could be made of her beauty had her triumph if she curtailed her wish. She realized that Harry's wife had been dead only a little more than a year, and that although still a beauty, she was not a young girl, and she steered clear of criticism and ridicule. The ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian church Monday afternoon, and it was understood without formal invitations that any one who chose could attend. Ida wore a primed-old costume and a hat trimmed with panoses. She was quite right in thinking that she was noticeable in it, and there was also in the color, with its shade of purple, a delicate intimation of the remembrance of mourning in the midst of joy. The church was filled with people, but there were no bridesmaids. Some of Ida's neighbors acted as ushers, Wollaston Lee was among them. To Maria's utter astonishment, he did not seem to realize his trying position. He was attired in new suit and wore a white rose in his coat, and Maria glanced at him with mingled admiration and disdain. Maria sat directly in front of the pulpit with Mrs. Jonas White and Lillian. Mrs. White had a new gown of some thin black stuff, prettily ornamented with jet, and Lillian wore a new silk gown and wore a great bunch of roses. The situation with regard to Maria, in connection with the wedding ceremony and the bridal trip had been a very perplexing one.

"The fact is, I don't know what to do with Maria," Harry said to Ida Stone a week before the wedding. "Maria won't come, and in her will her brother's wife, and she can't be left alone with the new maid. We don't know the girl very well, and we don't do."

Ida Stone solved the problem with her usual precision and promptness. "Then," she said, "she will have to be heard at Mrs. White's until we return. There is nothing else to do."

It was therefore decided that Maria was to be heard at Mrs. White's, although it involved some things which were not altogether satisfactory to Ida. Mrs. Jonas White and Lillian were entirely oblivious of any less social degree than others in Edgeman, and it was incumbent that they should sit with Maria during the ceremony. She could not sit all alone in a pew and watch her father being married to his second wife; that was obvious; and since Mrs. Jonas White was going to take charge of her, there was nothing else to do but to place them in a position of honored intimacy. Mrs. Jonas White could quite openly say that she was anxious in any and of taking boarders, that she had only taken Mr. Edgeman and Maria to oblige, and that she now was to take poor little Maria out of pity.

Maria, when she sat in the church and watched her father being

married, had an undercurrent of consciousness like a musical refrain, of her own appearance, which mortified and served to keep her spirits up. She listened with a degree of indignation and awe to the service. She felt her heart swelling with grief at the sight of this other woman being made her father's wife and put in the place of her own mother, and yet, as a musical refrain is the haunting and ever-recurring part of a composition, so was her own charming appearance. Maria was sure that she looked much prettier than the bride. She felt so sure that people were observing her that she blushed and dared not look around. She was, in reality, much observed, and both admired and pitied.

"Poor little thing!" people thought. "She doesn't know what is before her. It will never be like living with her own mother, no matter how good this new wife may be to her."

Ida Shume was not exactly a favorite in Edghams. People acquiesced in her beauty and brilliancy, but they did not entirely believe in her or love her. She stood before the pulpit with her same perfect set smile, displaying to the utmost the sweet curves of her lips. Her cheeks retained their lovely brilliancy of color. Harry trembled, and his face looked pale and self-conscious, but Ida displayed no such weakness. She replied with the utmost self-possession to the congratulations which she received after the ceremony. There was an infernal reception of half an hour in the church vestry. Cake and ice-cream and coffee were served, and Ida and Harry and Maria stood together. Ida had her arm around Maria most of the time, but Maria felt as if it were an arm of wood which encircled her. She heard Ida Shume addressed as Mrs. Edghams, and she wanted to jerk herself away and run. She lost the consciousness of herself in her new attire. Once Harry looked around at her and received a shock. Maria's face looked to him exactly like her mother's, although the coloring was so different. Maria was a blond, and her mother had been dark. There was something about the excitement, hardly restrained in her little face, which made the man realize that the dead wife yet lived and reigned triumphant in her child. He himself was conscious that he conducted himself rather awkwardly and foolishly. A red spot burned on either cheek. He spoke jerkily, and it seemed to him that everything he said was silly and that people might repeat it and laugh. He was relieved when it was all over and he and Ida were in the cab driving to the station.

Maria remained looking at Mrs. Jones White's until the Monday after Thanksgiving, when her father and his new wife returned.

Ida Edghams was in some respects a peculiar personality. She was as much stronger in another way than her husband as her predecessor had been. She was that anomaly, a creature of supreme self-satisfaction, who is yet aware of its own limits. She was so unemotional as to be almost abnormal, but she had hard enough to realize the fact that absolute unemotionalness in a woman detracts from her charm. She therefore simulated emotion. She had a spiritual make-up, a pompadour of paint and powder for the soul; she observed all the outward signs and semblances of feelings successfully. She knew that to take up her position in Harry Edghams' house—like a marble bust of Diana which had been one of her wedding-presents—would not be to her credit. She therefore put herself to the proof which she would naturally be expected to assume in her position. She showed everybody who called her new possessions, with a

semblance of delight which was quite perfect. She was in reality less deceptive in that respect than in others. She had a degree of the joy of possession, and she would not have been a woman at all, and, in fact, would not have married. She had wanted a home and a husband, not as some women want these, for the legitimate desire for love and protection, but because she felt a degree of mortification on account of her single estate. She had had many admirers, but, although no one ever knew it, not one offer of marriage (the acceptance of which would not have been an absurdity before poor Harry Edghams). She was not quite contented to accept him. She had hoped for something better, but he was good-looking and popular, and his social standing in her small world was good. He was an electrical engineer, with an office in the city, and had a tolerably good income, although his first wife's New England thrift had compelled him to live parsimoniously. Ida made up her mind from the first that thrift, after the plan of the first woman, should not be observed in her household. Without hinting to that effect, or without Harry's recognizing it, she so managed that within a few weeks after her marriage he put an insurance on his life, which would insure her comfort in case she outlived him. He owned his house, and she had herself her little savings, well invested. She then considered that they could live up to Harry's income without much risk, and she proceeded to do so. His had a reception two weeks after her return from her bridal trip, and an elaborate menu was provided by a caterer from New York. Maria, in a new white gown, with a white bow on her hair, sat at one end of the dining-table shining with cut glass and softly lighted with wax candles under rose-colored shades in silver candlesticks, and poured chocolate, while another young girl opposite dipped jam-tarts from a great cut-glass jug, and which had been one of the wedding-presents. The table was strewn with pink and white carnations. Maria caught a glimpse, now and then, of her new mother in a rose-colored gown, with a bunch of pink roses on her breast, standing with her father receiving their guests, and she could scarcely believe that she was awake and it was really happening. She began to take a certain pleasure in the excitement. She heard one woman say to another how pretty she was, "poor little thing," and her heart throbbled with satisfaction. She felt at once beautiful and appealing to other people because of her misfortune. She turned the chocolate carefully, and put some whipped cream on top of each dainty cup, and for the first time since her father's marriage she was not consciously unhappy.

That night Maria realized that she was in the second place, so far as her father was concerned. Ida, in her rose-colored robes, dispensing hospitality in his home, took up his whole attention. She was really radiant. She sang and played twice for the company, and her perfectly true, high soprano filled the whole house. To Maria it sounded as meaningless as the trill of a canary-bird. In fact, when it came to music, Ida, although she had a good voice, had the mortification of realizing that her simulation of emotion failed her. Harry felt that he did not like his wife's singing, although her voice was so beautiful and she herself was so beautiful. He felt like a traitor, but he could not help realizing that he did not like it. While Ida was singing, Harry looked uneasily about and his eyes fell on Maria's sweet little figure at the head of the table in the dining-room. He nodded and smiled at her,



Suddenly the man, as he stood there, put his hands before his face

and that was the first time he had directly noticed her that evening.

There was a deal of company that winter. People in Edgeman aged city society; they even talked about the "four hundred." The newly wedded pair were frequent guests of honor at dinners and receptions, and Ida herself was a member of the Edgeman Women's Club, and that took her out a good deal. Maria was rather lonely. She began to wish it were time for her to get married herself. She felt outside of it all. Finally the mild state and luxury of her life, which had at first pleased her, failed to do so. She had thought it very grand to have course dinners every night, always soup and a salad and black coffee in Ida's wedding coffee-cups, but she grew tired even of that. She began to wish for the simpler meals of her mother's days—a dish of meat, a vegetable or two, and tea and cake or pie. She felt that she hated all the new order of things, and her heart yearned for the old. She began to grow thin; she did not eat much nor sleep well. She felt tired all the time. She noticed it herself first before any one else, then one day her father spoke of it.

"Why, Maria is getting thin!" said he.

"I think it is because she is growing tall," said Ida. "Everybody grows thin when they are growing tall," said she. "I did myself. I was much thinner than Maria at her age."

She looked at Maria with her invariable smile as she spoke. "She looks thin to me," Harry said, anxiously. He himself looked thin and older. An anxious wrinkle had deepened between his eyes. It was June, and the days were getting warm. He was anxious about Ida's health also. He feared that she ought to go away, although, as sisters were, she could not. Ida was not at all anxious. She was perfectly placid. It did not seem to her that an overruling Providence could possibly treat her unkindly. She was rather annoyed at times, but still never anxious, and utterly satisfied with herself to that extent that it precluded any doubt as to the final outcome of everything.

Maria continued to lose flesh. A continual interest in herself and her delivery possessed her. She used to look at her face, which seemed to her more charming than ever, although so thin, in the glass, and reflect with a pleasant acquiescence on an early death. She even spent some time in composing her own epitaph, and kept it carefully hidden away in a drawer of her dresser under some lines.

Maria felt a gloomy pride when the doctor, who came frequently to see Ida, was asked to look at her. She felt still more triumphant when he expressed it as his opinion that she ought to have a change of air the moment school closed. He even advocated her leaving school at once, but that Ida opposed for reasons of her own. The doctor said Maria was running down, which seemed to her a very interesting state of things, and one which ought to impress people. She told Gladys Maria the next day at school.

"The doctor says I'm running down," said she.

"You do look awful bad," replied Gladys.

After recess, Maria saw Gladys, with her face down on her desk, weeping. She knew that she was weeping because she looked so badly and was running down. She glanced across at Wellington Lee and wondered if he had noticed how badly she looked, and yet how charming. All at once the boy shot a glance at her in return. Then he blushed and scowled and took up his



Drawn by Elsie Matthews Hunt

The doctor said Maria was running down

book. It all comforted Maria in the midst of her languor and her illness, which was negative and unattended by any pain. If she felt any appetite she restrained it; she became so vain of having lost it.

It was decided that Maria should go and visit her aunt Maria in New England and remain there all summer. Her father would pay her board in order that she should not be any restraint on her aunt, with her scant income. Just before Maria went, and just before her school closed, the broad gossip of the school came to her ears. She ascertained something which filled her at once with awe and shame and jealousy and indignation. If one of the girls began to speak to her about it she turned angrily away. She fairly pushed Gladys Maria one day. Gladys turned and looked at her with loving reproach like a children dog.

"What did you expect?" said she.

Maria ran away, her face burning.

After she reached her aunt Maria's, nothing was said to her about it. Aunt Maria was too prudish and too indignant. Uncle Henry's wife, Aunt Eunice, was away all summer, taking care of a sister who was ill with consumption in New Hampshire. So Aunt Maria kept the whole house, and she and Maria and Uncle Henry had their meals together.

When she went home, a few days before her school began in September, she was quite rosy and blooming. She had

also fallen in love with a boy who lived next to Aunt Maria, and who asked her, over the garden fence, to correspond with him, the week before she left.

It was that very night that Aunt Maria had the telegram. She opened it with trembling fingers. Her brother Henry and Maria were with her on the porch. It was a warm night, and Aunt Maria wore an ancient gown. The telegram had fluttered the coffee on that and the yellow telegram as she read. She was silent a moment, with mouth compressed.

"Well," said her brother Henry, inquiringly.

Aunt Maria's face flushed and paled. She turned to Maria.

"Well," she said, "you've got a little sister."

"Good!" said Uncle Henry. "Ever so much more company for you than a little brother would have been, Maria."

Maria was silent. She trembled and felt cold, although the night was so warm.

"Write seven pounds," said Aunt Maria. In a hard voice.

Maria returned home a week from that day. She travelled alone from Boston, and her father met her in New York. He looked strange to her. He was jubilant, and yet the marks of anxiety were deep. He seemed very glad to see Maria, and talked to her about her little sister in an odd, hesitating way.

"Her name is Evelyn," said Harry.

Maria said nothing. She and her father were crossing the city to the ferry in a cab.

"Don't you think that is a pretty name, dear?" asked Harry, with a queer, apologetic smile.

"No, father, I think it is a very silly name," replied Maria.

"Why, your mother said I thought it a very pretty name, dear."

"I always thought it was the silliest name in the world," said Maria, firmly. However, she sat close to her father, and realized that it was something to have him in herself while crossing the city. "I don't know as I think Evelyn is such a very silly name, father," she said, presently, just before they reached the ferry.

Harry bent down and kissed her. "Father's own little girl,"

he said, Maria felt that she had been magnanimous, for she had in reality been liked by her and would not have missed a doll that. "You will be a great deal happier with a little sister. It will turn out for the best," said Harry, as the end stopped. Harry always put a colon of optimism to all his happenings of life.

Harry did not see Ida nor the new baby that night, but the next morning she was hidden to enter the room which had been her mother's. The first thing which she noticed was a faint perfume of violet-scented toilet powder. Then she saw Ida leaning back gracefully in a reclining-chair, with her hair carefully dressed and a bouquet of roses on a little stand beside her, which also held a glass of wine and a magazine. The nurse held the baby, a squirming little bundle of soft embroidered flannel at five o'clock. The nurse was French, and she asked Maria, for she spoke an English, and nobody except Ida could understand her. She was elderly, small, and of a dangerous blond type. Maria approached Ida and kissed her as she was expected to do. Ida looked at her, smiling. She told her she looked better, and asked if she had had a pleasant summer. Then she told the nurse in French to show the baby to her. Maria approached the nurse timidly. The flannel was carefully laid aside, and the small, patently impudent and pouting face, the inquiry and the heretofore expressed by a thousand wrinkles, was exposed. Maria looked at it with a sort of shiver. The nurse laid the flannel apart and disclosed the tiny feet, seeming already to kick leebly at existence. The nurse said something in French which Maria could not understand. Ida answered what in French. Then the baby seemed to experience a convulsion. Its whole face seemed to open into one gape of exultation at fate. Then its feeble, futile wall filled the whole room.

"Isn't she a little darling?" asked Ida of Maria.

"Yes," replied Maria.

There was a curious air of aloofness about Ida with regard to her baby, and something which gave the impression of selfishness. It is possible that she was capable of wishing that she had not that aloofness. It did not in the least seem to Maria as if it were Ida's baby. She had a vague impression, derived from

not tell in what manner, of a robed maid on a gatepost. Ida seemed conscious of her baby with the waxy consciousness of an apple-tree of a blossom. When she pressed at it it was with the same soft smile with which she had always viewed all creation. That smile which came from without, not within.

"Her name is Evelyn. Don't you think it is a pretty name?" asked Ida.

"Yes," replied Maria. She edged toward the door. The nurse, tossing the waiting baby, rose and got a bottle of milk. Maria went out.

At first Maria went to dress to go home from school, on account of the baby. She had a feeling of repulsion because of it, but gradually that feeling disappeared and an odd sort of fascination possessed her instead. She thought a great deal about the baby. When she heard it cry in the night she thought that her father and Ida might have some enough to stop it. She thought that she could stop its crying herself by carrying it very gently around the room. Still she did not love the baby. It only appeared in a general way to her instincts. But one day, when the baby was some six weeks old, and Ida had gone to New York, she came home from school and heard the baby crying in the room opposite. It cried and cried with the insistent cry of a neglected child. Maria wondered to herself if the French nurse had taken advantage of its mother's absence and slipped out on some errand and left the baby alone, asleep, and it had awakened and was crying for some one to take it up: which was indeed the case.

The baby continued to wall, and a note of despair crept into its tones. Maria could endure it no longer. She ran across the hall and flung open the door. The baby lay crying in a little pink-lined basket. Maria bent over it and the baby at once stopped crying. She opened her mouth in a toothless smile, and she held up little waving pink hands to Maria. Maria lifted the baby out of her basket and pressed her softly, with infinite care, as one does something very precious, to her childish bosom, and at once something strange seemed to happen to her. She became, as it were, illuminated by love.

To be continued.

A MYSTERY OF OLD NEW YORK

THE SINGULAR CASE OF GULIELMA SANDS, IN WHICH ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND AARON BURR WERE ASSOCIATED AS COUNSEL

By E. W. Osborn

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL, relates in the June issue of *Harper's Magazine* how the memory of Hamilton prejudiced the public mind against Aaron Burr when the latter came to trial for treason, at Richmond, in 1807. The fatal duel on Westchester Heights had been fought in July, three years before. It is interesting to recall, in still further association of Hamilton and Burr, that the two men acted together in 1800 as counsel in one of New York's earliest murder mysteries—a mystery still unsolved.

With the more famous lawyers in the case was associated Brockedell Livingston, a soldier and counselor distinguished in local history. The prisoner was one Levi Weekes. He was accused of the murder of Gulielma Elmore Sands, a girl whose body had been found in one of the wells used by the Manhattan Water Company.

Miss Sands disappeared on the night of December 23, 1799. Two days later, a maid she had carried was found in the well. Eleven days after the disappearance the mill gave up the body to tardy searchers. January 4, 1800, two daily papers, the *Advertiser* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, gave eighty-seven words each to a story of suspicion that murder had been done. Criminal law practice stood high, but sensational journalism was low, in those days.

The well of the tragedy was in the old Leisepied Meadows, at a point now just off from Greene Street, ninety or a hundred feet north of Spring Street. Miss Sands lived with relatives, a Quaker family named Ring, in Greenwich Street, near Franklin. Levi Weekes also boarded with the Rings. He had been very attentive to Elma, as the girl was known, and it had been supposed on that night in December that she had gone out with him to be married.

Public opinion settled upon Weekes. He was arrested, indicted by the Grand Jury and, on the last day of March, 1800, brought to trial. By this time the excitement over the case had become something tremendous. It was not allayed by the trial, which developed reasonable features.

Chief-Justice Lansing presided over the court. With him sat Richard Varick, Mayor of the City, and Richard Harrison, Recorder. The scene of action was the old City Hall at Wall and Nassau streets. The evidence was purely circumstantial. Why the prosecution fell away at the concluding was in the endeavor to show that Weekes and Miss Sands left the Ring house together on the night of the disappearance, or that the girl went to meet her lover. Mrs. Ring knew when Elma went out, but no more;

and even whether or not she went alone. Weekes had witnesses for an alibi. He had spent most of the evening, it was testified, at the house of his brother, Ezra Weekes, builder and chief owner of the old City Hotel.

The trial had a remarkable ending. At half-past two o'clock on the morning of the third day, the prosecution having asked for an adjournment and the defense having objected, a compromise was arranged. The testimony being all in, it was agreed to submit the case to the court without argument on either side.

Chief-Justice Lansing then, in charging the jury, clearly expressed his doubts of everything the prosecution had tried to prove. There had been found marks on the throat of the dead girl. The State's medical witnesses testified in probable violence; doctors for the defense disputed them. The court doubted whether there had been other violence than that of drowning. Lack of motive for murder on the part of Weekes was also indicated. Finally, the Chief Justice gave it as the unanimous opinion of the court that the evidence was insufficient to convict the prisoner. Five minutes later, the jury acquitted the accused man.

Among many sensational stories which have been told about the trial of Weekes is one regarding a theatrical use of candles in direct attention to one Richard Cromber, a witness concerning whom the rumor for the defense seems to have had pronounced suspicions. Parton, in his biography, attributes this action to Burr; Henry Faber Lodge, writing for the *American Statesman* series, gives the alleged incident as an illustration of Hamilton's shrewdness in practice at the bar. The truth has been declared to be, according to Hamilton's own notes, that a candle was held to Cromber's face merely to assist in his identification by another witness.

It is said that after the verdict had been rendered Mrs. Ring exclaimed to Hamilton: "If he dies a natural death, I shall think there is no justice in Heaven." There is nothing in this to support this allegation. Comfort for the superstitious should, however, be the freed of the late which overlook several of its principal participants in the trial.

Hamilton fell before the pistol of Burr. Burr died in dishonor. Chief-Justice Lansing, who charged the jury to acquit Weekes, left his hotel in New York bound for the Albany boat, one night in 1822, and was never heard of again. Weekes himself, feeling still the weight of popular suspicion, disappeared soon after his acquittal.

MEN OF TO-DAY

XII.—ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL.D.

President of Yale University

By Charles Johnston

IN these latter days, when the shadows of our American life are somewhat conspicuous, it is refreshing to consider the character and work of a man like President Hadley: to verify in him the fact that everywhere throughout the Republic there are men who stand for the worthier ideals of American life. It is even more reassuring to find President Hadley insisting on these worthier ideals as the proper end of university training.

Let us quote President Hadley's own words. When I asked him to define the purpose of a university, he replied that it was: "To establish and maintain standards. In science, this will mean the search for truth, and the insistence on that search, as against the pursuit of immediately paying inventions and discoveries. In literature, it will mean the upholding of what is permanently worthy, as against the craving for the gross or the sensational. In history, it will mean the study of really great achievements and noble types, rather than the exaggeration of what is immediately before our eyes."

"When the first universities were founded in the Middle Ages the only kind of success respected was military success,—the ability to knock the other man down; and everything was esteemed which furthered this success. The first universities were to a large extent a protest against the worship of force, and they represented the establishment of another and higher ideal of life. It is much the same to-day. The kind of success most widely esteemed is the power to get more money than the other man, and everything is valued which enables one to do this. Of course this is a vast gain over the epoch of force. But our universities ought to stand as a protest against exclusive devotion to this ideal of money-making, and represent the success which consists in doing one's work well, whatever that work may be. We should establish and maintain standards."

I reminded President Hadley of Ruskin's saying that the English universities were designed to make the young Englishman "a gentleman and a scholar," and advised he had in him the making of either;" and he agreed that the American ideal was very similar. Our American universities should turn out men inspired with the ideals of civic ethics, fitted to be worthy sons of the Republic; able to guard the Republic against the dangers of anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other. The university man should be the salt of the Republic.

We then spoke of the means by which this is to be accomplished. And here we came to an interesting contrast. The English universities have always held, as they hold to-day, that the classics are the great instrument of education; that the knowledge of old Greece and Rome, their literature and art, is the best means of culture. Within the last few days Cambridge has decided, by a vote of more than three to one, to retain Greek as an obligatory subject for graduation. Greece stands for the world's highest achievement in fairness and beauty; Rome for the genius of government and law, on which are founded all our modern states. And it must be affirmed that in practice the governing class in England has justified the English theory of education.

In America, on the other hand, there is no such insistence on Greek and Latin. What has taken their place, as the chief instrument of education? President Hadley proceeded to answer this question by looking over a number of the college calendars. It became evident that while the majority of students outside the scientific schools came up to the university fairly well advanced in the classics, they tended to drop Latin, and even more, Greek, as they approached graduation. The drift was toward modern languages and history, and it is evident that, leaving the sciences comes second in the estimation of our American students. Had the chief instrument of culture in the languages and life of the modern world. But this is only one of the forces brought to bear on them. A most important factor is the personal in-

fluence and inspiration of the instructors and professors. And here President Hadley made a very interesting point.

The authority of the teacher largely depends on his power to do original work. If a man of science can make original discoveries and prosecute original research, he will be listened to when he speaks of the general teaching of science. If a professor of literature writes books of sterling value, he will hold the respect of his class when he speaks of literature in the wider sense. "And a great part of the duty of a university president," he continued, "consists in finding the right men who can do original work and write good books, and who thus give authority and influence to the university."

Another weighty part of a university president's task consists in this, according to President Hadley: once the right men are found, it becomes imperative to secure to them the greatest degree of freedom, the widest liberty to work according to the lines of their own genius. And this involves an immense amount of adjusting and reconciling, since the greatest freedom of individual work must be secured, while the closest relation between the workers is preserved.

President Hadley was born under the shadow of Yale University, his father having been a Yale professor. After graduation, he went abroad to study, gravitating, as do so many American students, to the University of Berlin. This suggested a question which I have often had in mind: why is it that our students so invariably go to Germany to complete their studies, and almost never to Oxford or Cambridge?

President Hadley replied: "Because when a student has decided on what he wants to do, they give him far better opportunities in Germany. And probably no institution in the world has done so much original work and work of such high excellence as the University of Berlin. A student in there gets the greatest facilities for studying what he wants to study, and then he is left alone. He is not under pressure to take up other subjects, for any one case," he continued, "there was an additional advantage. I had specialized on political economy. And in Berlin, I had not only the university courses at my disposal, but I was also allowed the freest access to the statistics of the Empire. That allowed me to follow up my own lines of research."

In political economy, President Hadley was strongly influenced by the teaching of Jevons, that the relative values of things were not determined by their utility, but by the differential coefficient of their utility: the more which the purchaser or the public felt of having a little more. By thus introducing the conceptions of the differential calculus into economic and social problems, Jevons opened a new field of thought for modern students of the subject. Continuing the discussion of European universities, President Hadley said: "When a student comes to me after graduation, and asks for my advice, I first find out how much time he has to spare. Let us say he can give two years to further study. I can hardly advise him to go to Oxford or one of the other English universities, because in two years he could not really find his way into the spirit of the life there. If he has a defined purpose, if he has specialized on any one subject, I advise him to look up the courses of the German universities, and it very often happens that he finds the best provision made for him at Berlin. But it must not be forgotten that France is very strong in certain directions, and if my student wished to follow these, I should probably advise him to go to Paris." President Hadley spoke of mathematics and history as subjects in which France had achieved high excellence, such as might determine students to study there. It is reassuring to think that the influence of a man like President Hadley, and his work in maintaining high standards of life, must grow greater year by year. Every year, his university pours forth a host of young men, who carry forth to the four corners of the States the ideals of good citizenship which they have learned from their Alma Mater.

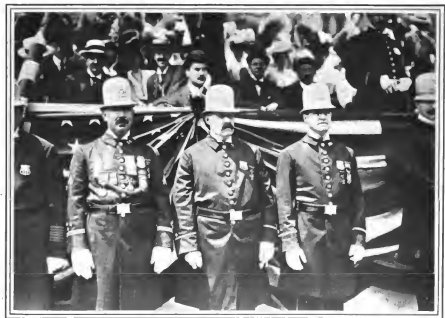


Arthur Twining Hadley, LL.D.
President of Yale University



NEW YORK ORPHANS GO AUTOMOBILING

On June 6 the New York Motor Club took 1200 Orphans from New York institutions for an automobile ride to Coney Island. Mayor McClellan reviewed the procession at the City Hall.



THREE POLICE HEROES

In connection with New York's Annual Police Parade on Jan. 1, Mayor McClellan awarded medals to members of the force who had won recognition for deeds of valor during the year. In the center of the photograph is James Fox, who won the Jones Bell medal for saving a woman and child from a restaurant; to the right is John J. Byrne, who won the Rhineland medal for bravery at a fire; and to the left, Michael O'Loughlin, who has won more medals than any other man on the force.

Earthquake Reflections

By Gertrude Atherton

THE unusual character of the late earthquake takes in connection with the fact that earthquakes are conceded to be of two different origins, volcanic and structural, has inspired me to certain deductions which I give for what they are worth.

There is no better established fact in the history of earth than that California in ages past has been the theatre of some of the most tremendous displays of volcanic energy. There are square miles of lava beds in the north; monstrous conceptions of cones, some polished and immense, in the interior; innumerable remnants of craters and cones; miles of hills that look to this day like waves of arrested lava covered with a thin shell of soil, where no tree grows, or yet nothing of the tale told in the layers of rock, that may be seen on mtns I have unvisited.

It is also conceded that, so far as we may judge by experience of recent earthquakes in this particular centre of activity have in modern times, and prior to April 18, 1906, manifested themselves in sudden jags or a long rocking motion, both of which fit well enough the theory that California earthquakes are caused by the striking of central fires and the readjustment of her faulty structure between furnace and crust. But even to those brought up on earthquakes—and I recall no one of my friends in California without its terrible big no little—there was something about this last one, not in length, which was inconsiderable, nor even in its violence, but in its peculiar character, that suggested some new force in earthquakes. Underneath, many believed that the end of the world was upon them; the more composed were equally certain that California had come to the long-prophesied end of her tether. I was neither frightened nor dazed, but I was quite sure that I was about to witness a stupendous chapter in California's history. I only dwell upon these various fleeting beliefs to illustrate the uncommon nature of the shock.

We were here in the north—and not to mention the hundreds of small and nameless cones—three great peaks—Diablo, St. Helena, and Shasta,—that are believed to have been in the volcanoes in the meridian period of California's long and energetic story. Begirding Shasta there is no manner of doubt, and during the earthquake I wondered if she were in eruption; for only a month before persons in her neighborhood of snow sitting on one of her flanks as quickly as it fell.

When the great earthquake of 76 A.M. almost destroyed Pompeii, there were but the vaguest traditions that Vesuvius had ever, in prehistoric times, been a volcano. She possessed no scientific interest whatever, and no one connected her with the earthquake. Three years later the migratory mass of fire and debris coming from the dark chimneys of the earth found the old chimney and forced its way out.

A year before the eruption of Pelée, supposed to be extinct, and of the volcano on Mt. Vincent, I was in the West. I had heard constant talk of the island of Montserrat, which had chafed for four months almost without pause. Last winter—within a brief period—there were sixteen distinct tremors in this part of California; and thirteen months before the strange conclusion of April 18.

May it not be that our lava fides are rising again? The splitting asunder of the Santa Cruz mountains, and the Schottland hills, as unusual an accompaniment as the earthquake itself, may be a result of the lunge of the erring monster in the channels beneath. Shasta is its natural destination. Should this be so, and this theory may sound itself through the volcano far in the north, might it not warn the future peace of San Francisco? Time, she might have her old tremors, but they have not hurt her—not even the great earthquake of 1891, and she was nearly twice as large as our last, and was followed by several weeks of constant and considerable vibrations. If this last and most notable convulsion in her known history was caused by the volcanic force, the opened lid of the northern pot would at least preserve her from any

other disastrous shaking-up. And even the other centers are too far away to submerge her. As it is all theory, and I have not much respect for any, I do not hesitate to submit one of my own.

By the way, life out here is now divided, with as sharp a line of cleavage as that along the crest of the Santa Cruz range, into two new periods—A.E. and B.E. Not a reference is made that is not distinctly in one era or the other. A woman met a man on this island yesterday and said to him: "Didn't we go to dance together about ten years ago before you married and settled in a new place?" That was B.E. It seems like the glimmering memory of a former existence!" And so we go, that we are all right.

A Modern Horatius

"How is he at bridge, strong?"
"His bridge is strong enough to support the whole family."

Zach and Me

THE head of a well-known theological seminary in the West is conversing with me on the ability and self-possession of the students by sending them into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of a sermon to be delivered on the spot of the moment.

On one such occasion the student, on opening his paper, read these instructions: "Apply the story of Zacharias to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry."

The student, cleverly enough, delivered himself of the following:

"Brethren, the subject on which I address you is a comparison between Zacharias and myself, with reference to my qualifications for the pulpit. The first thing we read of Zacharias is that he was a good man of stature. I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that Zacharias was up a tree, which is very much my position at present. Thirdly, it is related that Zacharias made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

Religion no Excuse

A CERTAIN theatrical manager of Chicago tells of an Irish policeman in that city possessing Dogberry-like traits.

On one occasion, at midnight, the custodian of the law overhauled a sleep-walker who was promiscuously prowling through a park clad only in his night robes. When the officer had awakened the unfortunate man, placed him under arrest, and was hustling him off to the station, the sleep-walker evaded him with the following:

"Surely you are not going to lock me up?"

"Surest thing you know?" sharply responded the policeman.

"Why, now, I can't be held responsible for the punishment you find me in! I am a somnambulist!"

"Sure, it makes no difference what Church ye belong to," sharply retorted the officer; "ye can't petdle the streets of Chicago in your nightgown!"

Dewey and the Cables

ANNUAL DREWY grew reminiscent in the list of May rolled around this year, he narrated to a number of friends the manner in which he learned that there were two cables instead of one, as he supposed, in Manila Bay.

"I had found out one cable," said the Admiral, "and thought that ended the whole business, as far as communication went, when a captain of a small boat, to whom I had given permission to carry out some references from Manila, came on board to thank me for the privilege accorded him. He told me under several hundred dollars out of the deal, I learned incidentally. While on board he casually remarked:

"'Tengo cableado que usted ha cortado un cable telegráfico, ¿es cierto?' ('I understand you have cut a cable, Admiral?')

"I informed him that I had, and when he innocently asked, 'Which one?' I began to get busy, and it was not a half hour until I had the other wire located and cut."

Angels and Beards

THE Bishop of Alabama, who was noted for his piety and humor, was once asked why it was that the pictures and figures of men angels, as well as female angels, were represented without beards. He promptly replied that it seemed queer enough to make angels not of women, but that men could only get into heaven by a "close shave."

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We regard beer as a food and the business of brewing beer one of our most important industries. When we tell our people that without exception there is no other beverage in the world so absolutely clean in its process of manufacture as Pilsner, we speak from exact knowledge of conditions. The monster Pilsner brewery at Milwaukee represents an outlay of millions of dollars, and many of those millions have been expended to make the Pilsner exclusive process absolutely clean. Pilsner Beer stands alone today the only food product that from the beginning to the end of its manufacture is absolutely beyond reach of even the contaminating germs of the air.

Doctors tell their instruments in water to sterilize them. Pilsner holds his brew in closed bottles and thus sterilizes it. From there it passes through sterilized pipes to sterilized hermetically sealed storage where it is fermented. Then through more sterilized pipes it goes to sterilized hermetically sealed storage tanks, and when bottled it is pasteurized. Through the entire process it never is touched by human hands and comes in contact only with sterilized air. No other food product known can show such a record of positive cleanliness.

This process of manufacture is the exclusive Pilsner method. It is one reason for the "always the same, always the best" reputation of Pilsner Beer.

The cleaned beer and the richest brew, Pilsner Beer, has no equal as a mild, refreshing, healthful beverage.



The Engine of the Express lying in the Swamp beside the Track, with the Combination-car piled against the Tender



The Wrecked Passenger-car and first Pullman lying on the Embankment beside the Track

THE DISASTROUS WRECK OF AN ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESS

The morning express from Atlantic City, one of the fast trains of the Jersey Central Railroad, was wrecked at Eatontown, New Jersey, on June 11. Four passengers were killed and a man injured in the smashup which was caused, apparently, by a switch that had been left open. The express consisted of a combination baggage and smoking-car, two Pullmans, and a day coach. When the engine struck the switch it jumped the track and plunged into a swamp, dislodging the cars after it.

Photograph by the Associated Press

Crowning a King in Norway

DEMOCRATIC Norway is preparing for the brilliant spectacle which is to constitute the conclusion of last year's remarkable political change. The majority of the Parliament has decided that King Haakon, like his predecessors on the throne of that Tryg-gvessen, shall be solemnly anointed and crowned in the House of Drontheim. A hot fight preceded this resolution; the more radical parties opposed it, and pointed to the example of Frederick VIII. of Denmark. King Haakon's father. But their assertions that the symbolic acts of anointing and crowning were incompatible with modern sentiments, especially in a democratic country, went for naught. The adherents to old Norwegian traditions carried the day, and the Storting appropriated the amount of 100,000 crowns asked for by the government for the occasion.

The Norwegians would not be the practical, materially disposed nation which they really are, if they did not strive to make the occasion festivity a paying success. They look forward to an enormous mass of foreign visitors, the hotel-keepers are preparing for the event, and the steamship companies are making arrangements for special excursions from America to Norway.

Quaint Coronation Customs

The coronation itself will not be very different from those of old. Unlike their predecessors, who walked from the episcopal court through Mark Street to the main entrance of the church, the king and the queen will go by carriage to the west entrance, passing by the main portal. There they will be received by the clergy under the lead of the bishop of Drontheim, and from there, accompanied by them, repair to a red-lined tribune where the gold-trimmed thronal chairs are placed under canopies adorned with crowns. This is to be the center of the celebration. The procession will proceed from there to the choir, where, in conformity to the old customs, the coronation will take place. After a prayer the bishop of Drontheim turns to the king, saying, "Take the crown," and after having placed the mantle on the shoulders of the sovereign, who, at the same time, has been uncovering his breast, he anoints from the consecrated horn the king's forehead and temple, breast, and wrists, and says, "The Almighty Eternal Lord make His spirit and grace to shine upon you that you may conduct your royal government with wisdom, power, and clemency, in order to glorify the name of the Lord, to further justice and verity, and to maintain and strengthen the welfare of the people."

As soon as the king has arisen, the presiding minister, together with the bishop, places the crown on the head of the monarch. After another prayer, one of the ministers hands the king the sceptre, another of them the imperial globe, and the commanding general the sword. Now, clothed in the complete royal vestments, the ruler, immediately followed by the bearer of the raised imperial standard, returns to the throne in the middle aisle. The queen is crowned and anointed with the same ceremonies, and the procession repairs to the west exit.

Too Big a Field

YEARS ago, while Reverend Shendaloupe was a student at the seminary, he undertook, one vacation season, to sell fire-extinguishers.

The pleasing address and affability enabled him to make many sales. However, he encountered the usual rebuffs which are the experience of all agents.

The theological student had gained access into the office of a wealthy broker, and forthwith began expatiating on the deluging powers of his incomparable fire-extinguisher.

"To hell with it!" roared the broker, brusquely.

"Oh, my dear son," expostulated Shendaloupe, "this extinguisher does not deserve the extreme virtue with which you credit it."

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



A bottle of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is one of the most useful items in every well-equipped kitchen. No other seasoning improves the flavor of so many different dishes.

Beware of Imitations
Look for Lea & Perrins' signature
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MARK XLVII
40-45 Horse-power

Has many exclusive features of definite value, making it the most reliable, easiest-riding, and handsomest high-powered car to be had—the one best adapted to all conditions of touring and general use. The improved transmission and drive conserve and carry to the limit of effectiveness the power developed by the motor. Contains more Chrome-nickel Steel (tensile strength 225,000 pounds, elastic limit 135,000 pounds) than any other car made. With luxurious touring-car body, 7 passengers, \$4,500; Royal or Double Victoria body, \$4,000; Limousine, \$4,500.

MARK XLVI, 24-28 H. P., \$3,000
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Philadelphia's team of women players won the Uricum Cup in the final of the tri-city golf matches at the Nassau County Club, on June 6. The two other contesting teams represented Boston and New York, over whom the Philadelphia players won successive victories. The New York team was beaten on the second and final day of the match, the score standing now to six. The makeup of the winning team was as follows: Mrs. R. B. Barlow, Mrs. C. F. Fox, Miss Uricum, Mrs. H. W. McVerry, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. B. Fitzgerald, Miss North, Miss Condon, Miss A. McVerry, Miss F. Ayers, Mrs. H. McManis, Mrs. Townsend, Miss H. Maule, Mrs. E. H. Filler, Mrs. M. C. Work.



The members of the New York team: Mrs. C. T. Stuart, Miss G. Bishop, Miss Vandekauf, Mrs. V. P. Rogers, Mrs. E. F. Lafferty, Mrs. E. P. Sanford, Miss E. Hurry, Miss J. May, Miss H. Riger, Mrs. T. R. Pathman, Mrs. R. Moore, Miss G. Treason, Mrs. C. X. Tiffany, Miss A. Tenison, Mrs. H. F. Whiting.

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MILWAUKEE

A Night in a Telephone Exchange

(Continued from page 881.)

police department will be put in communication at once. At the first intimation of fire you may by use of the telephone get notice to the fire department without putting on clothes and rushing to the alarm. Owners of stores and warehouses rest easier, knowing that whatever happens in their treasure-houses word can be sent to them instantaneously.

As the night progresses the watch is changed, and the two girls who have been asleep take the place of those who have been on duty. The hour reaches its lowest by four o'clock, when almost none of the watch which ordinarily uses the telephone is awake. The night clerks in the hotels are napping. The city is as still as the exchange itself.

War on Dust

For some time past extensive experiments have been conducted in Europe, and more especially in France, in an endeavor to ascertain the most practical and economical method of preventing dust being raised from streets and roadways. Three processes have been given exhaustive trials—sifting, watering with deliquescent salts, and tarring. The most successful of the experiments were those made with real tar, the cost of this application, in France, amounting to about 2.5 to 3 cents per square yard, but this cost is reduced to a much smaller figure when it is considered that the application saves wear upon the roadbed amounting to at least 2 cents per square yard per annum. A trial of sodium worked fairly well, except for the sulphuric effect upon the eyes of those using the roads.

The use of tar or oil upon the roads of the United States, except in a very few localities, would not be possible, most of the highways being so-called "dirt" roads. To be of any practical benefit the road to which the oil or tar is applied must be well built, smooth, and hard. A well-maintained road with the tar coating gives excellent results.

Realism or Romance?

A curious fact is now to the fore in regard to "**The Spoilers**," a novel which thousands are reading with that intense enthusiasm which few stories can arouse to-day.

To the **East**, remote from the scene of action, it seems almost incredible that "**The Spoilers**" can be other than largely melodramatic—"a lurid figment of vivid fancy and exaggeration."

The **West**, close to the life and human types depicted, is unanimous in its enthusiastic recognition of the truth and lifelikeness of this daring tale. To illustrate:

THE EAST

The *Boston Herald* says:

"*The Spoilers* is an intense piece of construction as to action which moves swiftly, developing climax after climax, each stranger than the one before it, yet the reader cannot rise out of the ever-present consciousness of the tale's unreality. It is too swift and too exciting to be genuine."

Boston, New York:

"It all sounds made up—cleverly, no doubt, but none the less manufactured."

Vogue, New York:

"It is hardly to be supposed that the startling incidents are founded on fact or even remotely like anything that really happened in the history of the Alaskan gold-fields."

THE WEST

The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says:

"To those who live far away from Alaska and know nothing of the environment there, *The Spoilers* may appear the wild imaginings of a romancer. To those near Alaska, like ourselves, it is a photographic study conceived by a master spirit. There is truth and fidelity in every incident."

Minneapolis Journal:

"As he reads the book the Northwesterner feels that he is reading something very like history, and history of which he was a witness if not a part."

Portland (Oregon) Journal:

"*The Spoilers* appeals with peculiar interest to people on this coast who are, many of them, familiar with the scenes and have lost or profited by the wild adventures and speculations which are told in the book as fiction but have their foundation in fact and truth."

Illustrations like the above might be multiplied indefinitely. But both East and West have been struck by the "rugged and real" that lives in *The Spoilers*. "I mean's story, perhaps," says the *Philadelphia Item*, "but it will be read with intense sympathy and comprehension by every woman who has good red blood in her veins."

THE SPOILERS

By Rex Beach



The Crown-Prince taking a Trial Spin in his new Yacht, the "Angela II." Friedrich Wilhelm is an ardent sportsman, and shares his Father's fondness for Yachting



The Kaiser's only Daughter, Princess Victoria, walking with her governess. The Princess, who is Thirteen Years Old, is a great Favorite of the Royal Family, as she is the only girl among six Boys

DIVERSIONS OF THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY

Popular Errors Concerning
VolcanosBy Gaston Bonnier (of the Institute of
France)

THE eruption of a volcano is an occasion for the exhibition of fundamental errors concerning volcanic phenomena.

The official despatches and the most serious reports say that the crater "vomits flame," that "black smoke" escapes from the mountain, and that "showers of cinders" are thrown out by the subterranean fires. There are as many errors as there are words in these statements. The fact is—and we know it—that there is no combustion in volcanic phenomena; there is no eruption of fire or flame; a volcano never discharges either smoke or ashes.

Liquid lava is a non-combustible rock which melts at a high temperature. Thus heated, when red-hot, lava burns combustible bodies: herbs, grass, wood—even men and animals, if it comes in contact with them. In other words, lava burns things, but it never is consumed.

What Volcanic "Flames" and "Smoke"
Really Are

This statement may raise an outcry, because every one who has seen a volcano in action has seen the fiery light from the crater. But flames never issue from the crater. What looks like fire is lurid light reflected on the clouds; the reflection of incandescent lava. Lava is often seen through the lateral fissures in the flanks of the volcanic mountain, but it seldom overflows. The false idea that lava overflows a crater, just as water escapes from an overfull pitcher, is firmly fixed in the human mind. The newspapers recently stated to the world that "a new crater had formed at the base of Vesuvius." Error! There is no new crater; the simple fact is this: lava had found its way out of one of the fissures on the slope of the volcano. The lava was in the mountain, and the fissure was there, but until recently the lava had not reached the fissure. "But the smoke!" How do we account for that? No one can deny that Etas's summit is always plumed with black smoke, even when the volcano sleeps, and did not Pity the Younger compare the smoke of Vesuvius to a gigantic pipe come on fire?

Well, yes: It looks like it! Appearances are against us, but "appearances" (in this case particularly) "are deceitful"—there is no smoke in a volcano, because there is no combustion in progress, and there cannot be smoke where there is no fire. What the ill-informed take for volumes of smoke is cloud formed by vapor—steam escaped from the volcano. Steam escapes from the crater, and when it enters the cold air it condenses and forms minute drops which mass and look like clouds of smoke. In fact, under ordinary conditions a volcano is like the exhalation of a thermal spring. It discharges water and deleterious gases. The steam clouds from a volcano are white by the light of day, black when opposed to the light, and red when they reflect the running lava.

Volcanic "Ashes"

But some one cries, "Well, you have said that—at least to your own satisfaction! But what about the ashes? the most serious geologists speak of them!"

Yes, doubtless geologists do talk of "volcanic ashes"; that is a fact to be regretted, because the use of such terms by specialists misleads the people who do not know the truth. The geologists know well enough that there is no such thing as "volcanic ashes." Minute particles, fragments of lava, are sent out of volcanoes by the gas and water vapor produced by the crater; the fragments of lava are generally supposed to be "ashes," and the clouds of steam condensed by contact with the surface atmosphere are commonly called "smoke." The activities of the country, who know Vesuvius well, give the latter its correct name—*lapilli*; and that is exactly what they are—little bits of stone. They are not ashes. Since there is neither fire nor flame nor smoke, how could there be ashes?

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MARK TWAIN has written for HARPER'S MAGAZINE in appreciation of the work of his lifelong friend William Dean Howells. This tribute, voluntarily made by one of the most eminent of living writers to another, is one of the most delightful and discriminating essays that Mr. Clemens has ever written.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. L

New York, Saturday, June 30, 1906

NO. 286

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CIRCLING THE CAPITOL DOME IN AN AIR-SHIP

THIS UNUSUAL FEAT, WHICH WAS PERFORMED BY A KNABENSHUE AIR-SHIP ON JUNE 14, ATTRACTED MANY OF THE SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES TO THE CAPITOL STEPS, AND FOR SOME MOMENTS CONGRESS WAS WITHOUT A QUORUM IN EITHER HOUSE

Photographed especially for "Harper's Weekly"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. L.

No. 2554

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

THE correspondence between the President and Mr. JAMES W. WADSWORTH, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, has naturally provoked discussion, not only because of the remarkable tenor of Mr. ROOSEVELT's first letter, but because the urgent necessity of a trenchant reform of our meat-packing industry is more and more widely recognized in the United States, not only by consumers, but also by far-sighted packers, who desire to avert the paralysis of their business. That fundamentally the President is right and has the people behind him there is no doubt. Knowing himself to be right, he goes ahead; but there is such a thing as going ahead too fast. He went ahead too fast when he authorized over a telephone Senator LOUIS to stigmatize a statement made by ex-Senator CHAMBLER, and reproduced by Mr. TALAMAN on the floor of the Senate, as a lie. He went too fast when, in his first letter to Mr. WADSWORTH, he denounced a bill which, he subsequently confessed, he had not even read, and when, by innuendo, he stigmatized members of a cognate branch of the Federal government as the tools of manufacturers whose careless and disgraceful methods had been exposed. Especially does he go too fast when he attempts by threats to coerce the House of Representatives into framing and passing a bill possibly not in accordance with their own best judgment which they are sworn to follow, but in pursuance of his personal wishes.

Let us look at the matter first from the constitutional viewpoint. Of course the Federal Constitution (Article II, Section III.) makes it the duty of the Chief Magistrate from time to time to recommend to the consideration of Congress such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. It will assist us to learn the scope of the duty thus imposed if we look at the interpretation placed upon the words by preceding Presidents. They have taken for granted, in the first place, that the word "recommend" does not mean "dictate," but that either branch of the Federal legislature has as much right to reject a given recommendation as the Executive has to make it. Moreover, in their recommendations, preceding Presidents have confined themselves to indicating the road in view, the object to be attained; the mode of attaining it has been left to the law-making branch of the Federal government. It is evident that Mr. ROOSEVELT takes a different view of his constitutional functions. Not only in a special message to Congress did he point out the necessity of immediate and drastic reform in the meat-packing industry, but in the letter to Chairman WADSWORTH, published with the President's authority, Mr. ROOSEVELT practically proscribed the precise process by which the reform advocated must be effected. He practically told the House of Representatives, through the chairman of its committee, that, while he cared nothing about superficial changes in nomenclature, the House must not presume to countenance any substantial

divergence from the Beverman bill, which was driven through the Senate with such phenomenal celerity. To make sure of compliance with his specific demand, he warned Mr. WADSWORTH that if the substitute bill, approved by the majority of his committee, should be passed by Congress, he, the President, might sign it, as promising, possibly, a slight improvement over the existing defective law, but in that event he should append to his signature a memorandum stating distinctly the gravity of the bill's shortcomings. By such a statement he would, of course, proclaim, *corbi et urbi*, that no material improvement of the conditions prevailing in the American beef-packing industry need be looked for from the Federal legislature. It is obvious that, by such a declaration on the President's part, our Congress would be held up to world-wide obloquy, and one of the most important branches of our interstate and foreign trade would be irretrievably harmed. It is, in truth, a terrible power of castigation and destruction that would lurk in such a memorandum as was threatened by the President. Mr. ROOSEVELT went on to say that he might even feel constrained to veto the substitute bill, in which event, of course, his reasons would be set forth in a message with calamitous effect.

Now, we cannot but believe that if it were possible to secure a decision of the United States Supreme Court on the question that tribunal would hold that the President had exceeded his constitutional powers by not only recommending a reform but prescribing the specific method of attaining it, and by conveying in a letter to Mr. WADSWORTH the threat of interposing a veto, or a memorandum no less fatal to a great American industry, in the event of his wishes being disregarded by Congress. But what in times like these do paper constitutions amount to? What we are witnessing to-day is a counterpart of the situation which rendered the subversion of the Roman republic possible. An overwhelming majority of the people—practically, in fact, the whole of the consumers of fresh meat and of meat products—are behind THEODORE ROOSEVELT, as the Roman proletarian and the provincials were behind JULIUS CÆSAR. They know him to be acting in their interests; they know his aim to be good, and constitutional objections to his method of attaining it vanish like ropes of straw in the flame of their indignation. It is at such conjunctures, when to the popular eye right seems to be on one side and law on the other, that profound and organic, though unavowed, changes occur in national constitutions.

For the sharp, though we hope temporary, collision between the President and the House of Representatives we consider, as we have said, Mr. ROOSEVELT partly chargeable, for he should have refrained, in our judgment, from uttering the threat of a veto or a condemnatory memorandum; yet we do not on that account hold Speaker CANNON and Mr. WADSWORTH altogether free from blame. There is plausibility, of course, in the contention that it is the business of a deliberative body to deliberate, and that the House of Representatives was in duty bound not to follow the Senate's panic-stricken example and pass the Beverman bill without amendment or debate. There are few rules, however, to which there are no exceptions, and there are signs that the owners and managers of the beef-packing establishments are now inclined to regret that they did not adhere to their original plan—formed when the NEAL-KAYNOLDS report was published—of rushing to cover as speedily as possible. They have found out that there are times when deliberation is dangerous; as, for example, when a house is afire. Had the Beverman bill been railroaded through the House of Representatives as it was through the Senate, its drastic provisions would by this time have been well under way, and instead of forfeiting millions of dollars a day and provoking a world-wide distrust which may need decades entirely to dispel, the meat-packers would already have insured the outlay of some eight cents per head of cattle inspected.

As it is, while the legislative champions of the meat industry have been insisting that the cost of inspection shall be levied on the Federal government instead of on the packers, that the work of sanitary inspection shall be open to arrest at any moment by injunction, and that the selection of inspectors shall be exempt from civil-service precautions

and regulations, the vast cattle-raising and meat-packing interests of the United States have been exposed to the risk of irreparable shipwreck. When a given set of producers find themselves confronted with the entire body of consumers at home and abroad they should have common sense enough to heed the Scriptural injunction to agree with those adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him, lest worse befall thee. To put the whole matter in a nutshell: the President blundered when he inserted threats in his letters to Chairman Wadsworth; but the House of Representatives blundered when, by procrastination and quibbling it provoked the threat. The consumers, who constitute the great bulk of the American people, are much more likely to forgive the impudence of the President than the dilatory and evasive conduct of the House.

How can Congress adjourn before July? It is true that the Stethool bill admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a single State, and providing that separate plebiscites shall be taken in Arizona and New Mexico touching the question of their joint admission, has been passed and signed by the President. So has the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill. On the other hand, the railway rate-making bill lags in the conference committee, to which it was recommended, and there are some indications that advantage has been taken of the bill in public interest concerning the measure to render it more acceptable to the railways. An effort, which probably will prove abortive, has been made to reinsert the provision exempting lumber from the commodities which railways are forbidden to produce as well as transport. There is some doubt, also, as to whether in the bill, as finally reported from conference and adopted by both Houses, Pullman sleeping-cars will continue to be subjected to the provisions affecting common carriers. It seems probable that the antitrust amendment will be changed in conference so as to permit railways to give free transportation to their own employees, while withholding passes from national, State, or county officials. As we go to press it looks as if some three weeks might be needed for an agreement to be reached upon this measure by the Senate and House of Representatives. There, too, is the great inspection bill, which evidently must go to conference, for the House seems determined to insist on some, at least, of the amendments of the Beveridge bill which have been reported favorably by the Committee on Agriculture.

That the two Houses will concur with regard to the type of the canal to be constructed at Panama seems altogether beyond hope. It is settled that a majority of the Senators will vote for a sea-level canal, and they will have to record their opinion during the week ending June 23, when the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill comes up, in which the House of Representatives, by a vote of more than three to one, has embodied a provision that part of the \$25,000,000 voted for the Panama Canal shall be used for the construction of a waterway of the so-called lock type. We may look forward, therefore, to a deadlock between the two Chambers on this matter, in which event it is understood that the President will proceed, under the Spooner canal act, to construct a canal with locks. When, on Friday, June 15, the Senate took up the KERRICK sea-level bill, Senator TELLER denied that the unquestioned fact that a waterway of that type would cost more than a lock canal ought to deter this country from giving to the world the best possible channel between the oceans. He asserted, what is doubtless true, that if a sea-level canal could be built for the same price as a lock canal, all engineers would favor the former. It is, then, solely on the score of expenditure that the House of Representatives has declared for the lock type. Concerning the question of cost, however, Senator MONROE, of Alabama, could see, he said, no ground for the impression that we are going to give away a good deal of money for the opening of an inter-oceanic waterway. He maintained, on the contrary, that we shall be making a lucrative investment. He did not understate the physical difficulties in the way of building a canal on the site agreed upon, but he expressed the conviction that if the work was done by a corporation the stock thereof would be worth five hundred dollars instead of one hundred dollars per value within a few years after the completion of the channel. He considered the statistics of the Suez Canal

conclusive on that point. The shares of the latter waterway are selling at an advance of 900 per cent. on the Paris Stock Exchange.

We suppose that no professional wire-puller or ward heeler would describe Mr. CHARLES W. FAHRANKS, of Indiana, as a "good mixer" any more than he would have applied that epithet to JOHN SHERMAN or BENJAMIN HANSON. The present Vice-President, however, evidently concurs with the two statesmen named in thinking that the qualification mentioned is not indispensable to the attainment of a nomination for the Presidency. Like them, he has looked over the field presented by the Southern States to Republican aspirants for the office of Chief Magistrate, and he has found it very good. Like them, too, he has recognized the expediency of sowing the seed betimes, with an eye to reaping an early harvest. It is true that delegates to Republican national conventions from States formerly slaveholding—if we except Delaware and West Virginia, and an occasional chance in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—have no electoral votes behind them; but that fact did not prevent these dummy delegates from giving President HANSON a renomination against the will of great Republican commonwealths. The objection to Southern Republican delegates is that they will not "stay bought." Nor is it probable that, even if ostensibly Mr. FAHRANKS should succeed in enrolling most of them, they would refuse to heed the advice of President ROOSEVELT, who is expected to make his influence felt in the next Republican national convention.

Of course, Mr. ROOSEVELT may be discredited to a considerable extent before the spring of 1908. There is no warrant in his record, however, for assuming that he will ever forfeit his right to the epithet of "Felix." From time to time during the last five years we have been told that, by this or that incident in his Presidential career, Mr. ROOSEVELT's hold upon the people had been seriously weakened. He would always manage, however, at such junctures to regain, and even intensify, the public confidence. An impressive proof of his sagacity or good fortune has been witnessed during the last few weeks. Mr. ROOSEVELT's eventual acquiescence in the addition to the rate-making bill of a clause conferring wide powers of judicial review on United States circuit courts—though highly commendable in the eyes of most lawyers—sent a chill through the House of Representatives, and through a large section of the American community, taught by Mr. ROOSEVELT himself to eye with suspicion the prospective suspension by injunction of a railway rate made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Naturally, the most was made of this change of front by demagogic newspapers, which profess to think that Mr. ROOSEVELT has stolen their thunder. Evidently there was some thunder left to steal, for before the conference committee could agree upon a rate-making bill the President unmasked a new battery pointed at the meat-packing trust, and acquired at a stroke more popularity than he had ever before possessed. Who will assert that other methods of appealing to the good-will and confidence of his countrymen, no less potential than those already employed, may not be held in reserve?

If we may forecast the future from the past, the chances are that Mr. ROOSEVELT's voice will have no less, and perhaps more, weight in the spring of 1908 than it has now. In that event no candidate who does not command his approval is likely to secure a nomination for the Presidency from the next Republican national convention. Not Secretary TAFT, who is already slated for the vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Not Vice-President FAHRANKS or Secretary SIVAN, for both are committed to the "Stand-Patners," whereas Mr. ROOSEVELT not long ago was an avowed revisionist, and has just notified the friends of revision in Iowa that he has not authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to oppose them in the campaign now begun in their State. As a man for some time credited with having become an intensely practical politician, it is scarcely probable that the President will back any candidate who is closely, though perhaps unjustly, identified with great corporate interests in the public mind. Beyond a doubt, Mr. ROOSEVELT considers matured wisdom and high character the prime prerequisites for the office of Chief Magistrate; but he has also learned to

have a keen eye for availability. He will not help to nominate a man of whom it will be recorded that he "also ran." Men of his own type—FOLK and BRYAN—are not numerous in the Republican ranks. There was at one time an impression current that Speaker CANNON, by the vigor and despatch with which he drove a rate-making bill acceptable to the President through the House of Representatives, had pre-empted the strongest claim to Mr. ROOSEVELT's good-will. If he ever had any warrant for expecting the President's support in the next Republican national convention, the Speaker may have inspired it by the obstruction which he offered to the Panama canal-inspection bill. On the whole, then, we may say that if Mr. ROOSEVELT has a favorite for the Republican nomination in 1908 that favorite has not yet been identified by the newspapers.

Whether WILLIAM J. BRYAN is put forward as a candidate for the Presidency by the next Democratic national convention, or whether the Southern and Eastern States shall prefer another standard-bearer, nobody need imagine that the lines between the two great political parties will not be sharply drawn, or that there will be any lack of pivotal issues. Of course the gold-standard question is a "back number." It has no more interest for us now than have the snows of yesterday. On the other hand, there is some vitality left in the anti-imperialist demand that some definite steps shall be taken toward the concession of independence to the Philippines. It is the fault of the Stand-Patter majority in Congress that this issue is not also dead. We have no moral right to retain the Philippines so long as we withhold from them the equitable treatment which we have accorded to Porto Rico, and refuse to admit their sugar and tobacco, duty free, to the markets of the United States. From the viewpoint of our foreign policy the only inquiry to which a categorical reply will be expected from the Republican and Democratic nominees is concerned with the attitude that the United States should take toward the converted reduction of military and naval armaments which undoubtedly will be proposed in the coming conference at The Hague. Of course no European power would call upon this country to cut down our standing army, which is already, according to European standards, absurdly small in comparison with our population. That is not true of our navy, however, and if European naval armaments should be curtailed we would be expected to follow suit. It is improbable that such a reduction will meet with the approval of the next Republican national convention if the platform framed by that body reflects Mr. ROOSEVELT's personal views. A Democratic national convention, on the other hand, might be trusted to advocate the paring down of our naval appropriations.

After all, however, little attention will be paid in convention or campaign to questions connected with our foreign or colonial policy. The contest will turn almost exclusively on the vital domestic issues of the tariff and the trusts, for which reason quite as much attention is likely to be paid to the history and character of candidates as to the professions of platforms. The two questions which the average voter will ask himself are these: Which of the candidates set before me can be the more thoroughly relied upon to adhere to the programme of government supervision and control over interstate railways and interstate commerce generally, which Mr. ROOSEVELT has not only formulated but carried out to a considerable extent? Secondly, are all the rates fixed by the Dingley tariff to be rigorously maintained, even although experience may have shown that some products of American manufactures are sold in European markets for prices materially lower than those which are exacted at home? Is it probable that the American people, when, with a full knowledge of the facts, they have again an opportunity of recording their judgment at the ballot-box, will endorse the cynical and defiant attitude adopted toward American taxpayers and consumers in the joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives concerning the purchase of materials and supplies for the Isthmian Canal?

It was on Saturday, June 16, that the popular branch of the Federal legislature accepted without amendment the resolution on that subject previously passed by the Senate. That is to say, the Fifty-ninth Congress peremptorily orders the

Canal Commission, when purchasing machinery or any other articles used in the construction of the waterway, to buy exclusively those of American manufacture or production from the lowest bidder, unless in any case the President shall decide that even the lowest bid is unreasonable or extortionate. An amendment offered by a Democrat, Mr. SULLIVAN, of Massachusetts, to the effect that none of the money appropriated for the Isthmian Canal shall be expended for the purchase of material and supplies manufactured or produced in the United States, unless they shall be sold at export prices, whenever export prices are less than those charged to purchasers in the United States, was rejected. On motion of a Stand-Patter this amendment was declared by Speaker CANNON to be out of order, on the ground that it was rather a limitation than a change of law. An appeal from the decision of the chair was negatived by a vote of almost three to one. In this case it might be assumed that some of those who sustained the Speaker were impelled by technical reasons based on parliamentary usage. No such excuse can be offered for those who voted for the Senate joint resolution after Mr. DE ANTONIO had pointed out that it would be the part of wisdom to seek to construct the canal at the cheapest cost in order that the burden upon the American taxpayers, which, at best, would be grievous enough, might be lightened as far as possible. The resolution was passed by 129 votes against 82, but it is significant that the minority included sixteen Republicans, all of whom but one came from Western States.

It begins to look as if we should witness a repetition of the fusion which gained a triumph at the State election in Pennsylvania last year, when the nominee of the Democrats and of bolting Republicans for the office of State Treasurer was elected. As we go to press it is expected that the Democratic State convention will endorse ex-Senate Senator LEWIS J. FULMER, who has been put forward for Governor by the so-called Lincoln party, composed of seceders from the Republican State organization which, for its part, has nominated ex-Mayor STRUTZ, of Philadelphia. If such endorsement shall be given, and if the votes of the Prohibitionists can be secured for the fusion candidate, the latter has a fair chance of victory, for, apparently, he can rely on the support of most members of the City party, which, in conjunction with the Democrats, swept Philadelphia at the last election. It ought to be as easy for upright and patriotic Democrats to help to make a Republican Governor as it was last November for honest Republicans to cooperate in placing a Democrat at the head of the State Treasury. That was one of the most remarkable political revolutions ever witnessed in the United States, for in 1904 Mr. ROOSEVELT had carried Pennsylvania by a plurality of upwards of 500,000. Strange things have happened in the history of American politics, but nothing quite so strange as the quick transfer of Pennsylvania into the column of doubtful States. No other such signal and startling transformation has been effected by the anti-graft campaign.

Oregon has decided by popular vote that the man whom it will send to the Senate to succeed the late J. H. MITCHELL shall be JOSHUA BOWEN. They have a primary law now in Oregon under which every officer, including United States Senators, can be nominated. BOWEN has been nominated by popular vote, and the Legislature at its next session will go through the formality of electing him. So he is the first Senator to be chosen by popular vote. BOWEN is a New-Englandster, hailing from New Bedford. He spent nearly four years in Harvard College, and should have graduated in the class of 1877, along with WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, GEORGE E. WOODBURY, and other since-distinguished persons. But so much of the time of the studious members of that class was distracted to employments not recorded in the college curriculum, that BOWEN left without a degree, and (perhaps) to put as much of his earlier hand between himself and Cambridge as he could, went to Oregon and settled. That was nearly thirty years ago. He concerned himself in mining, and is said to be a rich man. He has been twice a member of the Oregon Legislature, and was one of the leaders in securing the law under which he has been chosen to go to the Senate.

A newspaper head-line says, "ROOSEVELT and TILMAN may become friends!" Nothing likelier. We commend each of them to the other's better acquaintance. Senator TILMAN is

a big man; a remarkable man. President ROOSEVELT is still more remarkable, and big of his size and big of his years. Neither gentleman is likely to find anywhere put up in any single package a more interesting assemblage of human materials than the other gentleman contains. We dare say they will be friends if opportunity continues to offer, but that will not hinder them from fighting.

Mr. BREX, an engineer, computes in the *Outlook* that the power in Niagara Falls is worth about three hundred million dollars a year. To be conservative, call it two hundred millions. How many persons enjoy the spectacle of Niagara Falls in the course of the year? More than 10,000 a day? Call it that, which would make 3,650,000 a year. At that rate it costs us \$54.55 for each spectator. This is a large price per head for the maintenance of a free show. We do not grudge it—as yet, and are the more content to let our profits go to Nature, because we know that if all the Falls went to horse-power we should not get the money. It is as well, though, that visitors to the Falls should recognize that the owners of the Falls—of the State of New York, the Commissioners, Congress, and President ROOSEVELT—are foregoing \$54.55 for each visitor who looks at them. If the great naturalists attend at the same time the generosity of Nature and of Man—meaning *us*—so much the better!

When Bishop POTTER got home from foreign parts the other day he talked to the reporters with the amiability that becomes a democratic private, and said to them, among other things, speaking of England: "You can depend upon it there is no love lost between the two countries. There is, I fear, a good deal of gush about it. The more acute and serious do not think we are a lot of grafters, but that we are very easily tempted by gain. It is the general crowd that thinks of us otherwise." This expression of opinion has been very widely discussed, and has grieved the spirits of many protestants, who have written letters to the newspapers about it. The bishop had undoubtedly received impressions which warranted him in speaking as he did. He said he got them from the English newspapers. Nevertheless, there is nothing in his opinion, whether it is sound or not, that should give any one concern. There is no love lost between South Carolina and Massachusetts; between the East and West. We are all critics of one another, and snap sharp gibes from time to time, but still the tie of a common nationality is extremely strong. And there is a tie of analogous quality, though, of course, not of equal strength, between the Americans and the English. It is by no means an exclusive intimacy, nor incompatible with hard feelings, hard words, and even blows. The less people gush about it, the better, but it is a fact, a physical fact, and one of very considerable political and economic importance. Remember that in Latin and in some other languages, the same word means "enemy" and "stranger." The British are less strangers to us and we to them, than any other people.

The American branch of the Society for Psychical Research has given up the ghost and been resolved into its elements. It has been housed in Boylston Place, Boston, and Dr. HENRIK HANSEN was its secretary and active agent. When Dr. HANSEN died, a while ago, the branch made an effort to get Professor HYLTON, of New York, to go on with the work, but that plan failed, and the branch has gone out of business. Its work, however, will still go on, being assumed by a new society called the American Institute for Scientific Research, which has lately been chartered by the State of New York. Section B of this new institute is to be known as the American Society for Psychological Research, and with Professor HYLTON as its secretary, and its headquarters in New York, it will continue the work of the Boston society.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts lately made an enormous effort to execute a youth named CHARLES TYCKER for murder. It took two years to do it. TYCKER was done to death according to law. He had a nice funeral, which was described in all the Massachusetts papers. His pastor, who was convinced of his innocence, explained as well as he could how it did come about that an innocent man had been found guilty of murder. Then the body was taken to Worcester and buried in the cemetery there. Somehow TYCKER's execu-

tion seems to have been hardly as beneficial as it should have been, considering the immense pains taken to secure it. Most people who read about it had forgotten the details of his trial, and only knew of him as a man convicted on circumstantial evidence, who denied that he was guilty. In practical effect, it was not so much justice as the courts of Massachusetts were vindicated by this execution, and though the courts and prosecuting authorities may have fully deserved the vindication, the result is somewhat disappointing. The TYCKER case seems more likely to deter juries from finding verdicts of guilty on circumstantial evidence than to deter bad men from doing murder. That is a poor result of so extraordinary an effort.

The women who fought woman-suffrage in Oregon in the June election won their fight and are proud of their victory. The vote was on the proposal to amend the State Constitution by striking out the word "male." Under the initiative and referendum system a majority of all votes was not required, and a bare majority of the votes cast on the amendment would have been enough to carry it. The National Woman-Suffrage Association took a strong interest in the fight, and sent speakers and money to Oregon to help their local organization. That stirred up the anti-suffragists. The Oregon Association Opposed to the Suffrage for Women took the field, circulated literature in opposition to that put out by the suffragists, and made a vigorous campaign. In their final appeal to the voters they declared that the women of Oregon had enough "duties and responsibilities appropriate to women's sphere," and protested that the added burden of politics, jury service, and other public duties should not be imposed upon them "at the instance of female agitators from distant States, where the people are too sensible to adopt woman-suffrage." The appeal closed with an exhortation to the voter to "be sure to vote 'no' on this proposition, and protect the home-life of the State," which the voter went and did.

Our neighbor THOMAS EDISON has got the horse annihilated again. He has been out after cobalt, and found lots of it somewhere, and that is to make the storage-battery so cheap, light, and capacious that every vehicle will very soon be self-propelling. Latterly, a good many of neighbor EDISON's storage-battery yams have got separated from their sequels, and the sequels have got lost. But, after all, nobody has got a better right to have hitherto occur in the plots of his wonder-tales than a writer who has so often compassed the incredible. When cobalt is cheaper than piccadilly, then cobalt. Meanwhile, piccadilly.

LUTHER BURBANK, plant-wizard, has 12,000 varieties of potatoes in the ground on his farm at Santa Rosa, and hopes to get from them a new potato that shall have better points than any potato yet produced. Mr. BURBANK wants a potato that shall be more prolific than any yet invented and practically impervious to disease and uniform in size. It seems that he considers uniformity in size a merit in potatoes, and it is a merit if he thinks it is, for he knows potatoes. It is a good year to improve potatoes. The beef-packer's extremity is the potato's opportunity.

Old Home Week in Kentucky was all that the fancy pictured, or as much as was expedient, for—come to think of it—when the fancy lets itself out to make pictures of Kentucky it does not spare paint. There is no other State that stirs the imagination in quite the same degree; on State so famous for producing the raw materials of human greatness in quite such length and breadth and cubic capacity and vigor as Kentucky. When we think about the kind of people Kentucky raises, we are surprised, not at her great reputation, but that the other States have been able to stay with her so creditably. Not all our great men came from Kentucky. Many of them did—LINCOLN for one—but some came from Virginia before Kentucky was set off from it, and some from the other States. The Kentuckians had a great Home Week. Everybody came back that could, including DANIEL BOONE and HENRY CLAY, who came in spirit. In Louisville they unveiled a statue to STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER, who wrote, "My Old Kentucky Home." All over the State they used up the waist crop on spring lamb and other things for the guests.

Do the English Really Like Americans?

RAMON PUYER is reported to have said in an interview on his recent return from Europe that most of the talk about the liking of Englishmen for Americans was mere gush, and the prolate's assertion has since been confirmed by an American theatrical manager, whose professional ventures in London may possibly have missed the success he hoped for. It is undeniable that, since the great scandals, even the more sober-minded representatives of the British press have shown somewhat hasty and sweeping conclusions from the premises, and have indulged in excessive speculations on the extent to which our national character may have been gangrened by an all-pervasive greed for wealth. It is an interesting question whether any such thing as a cordial and permanent liking between peoples, widely distant and in an appreciable degree heterogeneous, can ever be brought about, and whether intelligent men on both sides of the Atlantic should not rather aim at an object less sentimentally attractive, but more attainable. It is just as well to remember that a thorough understanding and a cordial affection between individual members of the same nation are, as a rule, a slowly developed, if not also a somewhat rare, phenomenon. It is a frequent subject of complaint on the part of highly educated and sensitive women that they are not "understood," and social philosophers, like CARSTEN, have pointed out how hard it is to get at the truth concerning any human being. Without full comprehension, how is a fervent and lasting sympathy to be acquired? It is a commonplace that, in the absence of profound and exhaustive knowledge of the circumstances which surround a given man or woman, or of those which have preceded or attended a given act, it is impossible to mete out justice, or apportion excuse or condemnation, with unerring accuracy. If this be true of individuals of the same race, dwelling in the same community, brought up at that, in an environment substantially identical morally, socially, and politically, how much more true it is of nations which are the products of different historical evolutions, and which possess widely different ideals and institutions?

It is easy to exaggerate the unifying influence of a common language and a common literature. The Greeks waged bloody wars against each other long before they combined to fight the Persians; and the most deadly blow received by Athens was dealt in Sicily, although the Dialogues of PLATO were read with delight, and the tragedies of EURIPIDES were heard with rapture, in Syracuse. We hear in after-dinner speeches many glowing variations on the academic theme that those whom KING JAMES's version of the Bible and MILTON and SHAKESPEARE have joined together, no man can part asunder. There is no historical ground for the optimistic assumption, on the contrary, if we are to judge from the facts, the assimilating power of a common literary heritage is proportioned, not, as we might expect, in proximity to the fount of culture, but to the square of the distance from it. If SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and other stars in Britain's galaxy of men of letters do indeed have a merging and cementing effect on the British and American peoples, why was not the effect more recognizable and more far-reaching a century or half a century ago, when we can scarcely be said to have had a literature of our own, then it is to-day, when we can point to a creditable literary harvest? It is curious that a common literary inheritance did not prevent a large majority of American citizens from sympathizing with the enemy of England during that country's desperate struggle against NAPOLEON; nor did it, in the way of 1812-15, hold back the British conquerors of Washington from committing acts of vandalism, from which the British conquerors of Paris scrupulously refrained. We must have, in a word, proof more relevant than the assertion of a common claim to SHAKESPEARE and MILTON before we can acknowledge the existence of a strong, instinctive fellow-feeling by which Americans and Englishmen have been alleged to be irresistibly drawn together.

That friendships have existed, and still exist, between individual Americans and Englishmen, nobody, of course, disputes. Such close and cordial relations between representatives of different nations are brought about precisely as they are between members of the same community. Social contact, or a community of business or professional interests, is sometimes, though not by any means always, followed by an evocation of respect, esteem, and even sympathy. The growth of amity, however, between an Englishman and an American is necessarily slower than it is between two Americans, though the latter may have been born and reared in different sections of our country, because the crust produced by habit, usage, prejudice, and alien points of view, the penetration or rupture of which is essential to genuine friendship, is sensibly thicker in the latter case than in the former. The opportunities for the intimate personal association which is indispensable to the generation of thorough understanding and union of sentiment—though they are much more numerous now than they used to be—must always be few indeed, compared with the vast multitude of Americans and Englishmen that never meet each other. It is idle, therefore, to prattle about a "union of hearts," so far as the great mass of either the British or the Amer-

ican people is concerned. In the nature of things, such a union is unattainable, and, therefore, the hope of it should be discarded by reasonable persons. Nor is such sentimental community necessary to a cooperation between Great Britain and the United States, which might prove of the utmost utility to the nations directly concerned, and of great benefit to the outside world. It is scarcely possible to conceive of two peoples, both Christian, more diverse and even antagonistic, in respect of institutions, ideas, predilections, and antipathies, than were the English and the Russians during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, to the advantage of both parties, they were impelled by a community of interest to work together for the four years preceding the downfall of NAPOLEON. For hundreds upon hundreds of years the antagonism between France and England had been inveterate; yet what was conceived to be a common interest brought them in sight side by side in the Crimea, and has now welded them in intimate and cordial international relations. The permanency of their friendship seems the more firmly assured by the total absence of reciprocal gush, though, naturally, we now hear less about "Perfidious Albion" in the Paris Boulevard newspapers, and Frenchmen are less frequently described as "frog-eaters" in London gossip-halls.

Much less obvious and vital, however, are the common interests which now impel Englishmen and Frenchmen to forget the old grounds of enmity than are the ties which are tending to bind more and more closely England and the United States in international harmony and effort. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom see in us their principal purveyor; we recognize in them our best customer. England would soon starve 't' cut off from our normal contributions of food staples; while, as for us, were we barred out of the British market, our surplus grain crops would rot upon our hands. Nor is it solely for wheat and other cereals that English consumers must look to the United States for the main source of their supplies. They buy from us more fresh meat and more meat products than from any other exporting country. That is why recent disclosures have produced an even greater shock in Britain than in Germany or France. Britons feel that they cannot afford to doubt the wholesomeness of the animal products forthcoming from the quarter on which hitherto they have most relied. They know not whither to turn for an alternative source, for, however alarming may have been the revelations of the state of things in American meat-packing establishments, how can Englishmen reasonably assume that better sanitary conditions exist in Australia or Argentina, where there is no government inspection at all? The autocracy of England's tripudiation is the measure of her dependence. It follows that no other foreign country ought to welcome with a warmer sense of relief the resolve of President ROOSEVELT, assured as it now is of hearty concurrence on the part of Congress, to bring about forthwith a drastic and permanent reform.

We have said that the liking and sympathy of Englishmen, viewed not as individuals, but as a nation, are for us practically unattainable, though we are less alien racially than are the inhabitants of the Continent of Europe. The respect of Englishmen, however, we can gain and keep, if we deserve it; and respect is the most solid of foundations for international community of aims and for fruitful cooperation.

Book Tests

A BOOKWORM has this, at least, in common with the rest of humanity,—that his path is beset by difficulties, and crooked more frequently than not by snarls. One difficulty of yearly recurrence is that of choosing the books to pack for the summer vacation. After much experience—may some twenty years of repeated failures—he learns to begin by registering a firm resolve not to write home for all the books he wants and has left behind, but to harden himself to face the certainty that what he finds on hand will be the very things he feels least inclined to.

However, there are rules which may aid the traveller, and one is, wisely to refrain from selecting more than three or, at most, five of the bed-head books. Every bookworm knows, of course, what the bed-head books are.

For him who loathes even at his bed's head
Twenty books, read in black or red, . . .
Then robes rich, or athletic, or gay suit, . . .

The preference of the bookman has remained unimpaired and unwavering through all the six intervening centuries. At the bed's head he keeps those small black or red volumes that contain the concentrated wisdom of the ages, books which now and again, say once a decade, he reads through; but night by night, just before sleep falls upon him, he opens one of his twenty volumes, and takes out a sentence, a phrase, a single line, to roll it round and round in his mind, until thought is all a blank, or a bewildered and erratic vagrancy through an incoherent universe.

There are many things in which bookworms diverge as much as average men; indeed, being folk of a fervent cult, they diverge even more widely, perhaps, than in the matter of "bedies heed" books there is like to be harmonious agreement. These books include the Bhagavadgita, the Upanishads, the Psalms, the books of Job, Isaiah, Ecclesiastes, the Gospel of St. John, in separate bindings. The *Facsimile of Paris*, a St. Vincent's Manual, *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, *Kipling's The Fire-eaters of St. Francis*, *The Love of the Silence*. Possibly the New Testament, though one notable bookworm thinks it too exhilarating and exciting a book to be opened, except in the morning. *The Path of Perfection*, just by way of having an extra saint, and an Anglican Prayer-book, for the sake of the King James version of the Psalms, are usually added. When one comes to picking out the "bedies heed" books for a three months' vacation it is best to use one of each kind; thus, either *Ecclesiastes* or *Marcus Aurelius* may be taken for those nights when one needs a cool, firm brain to prepare us for the next day; St. John should perhaps always be with us, for he merits and rewards to almost any mood of large receptivity and up-yearning quiescence; the Upanishads or the Bhagavadgita makes the two complete.

When the books of the "bedies heed" are a settled question, it next becomes one's arduous task to choose "steady company," as a somewhat vulgar but expressive phrase designates the person to whom one prospectively devotes one's whole time and energy. Now a real book-lover is always pining to keep "steady company" for at least three months on end with somebody, but the choice is a ticklish matter. There are people in the world who have taken years one year after year to spend whole summer vacations with SPENCER'S *Farrie Quarre* or with MITTON'S *Paradise Lost*. This is an unimpeachable choice; it sounds well; in the forecast it always looks pleasant, but somehow it never "materializes" (a word utterly abhorrent to the bookworm). If one takes a complete MITTON along, any bookworm can predict from his own repeated experiences that the three months will be given over entirely to *Sonnet*, *Contra*, *Lycidas*, *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro*; and *Paradise Lost*, except, perhaps, for the sunrise hymn and a few choice descriptions of Satan and Belshazzar, will remain a sealed book. It is the same and story with the *Farrie Quarre*; the poor worm will have read and reread the "Morning Hymn" and the "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty and Heavenly Love"; he will have revelled in selected stanzas from the *Farrie Quarre*, but that thoroughgoing analysis of the whole poem which he planned will be as non-existent as if he had spent the whole summer in his book-walled study. On the contrary, SHAKESPEARE'S "Sonnets" are steady company for any number of summers, and, after serving for three or four, ought always to be slipped, in some small form, into the book-bag for occasional afternoon walks or sultry and idle noon hours. SHIELLEY is a miracle of a companion in summer. He is a delightful person to read from cover to cover, with his visual imagery, his power of setting some other scene of ethereal beauty before you, his way of projecting himself into whatever place you chance to frequent, of making you feel the unity of life and nature, enlarging your consciousness, and liberating you from the too-bare insistent contact with tangible things. WHITMAN, with as love a sense of the soul's freedom as SHIELLEY had, as intense a love of the universe, was yet held down to definite limits, and saved from airy diffusions by his profound belief in life as it is—concrete, partial, limited, confined by definite lines and barriers. But WHITMAN belongs as yet to a small though ever-increasing minority, and a cautious bookworm will taste and try before he tries himself to him.

KEATS offers very agreeable companionship if one confine one's self to the sonnets, *"Endymion"*, and *"Hyperion"*, carefully avoiding everything inspired by FANNIE BRAWN, the most unfortunate Egbert ever adored by poet.

EMERSON'S poems are too abstract for the whole season, but they stand one of the best of book tests, nevertheless; they are excellent to slip in your pocket with one apple, your folding-up, and a chunk of bread when you are off for a long day's walk by the shore, or when you purpose sitting catrilly alone on some neighboring mountain top from dawn to sunset. He is valuable as a good supporter, to be read in little bits, just by way of leaving your thoughts off on their own long journey. WHITMAN, for those to whom he belongs at all, stands just this same test. If one try him for the all-summer steady company, the niled is apt to fall into a cataloguing habit; one will find one's self enumerating, with a new and profound love and hope and courage, let it be said, the integral parts of the universe, but one's mind will be empty of predicates and epithets. But for an out-of-door day, once or twice a week, he stands supreme in those who love him. GORTON is a person who will repay us for several summers' intimacy, and as one cannot get the gist of him in less than nine volumes, he goes for toward filling up the book-bag.

Finally, the books one actually needs for the work one is doing must be considered, and the main principle for the bookworm to go upon is that the fewer he has the better his work will be. And every bookworm knows that this is his hardest lesson. To

stand on his own feet and believe what he thinks, whether it has ever been stated in print or not—to say it boldly, for so slim a reason as that he thinks so himself—is the task to which summers away from a study must finally insure him.

This list of books that stand the "bedies heed" test, the all-summer steady-company test (wherein surely, first of all, DAVY, and SHAKESPEARE'S five greatest tragedies, should lead the way), the day-out-days test, the ocean and mountain test, and the reference test, is very incomplete, but it purposely leaves room for every other bookworm to make his own additions.

Personal and Pertinent

Mr. NAMER, the Brazilian ambassador at Washington, declares that all Americans are alike. It is hardly fair for a man to make a statement of that kind just because he has been making a careful study of the President and the Vice-President.

Every branch of the government is now making reports, showing a saving in expenditures over the preceding year, but the total appropriations show no reduction. The taxpayer is left in the position of the fruit-grower who explained that what he made on apples he lost on bananas.

The venerable Emperor of Austria, greatly distressed by the continual strife in his dual kingdom, is reported to have said, pathetically, that although he had intended to leave his country till death, he was beginning to feel the pressure of fatigue undesirable. The good old man surely has had a hard time, but if he can only manage to hang on till March 4, 1908, we may be in a position to make a temporary loan of an expert, more capable of fixing up things to everybody's complete satisfaction is about a minute and a half.

Many tributes have been paid to Senator FORAKER for his political courage in being the only Republican Senator in vote against the railway-rate bill. The Senator's colleagues needed no such testimony to Mr. FORAKER's marked independence and his method of supporting his convictions without regard to consequences. Senator BAILEY, of Texas, has spoken the sentiment of his colleagues, without regard to politics, in the statement: "I like J. FORAKER. I never shake his hand, but he plays his cards on top of the table and never deals from the bottom of the deck."

When asked if the Republican party did not have a good many important matters under the head of "unfinished business," Secretary SHAW used the illustration of the Iowa farmer. Rains are frequent in that country during the haying season, and the wise farmer never cuts more at a time than he can get to the barns as rapidly as it comes. As a term of reproach for the man who does not regard this precautionary rule, the neighbors are wont to remark, "He has a good deal of hay down." That's as near as the Secretary will come to admitting that the Republican party has a good deal of hay down.

Since Mr. MORRAN turned over the famous Cope of Ascoli to the Italian government, the authorities have been trying to find out how it strayed from Ascoli in the first place. It turned out on investigation that other very valuable things besides the rope were missing from Ascoli, so the cope was placed in the Gallery of Ancient Art in Rome. The Bishop of Ascoli was lately removed by the Pope. Indications now are that the officers of the cathedral at Ascoli sold the cope with the connivance of the late bishop, or at any rate while he was not looking. But if the cathedral authorities sold the cope, can it be considered to have been stolen?

Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE made a notable addition to the more easily sung of our national hymns at the Presbyterian General Assembly. Asked to make a final appeal for the sufferers from the earthquake, he proposed the following new verse for "America":

I love thy inland seas,
Thy capes and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains,
Thy cushions wild and deep,
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
Thy rocky mountains steep,
Thy fertile plains.

Thy domes, thy silvery strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Affront the West,
Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy sunlight everywhere,
O land beyond compare,
I love thee best.

It may not do for a hymnal, but it is a mighty good verse, nevertheless, and, we have no doubt, will be tucked on.



Typical Peasant Deputies to the Douma. In the Foreground is the Veteran Proprietor Pivnganikoff, of Samara.



The Arrival at the Douma Building of Petroskerdik, the first to move an Unrestricted Amendment in the Session of the Douma.

DEPUTIES TO RUSSIA'S EPOCH-MAKING PARLIAMENT

FINANCIAL PROGRESS IN JAPAN

VIEWS OF JACOB H. SCHIFF, THE NEW YORK BANKER, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXTENDED TRIP IN THE ORIENT

JACOB H. SCHIFF, the New York banker, who has been on an extensive tour in the Far East, returned in New York on June 7. The conclusions he derived from his observations in the Orient are of wide and immediate interest. Mr. Schiff has thus summarized them:

"Our stay in Japan covered about eight weeks, of which we spent a short while in Korea. We visited most of the more important towns and other points of interest and became much impressed with the ways of the people and their activities.

"Everybody in Japan appears to do work of some kind; it is a country without beggars, without drunkards, and all are polite and good natured. Nothing is heard or seen of the effect of the recent war. The people neither talk about it nor have they become overbearing or in any manner intoxicated by their great victories, but have quietly gone to work to develop their industries, to increase their commerce and trade, and to get a fair control over the new markets which the success of their armies has opened for them.

"A tendency to exclude other nations from these markets does not exist. The uniform and repeated assurance being readily given by Japan's leading statesmen, that the promise of the 'open door' in Korea and Manchuria will, as far as Japan is concerned, be strictly carried out.

"Korea itself is gradually getting under effective Japanese control and administration, which will be of much benefit in this entirely out-of-date country, the resources of which appear to have been dormant for centuries; these with proper and intelligent administrative methods should promise rich results. The natural resources of Japan itself are probably somewhat limited, but its people are frugal, intelligent, and energetic, and the incidents which the late war has imposed do not appear to weigh heavily upon them.

"Taxes are in a great extent indirect, such as the customs, the salt tax, the tobacco and salt monopolies, the stamp tax, the trolley fare imposed, and a variety of other taxes, which all yield large revenue to the state, as do the land and other taxes, such as the income tax, which last, however, appears not to yield an entirely satisfactory result. Under the law a sufficient sum must first be set apart from the government revenue to provide for the interest on the public debt and for a sinking fund, which latter the Minister of Finance estimated will amount to a minimum of thirty million yen a year, and

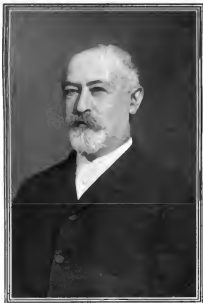
which he intends to so administer that it will equal the new bonds the government will have to issue for the acquisition of the private railroads.

"These latter, under a recent law, have become nationalized on a five-per-cent. basis, payment to be made by an exchange of the railroad shares for internal bonds, such exchange to begin after two years, and to extend over a period of ten years. The railroads acquired have almost all large earning capacity, and when their purchase becomes completed they should pay a large revenue to the state.

"The banking system of the country is widely developed, and its currency seems to rest on a firm basis. The Bank of Japan, with branches in all important commercial centres, is alone empowered to issue the circulating medium, which is redeemable in gold on demand; it is a limited-asset currency, protected by a considerable gold reserve, but in time of emergency may be expanded upon payment of a heavy tax. This provision has, even during the war, protected the country against undue stringency and financial revolution. Except the Bank of Japan, all banks pay interest on deposits, these showing a constant increase as to the bank earnings in the principal commercial centres, which since 1900 have more than doubled.

"The people of Japan appear to be thoroughly conscious of their manifest destiny, and without saying much, if anything, about it are evidently determined to maintain the leadership in the Far East, which they have gained through the war. Japan will no doubt endeavor to obtain a most perfect understanding with China, will maintain the latter against further foreign aggression, but at the same time will herself make every effort to maintain peaceful and harmonious relations with all other nations. The impression one receives is that Japan knows exactly what it needs and wants, and these people, believing as they do that they want only that which of right belongs to them, are determined with a singleness of purpose, to obtain it.

"We met many, if not most, of the men who determine, or wield an influence in the conduct of the nation's affairs, and one and all of them make the impression of earnest, prudent, and patriotic leaders. Great friendship is expressed everywhere for America and her people. We were the recipients of such hospitality, and every opportunity was given us to become acquainted with the social, economic, and general conditions of the country."



Jacob H. Schiff

Photograph by Phil Bess.

TWO HUNDRED FEET OF GIRLS AND DAISIES



According to an eyewitness, Lassar Gaston, the Japanese Consul presents to the graduating seniors a Daisy Chain consisting of a foot of flowers for every girl. This year the chain was 200 feet long.

A WEST-INDIAN CRUISE

By MAUD GOING

IN these days of easy travel, when artists go to and fro upon the earth seeking the gorgeous, the "fragment," or the impressive, one wonders why nobody paints the West Indies.

At the lower end of that island chain which reaches from the northern tropic to South America there is a veritable painter's paradise. Geographically this paradise is known as the "Lesser Antilles," or the Caribbees. Ideologically it is under four flags—Dutch, Danish, French, and British. Pictorially it offers the utmost loveliness and incredible purple peculiar to tropical water, and over all streams a glory of light.

In the French islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique, the human life, too, is brilliantly picturesque and in keeping with its setting. Market-day in Guadeloupe is not as other market-days in cold and lustrous regions. It is a revel of color and light. Those who sell and most of those who buy are negroes, mulattos, or quadroons, tall, shapely, and bearing themselves like queens. Trained almost from boyhood in bear burdens on their heads, they are straight as lances and they walk with jaunty grace. Their dresses are of gay-colored cottons, often adorned with large figures or brilliant stripes. Their heads and often around their waists, in lieu of belts, are bright lundannas. Around their necks are kerchiefs of rich green, yellow, or scarlet.

Most of them wear earrings, and many have a barbaric gleam of metal ornaments at the throat. They show French influence and often French blood in the liveliness of their gestures, the rapidity of their talk, and their brilliant gaiety. When one addresses them their dark faces flash into smiles. When they chat together there is presently a burst of joyous laughter. But there is no use trying to share the joke. We cannot understand it, however versed in the French of Paris. There is a patois of French much debased by Congo associations. Its consonants are shivered, its vowels mispronounced, and it is spoken in the high-pitched singing of the West Indies.

The wares are displayed on stands extemporized out of boards and boxes, in trays of wood or wicker, or on mats spread on the ground, and they show how many things there are which we classically do without yet never miss. There are glistening piles of the sea-salt which the poorer islanders use in cooking. There are cocoa beans in plenty, bundles of cinnamon bark, and long vanilla beans tied into bundles like cigarettes. Chocolate is sold in cylinders almost as corrupt as German sausages. There are brown heaps of superfine sugar, dark and moist as mud. Baked rolls are offered, in a shape suggesting the head, body, and tail of a bird, and an adventurer who has eaten them assures us that they are very indigestible, though the population, eat thereof and live.

The little earthenware stoves, used in all the humble island houses, can only boil or stew. A frust of baked meat, when

the family indulges in it, must be cooked in a lard-soup. Bread must be bought, and these tough little loaves have a ready sale.

In market are little heaps of shell-fish, the local oyster, small and knobby, and the tiny local clams. Near by are the fish, gorgeous as those who sell them. They are steel-colored, rusty or salmon, overlaid with copper, with bronze, or with gold. A picturesque old woman, wearing over her turban one of the wide soft straw hats made in these islands, is selling bunches of shining leaves like those of our northern laurel. These make a rather when rubbed under water and are used locally in lieu of soap.

At three entertaining tables are little assortments of things, and you can choose among them for a centime. You can have, for instance, on a square of brown butcher-paper, a trawpail of sea-salt and two balls of blue. If that combination fails to allure you here is another; a square of yellow soap, a tiny cornucopia of very strong pepper, and a row of pins. Or you can have a box of matches, a card of thread, and two small onions. Indeed, the combinations offered for a centime have a wide range, and if you refuse them all you are indeed hard in phrase.

The basket-seller has the wide wicker trays which we see in West-Indian streets on the heads of peddlers, and baskets of charming design and color are purchasable for a few centimes.

The potter's wife has among her terra-cotta-colored saucers of familiar outlines the tall West-Indian water-coolers, bilibetto wafadillo. But the most remarkable figure of all to northern eyes is the milk-seller. Poised on her head is a deep wooden bowl, and from the top of it protrude the jars, cans, and bottles which have held divers things. Now they contain milk which is peddled to the populace at prices in spite the most rigidly economical. It is shipped about, transferred from one meekly vessel to another, and all under a tropical sun! And yet the population lives and laughs.

Some of the vegetables at best look familiar. There is, as everywhere in the West Indies, a great profusion and variety of edible edibles, cassava, yams, and several kinds of sweet potato, some recognizable by a motherer and others not. Here are coconuts in plenty and bananas galore, the large ones which come to northern markets and a small variety known to the English islands as a "fig." Here are plantains, large, coarse bananas which are generally sliced and fried, and a southern egg-plant dimly dressed by nature in pearly white and purple, and locally known as a "volunteer."

But there are no flowers. We remember that in Quebec the poorest market stand is not complete without them and wonder that a French strain in the blood has not developed a similar taste here.

But, perhaps, in the dazzle of color everywhere flowers would not "sell."

If the market of Guadeloupe is a revel of color, that of Fort de France, the capital of Martinique, is a carnival. Here is the same barbaric gorgeousness in the dress of the dark-skinned women with



A View of Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe



Baskets of charming *Bacon and Cakes* are purchasable for a few Centimes

their necklaces, their earrings, their turbans, and their splendid gowns. In Fort de France the houses, too, wear gay colors. The walls are often painted in broad horizontal or zigzag stripes of two contrasting hues—scarlet and green, pale blue and dove gray, or buff and rose. Overhead are light balconies painted green. No fear of earthquake or of hurricane has deterred builders from running the houses up to a height of three or four stories, and they are capped with sloping roofs of brightest red tiles.

Over these radiant colors and the constant movement of a vivacious throng falls the light of the tropical day. Even the moonlight here has an intensity never seen in the North. At Barbados one can read a watch by it. At Demerara one can decipher the address of an envelope by moonlight. And tropical sunshine is a golden glory, transfiguring all that it falls upon—the light of the moon as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun itself.

But we must descend to earth if we can, for it is dinner-time. Our inn is French—of *faux parler* France, if we want anything to eat. Its picturesque interior, however, is characteristically West-Indian. Its doors are bare, as they are wont to be everywhere, though in private houses there may be a few rugs. Here there are no such luxuries. The dining-room has blind doors opened wide into a paved court, and on this side nearly all the wall is lattice. In the court are potted plants and strutting doves, which make raids into the dining-room seeking crumbs. Dinner is so thoroughly French that were it not for the sunshine and the doves without and a few West-Indian vivands we might fancy ourselves in New York's Bohemia.

The native touches are little white clams served raw with bread and butter and potatoes, "volontiers" fried and brought on as a separate course, and two tall water-coolers of red earthenware, taking the place of *cafés*.

After dinner we see the cathedral, a great structure in Renaissance style, dominating the town and square, one would think, of seating every citizen in it. The colored women come in on their way from market, set down their loads, and make their devotions before the great altar. It is a strange sight to Americans accustomed to see negroes devoted heart and soul to those forms of Protestantism most remote from home.

Fort de France, with its gaily dressed people and its substantial buildings, looks prosperous, and so it is. France is generous to her colonies. Every enterprise receives encouragement and bounty. In St. Kitts and Antigua, under the British flag, the population was allowed to depend upon one crop—the sugar-cane—with results over which *John Bull* is now deeply exercised. No such mistake has been made under the tricolor. Guadeloupe and Martinique raise sugar too, but they also raise coconuts, cotton, coffee, vanilla, bay leaves, and tobacco. If any one starts an industry or a manufactory here, says a Frenchman proud of

his colony, he receives a subsidy. "These people," he goes on, pleased that we are pleased—"these negroes are not, if you notice, as in the English islands. There they are always in white. These are fond of gay colors. They are happy, they laugh and sing. They do not beg of you. Their faces are of a more intelligent type than in the English islands. It is because they have not been so starved and anxious. And the French who live here—they are not, like the English in St. Kitts, houseless and desirous to get away. They call this home—these islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique."

But Martinique has had one homeless resident—the captive king of Dahomey. Till April 2, when he and his wives were deported to North Africa, he lived with eight wives—and contemporary history does not say how many children—in a residence which had been provided for him on a mountain slope above Fort de France, the French government allowing him a pension.

The road to Martinique, his abiding-place, runs beside a brawling river coming out of mountain fastnesses to find the sea. Along the channel we see brown women washing in primitive fashion, standing barefoot in the stream, and cleaning the linen by pounding it with stones. They chatter and laugh as they work. Their spickled skirts of many colors and their gaily turbaned heads make flowerlike patches of color beside the sparkling stream. Presently the road rises and the river flows far below along a mountain gorge. To the sides cling lianas and lustrous tropical things. The breadfruit, bamboo, and banana grow in the depths, and vines festoon from branch to branch, hiding all into one glistening mass of green. At the end of the long valley is the town. At this distance and from this height its clustering buildings, roofed with earthen tiles, combine into one patch of orange-scarlet between the latrine greens of the forest and the purple blue of the sea.

"We get out here," said our guide. We mounted a broken stairway of stone, followed a path winding under sagittaria and mangrove boughs, and reached a long wooden house with a veranda across the entire front. On each side of it were smaller houses for royal wives, joined to the main entrance by bridges at the level of the second story. We passed across the front—for royalty is not sabbath—and mount more steps. From the top we caught a glimpse of conical purple mountains, near neighbors to Pelée, rising into the clouds beyond the crown of palms. Here was a gate where our guide knocked, and beyond it we saw a low building, a mere shed with its interior screened by hangings of white and purple cotton. Where these were parted we glimpsed a beaming lady, very happy and very naked, playing on the floor.

But we wanted to see the king. Would he come? He appeared at last with his favorite wife clinging to his arm. He was robed in cotton, but it was, as it should be, purple cotton. His feet were bare except for sandals, with embroidered straps across the instep. He wore a velvet cap with long ear-flaps embroidered with barbaric designs in purple, green, and gold. He is an imposing



A Martinique Boat-sinker



Guadeloupe's Native Milk-sellers

personality, and one can well believe that "he was once a despot, whose will was law."

We guessed him to be about sixty years old. His drapery falling from shoulder and chest showed a torso like that of a bronze Hercules. His nails were long like a high-caste Chinaman's, and he was smoking, when we saw him, a long black pipe with silver mountings.

His wife's dress fitted her like a sheath from the nuptials down,

leaving the arms and shoulders bare. Her hair was "pompadour" all the way round—an effect which our girls have not yet achieved—and in the hole of each little ear was a cruel black cylinder as thick as a woman's forefinger.

She acted as interpreter to the best of her ability, but she had no English and very little French. His Majesty had neither. He shook hands all round and graciously accepted a gift of cigars.

We asked how long he had been in Martinique, and the answer came back, said his wife, twelve years. The queen's French proved to be merely the island patois, and the conversation dragged on leaden wings till, as we again solemnly shook hands preparatory to leaving, some one had the ruthlessness to ask "Would he like to go home?"

When the question was translated to him he merely bowed his head: "Il dit 'non' (= *no*), explained his queen.

But we had seen how his eyes glared with longing as he looked over the shining palm crevasses of the head that was not his, towards the shining sea that parted him from home, and we felt that he had made himself understood at first hand, though he had neither English nor French.

Despite the gaiety and loveliness of Martinique our last impression of the island was a very sombre one. For the sea being calm, our steamer steered close to the shore below Mount Pelée, so that good field-glasses brought the ruins of hapless St. Pierre very near. We had not expected to find the destruction so irreparable, the obliteration already so complete, and the sight over-awed us all.

St. Pierre was a long, narrow town built on a strip of land between the mountain and the sea. The steep slopes down which destruction rushed to the doomed people are now all scars, channels, ridges, gorges, and pointed peaks. They are too rugged to be veiled as yet by vegetation; the sun beats down upon them, a waste of uniform, hot, dry gray, where there was once a botanic garden unscreeded for loveliness in the tropics, and also hunt and pleasure-grounds of St. Pierre's wealthiest people—houses embowered in beautiful tropical trees, and surrounded by hedges bearing the great blazing blossoms of the scarlet Hibiscus.

The town is as dead as Ninveh. We thought of the appalling silence reigning once in what were once the streets, as gay and thronged four years ago as Fort de France is now. In some of them, we are told, the ashes are piled above the tops of the ruined walls. Already the forest is rushing in to take possession. The site is almost as green as the slopes beyond where the fire did not touch, and we knew that in what was once the market-place the wild hind rears her head and the lizard basks in the sun. Beside the strand for a long distance northward there are the shells of houses, roofless, empty, and silent too.

Volcanic mud has poured down the bed of a mountain river and taken its place, so that where water once bubbled over stones there is now a smooth expanse of sun-beaten rock, empty and silent too.

And we know that four years ago the lovely scene we saw at Fort de France had its counterpart here also.

Here, with gossip and laughter and song, the turbaned heads bright as Hibiscus flowers and gay-colored skirts killed high, the women washed their linen in the river and spread it to dry in the sun, with no foreboding of the horror coming to sweep them away so that their place should know them no more forever.

Huts of West-Indian *Bananeuses* in Guadeloupe.



The Yale Crew leaving their Quarters at Galia Ferry, just above New London



Harvard's Varsity Eight on the Thames near New London

YALE AND HARVARD GETTING IN TRIM FOR THIS WEEK'S 'VARSITY RACE AT NEW LONDON

Photographs by Press Photograph Company

THE VALLEY OF THE ANGELS

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

FOREWORD

IN a certain small valley of Nevada, far off from the main travel-road and in a vast land wholly devoid of inhabitants, some singular conditions exist that bridge about a natural, or a supernatural, phenomenon which no man has ever explained. The valley is closely surrounded by mountains of prodigious bulk. There is a small lake at its western end. The silence there is eternal. But in nearly every day, at sunrise and at sunset, and at times during arbitrary hours, there comes a low, clear sound from the heavens as if a horde of flying bodies must be hurtling through the sky with tremendous velocity. There is absolutely nothing to be seen, yet the sound is unmistakable, as the plasma witness the breeze, and instinctively the eyes are turned to follow the course of the mystic flight, and the senses are lulled and awed.

God alone knows the thorough explanation of the sound. The celestial force that creates it is utterly invisible in the clearest daylight. The thing is profoundly impressive. At times a low wail accompanies that flight of the unseen concourse, and at times a mellow peevishness of the air valley. Cowboys, sheep-herders, prospectors, and miners have heard the sound and have held the place in awe. The superstitious may not be persuaded to abide in the valley, and strange beliefs attach to the marvel. The sound has been called the rustling of angels' wings. It is known there by no other name, and so aptly conveys an idea of the impression the sound invariably makes upon the human mind. The one natural explanation suggested to the writer's mind on a visit to the valley was based upon a theory of whirlwinds. The mountains are cliffs at the south and west. Ten spraying air currents, sweeping like gull streams through the air above the valley and meeting at the bright of the passes might form a whirling that would grate off on a twisting course and produce the sounds described. The fact remains, however, that whistling and wailing are heard there day after day and ten descends upon the listener; and the old folks living with nature year after year are the ones who attribute it ever to the strokes of angels' pinions.

All the opening part of the year had been violent in the mountains of Nevada. Tonight was such a night as spring shows may rest upon a land—a wild, busy night of wind and tumult. It was larky, black, but fresh and warm, and the wind was a gale that roared across the rugged world as if to shake all out of doors and raise new life into being.

At the Sanderson ranch all the bluster and fury of the tempest were flung upon the trees and buildings with concentrated might. The cottonwoods tossed and bent and swayed, their huge limbs lashed with the weight of air currents sweeping restlessly upon them. The house was straining at its anchorage, and some-thing creaked loudly.

A light still burned on the sitting-room table, for Mrs. Sanderson had not yet retired for the night. She and young Tim Hillborn were alone on the place. To the boy, also in the attic, and while awake, the night and wind were glorious. He loved it all. He listened in joyous awe to the extraneous of sound that were hurled through the leafless branches of the trees, and all the wild, young emotions of his being responded in kind to the roar and surge of the elements. And while he lay there, rejoicing in the majesty of nature's mood, there came a pounding at the door below that startled his senses to attention suddenly. He sat up in bed. Almost immediately he heard Mrs. Sanderson opening the door, then the wind's roar swept all sound away, save the mere suggestion of some one rapidly taking flight. Five minutes passed, then the smaller door, at the bottom of the stairs, was opened and the voice of Mrs. Sanderson rose, as if upon the gale.

"Tim," she called, "Tim, get up and dress and come down as soon as you kin."

The boy was instantly out of bed. "All right," he answered. "All right, in seconds, in seconds."

But the door was closed with a slam, and from out in the road rose the wind-flung sound of hoofs, where some horseman rode away. Hastily dressing, the lad was presently down the stairs. And went a sturdy little rough-cloth figure he presented as he entered the lamp-light room.

Mrs. Sanderson hastily turned to give him a glance. She was leaping a bowl of food and apples to the table.

"Tim, it's trouble," she said, in her own utterance, "and Tim, he's probably gone over, off on the range, and only the dog left to see good sense, and two thousand sheep to get against a range, and you the only one to help me, for Sanderson can't get back here for a week or maybe two, and just an hour to spare if them sheep is ever to be saved—and such a night to get this kind of news! And there ain't no other way, Tim: you're got to saddle the pony right away and try to get over to the Jumper hills as fast as you kin go."

"Old Grif go crazy?" said the boy, in genuine alarm. "How did you hear?"

"Mr. Hunt was ridin' by, last morn., and he seen the light," replied the rancher's wife. "He stepped to tell me that an Injun

told him Grif'n got the shepherd's untaken come on him again, and the Lord knows what's to become of the sheep unless you find him and drive them all to Wally's nighty now. And you only a boy, Tim, strong as you're grown, and I hate to let you go so far, but them sheep is all we've got in the world, and there's no one to go to old Grif but you, and him warden's help so bad, and you may not come up to find him even then."

To Tim's boyish mind was vouchsafed a vision of the gentle old sheep-herder, stricken with helplessness for away in the mountains. For the shepherdless ewes and hounds of the flock that old Grif had taken to the range, the lad might have been worried more probably had the affection he bore old Grif engulged him less completely. As it was, he was fairly consumed with desire to hasten away where his grizzled old friend might be huddled in his rough-made camp, haunted to madness by the solitude from which there could be no escape.

"I'll find him," he said. "I know I can find him, better than any one. The first camp is always at two-spring meadow."

"He was there when the Injun come across the hills, and he's maybe there now," said Mrs. Sanderson. "But when a herder's horse off his sense, who's to tell what he'll do or where he'll go?" She was rapidly making a bundle of the food. "He come through his touch last fall and spruced up smart enough, apparently," she added; "but we should a bin worried. And you ought to know better than to give him the sheep. And what a night to ask a boy to be out there too young to do it, Tim."

"No, I ain't, I'm going," Tim answered, quietly. "But I don't think the pony can make it all the way, not if I take the shortest cut."

"Ride him as far as you kin and turn him loose," said Mrs. Sanderson. "He'll come home. If Sanderson was only here! I hate to send you, Tim, and you only a boy."

"I'll be ready right away," said the lad. He went out at once, and was presently returning with his saddled pony led by the reins of the leader.

The rancher's detached with a small roll of blankets, with the food neatly packed in its centre. Blown and beaten as she was, in the wind, she tied the burden to the saddle horse, and tied it thoroughly. By the light that streamed from the open door, the boy rechecked the cinch. Then he pulled his old cow-skin cap more tight on his head and assumed his seat.

He said, "I'll fetch the sheep and old Grif to Wally's as soon as I can."

"Don't sleep where it's damp," cautioned Mrs. Sanderson. "And if most sleep to sweat, Tim, come home safe yourself, and that will be enough." Her love was twining as she watched the sturdy little horseman disappear into the darkness and tempest of the night.

The boy, however, rode away fearlessly, his nature rejoicing in this intimacy with the spring's rough, good-humored mood. He threw up his head and received the warm buffet of the gale on his face and breast in a boyish spirit of brotherhood with all things wild and free. His pony galloped along the road for a mile, then at a lone corner, barely seen in the blackness, they turned to follow a trail that led directly to the mountains.

The trail was a devious path through brush and rocks till it came to the creek, where its character changed. It wound through the willows and alders there; it crossed the noisy stream repeatedly. In the night of the wind the slender trees were bent almost prone upon the earth. The rear of the brook was drowned in the large disruption of the storm. If the air and softly fell, then risen in waves of mountainous proportions, the gushes of wind came heaving upon and over boy and pony, all but hurling them backwards as they went.

The lad made an detoured effort to guide his horse. The only mark which he had in his course was a Titanic cliff in the mountain range itself. For the rest, the pony knew the footing. It was a long way. The mountain pass was high. The trail was frequently insecure at the edge of a wind-swept gorge. But boy and pony forged ahead, and not a ladder, madder hurricane when it leaped they came upon the summit.

Beyond was a valley, small, rugged, and lake-deep with blackness of the night. The pine-trees here served to add to the darkness, to the freshness of the air, and to the roaring of the gale. When his leader had been skirted and the piece left behind him, the sturdy little horseman stepped again into darkness and confusion. He rode through the wind and the rich, warm darkness till four in the morning, then had come within a three-mile climb of the Jumper range, on some vast undulation of which old Grif and the ten thousand sheep should be discovered.

But the hill that rose before him now was a sandy, treacherous barrier that no one could climb on a horse. To top his ridge the sheep had made a detour of miles. It was here that boy and pony were to part. Without the slightest hesitation, Tim dismounted, threw his blankets to the ground, lashed the stirrups together beneath the pony's belly, and removed the bridle to secure it on the saddle.

"All right, Probs," he said at last, with the utmost faith in the pony's intelligence. "Good-by. Go home and I'll see you when I come."

He patted the horse fondly on the nose and neck, then turned

him about and bade him depart. The pony stood where he was, however, looking back at his small companion. His love for the boy was a mute, unexpressed worship. Tim took up the roll of blankets, slung it on his back, and started up the crumbling bank of the hill.

"Go home, Pedro—go on home," he repeated, and the pony reluctantly obeyed.

At the end of an hour the boy had surmounted the ridge. The wind had abated, nothing of its roughness. Tim seated himself upon a boulder to rest, and saw the dawn come, red, disturbed, and clouded, above the distant range in the East. The glory of the morning girt him anew with strength. The warm wind made him singularly lazier.

When he started again, his way was easier, but the distances were tremendous. He came upon Two-spring Meadow after seven o'clock. It was a great open space upon the range, grown to natural grass. It was here that old Griff should be camped, but the place was a solitude, never which the gale was flung like a sea. Of man or sheep there was not so much as a sign. Far up on the highest edge, however, was a shelter, rude, recently abandoned and now already practically wrecked by the wind. The small mountaineer came upon it dully, looked at it silently, and went his way. Where its former occupant might be wandering now was a matter entirely of conjecture.

Beside a spring the boy unwrapped his blankets, brought forth his bundle of food, and ate his breakfast. It delayed him less than half an hour.

He was presently trekking across the huge undulations of the range again, doggedly determined to go on and on till the weary old tired should be found.

He walked all morning. He ate another meal at noon, then plodded further into the solitude. He had no fear of being lost; he had no intention of relinquishing his search. The wind went down at last. At three o'clock that afternoon the boy emerged from a growth of scrub-trees and found himself within fifty feet of old Griff and his camp.

The camp was merely an open stopping-place littered with the blankets, articles, and provisions that the shepherd had fetched from his better shelter. The man himself was kneeling idly on the ground and staring at a circle made of pebbles, arranged upon the sand. A thinner, more pained being the boy had never seen. And yet, when the dog barked, and the man started to his feet and fled about, he bore all the signs of manly strength. But he was gaunt, and a strange light burned in his eyes.

"Hallo!" called the boy, advancing impulsively. "Hallo, Griff. Don't you know me?"

Whether it was the sound of a human voice or the personality of the lad that wrought some change in the sheep-herder's thoughts, may never be known. He knew Tim instantly; he was singularly affected to see this sturdy young companion come to his mountain solitude. He was quite an excited as his dog. His eyes overflowed. The order of his mind was gently urged into being. He welcomed the boy as he might have welcomed reprieve from torture. And after his first stammered speech of astonishment and gladness had relieved his feelings, he offered the hospitality of his hillside with all the simplicity of a child. Tim, for his part, was exhausted. He gladly sank upon the earth to rest, with his arms about the big, intell-igent collar. And the end of his first great task had been achieved.

They camped there on the ground that night, with the sky for a shelter, and were all content. To the plan of driving the sheep in Wal-ly's old Griff had made no objection. In the strange mood left upon him by his recent state of mind, he would have followed the boy and the dog and the sheep to the ends of the earth without a question.

In the morning they started on their pilgrimage. The sheep were quietly driven from the mountain pastures on a long detour towards the valley and their final destination, fully thirty miles away. Tim, sure that he was, had become the shepherd, not only of the flock, but also of the man, who presented a gaunt, weary figure on the march.

It was slow, tedious progress that was made. The April sun rose high and warm, the flock went slowly on, and habit closed in upon old Griff again as he plodded behind the sheep, staring at the undulating mass of gray wool bundles that they made. By one o'clock in the afternoon the hypnotic monotony of two thousand units, moving as one amorphous creature across the hills and levels, had wrought some blurring of his mind.

The light that once more burned in his eyes was a will-o'-the-wisp, sprung from some altered condition in his brain. When he crouched his ankle, in clattering down a hillside strewn with shale, he leaped along no less steadily than before, as if the sheep were leading and he, their more dependent, must follow for his life. His foot was swollen painfully within an hour, but on he went, following automatically the beckon of the flock. He was racking his tendons at every step, and this was continuing till within an hour of twilight. He was staggering forward then by sheer mechanical effort.

Showered by day-end glories of shamed sunlight, the sheep, the man, the boy, and the dog came at length upon a valley prodigiously walked about by mountains. Its floor was half level sage-brush, half a shallow lake, like mirroring gold in the sunset. The



Illustration by Frank Tenney Johnson

The man was kneeling idly on the ground and staring at a circle made of pebbles arranged upon the sand.

place was impressively serene; the calm was absolute. Into the west light strayed the ewes and lambs, till they came to rest in a natural meadow fringed about the lake.

Old Griff would have followed them still, hobbling onward in unguarded agony, but Tim now sped to his side from across a scrubby slope.

"Why, Griffl, you're hurt!" he said. "You're hurt. I didn't know it. We'll make a camp right away. Can you get across by those willows yonder? There's water there for a camp, I guess. You can lean on me."

Griff had halted. He glanced at the boy, then raising his eyes to the mountains, turned about completely, his head nodding all the while. His hand he laid on Tim's sturdy shoulder, but he did not move, and presently bent his gaze upon the anxious face of his small companion and stared at him fixedly.

"I know this here place," he whispered. "I know it! I know it! The valley of the sage! . . . This here is the valley of the sage! Don't stay! Don't stay!"

He tightened his grip on the bear's shoulder, and started off through the brush at the top of his luddling speed.

"But we've got to make a camp," said Tim. "We've got to camp where there's water."

Nevertheless he was lending all his strength to help old Griff along, when the shepherd suddenly collapsed. The tortured ankle could bear no more. The man sank down abruptly, without a sound, and lay on the sand, dully looking at the brush and sky.

"I was afraid your foot was pretty bad," he said. "I'll fetch some water and bathe it. We can camp right here for the night."

If brought theater: he unrolled the blankets, and the swollen foot he bathed and bandaged while the sun stole slyly on the mountain ridge for a moment, then sank below the purpling rim of the valley. Then the shadows of dusk and the rains and silence of that world of solitude began to brood profoundly. The twilight was still of crystal-clearness, however, the sky was still suffused with day, and the vast rim of mountains loomed distinct in every feature when presently old Grif, lying prone upon the ground, raised his head and gazed at the sky with his eyes turned eastward, toward his brightly burning eyes. His face was tense and white; he raised a crooked finger in a gesture of wraught attention.

"Hark, then!" he whispered in obvious awe; "they're comin' already! The acois is comin' already!"

precisely the same as the faintest breeze broke upon the calm of the sea, and the faintest ripple broke upon the calm of the sky; that hush, unperplexed land. The stillness was absolute. Then, from somewhere up in the vault of pallid blue rose a low, electric humming, as if of countless wings beating the twilight air with a speed incredible and bearing some mighty concourse of travellers athwart the silent heavens with amazing velocity. The rush as of bodies flying through the breeze, the hum of wings, was not a sound, it was a feeling, and the feeling was of a vast, uncounted multitude. The sounds increased in clearness; they approached so near that it seemed as if a patch of the sky must instantly be blotted overhead. Boy, dog, and man were gazing into the heavens. Their eyes were searching eagerly; they turned to follow the course of the sound—but nothing, absolutely nothing, could be seen in all that cloudless profundity of azure, and the sound continued to grow more intense and more distinct in the distance, leaving the silence yet more intense and the valley yet more anechoic.

The boy still looked where the sound had faded from hearing; the dog whined and crouched upon the earth. On the face of old Cliff some change had come: his eyes were glittering strangely.

"Did ye hear 'em, boy?—did ye hear 'em?" he whispered in fright. "The angels it was—the angels flyin' by with a hussar soul. They fetch 'em across this valley when they die—the angels fetch 'em away—and mine pretty soon—they'll come to fetch my soul—and I'm afeared. Don't leave me, Tim—I'm afeared."

"It must have been a flock of swans, flying low while we was looking high," he said, in an effort to calm the sheep-herder's disgruntled mind. "I ain't a-going to leave you, and you ain't a-going to die, Griffl. We've got to get the sheep to Wally's tomorrow. I'll cook up some coffee and bacon."

He lighted a fire of sage-brush. The food and utensils, freighted there in their blankets, were presently strewn upon the ground—and the place was home. Darkness descended upon the valley; and calmed by the lad's sturdy ways, old Griff lay quietly in his bed at last, watching the smoke-forms that lifted from the fire to take on fanciful appearances.

The boy and dog watched the grizzled old man, and were worried. From out the darkness and silence came the unhearing howl of a prowling coyote. The creature was presently answered by another, then by a third, after which all were silent.

The sheep-dog growled. The hair on his back stood up as if a wind has raised it on end. Then two coyotes sat in the trail which the sheep had made and set up a chorus of hunger. It was chatter and wail and laughter and bark, as if a score of starving fiends had come together on the track of living food.

The dog went to his master and whined. Old Griff, however, gave the collie no sign. The animal came at once to Tina, who knelt on the earth and petted him assuringly.

"Go down by the sheep and watch," he said. "Go down, Vick, and do the best you can."

The dog went obediently, despite his weariness and dread, and was soon heard barking out his solitary challenge to his brethren of the wild as he made the round of the eyes and limbs entrusted to his keeping.

For the boy, when at length he, too, lay upon the earth in his blankets, the long hour of watchfulness had begun. The very embers of the camp-fire wrought some spell upon the shepherd's

mind, and into their glowing depths he stared for hours, muttering vague horrors of his soul. Three times Tim arose to replenish the fire and to bathe and bandage the throbbing foot that tortured the man so relentlessly.

Perhaps it was sleep that came upon them both at last, and perhaps old Griff merely lay in a species of trance. Midnight swept across the heavens, its star-lit pageantry trooping in glory in the West. The chill hours came and the silence deepened. At dawn, when the stars were pale by light, old Griff suddenly shot himself erect once more in his bed, and his abashed whisper waked the boy secularly. Time sat up, oddly alert.

"They're romin' again—the angels is romin' again!" said the sheep-herder in his awe-exciting fright. "I kin hear 'em—over the mountain!"

In a startled way Tim scanned the empyrean. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, visible in all that host of blue, yet clear and low came the swish of air, the rustle of celestial pinions, winnowing the breeze, and the sound of a mighty horde of swiftly flying things that were wholly invisible, though approaching so near it seemed they must burst upon the vision instantly.

With tremendous velocity the unseen concourse swept through the heavens. The suns that were the beginning of it could not have been more unmistakable, more distinct, nor could it have been more prodigious. Galaxies had been swooping by with phenomenal speed, but as the music of the spheres of the stars of the galaxy. Hearing could follow it; where sight could not, it showed the blue almost tangibly, and went as before, and the eyes of men and boy wandered after, unwittingly, as if their gaze must track the way that some eager galaxy was taking towards the mountains-in-the-sky.

"Fetchin' away another human soul!" whispered old Griff from his bed upon the sand. "Stay with me, Tim—stay with me—don't go away. I ain't been good—I ain't been good—and they'll come to get me pretty soon."

This was while. He was only a boy, and awe was at his vitals. His two keen eyes had been inflamed; his two sharp ears had heard; his God-fearing nature was struck with unnamable dread. He looked from the sky to the frightened old shepherd and dared not again attempt an explanation of the sound. He strove to possess himself in calm, however, and to meet the situation practically.

"We'll have to get breakfast and start," he said. "We've got to go on with the show."

"They'll come to fetch me," repeated old Griff, still staring at the heavens. "They'll come to get me, Tim—and I'm a-scaared."

"No, they won't!" declared Tim, in desperation. "We'll leave here right away. I'll beat up some coffee, and I'll fix your foot."

He fetched a can of water and knelt upon the ground to bathe the man's injured ankle. It was seared and burning. Then Grief obediently attempted to stand. He sank to his bed with a groan. Tim was suddenly in the grip of *des-pole*. He knew that walking was utterly out of the question for the tortured man; and this place was a region of fear and dread; and the sheep would wander in the hills.

Yet he bandaged the old man's foot in a spirit rare that was infinitely comforting and kindled a fire to prepare their food. Westward he glared where the rosy moon was creeping down the mountain peak, where the moonbeams shone, it lit the feedings of the birds. But why did he have to know what to do. That triffl would die lying there upon the ground, he was strangely convinced. He knew nothing of metaphysics; he had no guidance save his intuitions and instincts. He was a man of the earth, a man of the earth, a man of the earth, a man of the earth. That the man was both physically and mentally unstrung, and that his mind was extraordinarily susceptible to superstitious influences, he fully realized as the day waned and the stars came shining down.

The lady's own concern was to nurse the swollen ankle constantly and to leave the place at the earliest possible moment. All day no sound broke the calm of the solitude. The sheep had wandered a mile or more from the meadow. Just before sunset Tina and the dog urged them back once more to their natural fold by the lake. And this gave him pleasure, since it furnished occupation.

When the sun had gone at last, in gathering clouds that threatened storm, he returned to the camp, where old Griff had fallen fast asleep, lying in his blankets on the couch.

Tired and worried, the boy made a fire and sat near by, regarding his man companion earnestly. What a man old face it was that sleep made tranquil in the dusk! What a wasted old body it was that was huddled in the bed; and what utter weariness was depicted in the pose of arms and limbs beneath the covering. The boy was profoundly affected. A wave of emotion engulfed him and left him wondering and anxious.

and set him wondering about himself. The huge bulk of the mountains seemed unafraid by the fading light. The stillness of the rugged peaks and seemed intensified by night's approach; it was hauntingly profound. And presently a slight light passed over the shoulders and down the spine of the boy. In that second he knew a dread was coming, even before it arrived. From far down the valley came a low, penetrative sound. It swirled, it quavered, it permeated all the heavens, and died away. Then the whistle of winging pinions and the ever-attendant swoosh of air came softly from above the hills and travelled celestially towards the western

The boy glanced at old Tiriff, wildly hoping that the worn-out man would sleep it through and hear no more that invisible light of forces standing by the road.

But the sound was a soul-searching disturbance. Old Griff started galvanically and raised his head. He propped himself

up in a quick, tense manner. His eyes were fixating with supernatural brilliancy. His face was drawn as he listened. Again the soft, swirling mass invaded all the arch of the sky, and the wingbeats and swoosh and the audible passing of some great force was coming—nearer—nearer—was gone beyond, and was dying away in the distance. It had been acoustically distinct. It had seemed as if the transparent air must, perforce, render up some sign of the celestial body, but nothing had been shown. Then a wait, unhuman, unanimal, unearthly in its softness floated backward through the valley sky, like a note of use unutterable—and silence reigned again upon the land.

Slowly old Griff crawled from his bed and crept towards his boy companion.

"They're callin' me, Tim," he whispered in his terror. "I've got to get ready. They're callin' my soul—they're comin'—they're comin' to fetch me away."

Awe possessed the boy completely. He was powerless to speak or to move, and the old sheep-herder crawled to fear to his feet; then, in sudden frenzy, threw his arms about the little fellow's waist and dragged him down upon the sand.

"I can't go alone—Tim, don't leave me go all alone!" begged the man in overwhelming fear. "They're callin'—and I ain't been fit—and you'll go with me, Tim—they'll leave you bring me for a friend."

Tim struggled in the old man's grasp, but the two frenzied hands were tightened, and he grew alarmed.

"Griff," he said, "you'll hurt your foot. Lie down again and let me go."

He tried to wrench himself free, but with the strength of mad men the disengaged old sheep-herder secured him almost fiercely, and held him down on his back upon the earth.

"They called me both," he whispered in his eerie utterance. "They'll fetch our souls together, Tim—they'll fetch us both. I'm feared to go alone."

He laid a clutching hand on Tim's throat, and the little fellow fought on the sand for his life. He had suddenly realized that Griff meant to kill him, not in anger, not in hatred, not in a spirit of destruction, but only in a madman's desire for the company of one he loved on a journey of death which he thoroughly feared and expected.

"Griff!" cried the boy as he struggled and threw off the fingers grasping at his throat. "Griff, don't choke me! We're friends! We're pals! The sheep—we've got to take the sheep!"

With superhuman energy the man abruptly threw his weight upon the writhing boy and pinned him to the earth. His hand was again upon the smooth, bronzed neck.

"You wouldn't leave me now, Tim?" he pleaded, in a singular phase of now frenzy. "You heard 'em callin'—and I'm a scared old man—and God'll be easy as you take my hand and tell him

I'm your friend and never meant no harm, and done my best with the sheep. You're a boy, and I'll know you've been good—and they're callin', Tim, and I can't go alone in the dark."

Tim was pointing where he lay. The fire had burned low, but its reddened embers cast a lurid light upon the drawn, haggard face of the famished old sheep-herder as well as on the white, tense features of the boy beneath his weight. Tim ceased to struggle, for the utter futility of battling against the old man's strength was vividly presented to his mind. He beat his brain wildly for something to say that would alter old Griff's trend of thought.

"We don't want to die, Griff—we mustn't die," he declared, in a boyish argument. "We've got to take care of the sheep. What'll happen to the sheep if we should die and leave them here?"

"They called us—they called us," replied the man, searching the gathering darkness with his blazing eyes. "When they fly they fetch a human soul—and we've got to go—they're comin' to fetch us away."

Tim knew that Griff would take his life, and in the rushing torrent of thoughts that flung through his brain he could grasp at nothing till a strange suggestion came and suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Why, Griff, it can't be souls of people," he cried in desperation. "I know it ain't the souls of human beings that the angels are taking away! It must be the souls of our sheep—the souls of some of our ewes and hinds. I'm sure that's what it is, Griff."

Old Griff was tremendously affected. Reactionary weakness came suddenly upon him. He trembled as he sat upon the hay. He stared down into Tim's white face with startled, blazing eyes. A new and painful emotion seized upon his disordered mind. So long had the souls of the sheep been the burden of his thoughts that fear for them now aroused him amazingly, when pain or threat or bribe or prayer must have left him still murderously frenzied.

"The sheep?" he whispered, in a new alarm. "The souls of my sheep? Has any of 'em died, Tim, here in this valley?"

Tim's brain worked with unuttered alacrity. He saw a gleam of something—a faint ray of hope. A lie came ghly to his tongue, while life hung trembling on his nover.

"Yes—four or five of the sheep have died—and their souls have gone—and I found them all sunset this evening," he said, bolstered by his own truthfulness and inventiveness. "It's the souls of our sheep that the angels are taking away, Griff, and we must get them to Wally's so they'll all be dead."

"Hark, then!" interrupted the startled shepherd. "Listen! I hear it again!"

(Continued on page 227.)



Then from somewhere up in the vault of paling blue came a low, clear whistling—



Pharmacokinetics in Endogenous & Exogenous

The Men who beat Addicks

Capt. Henry A. Dupont was elected United States Senator from Delaware on June 12, by a practically unanimous vote. His opponent, J. Edward Ashboles, received one vote, cast by State Senator Thomas C. Moser, of Kent County. Capt. Dupont, who is sixty-eight years old, is a West Point graduate, and served with distinction through the War of the Rebellion, receiving from Congress a Medal for gallantry. He is President of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad Company.



Mr. Gorman's Successor

William Puckney Hays, appointed to succeed the late Arthur Pae Gorman as senior Senator from Maryland, is a distinguished citizen of that State. Prior to his recent representation of Maryland in the United States Senate, and he has been Governor of Maryland. He will be eighty-two years old in August.

THE DEATH OF "SYSONBY"—A GREAT AMERICAN RACE-HORSE

WHAT turmoil does the greatest misfortune which could have befallen the American turf is the death of Sycamore, James R. Keene's famous racehorse, which occurred at Sheepshead Bay, N.Y., on June 17. It was hoped that in Sycamore would be developed, later in his career, the greatest handicap horse the world has ever seen, and, his racing record was such that he would make a notable mark in the thoroughbred stock in this country. A token of Sycamore's promise is the fact that no less than two years ago he had won the great Kentucky Derby, a feat which was only factually surpassed by Secretariat's triumph in 1973.

In 1904, as a two-year-old, Sycamore won her first English the first race in which he started, the 1000 Guineas, by 14, and the value of the purse was \$10,000. Following this, in 1905, Sycamore won junior stakes by four lengths, three times, and in 1906, she won \$11,750. He also won the Supreme Stakes of the same year.



Assuming, (b), $P(\omega) = \delta(\omega - \omega_0)$, $\lim_{\omega \rightarrow \omega_0} \sqrt{f(\omega)} = 0$, $\lim_{\omega \rightarrow \omega_0} f'(\omega) = \alpha$, $\lim_{\omega \rightarrow \omega_0} f''(\omega) = \beta$.

pion. His only defeat occurred in this year when Artful and Tradition led him into the fatality. In 1905 he ran a dead heat with Race King for the Metropolitan Handicap. He also won the Tulse, the Commonwealth Handicap, the Lawrence Beckett, the Century, and the Annual Champion. The latter was run on September 9, and was Symond's last public appearance. It was said that Symond would be buried at Castleton, where the great Doncaster grave is. Symond was bred in England by the late Mr.

On 11 Dec. 1982, a female of *M. lewisii* was shot and skinned near Levington, Norfolk, UK. The animal was kept on English Driehy and hydrated. On 19 Dec. 1982, it died from the great stress. Necropsy was performed on 20 Dec. 1982. The death was due to a peritonitis caused by a gross infection of the right fore lobe of the liver.

[illegible]

MEN OF TO-DAY

XIII.—MICHAEL IDVORSKY PUPIN

By Charles Johnston

"I HAVE just been talking over the long-distance wire to a man in Chicago," said a good friend of mine the other day. "It is perfectly wonderful! I never realized the superiority of the soul over space so vividly before!"

Let due homage go to Professor Pupin, of Columbia University, as the magician who has helped to make this miracle possible, and who, on good grounds, promises even greater miracles for the future. It is easy to gain a clear idea of what he has so far accomplished in this way: The distance to Chicago is about a thousand miles. Before Professor Pupin's invention became an accomplished fact it was necessary to use a pretty heavy wire to make speech at that distance audible at all; the wire cost about \$250 per mile, including the heavy supporting posts—a total of \$250,000 for a single circuit to Chicago. By installing Professor Pupin's system, which requires the insertion of wire coils every five miles or so, it becomes possible to use a much finer wire, costing about \$100 per mile, or \$100,000 for the whole distance, the coils costing perhaps \$3000 in addition. This makes a saving of nearly \$1,500,000 on a single circuit;

and as there are perhaps ten circuits to Chicago, the total saving will amount to a million and a half. And what is even more important, the gain in audibility is immense.

Take a more extreme case. The distance to Denver is about twice that to Chicago. To get as good results over this greater distance it was formerly necessary to use a wire four times as heavy, and therefore costing four times as much a mile. The Pupin system makes it possible to reduce the cost per mile to one-quarter. It is a matter of simple arithmetic to reckon the amount in money saved; but no arithmetic will express the added gain in audibility, in human proximity, or, as my friend put it, in the superiority of the soul over space. Nor is it only over immense distances that the Pupin system becomes essential. It is already in extensive use in New York city. There used to be a very heavy air-line of telephone wires up Amsterdam Avenue, for example; the Pupin system has made it possible to turn it into an underground cable; and these cables are being inserted throughout the city, with a great gain in audibility, as well as a very large saving to the company, while the air is cleared of an unsightly web of wires.

It should be understood that, under the system of multiple telegraphy, a half-dozen messages might be sent over each of the telephone circuits to Chicago at the very time when they were in use for telephone messages, the conversations and the telegrams not interfering with each other in the least. And this has a further application. For, while it might not pay to lay a telephone cable across the Atlantic, it would undoubtedly pay, and pay well, to lay a cable which, while being effective for telephone service, would also give much better results than are now attainable in telegraphy. The difficulty is, at present, not an electrical one, but a simple question of construction. The cable has to be sunk in two miles or more of water. It must, therefore, be able to bear a pressure equal to two miles of water, every thirty-four feet of which is equal to one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds to the square inch; this amounts to some two tons to the square inch at the bottom of the Atlantic, and it is a difficult problem to devise coils that will stand that enormous pressure. But this is simply a mechanical difficulty, not an electrical one. The electrical part of the matter is complete and perfect. Messrs. Siemens and Halske are hard at work on the mechanical problem; they are at present experimenting with a telephone cable under Lake Constance, with a stretch of some fifteen or sixteen miles, and a very considerable depth of water. If they succeed, the next step will be a series of telephone cables between England and the Continent, where there is nowhere any great depth of sea.

There is something large and robust in the personality of the man who has worked out this matter of science, and Michael Pupin's personal history bears out this impression of vigor and force.

One might say, indeed, that his life would be a treasure for the writer of dramatic romance, since no element is lacking: the rich historic background, early adventure and daring, difficulties mountain-high pluckily overcome, sturdy progress, inspiration seized and used, ardent toil, complete success, and an attractive, magnetic personality, full of fresh life and enterprise,—everything is there that the heart of a romance-writer could desire.

Only outlines can be given. First, the historic background: It carries us back to the stirring medieval times when the Turkish horde threatened all Europe like a swarm of locusts. To fortify his frontier along the Danube, Emperor Leopold arranged with the great chieftain Chaidirich, of Old Serbia, to build five thousand picked families north, to form a living wall against the Turks. For two and a half centuries the Slavonic warriors kept watch and ward against the Moslem, and the tradition of military astuteness is still strong among them. There is a strain of Albanian blood in these Old Serbian clansmen, showing in the darker color and larger stature all along the military frontier.

Certain families founded Idvor, at first burning in the hillsides for their dwellings; and even to this day the eldest son of each family bears the name Idvorsky, "of Idvor." In memory of that first military settlement. This is the romance of Michael Pupin's second name. He grew up in an atmosphere of gallantry tradition, and at the school-district distinguished himself by gentleness of mind and body alike. Therefore he was chosen as a future officer, and sent to Prague to continue his military training. Here, at the age of fifteen and a half, he entered on the first great adventure of his life. Rebelling against military constraint, he and a comrade took "the key of the fields" and escaped across the Austrian frontier. Then they made their way to the coast, and presently arrived in New York in quest of new horizons. Their parents, who were distressed at this escapade, and sent money for their return through the Austrian consul; they were asked to call at the consulate, and told that the money would be given them as soon as they promised to return. Even when his comrade in a venture surrendered, Michael Pupin stood firm, determined to remain here and seek his fortune in his own adventurous way. Without money, without a language, without a trade, the boy of fifteen and a half was hard put to it to keep his vigorous soul in his fast-growing body. But he put into the task the pluck and endurance that are native to him, and emerged from the battle triumphant.

The period of "Sturm und Drang" lasted some five years. At its close, in 1879, Michael Pupin had so far secured his position that he was able to enter Columbia University, then on Madison Avenue; and for four years he worked hard at science and languages alike. For he was always a great lover of poetry, especially the poetry of Greece; and he went far in classical and philological studies before determining on a scientific career. Yet he had always been drawn to science; even from boyhood anything relating to physics and chemistry held his mind enthralled.

After graduating he went to England to study mathematics at Cambridge. The famous tutor John Ruth was instilling the higher mathematics into the honor of the English public schools, and Michael Pupin found to his dismay that his juniors by several years were far ahead of him in mathematical knowledge. He also found in them a certain mind-weakness, very unlike the elastic vigor of the young Americans, which he himself exemplified in vigorously tackling arrears, and overtaking the others after many arduous months.

The conditions under which he went in Europe are of high interest. When Tyndall came over here to lecture, in 1866, his tour was an immense success, netting some fifty thousand dollars above all expenses. With rare magnificence Tyndall declared that as the surplus was American money, it should be devoted to American

(Continued on page 329.)



Michael Idvorsky Pupin, Ph.D.

Professor of Electro-Mechanics at Columbia



The Swiss Terminal of the Simplon Tunnel at Brig. To the Right may be seen the Duct which was driven into the Mountain-side to divert from the Tunnel the Springs of hot Water which flowed into it, raising the Temperature of its Atmosphere to 141 Degrees, and making continuation of the Work impossible until the Water should be turned aside



A general View of Italy, where the Simplon Tunnel opens into Italy. The White Arrow indicates the Tunnel Entrance. The Photograph shows also a Part of the famous Simplon Pass

THE COMPLETION OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

On May 19 the great Simplon Tunnel, which pierces the Alps and directly connects Italy and Switzerland, was formally opened by King Victor Emmanuel, who called it a "cyclopean work, the result of half a century of study, men's work, and the expenditure of nearly \$12,000,000." It is expected that the tunnel, which is twelve miles long, will be in operation by September, when uninterrupted communication will be possible between Paris and Milan. At one point the tunnel is 12,000 feet above sea level.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL

By Mary L. Wilkins Freeman

Illustrated by HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

CHAPTER VII

MARIA began to be conscious of other and more vital seasons than those of the old earth on which she lived—the seasons of the human soul. When little Evelyn was put into short frocks, and her little dancing feet were shod with leather instead of wool, Maria felt a sort of delicious wonder, similar to that with which she watched a lilac-bush in the yard when its blossoms deepened in the spring.

The day when Evelyn was put into short frocks Maria glanced across the schoolroom at Wollaston Lee, and her innocent passion, half romance, half imagination, which had been for a time in abeyance, again thrilled her. All her pulses throbbled. She tried to work out a simple problem in her algebra, but neighbor unknown quantities were working toward solution in every beat of her heart. Wollaston cast a sidelong glance at her, and she felt it, although she did not see it. Tinydys Mann braved over her shoulder.

"Say," she whispered, "Wollaston Lee is jest starin' at you!" Maria gave a little impatient shrug of her shoulders, although a blush shot over her whole face, and Tinydys saw distinctly the back of her neck turn a rosy color.

"He's awtal stuck on you, I guess," Gladys said. Maria shrugged her shoulders again, but she thought of Wollaston and then of the lady in her short frock, and she felt that her heart was bursting with joy, as a bud with blossom.

Ida, meantime, was curiously impatient toward her child's attainments. There was something pathetic about this impatience that left Harry with no knowledge why. It was like seeing a blind and dumb person who did not know what she was losing. Ida was missing a great deal, and more because she did not even know what she missed. However, she began to be conscious of a veiled aversion toward Maria. Her manner toward her was unchanging, but she became distinctly irritated at seeing her about.

When anything annoyed Ida she immediately entertained no doubt whatever that it was not in accordance with the designs of an overruling Providence. It seemed manifest to her that it should be removed. However, in this case she had to consider awhile. The way of removal did not seem clear. Harry was undoubtedly fond of Maria, and more than that, he still retained, beneath all his admiration and love for her, a certain loyalty toward his first wife. That did not trouble Ida in the least, although she recognized the fact. She was not a woman who was capable of jealousy, because her own love and admiration for herself made her incapable. She loved herself so much more than Harry could possibly love her, that his lingering feeling for his first wife did not ruffle her in the least. It was due to no jealousy that she wished Maria removed, at least for a part of the time. It was only that she was always conscious of a distant, silent and helpless, still persistent, toward her attitude as regarded herself. She knew that Maria did not think her as beautiful and perfect as she thought herself, and the constant presence of this small element of negation irritated her. Ida had no doubt of her ultimate success in her purpose of ridding herself of at least the constant presence of Maria. In the mean time she continued to perform her duty by the girl, to that outward extent that everywhere in Edgemoor her name was a model stepmother.

Harry Edgemoor in these days had a more poetic and spiritual look than formerly. He had not lost his strange youthfulness of expression; it was as if a child had the appearance of having been longer on the earth. His hair had thinned and receded from his temples, and the bald almost boyish fullness of his temples was more evident. His face was thinner, softer, and he had not much color. His mouth was drawn down at the corners, and he frowned slightly, as a child, not in sadness but non-aggressive discontent. His clothes hung loosely. He had lost much flesh this last year.

There, too, he had what he had never had before, a sense of boredom of coast, so intense that it was almost a pain. The drearily monotony of it tormented him. For the first time in his life his harness of duty choked his spirit. He was no tired of seeing the same train, the same commuters, taking the same path across the station to the ferry boat, being pulled by the same thing, going to the same office, performing the same, or practically the same, duties, that his very soul was irritated. He had reached a point where he not only needed, but demanded, a change; but the change was as impossible, without destruction, as for a planet to leave its orbit.

Ida saw the deepening of the frown on his forehead and the lengthening of the lines around his mouth. "Poor old man!" said she. "I wish I had a fortune to give you."

The words were fairly cooling, but the tone was harsh. However, Harry brightened. He regarded this lovely, blossoming creature and inhaled the odor of dinner, reflecting with a sense of gratitude upon his mercies. Harry had a grateful heart.

"Well, after all, you have not got to go out to-day," remarked Ida, skilfully.

"That is no, dear," he said.

"I have something you like for supper, too," said Ida, "and I think George Adams and Louisa may drop in, and we can have some music."

Harry brightened still more. He liked George Adams, and the wife had more than a talent for music, of which Harry was passionately fond. She played wonderfully on Ida's well-tuned grand piano, and Ida sang also. Her voice was still true and sweet. She had kept up her practice since her marriage, and now and then sang at local concerts.

"That will be nice," said Harry.

"I thought you might like it," said Ida, "and I spoke to Louisa as I was coming out of church. She made the statement with a wonderful sense of self-gratulation."

"You were very kind, sweetheart," Harry said, and again a flood of gratitude seemed to sweeten life for the man.

Ida took another step in her sequence. "I think Maria had better stay up if they do come," said she. "She enjoys music so much. She has kept up her new gown. Maria is so careful of her gowns that I never feel any anxiety about her soiling them."

"She is just like—" began Harry, then he stopped. He had been about to state that Maria was just like her mother in that respect, but had remembered suddenly that he was speaking to his second wife.

However, Ida finished his remark for him with perfect goodnature.

"Maria's own mother was very particular, wasn't she, dear?" she said.

"Very," said Harry.

"Maria takes it from her, without any doubt," Ida said, smoothly. "I think she had better stay up to-night and hear the music. I think you are right generally about a growing girl going to bed early, but now and then it can do no harm to make an exception."

"That is true," said Harry. "She will enjoy the music. He did not know that it was his, and never he, who had sent Maria off so early to bed under pretext of his being best for her health. Ida seemed to be pleading with him to relax a cast-iron rule which he, with masculine innocence under feminine wiles, did not know that he had not made.

"She looked so sweet in that new gown to-day," said Ida. "Maria grows prettier every day, it seems to me. I don't know how many I saw looking at her in church to-day."

"Yes, she is going to be pretty, I guess," said Harry, and again his very soul seemed warm and light with pleasure and gratitude.

"She is pretty," said Ida, enthusiastically. "She is at the awkward age, too, so that there is no awkwardness about Maria. She is like a little fairy."

Harry beamed upon her. "She is as good as Puck when she gets a chance to take the little one out, and they made a pretty picture going down the street," said he; "but I hope she won't catch cold. Is that new suit warm?"

"Oh yes! It is interlining. I looked out for that."

"You look out for my child as if she were your own, bless you, dear," Harry said, affectionately.

Then Ida thought that the time for her carefully-bridged-up coo had arrived. "I try to," said she, meekly.

"Oh yes."

Ida began to speak, then she hesitated, with timid eyes on her husband's face.

"What is it, dear?" asked he.

"Well, I have been thinking a good deal lately about Maria and her associates in school here. I have been wondering if they were altogether the best for her."

"Why, what is the matter with them?" Harry asked, uneasily.

"Oh, I don't know that there is anything very serious the matter with them, but Maria is at an age when she is very impressionable, and there are many who are not exactly desirable. There is Tinydys Mann, for instance. I saw Maria walking down the street with her the other day. Now, Harry, you know that Gladys Mann is not exactly the kind of girl whom Maria's own mother would have chosen for an intimate friend for her."

"You are right," Harry said, frowning.

"Well, I have been thinking over the number of pupils of both

sees in the school who can be called degenerates, either in mind or in morals, and I must say I was alarmed. Maria must have a good education, as good as if her own mother had lived."

"Well, what is to be done, then?"

Then Ida came straight to the point. "The only way I can say is to renounce her from doubtful associates."

"Renounce her?" repeated Harry, blankly.

"Yes; send her away to school. Wellbridge Hall, in Emerson, where I went myself, would be a very good school. It is not expensive."

Harry stared at Ida. "Send Maria away to school?" said he.

"Yes; I think it would be the very best thing for her."

"But, Ida, it is out of the question. Aside from anything else, there is the expense. I am living up to my income, as it is."

"Oh," said Ida—she gave her head a noble toss, and spoke impressively—"I am prepared to go without, myself, to make it possible for you to meet her bills. You know I spoke the other day of a new lace dress. Well, that would cost at least a hundred. I will go without that. And I wanted some new portières for my room; I will go without them. That means, say, fifty more. And you know the dining-room rug looks very shabby. I was thinking we must have an Eastern rug, which would cost at least one hundred and fifty; I thought it would pay in the end. Well, I am prepared to give that up, and have a domestic which will only cost twenty-five; that is a hundred and twenty-five more saved. And I had planned to have my scrubbing coat made over after Christmas, and you know you cannot have skunka touched under a hundred. There is a hundred more. There are three hundred and seventy-five saved, which will pay for Maria's tuition for a year and enough over for travelling expenses."

"Nothing could have exceeded the expression of lofty virtue of Ida Edgemon when she concluded her speech."

"I really think," said Harry, in a almost a fretful tone, "that you exaggerate. I hardly think there is anything so very objectionable; and, besides, I don't know that she does see so much of those people, any way."

"Gladys Mann—"

"Well, I *never* heard any harm of that poor little runt. On the other hand, Ida, I should think Maria's influence over her for good was to be taken into consideration."

"I hope you don't mean Maria to be a home missionary," said Ida.

"She might go to school for a worse purpose," replied Harry, simply. "Maria has a very strong character from her mother, it is not from her father. I actually think the chances are that the Mann girl will have a better chance of getting good from Maria than Maria evil from her."

"Well, dear, suppose we leave it to Maria herself," said Ida.

"Nobody is going to force the dear child away against her will, of course."

"Very well," said Harry. His face still retained a slightly sulky, disturbed expression.

Ida, after a furtive glance at him, took up a sheet of the Sunday paper, and began away—going back and forth gracefully in her rocking-chair as she read it.

Just then Maria passed the window, dragging little Evelyn in her white sledge. Presently they entered, Maria leading little Evelyn, who was unusually sturdy on her legs for her age. She walked quite steadily, with an occasional little hop and skip of exuberant childhood. She could talk a little in disconnected sentences, with fascinating mistakes in the sounds of letters, but she pre-

ferred a gurgle of laughter when she was pleased, and a wail of woe when things went wrong. She was still in the limbo of primitivism. She was young with the babyhood of the world. To-day she danced up to her father with her little trill of laughter at once as meaningless and as full of meaning as the trill of a canary. She pursed up her little lips for a kiss, she flung frangible arms of adoration around his neck. She clung to him, when he lifted her, with all her little embracing limbs; she pressed her lovely, cool, rosy cheek against his and laughed again.

"Now go and kiss mamma," said Harry.

But the baby recoiled with a little petulant murmur when he tried to set her down. She still clung to him. Harry whispered in her ear.

"Go and kiss mamma, darling."

But Evelyn shook her head emphatically against his face. Maria, almost as radiant in her youth as the child, stood behind her. She glanced anxiously at Ida. She held the white fur robes and wraps which she had brought in from the sledge.

"Take those things out and let Emma put them away, dear."

Ida said to her. She smiled, but her voice still retained its involuntary harshness.

Maria obeyed with an uneasy glance at little Evelyn. She knew that her stepmother was angry because the baby would not kiss her. When she was out in the dining-room, giving the fluffy white things to the maid, she heard a shrill half of grief, half of angry dissent, from the baby. She immediately ran back into the parlor. Ida was removing the child's outer garments, smiling as ever and with seeming gentleness, but Maria had a conviction that her touch on the tender flesh of the child was as the touch of steel. Little Evelyn struggled to get to her sister when she saw her, but Ida held her firmly.

"Stand still, darling," she said.

It was inevitable how she could say "darling" without the loving inflection which alone gave the word its full meaning.

"Stand still and let mamma take off baby's things," said Harry.

Evelyn screamed again and twisted her little arms, and Maria made a spring forward.

"Let sister take off Evelyn's coat," said Ida, but Ida noticed her back with a gesture which was violent, in spite of her smile.

"No, dear," she said, "I can take it off, thank you."

Then she forcibly removed the white embroidered coat from the little struggling thing.

"Full Emma, please," said Ida to Maria, and Maria obeyed. When the maid came in Ida directed her to take the child up-stairs and put on another frock. Evelyn went willingly enough. She loved Emma, who gave her sugar-plums on the sly, and who loved her.

When the maid and child had gone, Maria was about to follow, but Harry stopped her.

"Maria," said he, "Maria stopped and eyed her father with surprise."

"Maria," said Harry, bluntly, "we have been talking about your going away to school."

Maria turned slightly pale and continued to stare at him, but she said nothing.

"It may be," said Harry, with painful loyalty, "that your associates here are not just the proper ones for you, and that it would be much better for you to go to boarding-school."

"How much would it cost?" asked Maria, in a dazed voice. The question sounded like her own mother.

"Father can manage that; you need not



Maria clung weeping to her father

trouble yourself about that," replied Harry, hurriedly.

"How often should I come home and see you and Evelyn? Every week?"

"I am afraid not, dear," said Harry, anxiously.

Maria stood staring from one to the other. Her face had turned deadly pale, and had, moreover, taken on an expression of despair and isolation. Somehow, although the little girl was only a few feet from the others, she had a look as if she were leagues off, as if she were outside something vital, which removed her to immeasurable distances.

"Maybe you, said like it, dear," said Harry, feebly.

"I will go," Maria said, in a choking voice. Then she turned without another word and went out of the room, up-stairs to her own little chamber. When there she sat down beside the window. She did not think. She did not seem to feel her hands and feet. It was as if she had fallen from a height. The realization that her father and his new wife wanted to send her away, that she was not wanted in her home, stunned her.

But in a moment the door was flung open and her father entered. He knelt down beside Maria and pulled her head to his shoulder and kissed her, and she felt, with a sort of dull wonder, his face damp against her own.

"Father's little girl!" said Harry. "Father's own little girl! Father's blessing! Did she think he wanted to send her away? I father grows he didn't. How would father get along without his own precious baby, when he came home at night? She didn't go one step. She needn't fret a bit about it."

Maria turned and regarded him with a frozen look still on her face. "It was she that wanted me to go?" she said, interrogatively.

"She thought maybe it would be best for you, darling," said Harry. "She means to do right by you, Maria; you must try to think so."

Maria said nothing.

"But father isn't going to let you go," said Harry. "He can't do without his little girl."

Then Maria's strange calm broke up. She clung weeping to her father, as if he were her only stay. Harry continued to comfort her.

"Father's blessing!" he whispered in her ear. "She was the best little girl that ever was. She is just like her own dear mother."

"I wish mother was back," Maria whispered, her whisper stifled against his ear.

"Oh, my child, so do I!" Harry said, with a half sob. For the minute the true significance of his position overtook him. He felt a regret, a remorse, that was a passion. He realized, with no disguise, what it all meant: that he, a man, with the weakness of a child in the hands of a modest woman, had formerly been in the leading strings of love for himself, for his own best good, whereas he was now, in the grasp of the self-lure of another who cared for him only as he promoted her own interests. In a moment, however, he recovered himself. After all, he had a sense of beauty and duty which amounted to positive strength. He put Maria gently from him with another kiss.

"Well, this won't bring your mother back, dear," he said, "and God back her away, you know, and what He does is for the best;

and she means to do her duty by you, you know, dear. She thought it would be better for you, but father can't spare you, and that's all there is about it."

CHAPTER VIII

The next autumn Maria began attending the Elliot Academy in Wardway. The Elliot Academy was an endowed school of a very high standing, and Wardway was a large town, almost a city, about fifteen miles from Edgemoor. When this plan was broached by Ida, Maria did not make any opposition. She was secretly delighted. Wollaston Leo was going to the Elliot Academy that autumn, and there was another Edgemoor girl, and her brother, who were going.

"Now, darling, you need not go to the Elliot Academy any more than to the other school, if you don't want to," Harry told Maria, privately, one Saturday afternoon in September, shortly before the term began. "You can look out now if you want to, you know. There is no law against it."

Ida had gone to her club, and Harry had come home early from the city, and he and Maria were alone in the parlor. Evelyn was having her nap upstairs.

"I think I would like to go," Maria replied, hurriedly, and her delicate little face and neck became suffused with pink. Her reply was not as loud as, nor more intelligible than, the murmur of the trees outside in the wind.

"What did you say, darling?" asked Harry. "Father did not understand."

"I would like to go there," Maria replied, in her sweet, decisive little pipe. A fresh wave of color swept over her face and neck, and she selected with great care a thread from a skein of linen floss for a little piece of fancy work she was engaged upon.

"Well, she thought you might like that," Harry said, with an air of relief.

"Maud Page is going, too," said Maria.

"Is she? That will be nice. You won't have to go back and forth alone," said Harry.

Maria said nothing about Wollaston Leo, nor Edwin Shaw, neither boy who was going to the academy. She continued her work silently, and as she worked she dreamed, and the dream was visible on her face, had any one been close enough to understand it. She was working a lace collar to wear with a certain blue blouse, and upon that filmy keystone was resting an air-cushion. She was going to the Elliot Academy, wearing the blue blouse and the lace collar, and looking so lovely that Wollaston Leo yearned for her. She invented little love-words, love-words, and caresses. She dimpled and dimples appeared at the corners of her mouth; the blue light of her eyes under her downcast lids was like the light of living gems. She viewed with complacency her little soft white hands playing the acrole. Maria had banded like a little princess. She cast a glance at the face of her tiny shoe. She remembered how wondrously had told her to keep her slippers straight, and she threw them back with a charming motion, as if they had been whips. She was entirely oblivious of her father's covert glances. She was solitary, isolated in the crystal of her own thoughts.

A week later, when she started on the train for Wardway in her new attire, she felt entirely satisfied with herself and life in general. She was conscious of looking charming in her new dress of brown, with its touches of blue and burnt orange, and her new

Her heart beat fast. She realized herself on the portals of an air-cushion

Drawn by Harold Mayhew Dent

hat, also brown, with blue and orange glimpses in the trimmings. Wollaston Lee got on the same car and sat behind her. Maud Page, the other Edgemoor girl who was going to the academy, had a cousin in Wardway, and had gone there the night before. There were only Maria, Wollaston, and Edwin Shaw, who sat by himself in a corner, frowning the other passengers, with a slightly ashamed, sulky expression. He was very tall, and had blacked his shoes well, and the black light from them seemed to him obtrusive, the more so because his feet were very large. He looked out of the window as the train left the station, and saw a very pretty little child, with a fluff of yellow hair, carrying a big doll, climbing laboriously on a train on the other track, with the tender assistance of a brakeman. She was in the wake of a very stout woman, who stumbled on her skirts going up the steps. Edwin Shaw thought that the child looked like Maria's little sister, but that could not be, because the stout woman was a stranger to him. Then he thought no more about it. He gazed covertly at Maria, with the black sparkles of his shoes continuing to disturb him. He admired Maria. Presently he saw Wollaston Lee lean over the back of her seat and say something to her, and saw her half turn and dimple, and noticed how the lovely rose flushed the curve of her cheek, and he smiled at his shiny shoes.

As for Maria, when she felt the boy's warm breath on her neck her heart beat fast. She realized herself on the portals of an air-castle.

"Well, glad you are going to leave the old school? I had got mighty tired of it, hadn't you?"

"Yes, I had, rather."

"It's behind the times," said the boy, and he spoke her kindly looked quite up to the times. He had handsome, cleanly cut features and black eyes, which seemed at the same time to demand and question. He had something of a supercilious air, although the expression of youthful innocence and honesty was still evident on his face. He wore a new suit as well as Maria, only his was gray instead of brown, and he wore a red carnation in his buttonhole. Maria inhaled the fragrant fragrance of it. At the next station more passengers got into the train, and Wollaston seized upon that excuse to ask to share Maria's seat. They talked incessantly—an utterly foolish glibble like that of young birds. Maria's cheeks were burning, and she seldom looked at the boy at her side, but often at the young autumn landscape through which they were passing. The trees had scarcely begun to turn, but here and there one flamed out like a gold or red torch among the green, and all the skyglades were blue and gold with edelweiss and goldenrod.

"This is the academy," said Wollaston, as the train rolled into Wardway. He pointed to a great brick structure at the right—a main building flanked by enormous wings. "Are you frightened?" he asked.

"I guess not," replied Maria, but she was. "You needn't be a bit," said the boy. "I know some of the boys that go there, and I want to see the principal with father. He's real pleasant. I know the Latin teacher, Miss Durgen, too. My uncle Frank married her cousin, and she has been to my house. You'll be in her class. Wollaston spoke with a protective warmth, for which Maria was very grateful. She plumed a good deal before her mental lookings-glass, but if the truth were told she always had a certain lack of faith in what she saw therein. However, she had a very successful, although somewhat confused, day.

When Maria went down to the station to take her train for home, Maud Page was there, and Wollaston. There was a long time to wait. They went out in a field opposite and picked great bunches of goldenrod, and the girls pinned them on their coats. Edwin Shaw was lingering about the station when they returned, but he was too shy to speak to them. When the train at last came in, Maria, with a duplicity which shamed her in thinking of it afterward, managed to get away from Maud and enter the car at the same time with Wollaston, who seated himself beside her as a matter of course.

As they got off at Edgemoor, Gladys Shaw ran up to Maria, crying out, "Say, Maria, did you know your little sister was lost?"

Maria turned deadly white.

Wollaston caught hold of her little arm in his brown sleeve. "When was she lost?" he asked, fiercely. Gladys, "Don't you know any better than to rush right at anybody with such a thing as that? Don't you be frightened, Maria. I'll find her."

A little knot of passengers from the train gathered around them. Gladys was pale herself, and had a strong sense of the sadness of the occasion, still she had a feeling of importance. Edwin Shaw came lumbering up timidly, and Maud Page pressed quickly to Maria's side with a smile of her wide skirts.

"Gladys Mann, what on earth are you talking about?" said she, sharply. "Who's lost?"

"I don't believe a word of it."

"She is; so there. Nobody has seen a sign of her since morning, and Maria's pa's most crazy. He's been sending telegrams all round. Maria's mother-in-law she telegraphed for him to come home, and he came at noon, and he sent telegrams all round, and then he went himself on horse back."

"Where there?"

"Back to New York. Guess he's gone home to himself. Guess he thought he could hunt better than policemen. Maria's mother-in-law don't act scared, but I guess she is, awful."

"When was she lost?" gasped Maria. She was shivering from head to foot.

"Your mother-in-law was down to the street, and when she got back the baby was gone. The nurse said she hadn't seen her after you had started for Wardway. She took her doll with her."

"Where?" gasped Maria.

"Nobody knows where," said Gladys, severely, although the tears were streaming down her own grimy cheeks. "She wouldn't be lost, would she, if folks knew where she was?"

All this time Edwin Shaw had been teetering on uncertain toes on the borders of the crowd. He remembered the child with the doll whom he had seen climbing into the New York train in the morning, and he was eager to do it, to make himself of importance, but he was afraid. At last, the child might not have been Evelyn. There were so many little yellow-haired things with dolls to be seen about, and then there was the stout woman to be accounted for. Edwin never doubted that the child had been with the stout woman whom he had seen stumbling over her voluminous skirts up the car steps. At last he stepped forward and spoke, with a moist blush overspreading his face, toeing in and teetering with embarrassment.

"Say," he began.

The attention of the whole company was at once riveted upon him. He grizzled, the blood looked as if it would burst through his face. Great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He stammered when he spoke. He caught a glimpse of Maria's blue and orange trimmings and looked down, and again the black light of his shoes, which all the dust of the day had not seemed to dim, flashed in his eyes. He came of a rather illiterate family with aspirations, and when he was nervous he had a habit of re-lapsing into the dialect in common use in his own home, regardless of his educational attainments. He did so now.

"I think she has went to New York," he said.

"Which?" demanded Wollaston eagerly. His hand was up like a hunting-bow. He kept close hold of Maria's little arm.

"Her."

"Who?"

"Her little sister-in-law," Edwin pointed at Maria. "She's got a new dress on, and she's got a new collar, and she's got a new hat. For goodness' sake! When did she want?" she demanded. "When did you see her? If you know anything, tell it, an' not stand there like a fool!"

"I saw a little girl just about her size, a scurryin' of a doll, that slipped on the New York train just as we went out this mornin'!" replied Edwin, with a gasp. "If the information were wrong from him by torture, and she was with a awful fat woman. Leadways—"

"A fat woman!" cried Wollaston Lee. "Who was the fat woman?"

"I hadn't never saw her afore. She was awful fat, and was a-steppin' on her dress."

Wollaston was knee-witted, and he immediately grasped at the truth of the matter. "You blint!" he said. "What makes you think she was with the stout woman—just because she was climbing into the train after her?"

"Little girls don't never go to New York alone with dolls," retorted Edwin, more indignantly than ever. "Leadways—"

"If you don't stop saying leadways I'll punch your head," said Wollaston. "Are you sure the child was Maria's little sister?"

"Looked like her," said Edwin, shrinking back a little. "Leadways—"

"What was she dressed in?" asked Maria, eagerly.

"I didn't see as she had nothin' on."

"You great grampus!" said Gladys, shaking him energetically. "Of course she had something on!"

"She might have had on a blue dress," admitted Edwin, with a frank glare at his memory, "but she didn't have nothin' on her, now, Leadways—"

"Oh," sobbed Maria, "she did wear her little blue dress this mornin'! She did! Was her hair light?"

"Yes, it were," said Edwin, quite positively. "Leadways—"

"It was Evelyn," sobbed Maria. "Oh, poor little Evelyn, all alone in New York! She never went but once with her and me, and she wouldn't know where to go. Oh, oh!"

"Where did she go when she went with your ma-in-law and you?" demanded Gladys, who seemed to have suddenly developed unusual accuracy. Her face was streaming with tears, but her voice was keen.

"She went with her cousin's, who lives in an apartment on West Forty-ninth Street," said Maria.

"She'd try to go there again," said Gladys. "Did she know the woman's name?"

"Yes, she did."

"What was it, did. She was an awful bright kid," said Gladys. "Now, I tell you what, Maria, I shouldn't a mite wonder if your ma-in-law had had a telegram from her cousin by this time that she was to be home. You'd better just run home an' see."

"She was only her third cousin," said Maria, "and she hardly ever came from her. It was on the other day I heard her say that she didn't know her she had left New York. I don't think her cousin liked her very well."

"What was the cousin's name?"

"She called her Alice, but her name was Mrs. George W. Ellison."

"That's just where the kid has went," said Gladys. "You go right home, Maria. We'll go with you, and I'll bet a cucky you'll find that your ma-in-law has had a telegram."

Maria hesitated a moment. Then she started. Edwin Shaw stood a moment gazing, then he went home. The others who had gathered around to listen stood talking over the situation a few moments, then they dispersed. Maria, shaking as she could scarcely walk, went on homeward, supported on one side by Wollaston Lee and on the other by Gladys Mann.

To be continued.

The Valley of the Angels

(Continued from page 519.)

The boy on the ground and the man stride his body hardly leashed as they strained their ears to listen. The silence of that vast dark world about them was so intense. Then once more the dreadful sound from the empty sky came faintly from the distance. It was far away southward and approached and near, and was presently close in the heavens. Quietly, carefully, Tim slipped from under the old man's weight and leaped to his feet. Old Tim was intently listening.

"That's twice—twice since sundown," he whispered. "Twice they've come to get the sheep." He looked at the boy peculiarly. "Tim, if they come to fetch the souls of my eyes and lambs, there must be two of 'em dead down yonder now—two sheep dead and warm! Run—run and see if you kin find 'em."

A wild thought shot into Tim's eager mind. A thrill crept down his spine. He paused for a moment only to listen now and then to the dying embers, and then dashed away through the darkness of the brush.

He came very soon to a group of the huddled sheep—and pity smote him a staggering blow upon the heart. But his nature was grim, for the faces had been grim, and therefore when he returned to the fire that marked their desolate camp he had labored tremendously and had dragged two heavy burdens to the place—two wood-covered bodies, lifeless, limp, and warm.

Eagerly, wildly, he regarded the sheep-herder by the light of the fire as the old man put his hand, first upon one, then upon the other, of the two still forms. The boy saw a look of grief come to seldom and after the heaviest old face.

"My lambs—my lambs," crooned Cliff, with infinite tenderness. "We must get 'em away before the mornin'. Tim—see the angels? 'll kill 'em here, but the angels can't get 'em ready! We'll go in the dark. We'll drive 'em out of this valley in the dark."

He stood up and huddled on his injured foot. And Tim could make no answer. He was silently crying, he gathered, that the sheep belonged in the process of breaking camp.

The Truth about "Ben-Hur"

How *Ben-Hur* came to be written and published has been told many times, but, unfortunately, few of the prevalent facts concerning this remarkable work are in accordance with the truth. Recently it has been stated in a popular magazine that *Ben-Hur* "belonged in the long list of manuscript with next repeated rejection." This is not the fact. The story was first submitted to Harper & Brothers for publication and promptly accepted. The book, moreover, was a reasonable, though not a remarkable, success in its first year. The fact which surprised the publishers was that its sales were substantial in the year following. It advanced from year to year by geometrical progression until it became the most widely selling book in American literature. Many interesting facts concerning the inspiration and growth of *Ben-Hur* are set out by General Wallace in his autobiography, which is one of the important forthcoming publications.

Painful Hours of an Architect

In an article on Simón, Paul Lindbergh tells of the painful hours which the architect of the King of Borneo once had to pass. In the grand forest that spreads behind Pohn, that wonderful Bornean kingdom, there is a lazing place by the ground, just beneath the tops of huge trees and resting upon and between the trunks of a porch-surrounded two-story entrance. In which is to be had from a near-by water tower by means of a drawbridge that can be lowered across the entrance. Stepping over the ladder and entering the entrance, which, whenever the wind becomes stronger, is exposed to very peculiar situations, one comes first into a miniature kitchen fitted up after Dutch pattern, from there

into a small wainscoted anteroom, and finally into a tiny, inconspicuously cheerful parlor with white Japanese wall-paper, artistic, pretty little pictures, and other artistic things; it is the so-called "Nest of Princess Mary," the unique Tuscania where the princess, the beautiful wife of Prince Ferdinand, likes to prepare and serve the tea for her intimate guests and relatives. "This nest raised my first gray hair," told Charles Limas, the King's architect, whom King Charles has entrusted with the supervisory construction of Pohn. "Of course, building such houses cannot be learned in any high school. Nevertheless, when, some years ago, the princess expressed the desire for this first little, I unhesitatingly set to work. But it was still far from completion when the princess came to me and ordered everything to be finished and ready within a fortnight; at that time the Prince and Princess of Bulgaria would come on a visit, and she wanted to show the princely couple the 'nest' as a surprise. It was a hard task; day and night we worked, but at the end of the day the 'nest' was finished with all interior wainscoting, with kitchen and parlor. Only as to the fireproof building had been tried, and painful doubts were troubling me about the solidity. And then, on that afternoon, when alone in the little cottage the royal couple, the Prince and the Princess of Bulgaria, were assembled together with their court-states and ministers, there was, I think, no happier man on earth than I. And in addition to that, a fierce storm arose with driving rain, and the entire town in fact, instead of only half an hour, as intended, more than two hours—for me an endless, painful time; for emotionally the idea was tormenting me that a rail, a cramp, a bolt, might give way and that, as soon as any one of the guests would feel alarmed by such happening, everything would be lost. I went under the little 'nest', and there I remained. How slowly the minutes elapsed, the storm becoming fiercer and shaking the roof fire to ashes! Presently a Bulgarian general and General Theodore, the King's physician, passed by me. Turning to me, General Theodore jokingly remarked, 'Well, Mr. Limas, I declare you seem to have your hands full. Is your house? Why, if it should collapse, and you be standing under it!'

"Yes, General," I answered. "That is why I am standing here; if it collapses, I want it to bury me first." It did not last long, but I was so nervous I discovered my first gray hair."

Bed-Rock Price

The proprietor of a Boston hotel says that a week or two ago a dusty, tired-looking person from Nashua, New Hampshire, presented himself at the desk of the hotel, stating that he desired a room.

"I've of my supper and will be off before breakfast," said he, gravely, to the clerk; "now what would be your lowest price for a room to use till six o'clock to-morrow morning?" was the reply.

"Well—wouldn't half a dollar make it just about right?" demanded the wayfarer, producing a battered fifty-cent piece. "Yes, I'm all cried up, traveling all I don't expect to sleep more'n half the time I'm in there."

Spiritual Need

GEORGE O'DONNELL, the actor, tells the following story of his four-year-old niece, whose mother is the wife of a congressman. One night Edith wasn't feeling very well and so was put to bed rather early. As her mother was about to leave her, she called her back.

"Mamma, I want to see papa."

"No, dear," her mother replied; "your father is busy and must not be disturbed."

"But, mamma," the child persisted, "I want to see him."

At length, the mother replied, "No; your father must not be disturbed."

"Mamma," declared her daughter, solemnly, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

His Knowledge of Weeds

At a suburban residence near Philadelphia there recently appeared an unkempt-looking individual who asked for employment. It appeared that this applicant was made to the lady of the house herself, who was superintending the transplanting of plants in the garden.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the lady.

"Ain't had much experience at gardening," was the reply.

"Can you plant these bushes?"

"I'd hate to risk nothin'," was the reply.

"Then what are you doin'?"

"Well, mum," responded the unkempt-looking individual, "if you was to hand me one of your husband's cigars I might sit in the greenhouse an' smoke out them insects that's ruin' the leaves of them rose-bushes."

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Photograph by Edouard Lantier

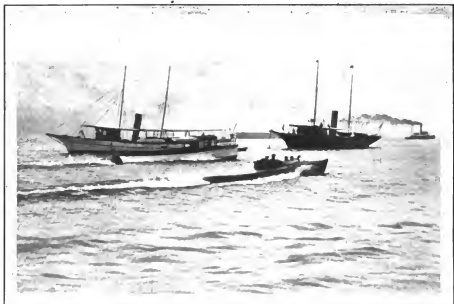
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ACTRESS IN THE WORLD

Madame Bernhardt has just returned to France with \$250,000 as her profits from a six months' tour of the United States. This photograph was taken aboard the steamship "La Touraine" the day she sailed, June 14



Tuxedo's Annual Horse Show—Judging the Saddle-Horse Class

In the Horse show, which opened on June 15, the twelve classes exhibited contained a larger number of entries than in any former year



Motor-boat Racing on the Hudson

In the Power-boat Race of the Columbia Yacht Club on the Hudson River, June 16, J. H. Blandy's "The Hen" covered the Eight-mile Course in 25 Minutes 31 Seconds—about 19 Miles an Hour. The Photograph shows her winning from "Brushby"

JUNE SPORTS ABOUT NEW YORK

Photographs by the Prindle News Co.

JUNE WOOD-MUSIC

By BURGESS JOHNSON



THE new woods, the dew woods,—

Dim aisles that waken soon
To preans of thanksgiving

For dawn-light and the boon
Of warmth and very living,—

'Tis the music of the woods in June.

The jewelled sheens outrival

The day God's world began;

Each tiny thing is singing,

Its gentle heart outflinging,—

The June woods, unhewn woods,

The very home of Pan.

The lush woods, the thrush woods,

The senses well might swoon,

For sound and sight and smelling

All spell a song triune

That's madly gladly swelling,—

'Tis the music of the woods in June.

But o'er the songs full-throated,

And humming insects' throng,

There's still another singing,—

A magic rhythm swinging,—

The June woods, the noon woods,

Where lurks a hidden song.

The grey woods, the fey woods,

When drowsy voices croon;

Then hark! the silence breaking,

Above the frog's bassoon,—

'Tis Pan's own merrymaking,

'Tis the music of the woods in June!

We may not see the players,

Nor learn their faerie tune,

Save tiny tempting snatches,

And lilting luring catches;—

The June woods, the moon woods,

The witching woods in June.

Newspapers in Turkey

The Turkish press of our day leads a rather pitiable life. The censorship watches over it with unrelenting severity, but some thing may creep into the columns of the newspapers that might, even remotely, induce the mind of the faithful Mussulman to examine into things existent, or perhaps to doubt the infallibility of the *Shah*; and almost at every step the Turkish editors are threatened with temporary or permanent suspensions, with fines or imprisonment. Not only discussing questions of interior or foreign policy, but the use of certain words by the Turkish papers, is prohibited once for all, among these words being, for instance, constitution, revolution, liberty, tyranny, autocrat, fraternity, equality, fatherland, youth, dynamite, anarchism, corruptibility, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Crete, Macedonia, and so on. The name Murad must not be mentioned, as by this the reminiscence of the dejected predecessor of the present sultan, who was named Murad, may be called forth; even the erick, that insective insect which in the language of the Turks is called the "little August beetle" is not allowed to creep in the newspapers, for the present sultan succeeded to the throne in the month of August.

Foreign rulers, of course, are equally unassailable, neither their defects nor their qualifications in general may be dwelt upon or even alluded to. Instead of this, the Turkish papers of to-day are filled mainly with boresome reports on the deeds of the Sultan; as, for instance, that he for some reason made a present or received a new foreign minister, etc. This situation is the more interesting as it is of rather recent date, for the censorship was first established after the Russian war, while up to that time the Turkish press enjoyed a pretty far-reaching liberty which it not infrequently made use of for severely criticizing disagreeable conditions and unpopular officers. Thus, when in December, 1876, the so-called constitution was given, all of the Constantinople papers were full of praise, one only of the most biting comic papers, the *Baumi*, deemed the granted liberties insufficient, and overhauled the authors of the document with hateful attacks. One article of the constitution provides that the press should be "free within the boundaries of the law," whereupon the *Baumi* published a cartoon showing a man strangled to death according to Turkish custom, over the characteristic explanation, "Free within the boundaries of the law." The paper was not suspended at once on account of this cartoon, but was only used, and used its fate later because continuing its unflattering attacks.

Another comic paper once caused the downfall of a governor of Galata, who had rendered himself impossible, even in the eyes of the patient Turks, by corruptibility and a conduct objectionable in every respect.

It published a novel, the hero of which unmistakably showed the features of that governor, and wherein some of his knaveries was left out. The whole town soon talked of nothing else but that novel, and as every one was laughing at him, he had to resign. This, of course, occurred before the establishment of the censorship which has now been weighing upon the Turkish press for three decades, and has reduced it to complete impotence.

Frenzied Finance

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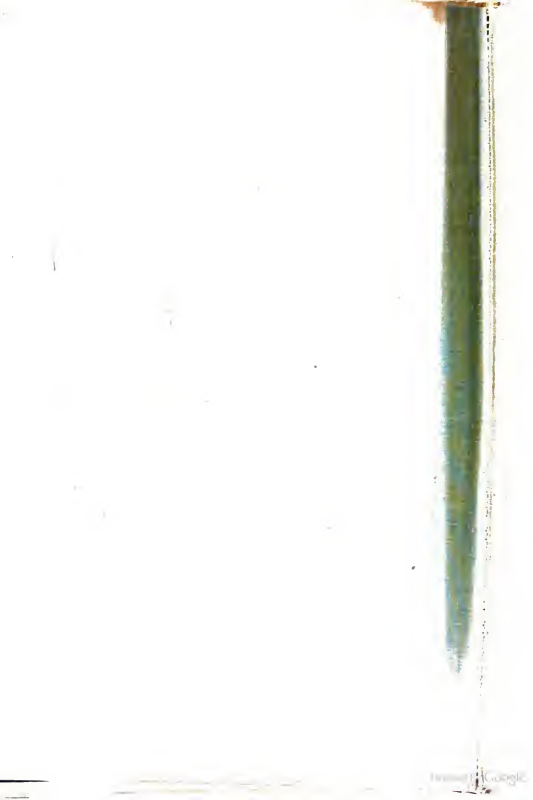
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